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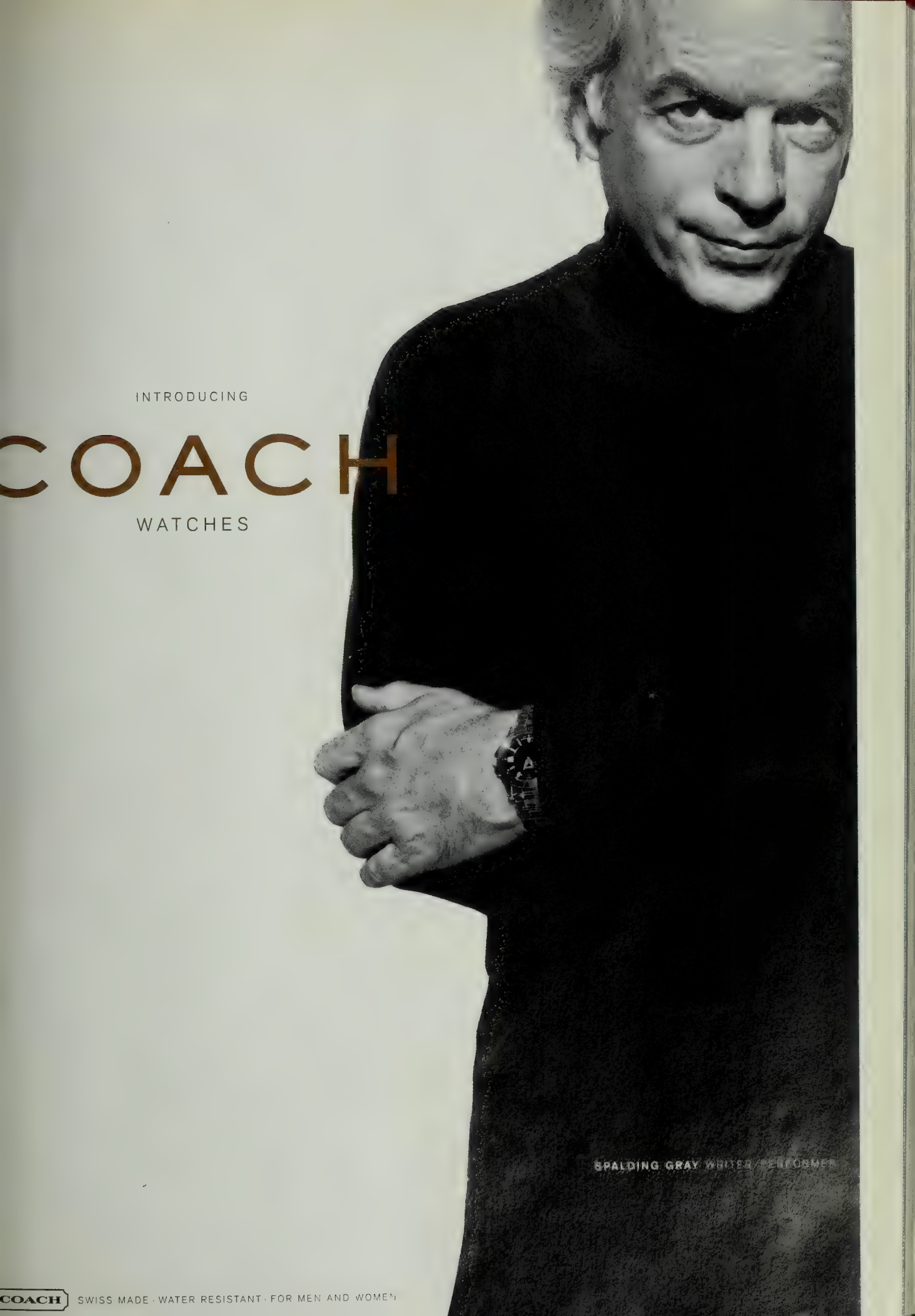
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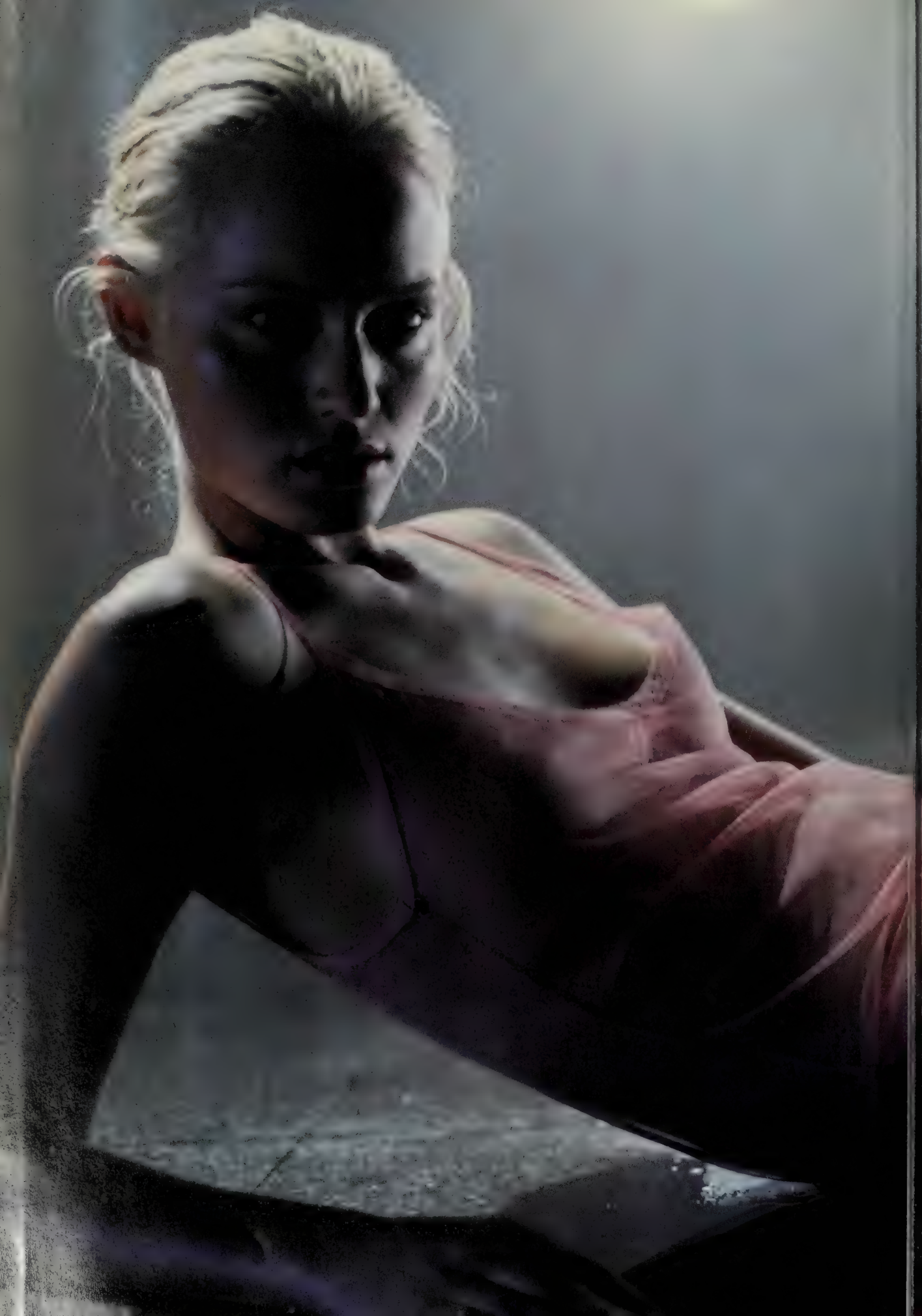
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Features

SO WHAT'S TO BECOME OF OUR JERRY? | 185

Being the $1-million-per-episode creator and star of the most successful sitcom in history was nice, but now Jerry Seinfeld is on to a whole new set of obsessions. The *Seinfeld* era, Lynn Hirschberg finds, is not ending with a whimper. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

CLINTON AND WOMEN | 194

With Kathleen Willey's *60 Minutes* appearance, Bill Clinton is mired in yet another ugly sex scandal. Marjorie Williams discovers why some of America's most prominent feminists still won't tell him no.

PARIS, WHEN IT SIZZLES | 198

As haute couture brings Paris roaring to life, Galliano, Lagerfeld, Valentino, Saint Laurent, and company give Dominick Dunne his baptism by fashion. Photographs by Jonathan Becker.

THE DOCUMENTARIANS | 206

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders and Evgenia Peretz spotlight America's top documentary-makers, the crusaders who put the vérité in cinéma.

A GIRL NAMED JOE | 208

American oil heiress Marion "Joe" Carstairs dressed in men's clothing, broke records racing motorboats in the 1920s, loved Marlene Dietrich, and ruled the Bahamian island of Whale Cay for four decades. Kate Summerscale recalls a world-class eccentric.

BONNARD'S SECRET LIFE | 214

While the Museum of Modern Art mounts the first New York show of Pierre Bonnard's work in 30 years, John Richardson unearths the imprisoning romance that shaped Bonnard's masterpieces and sparked a scandal that is still unraveling.

THE ROSE OF *ZORRO* | 222

Firooz Zahedi and Leslie Bennetts spotlight Catherine Zeta-Jones, who swashbuckles opposite Antonio Banderas in *The Mask of Zorro.*

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At the turn of the century, John D. Rockefeller was an untouchable colossus, the king of America's first industrial monopoly, Standard Oil. In an excerpt from Ron Chernow's new book, the author tells how muckraker Ida Tarbell exposed the shame of the world's richest man.

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Clinton aide Sidney Blumenthal's clash with Kenneth Starr damaged the independent counsel and revealed the depths of Blumenthal's unpopularity. Michael Shnayerson follows his smirking trail. Portrait by Gasper Tringale.

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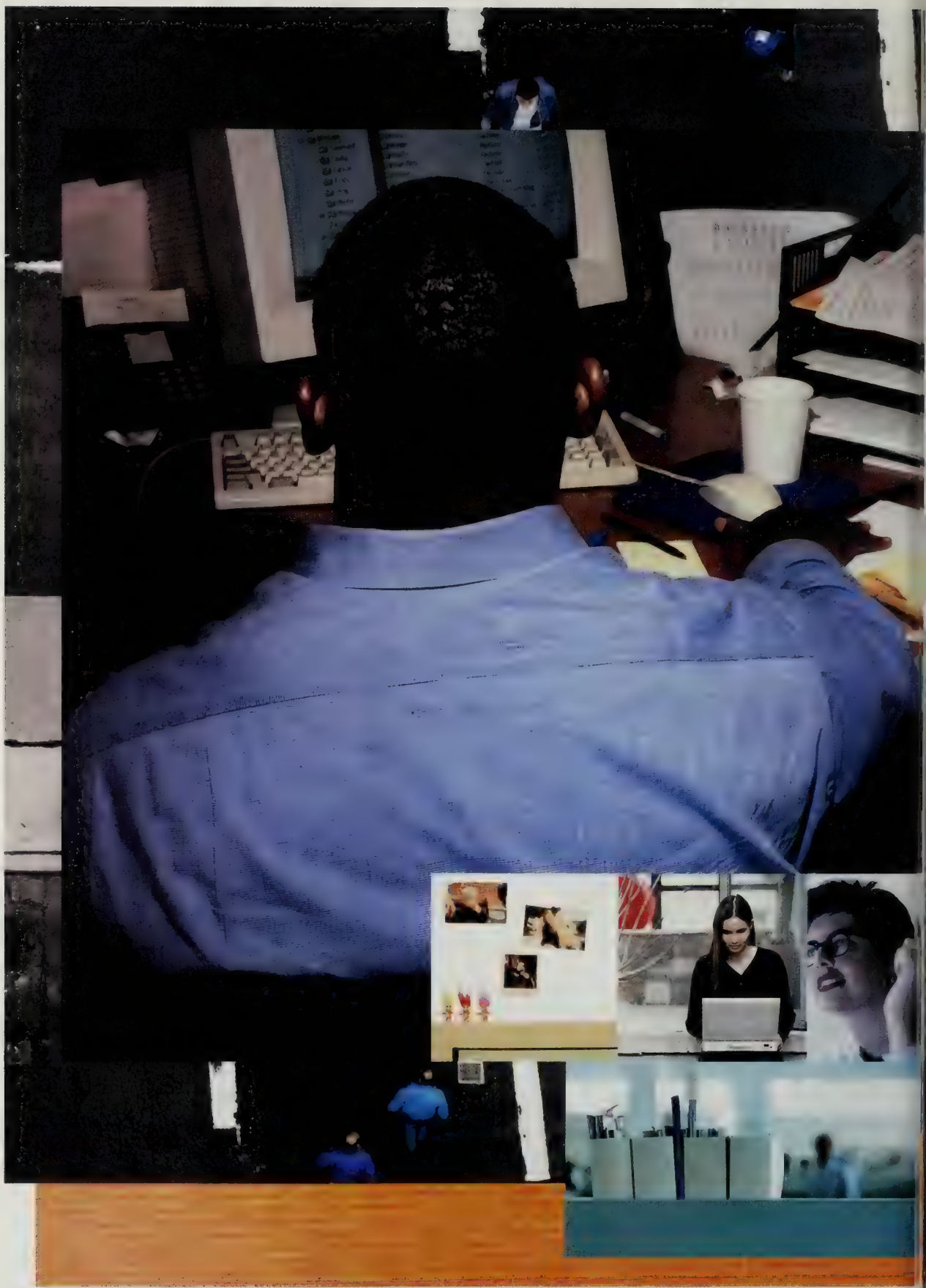
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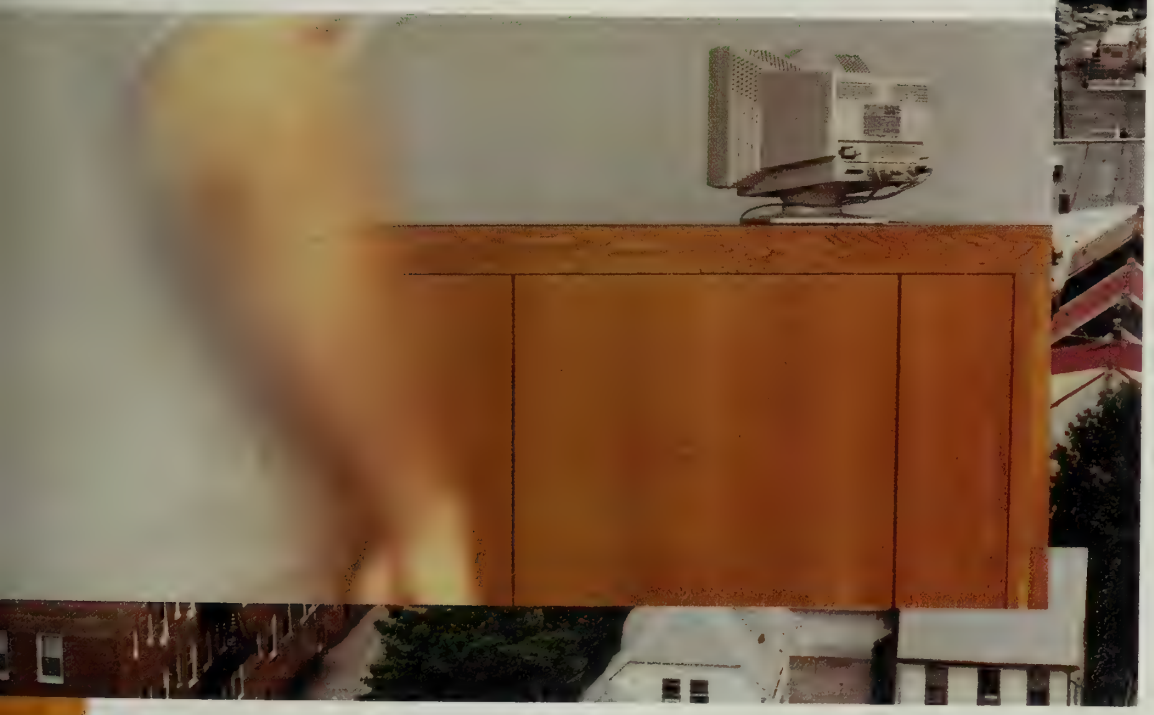
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As a beautiful Gypsy and her family stand trial for a grisly conspiracy of seduction and murder, Jack Olsen tracks how a stubborn private eye cracked the case.

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The Judas Kiss, a play about Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas, is David Hare's most intense romantic drama yet, writes Mimi Kramer. Portrait by Snowdon.

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At Le Mans, Julian Broad zooms in for an exclusive look at the Arnage, Bentley's first new sedan in 18 years, while Henry Porter races its engine.

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From topless bathing suits to see-through shirts, the designs of Rudi Gernreich outraged America. Three decades later, the Metropolitan Museum of Art is honoring the fashion rebel, and Cathy Horyn spots his legacy in the lines of Gucci, Mizrahi, and Karan.

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Organized kidnapping has become a big business, with hundreds of multinational businessmen abducted each year for ransoms as high as $30 million. William Prochnau penetrates the top-secret counterindustry: getting them back.

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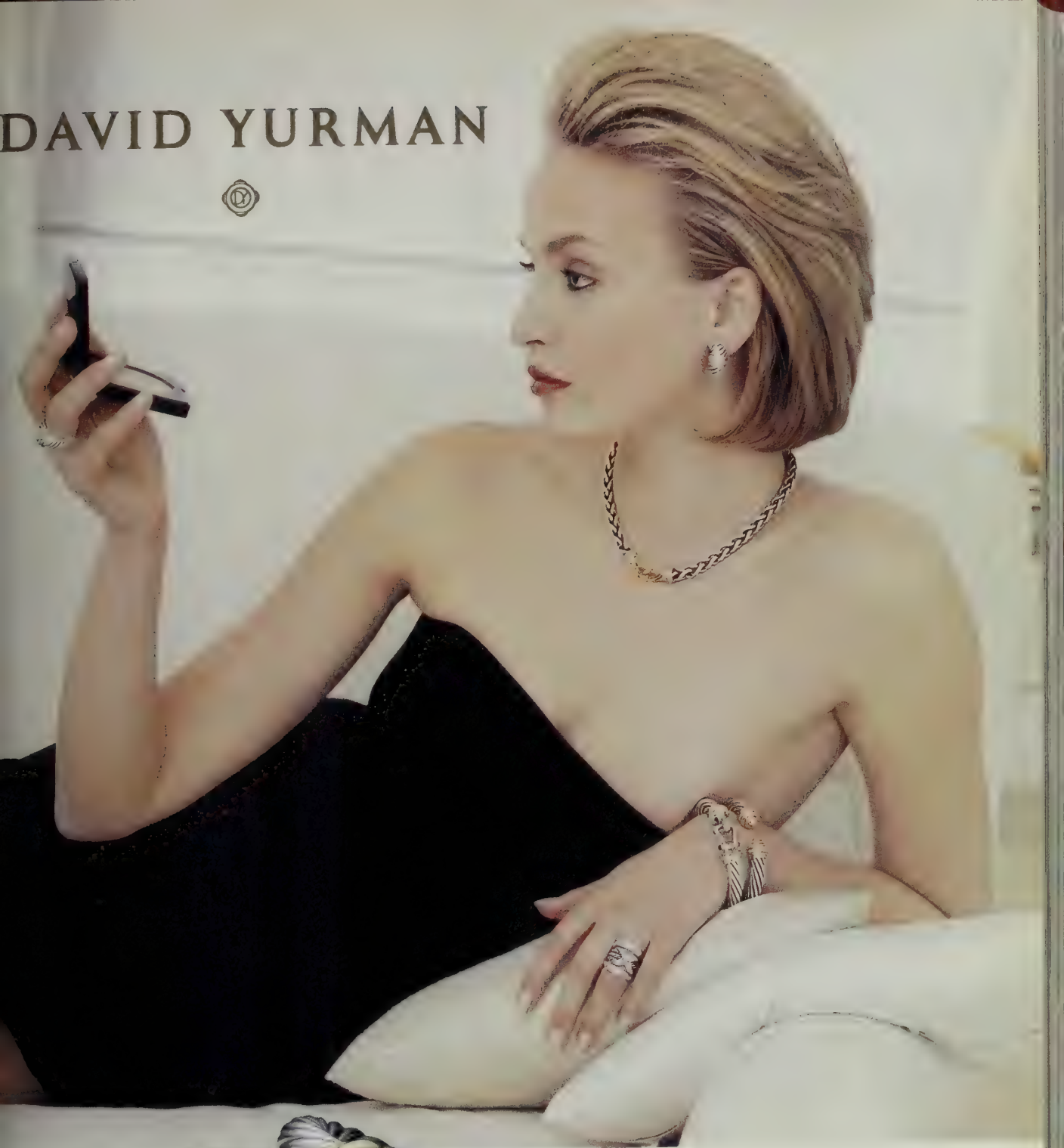
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Nantucket Film Festival

The **Nantucket Film Festival** celebrates the art of screenwriting in independent films. Taking place over five days in June (16-21), the small island community becomes a lively backdrop for writers, actors and film buffs—anyone interested in screenwriting and its central role in the creation of films.

Now in its third year, the 1998 Nantucket Film Festival will feature screenings of the latest independent films, as well as panel discussions, staged readings, Q&A sessions, an inaugural screenwriter tribute, and a screenplay competition.

For more information, please call (212) 642-6339, or visit the website at www.ackfest.org.

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1st Prize: Two roundtrip coach tickets from airport closest to winner's residence within the continental U.S. to Los Angeles, California. Select transportation for two by chauffeured limousine. Three nights' overnight accommodations (room & tax only) at double occupancy, which includes one private spa treatment for two. Dinner for two at a restaurant selected by Vanity Fair, applicable tax and gratuity. Two tickets to an exclusive private screening, hosted by Vanity Fair. One case of Champagne Veuve Clicquot La Grande Dame 1989. Additional meals, transportation and other expenses not included. Approximate retail value of first prize: $7,200. Prize must be used Friday, March 20 through Monday, March 23, 1999. 2nd Prize: Complimentary Champagne Veuve Clicquot dinner for six in the winner's choice of selected restaurant and one case of La Grande Dame 1989. Approximate retail value of Second Prize: $1,600. Prize must be used by 12/31/99. Scheduling subject to availability. 3rd Prize: One case of Champagne Veuve Clicquot La Grande Dame 1989. Approximate retail value of Third Prize is $1,600. Income and other taxes, if any, are sole responsibility of winners. No substitutions or transfer of prizes allowed, except by sponsor in case of unavailability, in which a prize of equal or greater value will be substituted.

Winners will be notified by mail. Acceptance of prize constitutes consent to use winners' names and likenesses and the winning entries for editorial, advertising and publicity purposes. Winners may be required to sign affidavits of eligibility, permission releases. All prize winners (and travel companions) may be required to sign liability, publicity releases, which must be returned within 14 days from notification or alternate winners may be chosen.

For a list of winners, send a SASE to "La Grande Dame Contest," Clicquot, Inc., 73 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022 after April 15, 1999, or visit the Clicquot website at http://www.clicquot.com.

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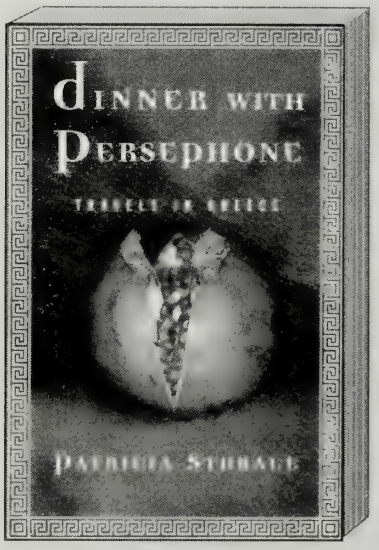
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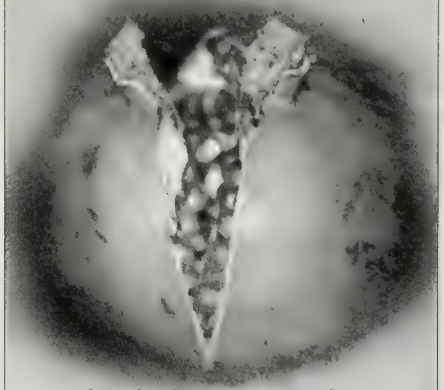


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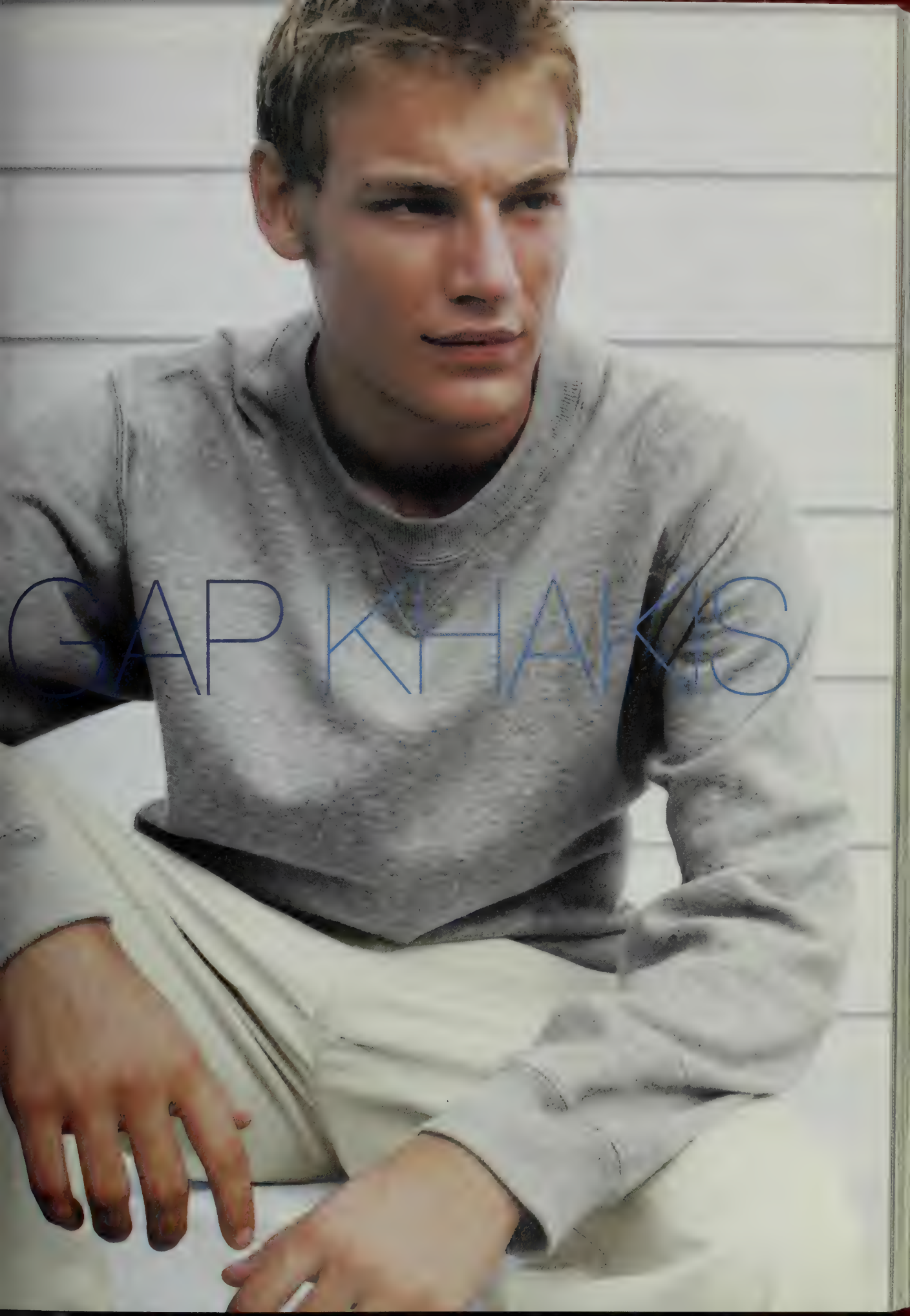
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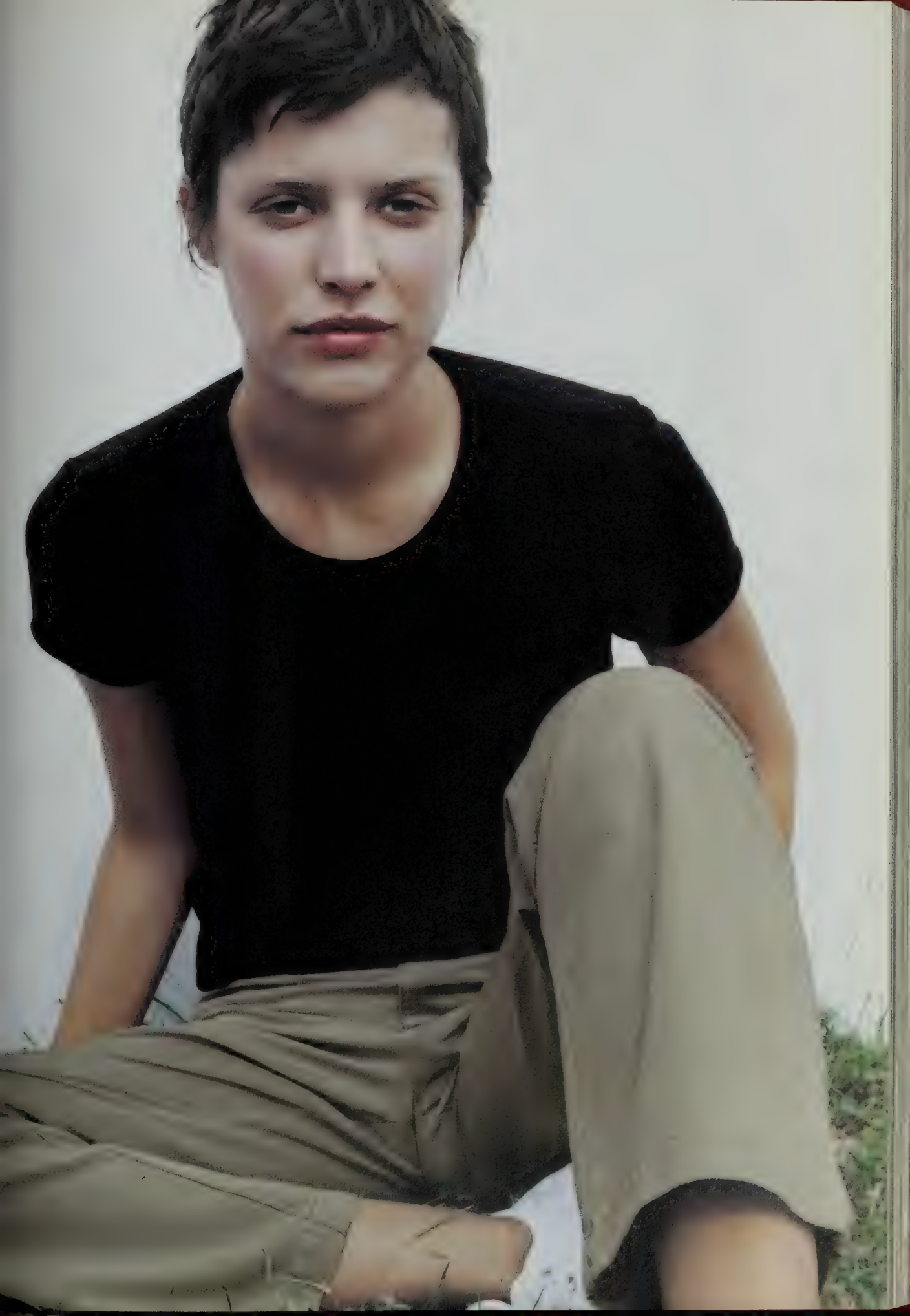
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From September 3-7, 1998, filmmakers and enthusiasts will meet and mingle in the small mountaintop community of Telluride, Colorado for this annual celebration of the art of film. Now in its 25th season, the **Telluride Film Festival** mixes screen gems of the past with the most contemporary cinema of today.

Past Festival premieres include *The Crying Game, My Left Foot, The Piano, Sling Blade, Secrets & Lies, The Sweet Hereafter, Ma Vie En Rose,* and *Eve's Bayou.*

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Patron Passes are $2,500. Festival Passes are $500. For ticket information call 603-643-1255. For travel arrangements call Gerber Travel at (800) 326-6527 and ask for the Telluride Desk.

For information about sponsoring the Telluride Film Festival, please contact Leslie Picard, Advertising Director, at 212-880-4465.

Also, in celebration of the 25th season, join the Festival's directors and Roger Ebert, Ken Burns, Chuck Jones and other filmmakers on a special trans-Atlantic cruise on the Queen Elizabeth II in October 1998. Call the Festival at 603-643-1255 for more information.

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Turner Classic Movies presents an original documentary, *Louise Brooks: La For Lulu*, May 5 at 8 P.M. (ET), and again at 11 P.M. (ET).

She was the most intensely erotic screen presence of her time. This one documentary, narrated by Shirley MacLaine, explores the life and career of one silent screen's most rebellious and talented stars.

Don't miss three Louise Brooks films on the same night–*Pandora's Box* (1928) at (ET), *The Show-Off* (1926) at 12 A.M. (ET) and *God's Gift to Women* (1935) at 1:30 A.M

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Week of May 24:
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Atlanta, GA;
Michigan Avenue, Northbrook, Oakbrook, IL

Week of May 31:
Scottsdale, AZ

Week of June 7:
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Week of June 21:
King of Prussia, PA;
Boston, MA;
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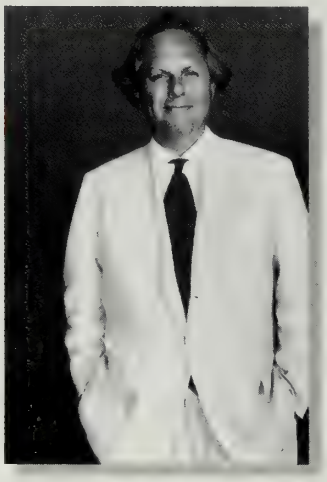
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Captains and Kings



When the colossal Standard Oil was at the height of its legendary power, it sold nearly 90 percent of the country's oil. Its co-founder John D. Rockefeller, a caricature of Industrial Age swagger, was about to become the richest man on earth. A century later, Microsoft has deployed assembly-line invention and free-market aggression to stake claim to about 90 percent of the world's operating-system-software business; its co-founder Bill Gates, himself the prolix Information Age baron, has more money—most estimates put his net worth at greater than $40 billion—than any businessman ever. (Last year *The New York Times* reckoned that if Microsoft continues to grow at its current rate Gates could well become the world's first trillionaire by the time he's 50. He's now just 42.)

Rockefeller and Gates, the two bookends of 20th-century capitalism, both rose to prominence as their industries did, and their names will be forever synonymous with oil and software. It is true, too, that both men have willfully antagonized government regulators hell-bent on weakening their empires. Rockefeller ultimately lost his war, and was forced to break up Standard Oil; Microsoft's fate is currently in the hands of the Justice Department, which is investigating the software giant for alleged anti-trust violations.

Comparisons between the two men are glib ones, to be sure. As Ron Chernow illustrates in his stunning new biography, *Titan: The Life of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.,* which is excerpted on page 224, Rockefeller was singular to his era. Gates is considered a pillar of Information Age buccaneering, an image that frays a bit with every petulant outburst against government or his competitors. Although Rockefeller spent the second half of his life giving away the fortune he had amassed in the first half, he was nevertheless held in low regard by the average American.

Chernow has written the definitive biographies of two other legendary financial dynasties: *The House of Morgan,* an award-winning account of the rise and fall of the J. P. Morgan dynasty, and *The Warburgs,* about the prominent German investment-banking family. Now, with his Rockefeller biography, Chernow has completed an extraordinary trilogy about the towering figures of 20th-century commerce. "Chernow's book is a triumph—a brilliant, riveting, and monumental portrait of a fascinating human being and his age," says Robert A. Caro, whose Pulitzer Prize–winning study of Robert Moses, *The Power Broker,* is the modern biography against which all others are measured.

Titan also provides a memorable profile of one of Chernow's journalistic predecessors: Ida Tarbell, the star writer at *McClure's Magazine* at the turn of the century—then the nation's preeminent forum for muckraking reportage. A woman in a profession then almost completely dominated by men, Tarbell fearlessly documented Standard Oil's rise and ultimate monopoly of oil—at the time the world's most precious resource. Her landmark investigation, published in 19 parts, went a long way toward hastening the company's breakup. It has taken a century for an American businessman to rival Rockefeller's influence and wealth, but Tarbell's remarkable accomplishment—which is the centerpiece of the excerpt in this issue—has yet to be equaled in the annals of magazine journalism.

Graydon Carter

Case Clothed



Jerry Seinfeld, accompanied by a Jack Russell terrier named Shorty, poses as Charlie Chaplin. Costume from Angels & Bermans, London. *Far right,* Seinfeld as Napoleon. Both photographs were shot in California City, Calif., on February 24, 1998.

ON THE COVER: Costume from Angels & Bermans, London. Grooming by Catherine Furni. Grooming products from Ralph Lauren. Prop styling and set design by Rick Floyd. Styled by André Leon Talley. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.


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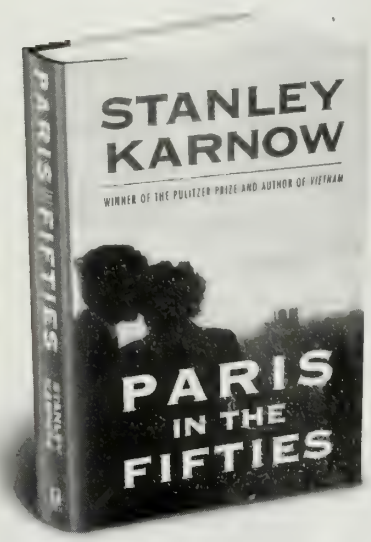
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Contributors



GASPER TRINGALE

Contributing editor **John Richardson** took a break from writing his biography of Picasso "to do some sleuthing into the private life of the great Post-Impressionist Pierre Bonnard." Bonnard's wife, Marthe, persuaded her husband to lead a reclusive, almost hermetic life. On page 214, Richardson assesses one of the art world's most mysterious couples—and the battle over Bonnard's estate.



GASPER TRINGALE

"Fifteen years ago, I was offered a job in New York," says **Lynn Hirschberg,** who in this issue profiles cover subject Jerry Seinfeld. "I packed everything up and moved. When I got here, I learned that the job was nonexistent." Hirschberg, who has lived in New York since that fateful day, grew up in Los Angeles. "It's better to write about L.A. in New York, and vice versa," says Hirschberg, who, like Seinfeld, feels more comfortable in Manhattan.



NIGEL SPALDING

Kate Summerscale was writing obituaries at the London *Daily Telegraph* in 1993 when a woman alerted her to the death (and extraordinary life) of the cross-dressing, motorboat-racing champion Marion "Joe" Carstairs, who soon became the subject of Summerscale's first book, *The Queen of Whale Cay,* excerpted on page 208. Summerscale sees little similarity between her subject and herself, saying, "I don't even know how to drive."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



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JONATHAN BECKER

Special correspondent **Dominick Dunne,** author of the best-selling *Another City, Not My Own,* reports on this year's Paris couture shows on page 198. "They were suffering from economic despair in France," Dunne says, "but you wouldn't know it from the people I saw there." While Dunne admired the collections, he had the most fun at the legendary Ritz hotel. "I love hotel life," he says. "You know—lobby life."



JONATHAN BECKER

"It's wonderful to be in Paris, amidst women dressing backstage," says contributing photographer **Jonathan Becker,** whose shots of the Paris couture shows appear on page 198. Becker, who is fascinated by Brassaï's portraits of the Folies-Bergère women, lived in Paris during the 1970s. He endlessly roamed the city streets—and, when tired, slept in François Truffaut's maid's quarters.



"I continue to be astonished at how tolerant everyone feels toward the president," says contributor **Marjorie Williams,** who on page 194 assesses the relatively quiet feminist response to Zippergate. "I moved from New York to Washington, D.C., the same week Geraldine Ferraro was nominated for the vice-presidency, which may have been the key moment when feminists identified themselves with the Democratic Party," says Williams.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56


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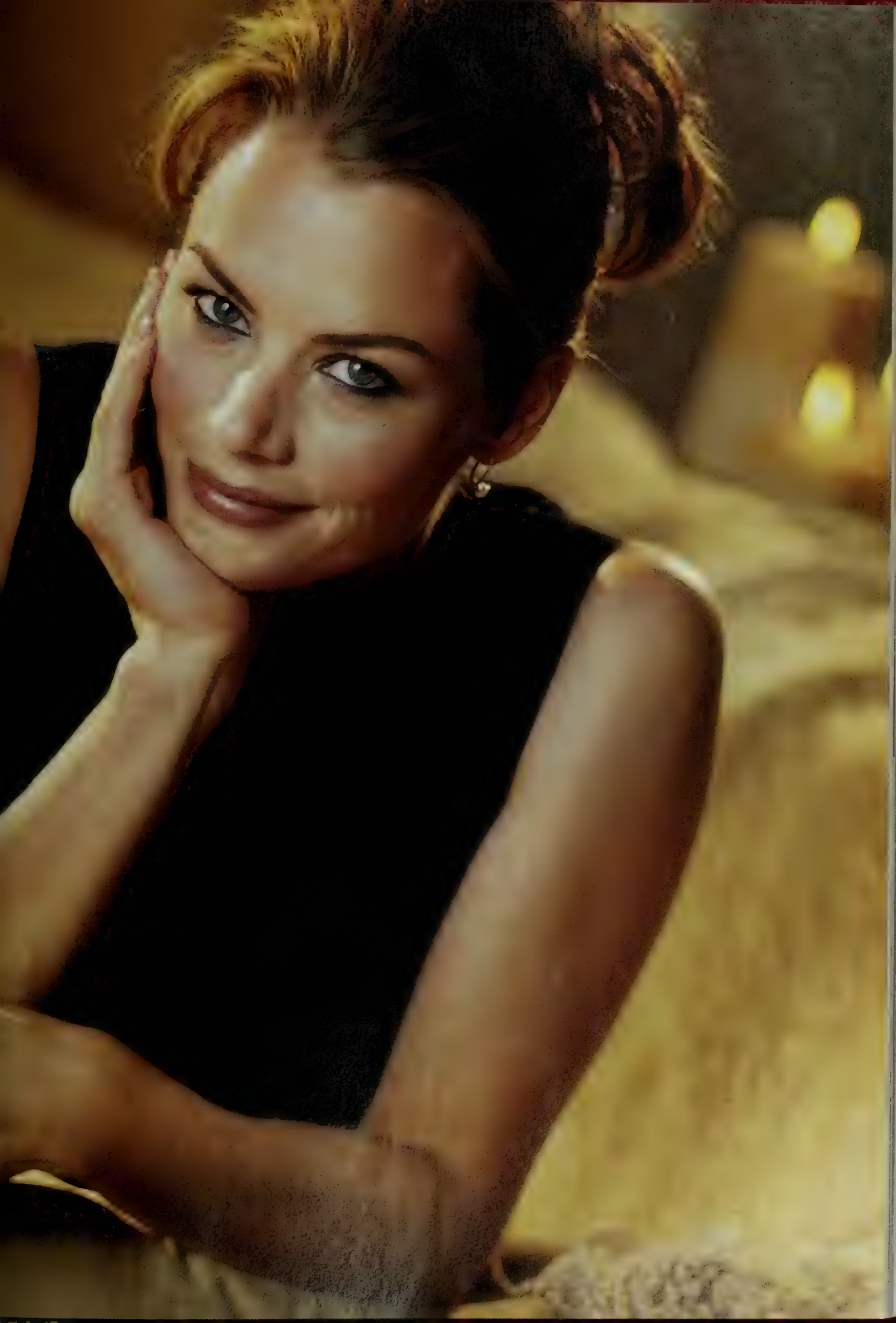


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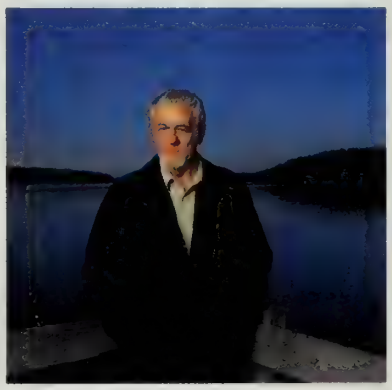
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52



NINA BRAMHALL

Contributing editor **Bruce Feirstein,** who co-wrote the "Watergate vs. Zippergate" chart on page 170, began his career in Boston, where he wrote political advertising. Then, in 1993, he enraged the Clinton administration when he suggested in print that "the first thing Bill should do under Hillary's health care plan is check to see if he's covered for a spine implant."



REX RYSTEDT

When **Jack Olsen** was in college, his criminology class visited a prison. "There were guys in there who looked *just like me,*" he recalls. "I had to find out how they were differen He took up writing and soon became one of the world's most successful true-crime writers. His article about a Gypsy family who allegedly poisoned elderly men, which appears on page 98, inspired his latest book, *Hastened to the Grave.*

"The degree of emotional stress involved is higher than in war," contributing editor **William Prochnau** says of international-kidnapping negotiations, which he writes about on page 134. Stress consumes the victim, the victim's family, and, in this case, the reporter covering the situation. After calling a man who had been kidnapped years earlier—and who didn't want to be reminded of the experience—"I felt guilty for two weeks," Prochnau says.

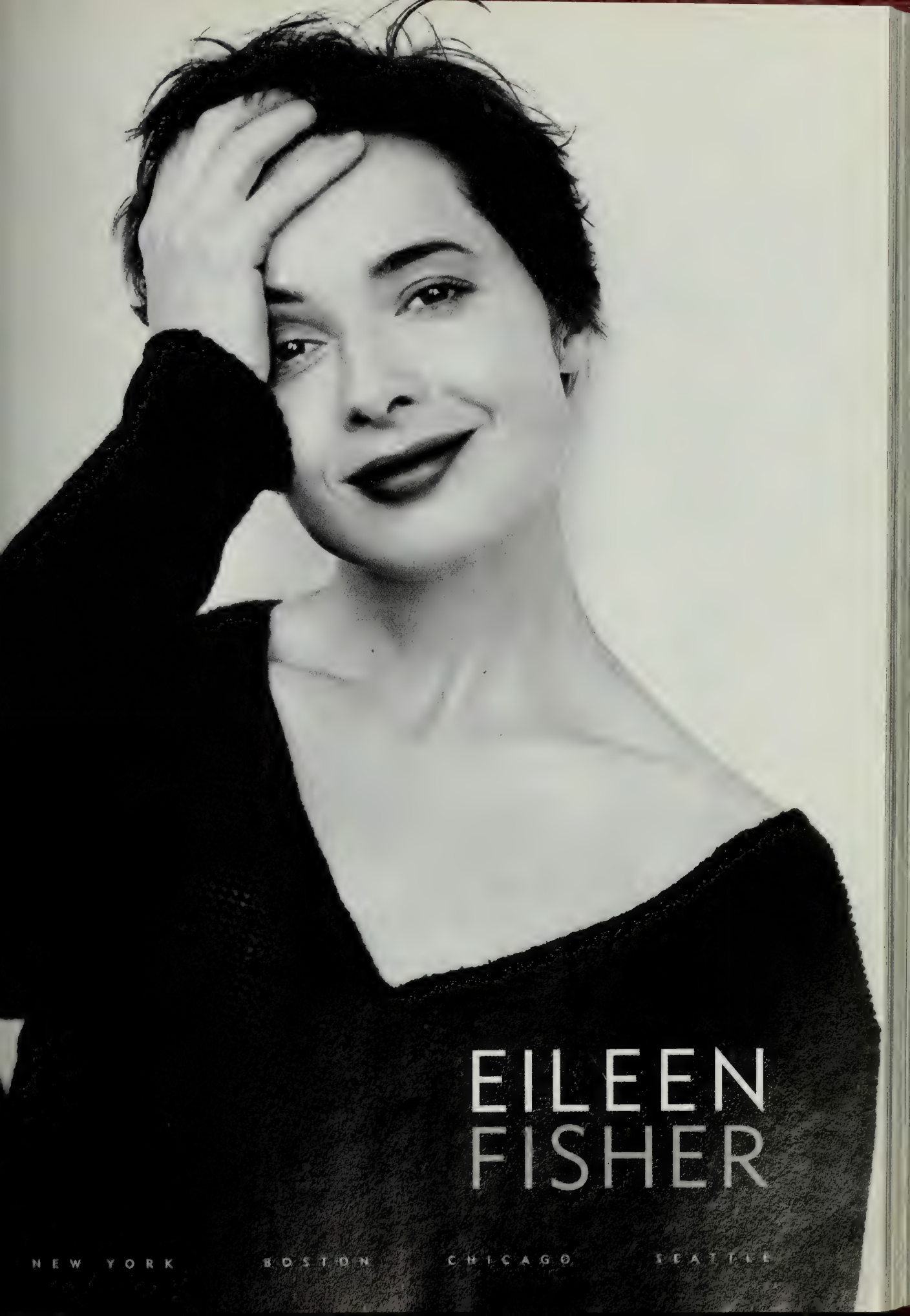


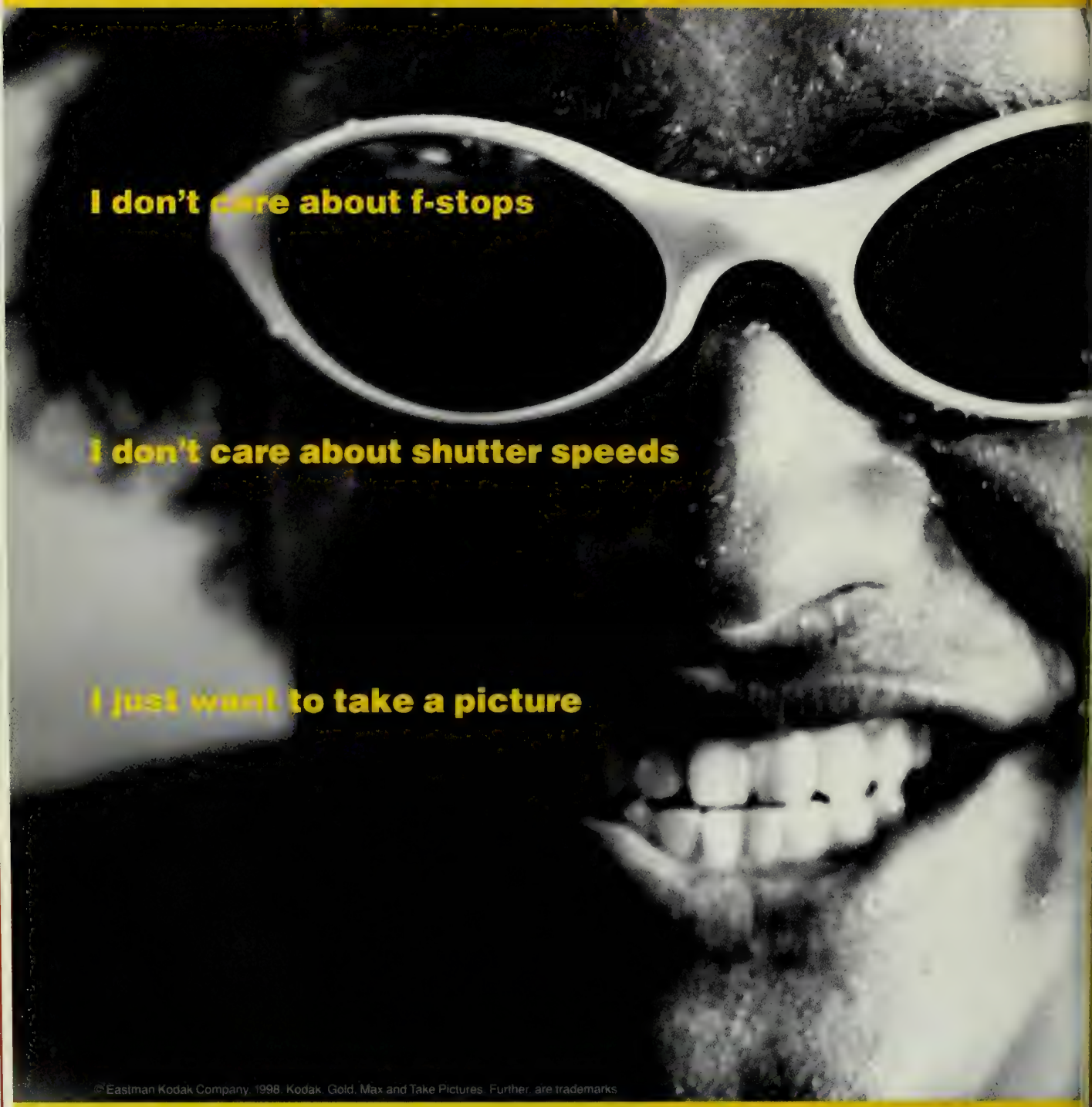
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BILL ZULES

"If they were nothing but business, they wouldn't interest me," **Ron Chernow** says of his acclaimed biographies about the J. P. Morgan dynasty, which earned Chernow the National Book Award, and the Warburg investment-banking family. An excerpt from Chernow's new book, *Titan: The Life of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.,* begins on page 224. "Great human and political dramas were played out in their lives," Chernow says of the Rockefellers.


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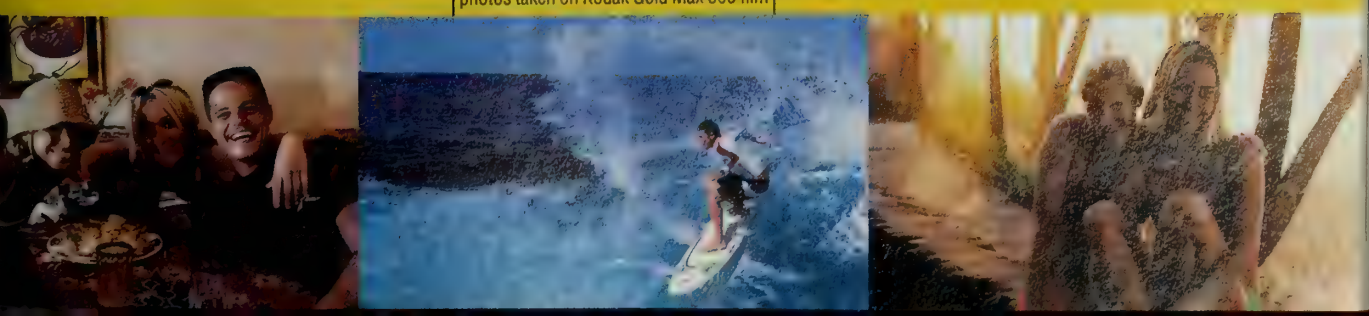
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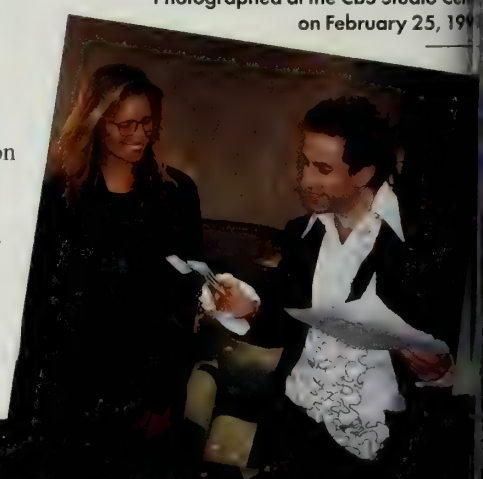


Jerry Seinfeld dressed as Napoleon Bonaparte, poses for Annie Leibovitz in California City, February 24, 1998. Seinfeld agreed to the idea after Leibovitz showed him a photograph of Charlie Chaplin in a similar costume.

'T JERRY-GO-ROUND

Think he was looking for his valet ticket?" Jerry Seinfeld said as he posed, hand tucked inside vest in imitation of Napoleon Bonaparte. After photographer Annie Leibovitz chose to cast the NBC star as the French general, stylist André Leon Talley picked out the costume, which had been worn by Marlon Brando in the film *Désirée.* Seinfeld, normally a Levi's guy, drove his Mercedes to the desert in California City—where an ocean of mud awaited him and the *V.F.* crew. There was more mess back in Hollywood on the *Seinfeld* set where the crew went nuts, littering Seinfeld's "apartment" with cigarettes and beer bottles for the "party's over" scene. "It's great!" Seinfeld said when he surveyed the results. "The only thing missing is the bra on the couch!" Before you could say "Yadda, yadda, yadda," style assistant Alex Loyd had taken off her own and flung it over the sofa, giving the shot its final, debauched touch. □

Leibovitz and Seinfeld check out results from the "party's over" scene. Photographed at the CBS Studio Center on February 25, 1998.





Leibovitz, Seinfeld and the *Vanity Fair* crew relax after the "party's over" scene, which was Seinfeld's favorite part of the entire shoot.


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REMATERIALIZED GIRL

As a loyal Madonna fan I was thrilled to see your March cover story, "Madonna and Child" [by Ingrid Sischy]. The pictures by Mario Testino are gorgeous. Lourdes is the most beautiful baby I've ever seen. But what do you expect when her mom is Madonna?

TARA BRADLEY
Sacramento, California

THE FIRST TIME I HEARD Madonna sing I was cruising suburban Hartford, Connecticut, in a two-tone Chevy Caprice. The year was 1984 and the song was "Holiday."

I continue to admire Madonna for her fierce determination and ability to grow as an artist and woman. As a new mother myself, I was touched by Mario Testino's beautiful photos of Ms. Ciccone and baby Lourdes.

RACHAEL HUBER
Malvern, Pennsylvania

IT IS STRANGE to me that everyone seems to be just waking up to the fact that Madonna has a soul. The woman prays before performances, went to church growing up, and *now* the media acknowledge a deep side to her? Certainly she has adopted aesthetics from secular pop culture, but to those fans who give their hearts to her, the power of her music and persona can be truly transformative and intensely spiritual.

BENJAMIN MORSE
New York, New York

LIKE MADONNA, I come from an Italian family in the Midwest. I asked her once if her mother had ever told her to go sweep the driveway the way mine did. She told me her mother was dead. I had hired her for a club appearance and she signed a poster for my mother. "To Nelda," she wrote, "What a wonderful mother." I had it framed and sent it to my mom, who loved it. Well, New York chewed me up and spit me out. I found myself back at home in the Midwest—middle-aged, broke, broken, and very displaced. When I pulled up to my parents' house, there was my mother, who handed me a broom and said, "Go sweep the driveway."

TONY PASQUALE
Ashtabula, Ohio

I LOVED MARIO TESTINO'S tribute to Madonna and child. His eye focused on the soft side of an icon as implacable as the word itself. Photography was invented to capture light; here Testino turns light into a gentle kind of marble, and marble into a gentle kind of light. These pictures are miraculous. This is a beautifully real Material Girl.

ANNA MURIGLAN
New York, New York

MADONNA SHIELDED LOURDES from the media for 16 months, but as soon as



All thawed out: Madonna stretches out in Miami Beach. Her widely praised new album, Ray of Light, *entered the U.S. charts at No. 2. "Frozen," the first single, came in at No. 8.*



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her new album is about to be released, she allows pictures of her. Madonna, shame on you. Where do you and other celebrities draw the line?

You've just lost a fan, babe.

EVANGELINE HARTVIK
Baldwin, New York

MADONNA GREW UP without a mother and now her daughter is growing up without a father. Yes, Carlos is ever present in Lola's life, but it's not the same as having him in the home. The sad thing is that too many young women think that if Madonna does it it's O.K. And Madonna may be able financially to raise a child alone, but not many young women are.

SHELLEY CHARLESWORTH
San Diego, California

O.K., MADONNA HAD a baby. Just like millions of women do every year. So I guess, in the same way we attribute artistic meaning to her music, we'll now buy that her motherhood experience is more profound than everyone else's. Please. She's a pop artist who managed to stay in the public eye by leveraging scandal and sex. It's been fun watching.

JENNIFER LeMAY
Chicago, Illinois

MADONNA HAS TRULY MATURED from young pop singer to sophisticated artist. She is going to be a damned good parent to Lourdes.

ANDRE MICHAEL VILLEGAS
Buffalo Grove, Illinois

MADONNA, OVER THE PAST 11 years or so, whenever I was feeling bad or depressed I would listen to "Open Your Heart" and *Shazam!*—like magic your voice and the background beat of the drums would lift my spirits to the sky. Don't ever, ever feel alone, because I know in my heart that there are hundreds of thousands in the world who have had the same experience.

In your interview you say, "I'm trying to take care of my daughter." Do you realize that you never used the word "trying" in conjunction with any other efforts? You should be saying, "I'm making plans for Lola. I'm doing things to ensure that she knows Mama loves her above all else, so that she knows that she is more important to me than money or fame, or even a career. I'm *trying* to do interviews, records, videos, photo shoots, and read scripts for movies, but the little person comes first. Sorry, world."

KENNETH COUNCE III
Lompoc, California

MADONNA IS A GENUINE survivor of the Hollywood gauntlet. It was enjoyable to read what previously a fan could only assume through her lyrics.

CLAUDIA MAESTRE
San Diego, California

The Cherry-Blossom Slum

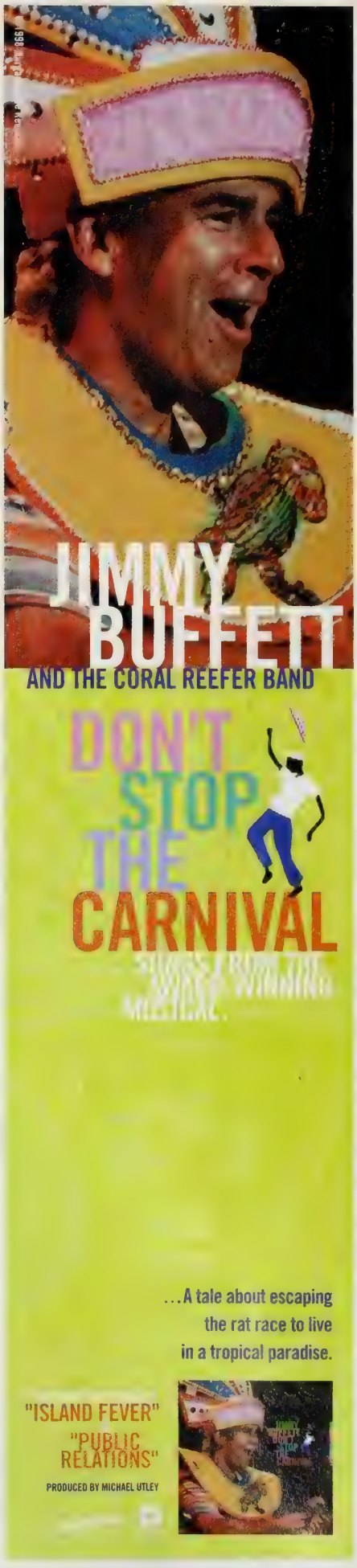
I COMMUTE DAILY through Washington, D.C., and I am all too familiar with the capital's bizarre backdrop of deteriorating buildings. Just when I thought I couldn't feel any more sorrow and loathing for the way the capital city is run, I read Christopher Hitchens's "District of Contempt" [March]. For years the city has been blinded by the charisma of Mayor Marion Barry (who seems to revel in his Afrocentrism only when it's convenient) and numbed to the abuse and corruption that surround his administration. As Hitchens says, nobody cares. Soon it will be time for another mayoral election, and we shall see again the zombification of an entire city. To think the powerful people in the District want home rule. They can't manage what rule they do have.

LAURA EZZELL
Bowie, Maryland

I WORK IN DOWNTOWN Washington and have driven through business and residential streets, witnessing scenes such as groups of children making their way through broken glass and paper-bag drunks lounging or even passed out at eight A.M. Sometimes parents are guiding them through the obstacle course, and that always makes it a little better. I applaud the content of Hitchens's article. The absurdities need to be gathered and reiterated often, because each new one is so crazy it makes you forget the last.

HARISE POLAND
Greenbelt, Maryland

YOU CAN TAKE THE BOY out of the empire, but you can't take the empire out of the boy. This may explain why Christopher Hitchens mentions only in belated passing a few of those non-natives who play a role in D.C.'s plight. Missing from his article, for example, is the fact that city judges and prosecutors are federal appointees, federally controlled commissions exert major influence over local planning, and Congress has had total line-item control on every particular in Marion Barry's budget. The city is prohibited from levying a commuter tax, and Congress fails to compensate fairly for services rendered and land taken off the tax rolls. About two-thirds of those city employees Hitchens complains about actual-



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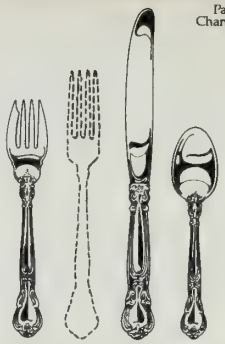

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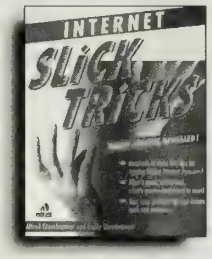


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Letters



The view from here: Row houses on Half Street in Washington, D.C., in December 1997. Christopher Hitchens cited such instances of capital blight in his March column, "District of Contempt."

ly live in the suburbs and pay no D.C. tax. Further, Barry's misguided economic policies are largely the creation of white regional business interests under the guidance of *The Washington Post,* and the most integrated meetings in town are those when Barry's aides sit down with campaign contributors. (On the other hand, in the last election ordinary voters in this two-thirds black town almost replaced Barry with a white Republican woman.)

We have another problem: a smug and misinformed political, media, legal, and business elite happy to exploit and sneer at the city but otherwise indifferent to local matters. This is not new; the Barrys of American urban history have always relied in no small part upon the civic indolence of those who think badmouthing city hall is the moral equivalent of actually doing something about it.

SAM SMITH
Editor, *The Progressive Review*
Washington, D.C.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS might consider developing his piece on Washington, D.C., into a novel—after all, even a genius like Franz Kafka couldn't create a place like this. Imagine *The Castle* set in modern D.C.

MICHAEL F. SMITH
Wilmington, Delaware

THOSE CITIZENS of Washington, D.C., for whom Barry and his administration show contempt are the same ones who voted him into office with full knowledge of his past. The good people of the capital came by their contempt the old-fashioned way: they earned it.

MICHAEL DEE
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

HITCHENS IS RIGHT about Washington. No wonder my trip to Manhattan last year seemed like a fairy-tale getaway.

KATHY DOWNES
Washington, D.C.

IT WAS HARD for me to read Christopher Hitchens's criticism of Mother Teresa a few months back ["Princess Di, Mother T, and Me," December]. I admire them both. Though he'd probably hate to be told this, there's a way in which Hitchens is a do-gooder himself. His article about Washington, D.C., was the kind of truth-telling which would have done Jeremiah proud.

I just hope he never gets mad at *me.*

JAN SIDEBOTHAM
Washington, D.C.

HITCHENS HAS the most delightful way of cutting through all the blarney and getting right to the heart of things.

K. RUTH CORCORAN
Arlington, Virginia

THE COMPARISON of the conditions in Washington to those in Cairo and Kinshasa is very unfair to the latter two cities. I have been to both, and always felt much safer there than when I lived in D.C.

B. T. DE ALBERGARIA
Palm Beach, Florida

YES, WASHINGTON'S plight makes a nice platform for political grandstanding, but one need only drive around the city to notice that the once crumbling avenues and circles are being restored to their former elegance and grandeur. This is not the awful rat-infested and TB-ridden slum it is made out to be. Yes, Mr. Hitchens, not everything


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CHRISTOPHER M. LABAS
Washington, D.C.

All About Edith

I CAN'T BELIEVE you did an in-depth (albeit wonderful) feature on Edith Head ["Anything for Oscar," by Amy Fine Collins, March] without mentioning one of the great catchphrases of hip Hollywood in the 70s. It was everywhere, but I found it on a T-shirt given to me by my girlfriend at the time (who was studying costume design): EDITH HEAD GIVES GREAT COSTUME.

TONY LAWRENCE
Los Angeles, California

AMY FINE COLLINS refers to a dress Elizabeth Taylor wore in *A Place in the Sun* as "probably the single most influential costume Edith ever devised, a strapless, bouffant coming-out dress comprising yards of layered tulle." Collins goes on to quote Herb Steinberg, former head of advertising and publicity at Paramount: "We made tie-ins for Miss Taylor's outfits. We sold them throughout the country. . . . There was not a girl who graduated from high school that year who didn't wear that dress."

My sister, Phyllis Jaskol, graduated from Beverly Hills High School that year, and she wore that dress. Not a copy, but the original. As a favor to my father, Sam Frey, who was with Paramount at the time, Edith Head lent him the dress. It was something to see, and so was my sister wearing it.

JEFFREY FREY
New York, New York

I OBJECT to the quote attributed to me (concerning the costuming for *The Sting*) by a source who was a nonprincipal.

ANDREA WEAVER
Hollywood, California

Call of the Wildenstein

I LAUGHED OUT LOUD at the Wildensteins' antics ["Bitter Spoils," by Suzanna Andrews, March]. Aaron Spelling could not have created such a contemptible couple. The sad part of it is they have involved their two children in this mess.

RODY O'ROURKE
Ocean City, New Jersey

ALEC WILDENSTEIN used to visit me in my office at the CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



Eight men and a little lady: Edith Head in 1975 with her Oscars for costume design. The hardest-working woman in show business (she put in 15 hours a day, six days a week), Head called the golden statuettes her children.

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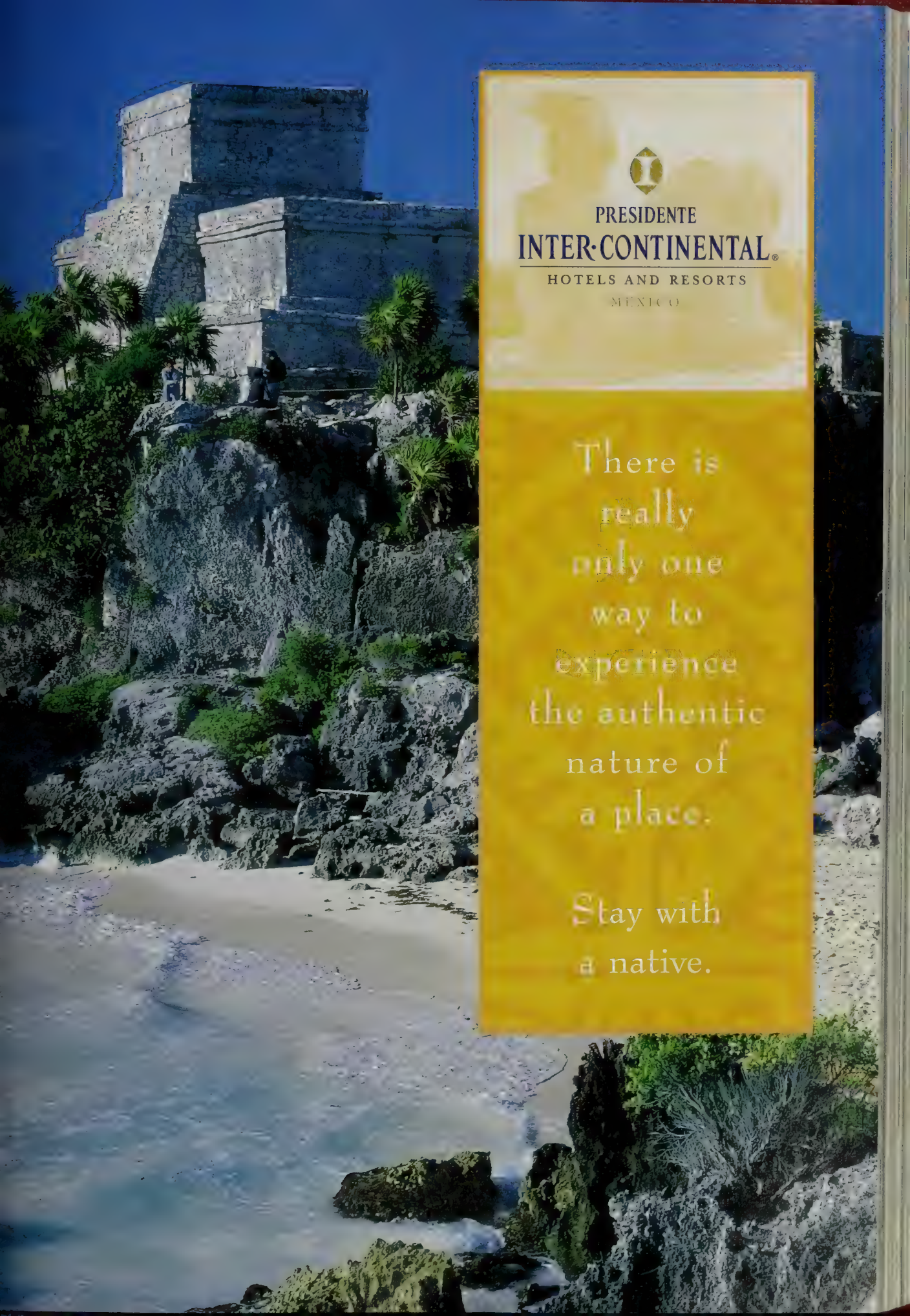




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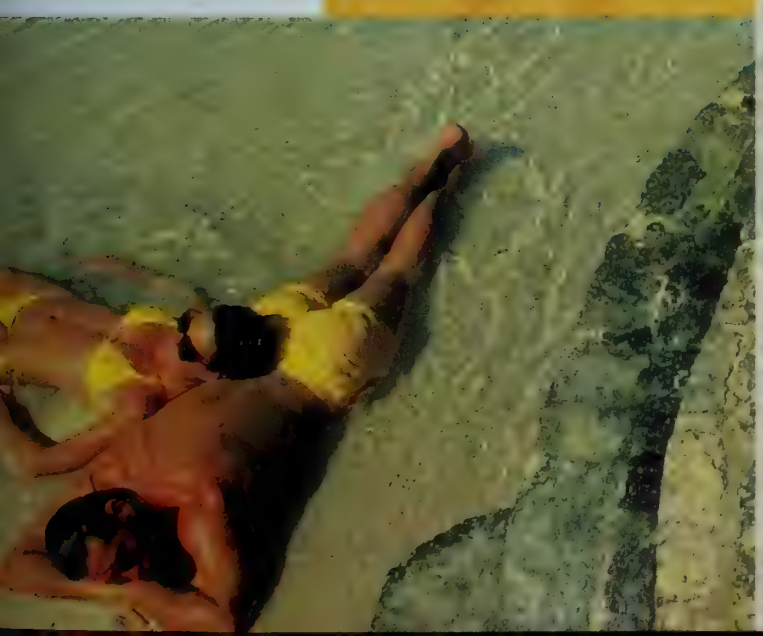
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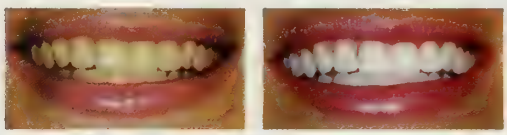
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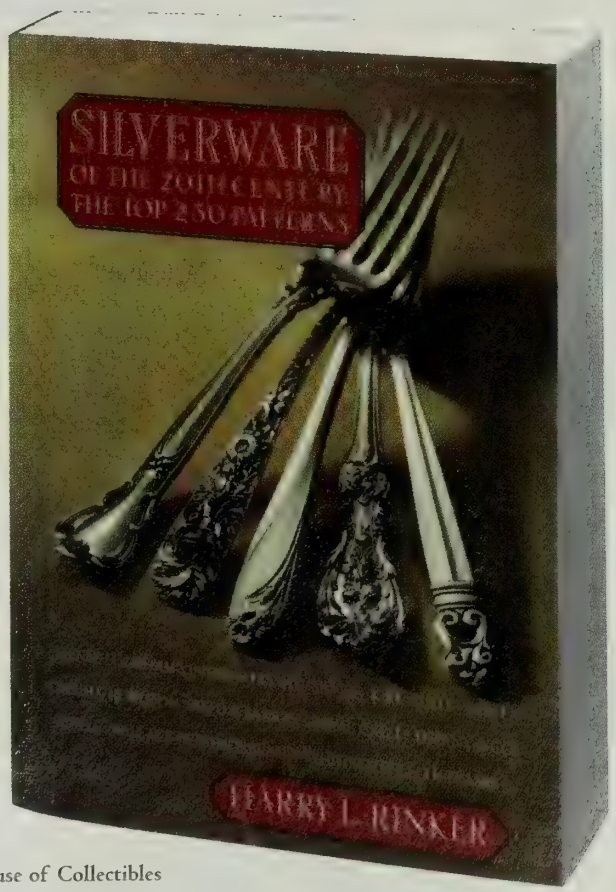
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Letters



I was fascinated by George Rush's interview with Jocelyne Wildenstein ["Jocelyne's Revenge," March], but it looked conspicuous. What has she done that is so wrong, other than find her husband in an extramarital tryst?

Surely there is something else to her extreme cosmetic surgery than a ruthless mission for eternal youth. Is it not more likely to be a protective gaze, a stubborn show of independence, a desperate cry for attention . . . or love, even? I don't believe Mrs. Wildenstein would have created such a bizarre, unlike visage had she been fortunate enough to enjoy a lasting, loving relationship. When I look at her defiant, glaring, yolkvisible eyes I see sadness and pain—not revenge.

QUENTIN FOTTRELL
London, England

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74 family's gallery, where I worked in 1959–60. He would show me his treasured pocket watch, the visible workings of which were a man and a woman making perpetual love. Ah, *l'amour!*

NAN KRULEWITCH SOCOLOW
Cayman Brac, British West Indies

IN LOOKING AT your photograph of Jocelyne Wildenstein surrounded by her five delicate little dogs surrealistically decked out in butch black leather, it was hard not to be reminded of something making its grand entrance on *The X-Files.* Could that be Mulder and Scully lurking behind the ornate door?

RACHELLE REYNER
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Designing Man

THANK YOU for the wonderful article on Tom Ford ["The Ford That Drives Gucci," by Michael Shnayerson, March], a fine example of the great American success story. He has brought so much to the House of Gucci and the world of fashion: classic style, edge, exquisite taste, a can't-take-your-eyes-off sense of daring, sparks, fun, defined sexual identity peppered with just a hint of ambiguity, and an inescapable smoldering sensuality.

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DANIEL T. GRAMKEE
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

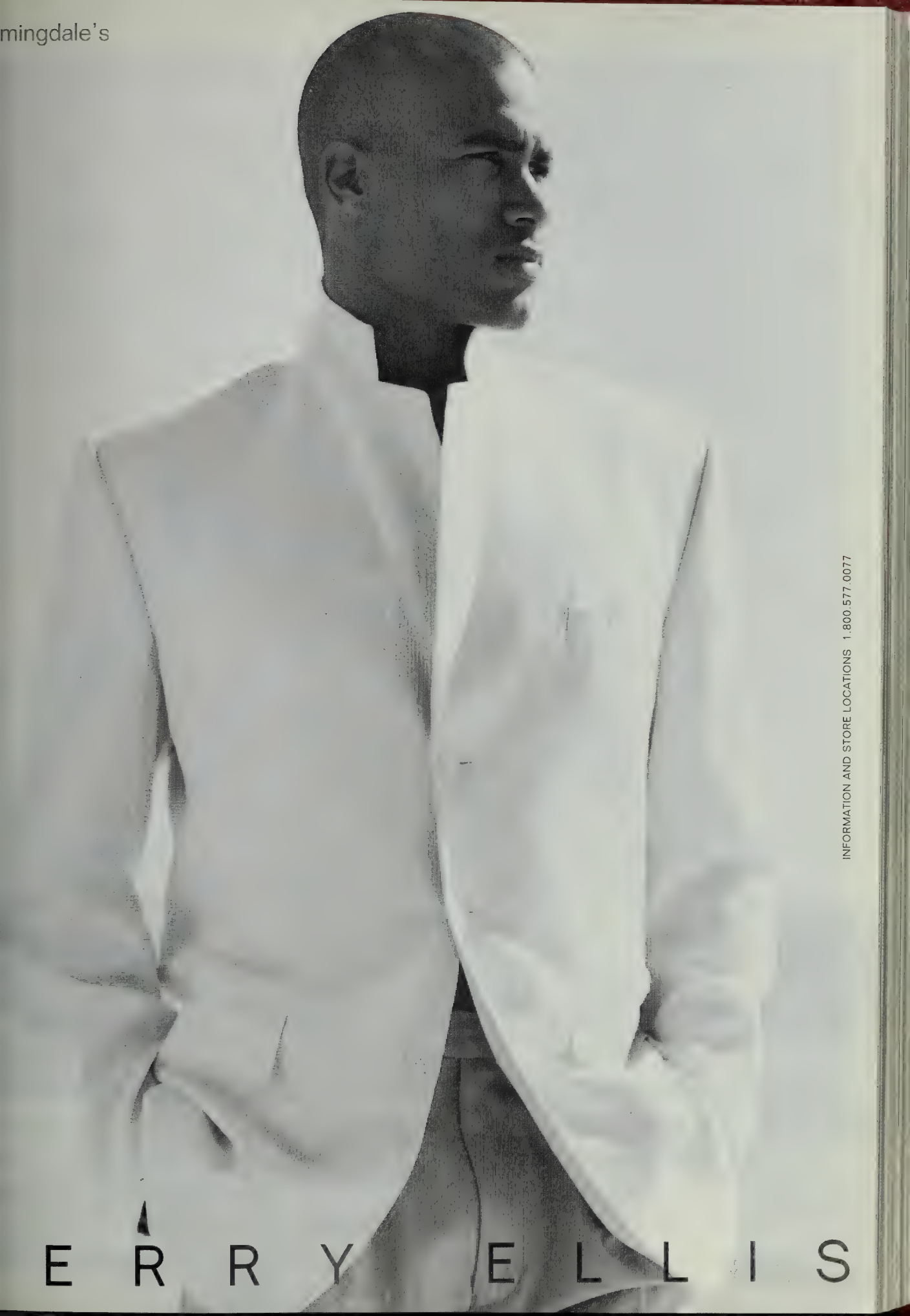
CORRECTIONS: Regarding "Bitter Spoils," in our March issue: though Thomas Bolan has an office within Putney, Twombly, Hall & Hirson, and his phone is answered with that firm's name by its receptionist, he is a client, not a member, of the law firm.

In the article entitled "King of the Hill" (March), Bryce Harlow's affiliation was incorrectly given. He worked for Procter & Gamble as its director of governmental relations.

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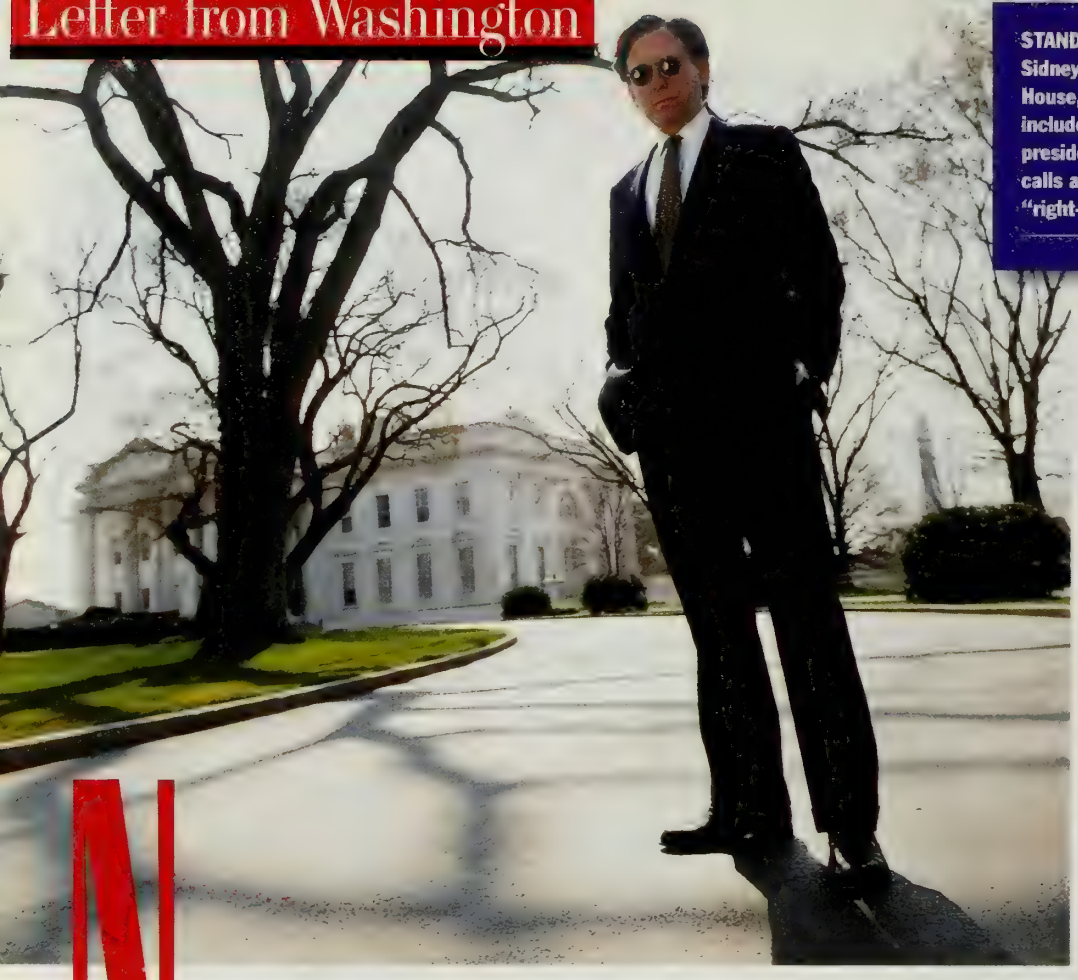
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STAND BY YOUR MAN
Sidney Blumenthal at the White House, March 6, 1998. His tasks have included the defense of the vice president's in-office fund-raising phone calls and helping with Hillary Clinton's "right-wing conspiracy" theory.

SID PRO QUO

When he was a journalist, Sidney Blumenthal's arrogance and unwavering devotion to Bill and Hillary Clinton made him decidedly unpopular. Now that he's a top White House aide, that smug conviction has made him the First Amendment front man of Monicagate—even as he presses a libel suit against cyber-gossip Matt Drudge

BY MICHAEL SHNAYERSON

No surprise: Sidney Blumenthal is on the phone with Hillary Clinton. Outside his White House basement office, three young interns, none of them named Monica, field a steady flow of press calls. Their bunker is windowless and low-ceilinged, not a place for claustrophobes. Finally the 49-year-old special adviser to President Clinton and former journalist for *The Washington Post, The New Republic, The New Yorker,* and this magazine, among others, emerges, only a tad less youthfully preppy than he appeared the week before on the federal-courthouse steps after his grand-jury testimony. "Every network called this weekend for interviews," he says with the boyish smirk that defines him to friends and enemies alike. "Turned 'em all down."

Blumenthal's inner sanctum, barely big enough for a desk and chairs, is the former White House barbershop. It still has a mirror set into one wall to accommodate the freshly trimmed. When Blumenthal arrived last August, the First Lady told him to think of it as his window. More than a few of his ex-colleagues in journalism would say it's his favorite kind.

Immured here as he is, Blumenthal seems a world removed from the scandal charges, media spin, and depositions swirling around the president. But how fast things change in Monicagate! One day, a White House adviser like Blumenthal can be peacefully working his subterranean phone and fax lines, passing the word to any journalist who will listen that Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr's prosecutors may have shaky professional records which ought to be checked out. The next, he's subpoenaed for possible "obstruction of justice" and forced to undergo hours of combative questioning before a grand jury, emerging afterward like Lillian Hellman to declare before a bank of television cameras, "If they think they have intimidated me, they have failed!"

Blumenthal's subpoena made him a poster boy for First Amendment rights and freedom of the press, but the Fourth Estate seems oddly ungrateful. Sid Blumenthal, reported *The Washington Post,* is "unpopular with many of his former colleagues." In *The New York Times,* Frank Rich bemoaned that Blumenthal, of all people, should be a "free-speech martyr." "Supercilious Sid," declared *Times* columnist Maureen Dowd. *Newsweek* accused him of "smug toadying." So thoroughly reviled by his former colleagues is Blumenthal that, as one put it, if he turned up murdered, everyone in town would be a suspect.

Among Kenneth Starr's staff, resentment festers amid suspicions that Blumenthal did more than circulate old newspaper clippings, that he's less free-speech victim than smear artist. Did he, in fact, talk to private investigators to uncover one prosecutor's hidden homosexuality, another's messy extramarital affair, and the like? Blumenthal rolls his eyes at such notions. "Basically they asked me questions about a fantasy plot," Blumenthal says. "For

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which they had not a shred of evidence. Not a fact. Not a factoid."

To many in the Washington press corps, the story ironically parallels Blumenthal's own ongoing $30 million defamation suit against Matt Drudge, creator of the Internet gossip column *The Drudge Report,* in which Blumenthal plays the role of the libeled. Drudge recklessly disseminated a false rumor last August that Blumenthal had engaged in spousal abuse. It appears to have been fed to him by G.O.P. operatives playing just the sort of game that Starr feels Blumenthal has been trying of late. Blumenthal demands that Drudge confide his sources, just as the independent counsel demanded that Blumenthal say which reporters from the White House he spoke to. With his lawsuit, Blumenthal aspires to set some limits on free speech on the Internet, even as he claims his own free speech has been threatened by Starr. If Blumenthal is telling the truth, the analogy is unfair: Drudge's rumor was defamatory, which free speech disallows, while Blumenthal handed out publicly reported facts. But that hasn't kept Drudge from crowing in cyberspace about Blumenthal's "hypocrisy"—and many journalists seem to agree with this assessment.

Much of his former colleagues' ire traces to the early days of the Clinton administration, after Blumenthal took over the "Letter from Washington" for *The New Yorker* magazine and wrote so glowingly of the president that his articles began to be read as party-line propaganda. The more other reporters grew disenchanted with Clinton, the more sycophantic Blumenthal appeared. Mandy Grunwald, the Democratic consultant and former Clinton media adviser, views the scorn of one as a measure of the other. In 1992, she observes, "it was cool to like Clinton because he was running a good campaign. . . . So Sid was not reviled [for writing positive things about him]." When the rest of the press corps turned on Clinton, she says, it turned on Blumenthal too. Walter Shapiro, a *USA Today* political columnist, has done his share of musing on that subject. "I have wondered if my negative feelings toward Sid are a function of my lack of respect for Bill Clinton," he says. "So am I therefore questioning his judgment in uncritically championing a president whom I do not have high feelings for?"

But Blumenthal hasn't just praised the Clintons in print. From early on he socialized with them, less as a journalist, some felt, than as a starstruck courtier. And if he lorded his access over the less fortunate, he also seemed to share the Clintons' disdain for the White House press corps, going as far as to satirize it in a play called *This Town,* performed in 1996 at Washington's National Press Club with then Cabinet member Robert Reich in the cast and soon-to-be secretary of state Madeleine Albright in the audience.

"He preens," says one Blumenthal ex-colleague. "He trashes people," adds another. "Anyone's gain is his loss," says a third.

Now, as a member of the Clinton administration, Blumenthal seems to ooze intellectual superiority to anyone below Cabinet rank. "He preens," says one ex-colleague. "He trashes people," says another. "Anyone's gain is his loss," says a third. A random survey of three stylish women who have been seated beside him at dinner parties produces a chorus of groans. Former Clinton campaign adviser James Carville says, sympathetically: "He conveys a smugness to the people he senses don't like him. If I sense someone doesn't like me, I'll try to charm them. Sid doesn't do that."

If Blumenthal were a lout, or a cynic, or both, it would be easy to dismiss him. Unfortunately, he's smart, well read, and a talented writer, with several highly praised books of political analysis to his credit—including *The Permanent Campaign,* published in 1980, and *The Rise of the Counter-Establishment,* published in 1986.

And if his partisanship seems extreme, it is, as all but his fiercest detractors concede, curiously genuine. "The Washington press corps tends to be disdainful of people who have a sense of commitment to something outside its own code of ethics," says Don Baer, who until recently served as White House director of communications. "I think Sid just believes so deeply in President Clinton and in what he's trying to do that the press doesn't know how to process it other than to be critical of it."

On the monitor of Blumenthal's computer are the opening paragraphs of the speech the president will give the next night at *Time* magazine's 75th-anniversary dinner. Blumenthal and chief speechwriter Michael Waldman are passing drafts back and forth; Blumenthal volunteers that it was he who talked Clinton into going to the dinner. Most of the speech remains to be written, but Blumenthal waves it off. "What do you want to know?" he asks.

Well, for starters, how does it feel to read how loathed he is?

Blumenthal appears unfazed, though he answers slowly, after a long pause, in the most peculiar way. "Just as a . . . construct, it's interesting," he says. "It's a sort of self-destructive version of journalistic objectivity in that it's balanced. 'We hate his guts, he's loathed, he's unpopular . . . ' And that allows them to go into the facts of what the events actually are. . . . They're expressing visceral emotion through the filter of presumably objective methods."

A more useful answer comes from one of his ex-colleagues, who sees him the next night at the *Time* dinner, blithely circulating amid a sea of his detractors. "Nothing about the way he conducts himself gives you the sense that he's bothered by any of this."

How to explain it? As one after another of his oldest friends suggests, the key to Washington's least-liked man lies in Chicago, the city of ward politics, where Blumenthal grew up in the golden years of the Daley machine. "He feels he's a Chicago Democrat," says Christopher Hitchens, a contributing editor of this magazine and a "pro-Sidney" journalist. "Ward heeling—there's a sense of that. A crunchy relish for talking trash and getting down and dirty." Another old friend, Larry K Smith, a retired political analyst, calls it the politics of loyalty. "The first value is that you're loyal to your friends, or your ward captain. The passion Sidney brings to bear in a political firefight is one of loyalty. And it sort of transcends other commitments that other people might have."

Loyalty, like charity, began at home. "He comes from an intense family, of emotion, a certain kind of Jewish family," says one old friend. "They don't spare your feelings. It would have taken a lot of work on his part to become a truly gracious person." One result, adds

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the friend, is that he grew up not caring if he made enemies.

Blumenthal's father, Hymen, sold large inflatable toys, often distributed as gas-station premiums. "Sidney always had this fantastic metaphor about his father, but I think it applies to himself," says Howard Husock, an old friend now at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government. "His father was a *Luftmensch*—a man of air. It was a joke, because he sold big plastic toys. But for Sid it was always a metaphor: How do you create something out of air? A career? I think he always thought he was that."

Blumenthal's first political memory is of knocking on doors to get out the vote for the Kennedy campaign in 1960, when he was 12. "I was taken to the famous torchlight parade—tens of thousands of ward captains marching to Chicago Stadium for Jack Kennedy," he says. "Sort of the apotheosis of machine politics."

At Brandeis University, near Boston, in the mid-60s, Blumenthal grew his hair long and joined the radical leftist group Students for a Democratic Society. Brandeis was culturally liberal and intellectually intense: Blumenthal's friend Ben Gerson, now editor in chief of *The National Law Journal,* remembers him heading home for his first Christmas vacation with a suitcase filled with Marx and Freud, and coming back with all the books read.

After graduation, having no career path in mind, Blumenthal was drawn to the *Boston Phoenix,* a weekly alternative newspaper. "It was only partly about journalism," says Husock. "It was about politics and counterculture. That's why it amuses me to hear people say that Sid betrayed journalism. All of us got involved in journalism because it was an extension of politics."

Blumenthal also nurtured an interest, not untypical for the times, in broad conspiracy theories. With radical Carl Oglesby and a few others, he contributed to something called the Assassination Information Bureau, which did what it could to see that the Warren Commission uncovered the real story of what happened on the fateful grassy knoll in Dallas.

By 1979, Blumenthal had tired of journalism for its own sake. "He wanted to be a player," says Gerson, "not an observer." Married by now to Jacqueline Jordan, he spent a year in near destitution, renting out rooms in his rickety wooden house in Brookline, Massachusetts, to help pay the mortgage as he worked on his first book. His effort paid off: *The Permanent Campaign* added a fresh phrase to national politics, and the recognition that candidates could no longer afford to stop selling themselves once the election had been won. The book was the triumph critically at least, that he had hoped it would be, and took him to *The New Republic* to cover the ill-fated 1984 presidential run of Gary Hart. Blumenthal openly admired him as a new kind of Democrat who would be the first standard-bearer for the postwar generation.

From his first reports, Blumenthal was seen as an extraordinary political journalist. He knew more about American politics and history than nearly all of his peers, and he wrote with a passionate advocacy which, in a journal of opinion such as *The New Republic,* was entirely appropriate. By the following year, he was a special writer for the national news desk and other sections at *The Washington Post.* *Post* executive editor Ben Bradlee had brought him in as an "impact hire"—someone whose presence would stir things up.

Things got stirred, but not particularly to Blumenthal's advantage. He was, as he put it, a partisan journalist, not a beat reporter. A disquieting rumor dogged him that while covering Hart's campaign he'd let his enthusiasm for his subject lead him into writing a major policy speech the candidate delivered at Brandeis. Blumenthal flatly denied this, but a political journalist named Martin Schram published a lengthy account of the incident in a 1984 book called *The Great American Video Game: Presidential Politics in the Television Age.* Summoned into Bradlee's office to explain himself, Blumenthal claimed merely to have talked ideas with Hart's campaign staff. "I was talking [to the Hart people] while they were doing a speech," he reiterates to me. An ex-colleague from the *Post* says Blumenthal admitted to him when the Schram book came out that the account was true. But David Landau, Hart's deputy campaign manager in 1984, is emphatic: "I wrote that speech."

Shunted to the "Style" section, where his lack of interest in "objective" reporting would be of less consequence, Blumenthal alienated more colleagues by "holding forth," as he admits. "He used to advise me on my stories, 'If you say it like this, it will really draw blood,'" recalls one *Post* reporter. "Usually it was about some Republican how to have the most damaging impact. It had nothing to do with journalism."

"He has the mentality of someone who joined the Communist Party in the 30s," says another *Post* reporter who worked with him. "The most important thing was you worked for the party, to advance



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the party. Sidney's main priority is to advance his ideology. He's an ideologue."

Blumenthal was capable of personal slights, too. One editor recalls befriending him warmly, doing him favors, then applying for another job and giving Blumenthal's name as a professional reference; when called by the prospective employer, Blumenthal suggested his friend lacked the intellectual fiber for the job. "What a jerk," the editor says contemptuously. "What a backstabbing thing to do." (Retorts Blumenthal: "I've never done that to anybody.") Another former colleague recalls how Blumenthal engaged in an *ad hominem* gossip campaign that seemed to come out of nowhere. "I asked him why, and he said it wasn't true. But he bad-mouthed me all over town." ("I can't respond to something I can't identify," Blumenthal says. "I have no idea how people come up with these things.")

"They make up something so raw out of nothing, but everyone here believes things are made up out of something," says Jacqueline Blumenthal.

As the 1988 presidential campaign began, Blumenthal did his best to cultivate the next great hope of the Democrats, Michael Dukakis. He seemed to try, as with Hart, for a personal bond; one *Post* reporter recalls him at a Democratic fund-raising dinner in Chicago crying out, "Michael! Michael!" as the candidate swept by. But Dukakis's decline seemed to parallel Blumenthal's own at the *Post.* When he took a leave to write *Pledging Allegiance,* a chronicle of the election year that would be published in 1990, it seemed clear that he wouldn't return.

It was at the annual Renaissance Weekend, in Hilton Head, South Carolina, in 1987 that Blumenthal first met the then governor of Arkansas. "We had mutual friends—of course, everyone has mutual friends with Clinton—and they told us we should meet. So we made a point of meeting. We spent time alone, the two families."

The relationship became closer in early 1992, when Clinton the candidate reached out to several opinion journalists, Blumenthal among them. Back at *The New Republic* he not only wrote an adoring profile of Clinton called "The Anointed," but also took potshots at Clinton's rivals: at Bob Kerrey (who later spoke of wanting to loosen one of Blumenthal's teeth and wipe away his preppy grin), at Ross Perot for allegedly saying he'd never let his daughter marry a Jew (Perot denied it), and at President Bush for possibly exaggerating his heroism as a bomber pilot in World War II, based on the recollections of a fellow serviceman who thought Bush might have bailed from his plane too soon.

The literary editor of *The New Republic,* Leon Wieseltier, once Blumenthal's friend but now one of his fiercest critics, regularly cites the Bush story as a model of unfair opinion, and adds, "He could write a piece that was completely true and 100 percent dishonest. Everything would be factually and historically correct, but his reason for writing it was not the truth but the advancement of a party. Poor Sid—born too late for the Popular Front."



BRUISED REPUTATIONS: Sidney Blumenthal and his wife, Jacqueline, at the state dinner for British prime minister Tony Blair, Washington, D.C., February 5, 1998. The couple sued Internet gossip columnist Matt Drudge for $30 million after he alleged on his Web site that the White House special adviser had abused his wife.

As the 1992 campaign unfolded, Blumenthal's partisanship took other forms. One *New Republic* colleague recalls seeing a fax from Blumenthal to George Stephanopoulos, then Clinton's communications director. "George, You might be able to use these [phone] numbers in the midwest." Fellow journalists muttered that Blumenthal rode around in Clinton staff cars and proudly displayed a large Clinton/Gore poster in a window of his Washington home—a measure of partisanship that even other opinion journalists eschewed. Blumenthal, though, says he never rode in staff cars, and that one of his sons put up the poster. (Blumenthal has two sons, Max, 20, and Paul, 16.) It was around this time that he drew closer to Hillary. "He always had this fascination with Hillary," recalls one former Clinton operative. "I remember him early on ingratiating himself. He was almost in love with her."

With Clinton's victory, Blumenthal was hired as *The New Yorker's* Washington correspondent by Tina Brown, the magazine's new editor. Perhaps she had hoped his vaunted access to the Clintons would imbue his column with inside color that no other magazine could match. Instead the magazine got breathless phone reports from its Washington office, where Blumenthal occupied one of the two offices. "He'd say, 'I went to the White House for dinner the other night—small group, a sultan, an opera singer, and eight other people,'" one editor recalls. Asked to write it up, he'd say, "Oh, I couldn't do that."

By 1994, Blumenthal's glowing portraits of the president, despite all of Clinton's early missteps, had made him appear a sort of journalistic apparatchik. When he was asked to look into Whitewater, he refused. When the editors turned to other writers for Clinton-related stories, Blumenthal would weigh in from Washington with unsolicited advice. "Sid was constantly calling Tina and sending notes and trying to shape coverage," recalls one former colleague. "He believed he was saving *The New Yorker* from itself."

Blumenthal was advising not only *The New Yorker,* but the Clintons as well. "I was someone who had access," he says. "And offered my views, I hope, in an informed way." Connie Bruck reportedly had trouble trying to profile Hillary Clinton because Blumenthal advised the White House not to trust her. ("The opposite is true," says Blumenthal. "I put in a formal request for cooperation, but the First Lady was granting no interviews. In fact, while she didn't talk to Bruck, the president did, which would not have happened without my request.") When Marie Brenner, now the writer-at-large for *Vanity Fair,* was investigating Iran-contra independent prosecutor Lawrence Walsh, she ran into Blumenthal at *The New Yorker's*

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Washington office and casually bounced theories off him. To her surprise, she got a scornful response. "How can you think that?" she recalls him saying. "That's a typical New York City response, from someone who knows nothing about how Washington works." Brenner wondered later: "Had I indeed said something so stupid? Or was this a man filled with a mysterious contempt for his colleagues?"

Peter Boyer, another *New Yorker* writer, spent time at the magazine's Washington bureau while doing a profile of Ted Kennedy. The Monday his article appeared, he got a call from New York: Blumenthal had just sent up a memo denigrating the piece. "My colleague next door to me," Boyer recounts in amazement. "That tore it for me. I called Sid into my office and closed the door, and we had a conversation that was notable for its physical propinquity. I just told him I thought this was a low, snaky, duplicitous way to behave, and if he had any comment to make, it should be made first to me. Sidney in characteristic fashion denied writing the memo!" An editor at *The New Yorker* acknowledges having seen the memo, but Blumenthal still denies having written it. "Sid has paid a heavy price," says *The New Yorker*'s Hendrik Hertzberg, a Blumenthal supporter, "for having a point of view."

By early 1995, Blumenthal was lunching regularly with Clinton's chief strategist, Dick Morris, offering ideas for the upcoming campaign. "I met often with Dick, and we would discuss politics, but everyone would discuss ideas with him," Blumenthal says. Tom Freedman, now of the Domestic Policy Council, then on the staff of the Clinton-Gore campaign, was at some of the lunches and says the talks were entirely proper. "I thought of Sid as a journalist when he was around Dick. He engaged Dick in ideas, no doubt, but he was also working a source." But when rumors that Blumenthal was soliciting a job in the new administration reached *The New Yorker*, his colleagues were appalled.

In his new book, *Spin Cycle: Inside the Clinton Propaganda Machine*, Howard Kurtz of *The Washington Post* reports that Blumenthal took a more active role in at least one instance. In early 1996, Mark Fabiani, then a special counsel to the president, talked with Blumenthal about the First Lady's feeling that Susan Schmidt of *The Washington Post* was biased in her reporting of Whitewater.

"I said, as I recall, if you have problems—and I believe she's a biased reporter—what you ought to do is follow it," recalls Blumenthal. "You ought to see if she's making factual errors. Don't complain about people's point of view or any of that, just the clear factual errors, and you should bring it to the attention of her and of the editors at the *Post,* and correct the record—period."

Blumenthal says he thought nothing more of the idea until Kurtz called him two years later, suggesting Blumenthal had hatched it. "He's got this story that Hillary ordered a report [on Schmidt] which she told me she never did," Blumenthal says. In fact, he says, the First Lady simply complained about Schmidt, and "Fabiani actually sort of began to put together some sort of version of her reporting."

But if Blumenthal wasn't the architect of the plan that eventually circulated, neither was Fabiani (who heard about it from the First Lady in a meeting with George Stephanopoulos and others, according to one White House insider). "People came to the conclusion that Sidney promoted it," says one of the meeting's participants. "It was a pretty specific idea." It was, in any event, scotched by White House press secretary Mike McCurry.

"Sidney feeds Hillary's paranoias," says a Beltway insider. "He and Hillary bring out the worst in each other," says another.

To most journalists, even an idle suggestion from Blumenthal about trying to discredit a seasoned reporter at *The Washington Post* seems a shocking breach of loyalty to the fraternity—or, as Peter Boyer puts it, a "journalistic felony . . . that seems to me would supersede everything else forever." An exception is Hertzberg: "All he's even accused of is suggesting a critique that's above board. . . . Maybe it was impolitic, but I don't see where it was unethical or evil."

To some in the White House, the plan simply suggested poor political instincts. "You don't criticize a mainstream paper," says one former Clinton team member. "And if you do, you don't do it through the White House." "What Hillary needs are people to tell her when an idea isn't good," says another. "But you have people like Director of White House Communications Ann Lewis, who thinks every idea is great. And Sid is one of those."

"He feeds Hillary's paranoias," says a Beltway insider. And a former colleague says, "My sense is they bring out the worst in each other."

Despite this, or because of it, Blumenthal was formally hired by the White House last August. He would help on major speeches, have input into foreign policy, and work up big ideas for long-range goals. Blumenthal was delighted—until about 10:30 on the Sunday night before he was due to start work.

"I was in bed reading, and Sidney was doing his standard Internet tour," recalls Jackie Blumenthal from the town house on Lafayette Park where she presides as head of the White House fellows program. A prim figure with short, dark-reddish hair and pince-nez glasses, Jackie has an engagingly direct manner, and is liked even by most of her husband's detractors.

Sidney's study, she explains, is adjacent to the bedroom. "He said, 'Look at this!' Well, he says that a lot, and I didn't feel like getting out of bed, so I didn't. He said, 'You have to see this.' So I did get up, and there on the screen, in the biggest letters you ever saw, I read, 'New White House Recruit Sidney Blumenthal Has a Spousal Abuse Past That Has Been Effectively Covered Up.'"

That the story was utterly false was small consolation; by the next day's end it had been faxed all over town, and friends were calling to express their disbelief. "We've been married 22 years," says Jackie. "I mean, they make up something so raw out of nothing, and you know, everyone here believes things are made up out of something."

Drudge's retraction and apology within a day did nothing to quell the Blumenthals' outrage. Hence the $30 million defamation suit, which the couple sees as having profound First Amendment implications for "whether the libel laws that exist for print and television should be extended to the Internet," says Jackie.

Blumenthal is also determined to learn who fed Drudge the dirt. The timing of its appearance, on the eve of his first day at the White House, suggests to him an orchestrated effort to neutralize him. "People have not understood what has been going on in Washington over the last five or six years," he says. "The degree to which character assassinatio


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has been a regular activity, a way of politics, and just how it works."

Despite Kenneth Starr's suspicions, Blumenthal says he would never respond in kind. But to his new White House colleagues, Blumenthal did seem a happy warrior—an ideologue, curiously, in a most nonideological administration.

Because Blumenthal's new responsibilities were so vague, yet his ties to the Clintons so clear, Blumenthal was a threat to everyone's turf. He could mess around anywhere and no one would be able to object. And he had the potential to derail others' projects just by whispering in Hillary's ear.

Wariest of the group was Mike McCurry, the press secretary, who had managed to placate the White House press corps more often than not with his genial directness. "McCurry was never consulted about Sid coming in," says a former colleague. "He was blindsided." Also, McCurry had never been particularly close to the First Lady, so Blumenthal's rapport with her was that much more unnerving.

"I was a little surprised," McCurry admits in his West Wing office, whose walls he keeps covered with his children's brightly colored paintings. "The one thing you cannot have in a press operation is a rogue element that is off the reservation," he says. "You try to be disciplined about not giving reporters the 'gee whiz' background quotes they want, but if there's someone else in the operation who is, they start draining away from you and going to where they can get them."

But from the start Blumenthal was, as McCurry puts it, "very much on the program," checking in with him and deferring on press-related decisions. There was still some general nervousness about him, especially when talk turned to the right-wing web of forces that might lurk behind Ken Starr's investigation—a conspiratorial view that other White House insiders were simply too busy to ponder. Half-jokingly, senior adviser Rahm Emanuel christened Blumenthal "G.K.," for Grassy Knoll.

One of Blumenthal's early assists was to the vice president's staff, which was rattled initially by the disclosure that Al Gore had made fund-raising calls from his White House office, then more so by Gore's stiff first press conference. Blumenthal made the bold suggestion—as Gore's chief of staff, Ron Klain, has confirmed—that the calls might actually be legal. Eventually, Janet Reno ruled there was no basis for appointing an independent counsel. "I've become very friendly with the vice president while I've been here," Blumenthal says. "Briefings, small groups, been over to his house, worked on global warming for him . . . "

After nine months, Blumenthal's record of successes has lengthened. He's helped write foreign-policy speeches, including the president's Pentagon speech on the need to be tough with Iraq. He was, he says, a principal writer of the State of the Union address, and he sat in on prep sessions.

It has been suggested in the press that Blumenthal also helped nudge Hillary into going on the *Today* show to denounce the "vast right-wing conspiracy" trying to bring down her husband. ("I didn't persuade Hillary to do anything. I think she has a mind of her own." But, he admits, "I talk to Hillary every day.") In the days after Hillary's appearance, Blumenthal's White House colleagues may have winced at the phrase, and wondered if "Grassy Knoll" was less a joke than a psychiatric diagnosis. With his grand-jury testimony, doubts have subsided. His performance was a great strike against Starr, and it may have reinfused some of Clinton's tired troops with a sense of mission. But Blumenthal's higher profile has come at a cost.



SID-BAITING Blumenthal, questioned about possible obstruction of justice, with attorney Jo Bennett Marsh, outside the federal courthouse after testifying before a grand jury, February 26, 1998. "They had not a shred of evidence. Not a fact. Not a factoid," says Blumenthal.

"I was a little surprised [when Blumenthal was hired]," admits White House press secretary Mike McCurry. "The one thing you cannot have in a press operation is a rogue element."

"Every day there's a new smear," Blumenthal says grimly, "orchestrated, I believe, by Starr's office." The right-leaning *Washington Times* has linked Blumenthal to private investigators. The right-wing Landmark Legal Foundation has called for an investigation of how Linda Tripp's Pentagon employment records were leaked to *The New Yorker;* none other than Dick Morris has suggested Blumenthal may have been involved. ("We don't have access to Pentagon records," says Blumenthal. "It's ridiculous.") Blumenthal has been subpoenaed by a right-wing group called Judicial Watch, in connection with a case about the alleged misuse of F.B.I. files by the White House. ("It began years before I began my White House work," says Blumenthal. "Yet I will have to appear before a court. I'll waste a whole day doing this. It's a form of harassment.") In March he had to give two affidavits. "I spend a good deal of time now," he says, "with the White House legal staff."

On another front, Matt Drudge's lawyer, Manuel Klausner, declared at a court proceeding for Blumenthal's defamation suit that political columnist Susan Estrich, in *USA Today,* had described close friends of Jackie Blumenthal's as offering her shelter—presumably from her "abusive" husband. Yet the reference is nowhere to be found in Estrich's column. (Estrich has acknowledged that it appeared in her original text, though not in the subsequent *USA Today* version.) "We're going to move forward legally on that," Blumenthal says, even as the case itself proceeds. Meanwhile, from New York, radio host Don Imus brands him a weasel and worse.

Like the president he serves, Sidney Blumenthal has become a lightning rod for rage from every side. Strangely, that seems exactly what he wants to be. □

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After he retired, Hughes pursued his hobby of photograph[y] ... well into old age, he walked ab[out] ... from the ho[use]

GONE WITH THE GYPSIES

In 1993, San Francisco private eye Fay Faron discovered that a beautiful Gypsy and her family appeared to be involved in a string of *Arsenic and Old Lace*–style murders. Then Faron had to prove it before more men died

BY JACK OLSEN



DIGGING DIRT
The corpses of four elderly San Francisco men—Philip Steiner, Konstantin Liotweizen, Nicholas Bufford, and Stephen Storvick—were disinterred to test for poisoning, spring 1994. *Insets, from top,* a headline in the *San Francisco Examiner;* private eye Fay Faron, photographed for *Vanity Fair,* worked pro bono on the case after her client died.

The caskets came out of the earth like bad teeth. The crew worked fast to avoid unwanted attention—relatives of the deceased hadn't given permission for the bodies to be exhumed. One casket cracked in half, revealing a body that had steeped like a tea bag in groundwater. A sturdier coffin preserved a set of bones nattily attired in a dark-blue polyester suit. Another cadaver had jelled: old man in aspic. The fourth body rested in a cheap, cloth-covered wooden box, the yellowing bones draped in a hospital gown. A plastic ID bracelet was dangling from what had been a wrist.

At least one person was enjoying the grisly operation: Fay Faron, proprietor of the Rat Dog Dick Detective Agency. (The agency's name had been inspired by an early client, who had commented that Faron tracked down missing persons like a rat dog finds rats.) At last, in April 1994, after a year and a half of pro bono work by Faron, and a saga of bureaucratic bungling by the police that had lasted almost as long, one of the private detective's most frustrating cases seemed headed for prosecution. The bodies had all belonged to old men, but the way Faron saw it, they hadn't died natural deaths. She believed they had been poisoned by Gypsies. Now what remained of their vital organs was to be removed and tested.

Then in her early 40s, Faron was an attractive woman whose head was crowned with a set of Orphan Annie ringlets, which spilled from under her



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slouch hat to the collar of her trademark plum trench coat. She was well known as the author of an advice column, "Ask Rat Dog," syndicated in many newspapers, including *The Denver Post* and *The Dallas Morning News,* but most of her income came from locating hidden assets and people other people wanted to find. She had stumbled into the detective business in 1983 after failing to find success as a door-to-door sewing-machine peddler, a bike-tour leader, a waitress, an ice-cream-truck driver, and a TV producer.

The alleged geriatric-poisoning cases had reached her desk in late 1992 in a roundabout way. An obese 35-year-old Gypsy named Danny Bimbo Tene had become involved with a Russian-born woman, 53 years his senior, Hope Victoria Beesley, who had immigrated to San Francisco after spending part of World War II in a Japanese prison camp. By all accounts, they made an odd couple—the coarse young Gypsy and the sophisticated world traveler. What on earth did she see in him? most people wondered.

Whatever it was, it didn't last long. After they broke up, Beesley told a lawyer that Tene was a liar, a cheat, and a crook, and claimed that she'd spent a year trying to get his name off a joint-tenancy agreement that she said he had persuaded her to sign. Now Tene was, in effect, half-owner of Beesley's five-bedroom house in San Francisco's Sunset district. When she died, he would become the sole owner. The old woman insisted that her demise was already in the planning stages; she said she was receiving anonymous phone inquiries as to whether she was dead yet.

Her lawyer retained Fay Faron, who was on the case only a week when word came that Beesley had suffered a fatal heart attack. Danny Tene moved into the home, valued at $373,000. For Faron the case was officially closed because there was no client.

But the detective was so unsettled by the elderly woman's sudden death that she went to city hall to do some research on Danny Tene. In public records she found an abundance of entries under the name Tene: eviction cases, lawsuits, a baby who had died mysteriously, a Tene killed in a parking lot.

Faron uncovered what she believed was a transcontinental scam that went back at least a decade. It involved attractive Gypsy women cuddling up to octo- and nonagenarians and separating them from their stocks, homes, and bank accounts. (Danny Tene had apparently come up with the idea of reversing the sexes.) The alleged female perpetrators were close relatives of Tene's, members of the same Tene Bimbo clan featured in Peter Maas's best-selling 1975 book, *King of the Gypsies.* No one knew exactly when this particular branch of the peripatetic Tene Bimbo clan had joined San Francisco's estimated 4,000 other Gypsies—after earlier residencies in New York, Boston, and Chicago—but it appeared to have been sometime in the mid-70s.

Hope Beesley said she was receiving anonymous phone inquiries as to whether she was dead yet.







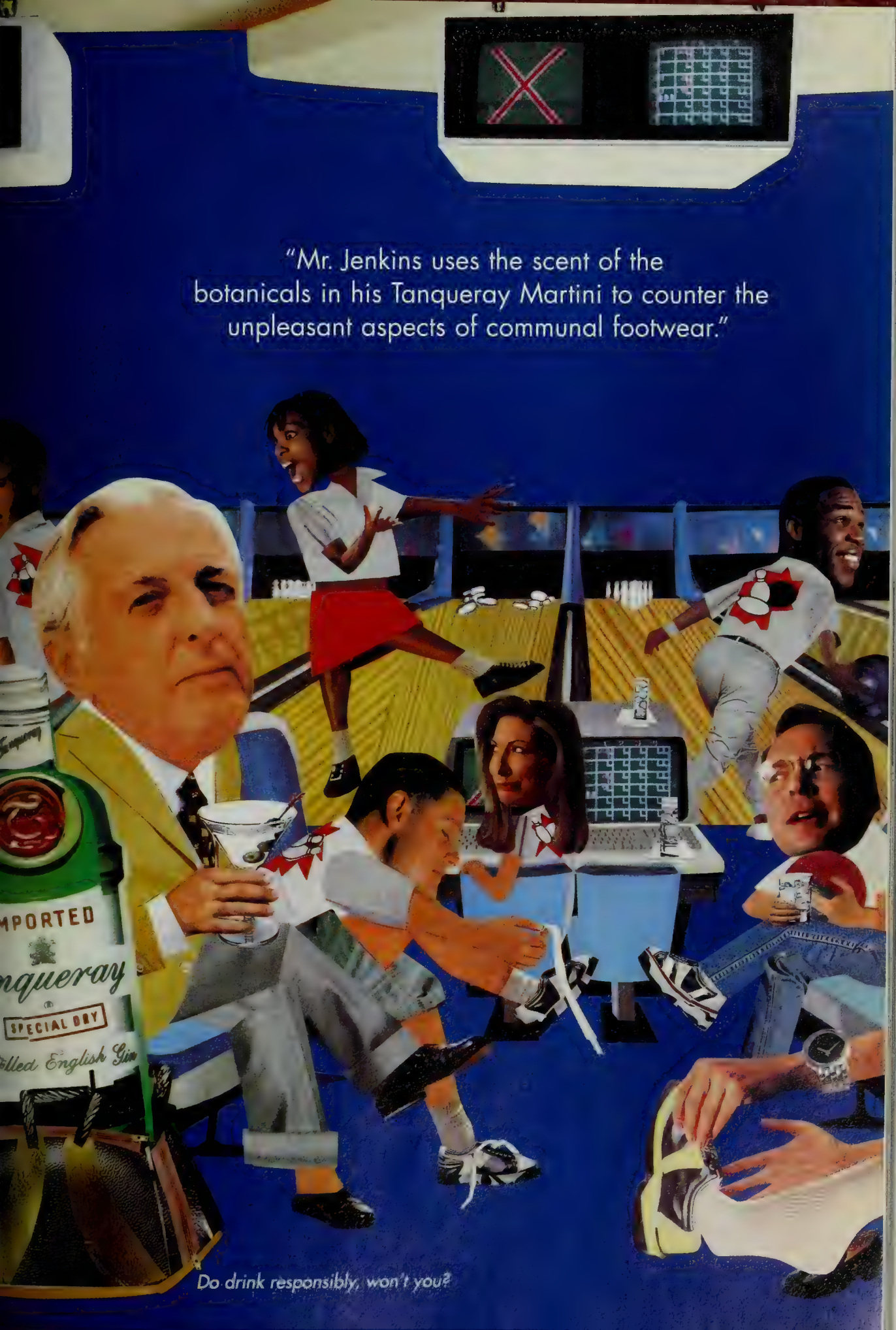
HOME BODY
Danny Tene, *above,* being arrested for traffic offenses in 1995, San Francisco. His former companion Hope Beesley, *top right,* 53 years his senior, suffered a fatal heart attack in 1992; she was in the process of removing his name from a joint-tenancy agreement. Tene inherited her $373,000 Sunset-district home, *right.*

The name Bimbo was derived from *bimbai,* the Gypsy word for "tough guy," and the Tene Bimbos tended to be not only resilient but also reclusive, contemptuous of *gadje* (non-Gypsies, literally "serfs"), and unpopular with other Gypsy clans, most of whom were profoundly nonviolent.

Faron discovered that every Gypsy has at least three names: a secret one whispered once by the mother at birth, a Gypsy name, and a name to be used in dealing with the *gadje.* Some of the Tene Bimbos had many more names than that, however. The matriarch of the branch that Danny Tene came from was Mary Tene, who also went by Bessie Tene Bimbo and Mary Steiner. An eighth-grade dropout, she and her common-law husband, Stanley Tene Bimbo, also known as Richard or Chuchi, were parents of six children, the eldest of whom was Danny. Her Gypsy husband notwithstanding, Mary had met and married a well-heeled, retired construction engineer, Philip Henry Steiner Jr., in 1983. At the time, she was 43. He was 89.

Theresa Tene, Mary's eldest daughter, had inherited her mother's taste for superannuated males with bulging portfolios. An ivory-skinned teenager, she had dazzling blue-green eyes (which she accentuated with heavy makeup), curly dark-brown hair, a pert nose, and a Pamela Lee silhouette. In August 1984 she met 87-year-old Nicholas Bufford, a childless Russian immigrant and retired hotel worker. A month later she described herself on a legal document as the widower's granddaughter, and signed on as joint tenant of his $226,000 Sunset-district home. That month, they were wed. A corrected deed noted that she was his wife, not his granddaughter.

The marriage was barely two months old when an emaciated Nick Bufford was observed by friends; he subsequently


"Mr. Jenkins uses the scent of the botanicals in his Tanqueray Martini to counter the unpleasant aspects of communal footwear."
MPORTED
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SPECIAL DRY
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died. The beautiful young widow, now calling herself Angela Bufford, inherited her husband's house and $125,000.

A bit later, her mother, Mary (whose legal and Gypsy husbands were still alive), became friendly with another Russian widower, Konstantin Konstantinovich Liotweizen, when he was in the hospital with a broken hip. Born in 1897, he had been decorated by Tsar Nicholas II for service in the Imperial Army, and forced into exile during the Russian Revolution. Before retiring, the sturdy ex-officer had run the Russian Food Store and other San Francisco delicatessens, and had become an admired figure in the city's Russian émigré community—"the grandfather I never had," as one neighbor described him. He rented out the dozen units in the Richmond apartment building he owned for modest amounts to artists.

When a friend arrived at Liotweizen's door to bring him a cake in the winter of 1986, she was greeted by Mary Steiner in a white nurse's uniform. Mary explained to visitors that she enjoyed caring for the elderly and soon moved a flock of her relatives, including Danny, into one of Liotweizen's empty apartments.

One day a longtime tenant and friend of Liotweizen's heard an insistent banging on the pipes and checked to see if it was a call for help. Mary claimed that her patient was fine, but when she left the building, the tenant slipped into the apartment and found the tsar's ex-officer lying in his own excrement next to a mildewed slice of pizza and a glass of curdled milk.

"It's too late for me," he said weakly. "She's caught me like a little baby bird."

By the time police came to check out the situation, the old soldier had been cleaned up, fed, and cosseted into a better mood. Then Mary changed his phone number, canceled his newspaper subscriptions, and told neighbors that he could no longer attend church.

In April 1987, Mary interrupted her nursing duties for Liotweizen long enough to bury her husband, Philip, dead at 93. Mary's close supervision of her husband's health and well-being was demonstrated later in questioning at eviction proceedings she had instituted against one of her tenants:

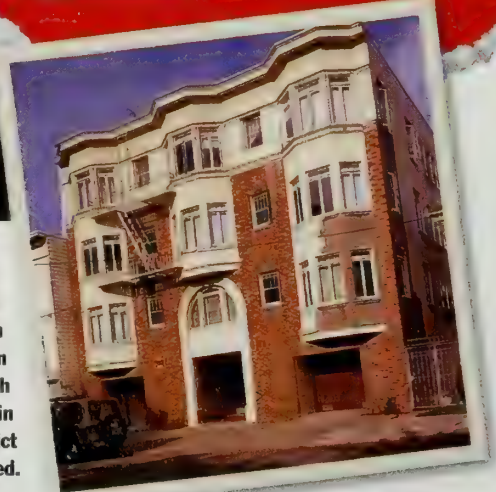
Q: How did Mr. Steiner die, ma'am?
A: I don't remember. . . . He had a heart attack or something like that.

Konstantin Konstantinovich Liotweizen hung on for two more years, finally expiring due to arteriosclerosis and cardiac arrest—more or less generic entries on the death certificates of unau-





"It's too late for me," Konstantin Liotweizen said. "She's caught me like a little baby bird."



MARY, WIDOW

From top, **Tene-family matriarch Mary Tene Steiner married 89-year-old Philip Steiner when she was 43; soon she began to nurse 89-year-old Russian émigré Konstantin Liotweizen; both died shortly after. Liotweizen's grave, in Colma, Calif. His $937,000 Richmond-district apartment building, which Mary inherited.**

topsied old men. Mary became the sole owner of his apartment building, valued at $937,440 by the assessor. Although a friend reported that Liotweizen had kept some $500,000 in banks, only $77,000 turned up in his accounts.

While the new landlady busied herself raising rents, frightening tenants into leaving, and, when all else failed, serving eviction notices, her daughter Angela found a new boyfriend: George Antone Lama, a 30-year-old Palestinian who was helping his émigré family run a restaurant in West Portal called the French Village Deli. Over her family's shrill complaints about racial treason, Angela installed the *gadjo* in the home she'd inherited from Bufford. She worked a day job as a teller at the Security Pacific Bank while continuing her charity work with the elderly in the evenings. Soon she'd insinuated herself into the life of a woman who lived in the opulent, old-money neighborhood of St. Francis Woods, and onto the deed of her $850,000 mansion. But when she brought the millionaire owner to a law office to sign a new will, an attorney concluded that the old woman was incompetent, canceled the proceedings, and tipped off the woman's daughter. Eventually Angela agreed to sign a document confirming that the joint-tenancy agreement had been made improvidently, incorrectly, and in error.

"My mother cried many tears," the old woman's angry daughter told a reporter, because suddenly Angela did not want to stay with her anymore. "Mom just adored her."

Angela's new boyfriend, George, seemed to have no trouble adapting to her unusual avocation. He reportedly confided to his older brother, Jerry, that it didn't disturb him that his girlfriend bared her breasts to sex-starved old clients. "What do you think they're capable of doing at 85 years old?" Jerry quoted his bespectacled, studious-looking brother as saying. "They feel her, touch her, play with her. They're happy, she's happy. It's just business."

Gypsy women have always been easy-going about their torsos (in his poem "Gypsies Traveling" Baudelaire celebrated "their ever ready treasure of pendent breasts"). But they are demure about their thighs and legs. They go braless without regard to the current fashion but wear skirts below the knee. In Gypsy culture, *marime* is a power-

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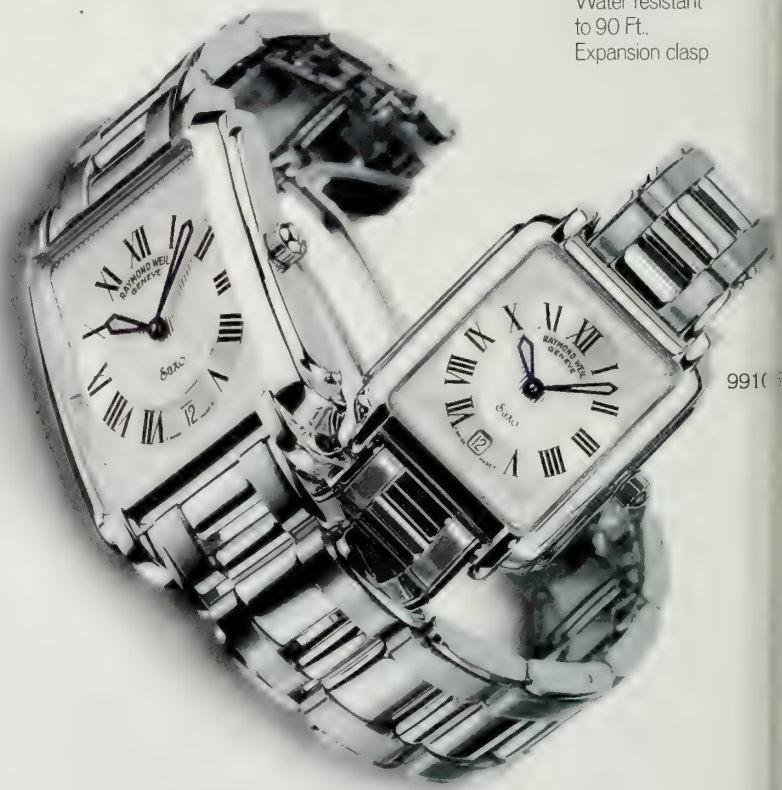
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ful concept that means impure, polluted, shameful, and the waistline demarcates the beginning of the forbidden zone.

According to police, in August 1989 Angela was fired from her teller job after she cashed a $10,000 check for George, who'd walked up to her window disguised as a laborer and showed false ID. Jerry Lama explained later that George "got her the job at the bank so she could pick victims, see old people coming in and out, and have access to their accounts. They drained the hell outta the A.T.M. machines. George is a master forger, so she would make copies of signature cards at the bank, and he would write checks and take them to her as teller."

The industrious couple had another close call, this time with a Norwegian immigrant named Stephen Storvick. A retired longshoreman in his late 80s, Storvick, like most of their alleged targets, lived alone and unprotected. He happened into the French Village Deli one day and became friendly with George. Soon Angela was visiting Storvick, running his errands, and escorting him to the movies. He changed his will, naming her as beneficiary. Then Storvick moved into the apartment above the French Village Deli, and George began delivering hot dishes to his door.

Roland Dabai, George Lama's 21-year-old nephew and an employee at the deli, claimed he saw George "grind up tablets of this Halcyon and put it in food that George made for Storvick." According to a police affidavit,

> George used to brag to Roland about how the drug used to make Storvick dizzy and disoriented. . . . Originally, George told Roland that he just wanted to keep Storvick disoriented so that George could search through his things and steal from Storvick and play with his accounts . . . [After the old man threatened to move out,] George said to Roland, "I've been working on this guy for a year and a half, he's freaking out, he's going to leave." . . . Roland went on to say that it was at this time that George started changing the drugs. . . . Roland told us that the new medication that George had obtained and was putting in Storvick's food was a round pill about the size of an aspirin tablet and was orange in color [a known pill form of digitalis]. . . . Roland definitely remembers several conversations that

DEATH BECOMES HER

From top, **Mary Steiner's daughter Angela Tene Bufford, in the 1980s. The $226,000 Sunset-district home she inherited from retired hotel worker Nicholas Bufford, whom she married in September 1984, when she was 24 and he was 87. (He died barely two months later.) His Mill Valley, Calif., grave.**





"What do you think they're capable of doing at 85 years old? They touch her, play with her. They're happy, she's happy. It's just business."



Angela and George had where they both said that they were trying to kill Stephen Storvick.

Around this time George had begun procuring digitalis, according to the police. Derived from the leaves of the common purple foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea*), digitalis is used with cardiac patients to regulate the rate of the heartbeat and to strengthen the heart's contractions, but an overdose can be lethal. A relative of George's told police that he referred to the ground-up pills as "magic salt" and sprinkled it into food that was delivered to certain old men. Over three years, he obtained hundreds of the pills from a pharmacist in exchange for free meals, delivered from the deli, and other favors.

The gritty old Stephen Storvick, despite his disequilibrium, began to suspect that he was marked for death. A police report quoted him as claiming that Angela and George were out for his money, and noted, "When [Storvick] is with Angela, a jogger on different occasions [has] attempted to knock him down on the sidewalk." George reportedly admitted to a relative that he was this jogger, wearing a disguise. A broken hip would have put Storvick at the couple's mercy.

After the old man awoke one morning feeling so stiff that he could hardly get out of bed, he arranged to move to a new apartment and tore up the revised will that named Angela as sole beneficiary. She tracked him down and romanced him again, but once more he shook free of her and George. He died of respiratory failure in August 1992. His modest estate was divided among relatives in Norway.

Fay Faron went from astonishment to outrage as she pieced together this information about the Tenes, mother and daughter, and Angela's boyfriend, George. She began to wonder how much the San Francisco Police Department knew about the operation, and checked in with some of her contacts.

She learned that the Fraud Unit had been tiptoeing around the case for months after receiving an anonymous phone call. The caller had said that Angela Bufford and George Lama had two elderly male clients, for whom they were providing rides, food, and other services. The caller claimed that the two old men were in danger, then hung up.

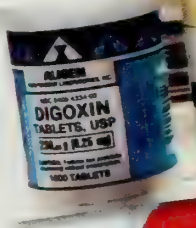
Faron handed over her thickening files to the authorities. She'd heard good reports about the Fraud Unit's inspector Gregory Ovanessian. San Francisco's Gypsies referred to him as "Jawndari

Romano," or Gypsy Cop. Of Armenian descent, the detective was multilingual and had a nodding acquaintance with some of the 13 dialects of Romany, the Gypsies' spoken language, which is rooted in Sanskrit.

As the weeks passed, Faron became puzzled by the apparent lack of any action. When she inquired, she was told that the police Fraud Unit hadn't been able to ascertain the identity of the two current victims, but it was believed that George and Angela delivered food to them every day. To Faron, this was an easy problem to solve. On several mornings she and a colleague videotaped the couple leaving home, Angela taking food to one house and George to another. She ran the addresses, both in the Sunset district, through her computer, made a few phone calls, and learned that the registered owners were two men in their 90s: Harry Glover Hughes, a millionaire investor who liked to stroll to the San Francisco Zoo and snap pictures there, and Richard Nelson, a long-retired accountant. Faron soon discovered that George had already taken a cruise to Mexico courtesy of the hard-drinking Hughes, while Angela shared her Gypsy charms with the frail little Nelson, who walked with a cane and sent her checks and billets-doux.







AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

From top, **the French Village Deli in West Portal, where Angela Bufford's boyfriend, George Lama, prepared meals for elderly friends. The couple vacationing in Lake Tahoe. George Lama's relatives claim he put digoxin, better known as digitalis, in food for the old men; the drug is prescribed for cardiac patients, but an overdose is fatal.**

George Lama's brother-in-law quoted Angela as saying of an alleged victim, "We are helping him go away faster."

Accompanied by her oversize dog, Beans, who wore dreadlocks and was described by Faron as part Samoyed and part Rastafarian, the private investigator drove over to the Lama-Bufford residence one day at five A.M. in her ancient green Tercel. After wriggling her hands into a pair of canary-colored rubber gloves, she plucked two overstuffed plastic bags from their trash can. Back at her second-floor apartment in the Marina district, she says, she dumped the contents into the kitchen sink and found a scribbled note listing Harry Glover Hughes's bank balances and the annotations "Get $ in credit union both A&G" and "Look for s/d deposit box and gold coins at Citibank."

Faron reported her findings to the police, who sent a detective to visit Hughes. The detective found that Hughes had difficulty remembering exactly where his bank accounts were. "Mr. Hughes told me that he had gold coins in his safe deposit box. . . . He told me that the key to his safe deposit box that he normally keeps in his home has been missing for at least a year."

The wealthy old gentleman informed the detective that he seldom ate the take-out food that George and Angela brought him in Styrofoam containers, because it tasted funny. He denied having joint bank accounts with George, but investigators later turned up three, plus information about a $10,000 check the old man had allegedly written to George, apparently under the impression that it was an advance payment to the Internal Revenue Service. He also said he had no memory of buying a Mercedes roadster that was registered in both men's names.

On her next trash run, Faron says, she found more banking information on a torn piece of notebook paper. A notation read, "Unit New England Life Ins Co Boston Mass 02116-3900 policy #0463316," followed by information on gift taxes. Another note said, "Meet me at 6 and we'll go look at the Rolls-Royce. The [salesman] is expecting us."

Faron found pieces of mail from the couple's other elderly charge, Richard Nelson, as well as an inventory of his assets and a handwritten note to the old man: "Good morning honey. I was here from 8:30–9:00. You were asleep so I did not want to wake you. They called me to work today. Breakfast is in the oven!! Hope you like it. Love & kisses, Angie." More uneventful weeks passed.

"I'm thinking," Faron recalled later, "These old men are gonna die without ever being questioned by the cops! What's the holdup? And the cops are telling me, 'Well, ya know, people have civil rights. We can't just bust in and interview them.'"

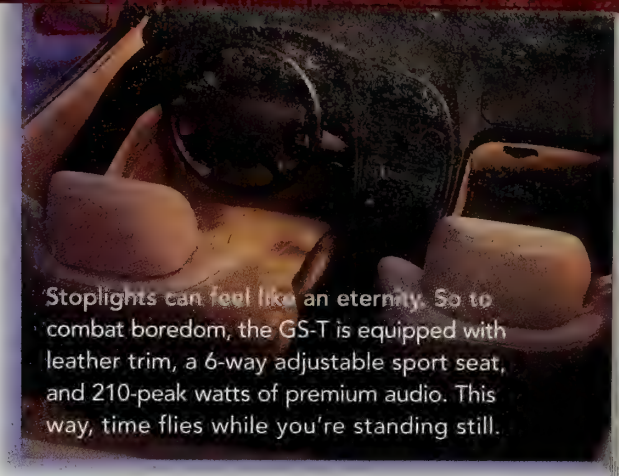
By this time Faron had learned from her police sources that lawmen dreaded tangling with Gypsy criminals. An outlaw Gypsy might have 50 names, a stack of false IDs, and a dozen Social Security cards, none legitimate. "How the hell do you track mercury?" a former deputy sheriff had asked. "You can't. So you chase 'em outta town."

In order to gather evidence from the old men in case they didn't survive, Faron decided to draw up a fake questionnaire labeled "Richmond/Sunset Social Services." Among the questions it asked were: "Are you able to get out?"; "How do you get your food?"; "Do you take medication?"; "Who do you call in case of emergency?"; "What is their relationship to you?"

By this time Faron had developed a visceral aversion to the bubble-cheeked Angela Tene Bufford. Her suspected scams went back a dozen years and struck Faron as vile. By comparison, George Lama seemed a mere lightweight hustler who'd stumbled onto a good thing. Faron took the questionnaire over to Richard Nelson's house, but the

l David Hansen he has his head in the stars
d he won't take offense. You see, David's
astronomy buff, and even his choice of car
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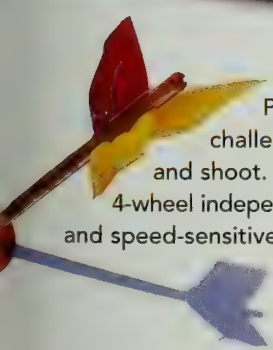
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old man's door was opened by Angela, smiling and wearing a housecoat.

"I didn't have a plan for this," Faron recalled. "I'm thinking, This woman is a serial murderer. I'm not this brave. So I said, 'Well, I can see Mr. Nelson's being well taken care of,' and started to back away, and Angela follows me outside and tells me how the paperboy didn't throw the paper far enough and poor Mr. Nelson broke his foot going down to get it and maybe we could help out with that. She couldn't have been nicer. A sweet little angel. I thought, No wonder the old men like her."

By the fall of 1993, the Lama family seemed to be disintegrating. Jerry Lama, a small, lithe man with a pungent vocabulary, had known about George's transgressions for years but had kept quiet. "I knew it was wrong from day one, but he's my brother. George's first client was Storvick. He learned the whole fucking scam from Angela, and she learned it from her mother."

The home that Angela had inherited from her late husband was now shared by her and George, who lived in one half, and various members of the Lama family, who lived in the other. George and Jerry's sister, Nicole, it turned out, had made the first anonymous call to the police. In July 1993, Jerry found three recording devices in the garage ceiling, below the family's living room, and believed that only Angela or George could have placed them there.

"I told the cops everything I'd been told by my brother. I told them I wanted to press charges," Jerry recalled angrily.

"[The cops] talked me out of it! I told Inspector Ovanessian, 'You've been informed about the old men since the end of 1992, and now it's July '93. What the fuck have you done?' He promised me that George and Angela would spend Christmas in jail. What he failed to tell me was which Christmas. [Police Department officials declined to comment on any aspect of the case.]

"Then Angela gives my sister, Nicole, a major beating, and Nicole ends up in the hospital with a concussion. The cops talked her out of filing charges. Then [a cop] made a major pass at [Nicole], and she swore she'd never talk to another San Francisco cop."

Jerry, by now enraged, began interviewing relatives to help flesh out the case against his brother and Angela. Roland Dabai told of being enlisted by his uncle George to steal blank baptismal certificates from the church where he was an altar boy so George could use them to obtain fake driver's licenses; George also supposedly had Roland break the car windshield of a man who was pestering Angela, make harassing phone calls, and deliver food to elderly clients.

A Lama brother-in-law, Nabib Atalla, quoted Angela as saying of an alleged victim, "We are helping him go away faster . . . instead of waiting for God's will." A police affidavit observed, "George told Atalla that he made this burrito for [millionaire Harry Glover] Hughes's lunch and that it contained a drug that would make the old man dizzy and cause his heart to slow down. . . . George told Atalla that he [George] had power of attorney over the old man and could get all of his property when the old man dies."

With this new information, the Lama family figured that the case was at the indictment stage, but they were told by police that the district attorney's office was still insisting on more tangible evidence.

"I'm thinking, This woman is a serial murderer. I'm not this brave," said Faron.





WHEEL ESTATE
***Above,* Angela Bufford in the BMW 735 she bought while working at Nordstrom. *Right,* as she appeared on *20/20* in January 1995, as a result of Faron's efforts to alert the press after she could not get the police to act.**

Soon afterward, Jerry Lama and Fay Faron were sipping black coffee together at the private investigator's office. They quickly agreed that the police were frozen in place and someone had to make a move or at least two more old men, Richard Nelson and Harry Glover Hughes, were as good as dead. They contacted Glen Billy, then 51 years old, a social worker, reformed alcoholic, and former street artist. Billy, now handling elder-abuse cases for the city, affirmed that he was aware of the Nelson case, but he hadn't been able to get the old man to answer his door. After hearing about the case from Faron and Jerry Lama, Billy was so outraged that he immediately drove to Nelson's house on the pretext of making a welfare check. It was early in October 1993.

"Mr. Nelson?" the social worker said pleasantly at the door, "I'd like to talk to you."

The man's reply was barely audible. "I can't talk to you. . . . I feel like I'm gonna die."

"If you're that ill," Billy said, "you really need to talk to me."

The old man appeared uncomfortable. "Can you come back in a couple of days?" he asked. "I'll feel better."

Billy checked with neighbors and learned that they were worried about their friend. A beautiful young woman arrived daily in a BMW 735 and sometimes drove Nelson away. A friend had jotted down the license-plate number, and Billy found that the luxury car was registered to Angela Bufford.

"I went to the nearest police station," Billy recalled, "and they said, 'Oh, no, we're on top of this, and we would like it if you didn't disturb our investigation.'

"I said, 'Well, I'm very disturbed. This man may be dying.'

"The sergeant said, 'We'll get on it.'"

A few days later Billy found himself sitting in a nondescript Chevy van with Inspector Gregory Ovanessian and several other lawmen, part of a task force hurriedly assembled under the name Operation Foxglove. The police had finally moved, after Faron and Jerry Lama had warned the San Francisco attorney's

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COMING TO THEATRES MAY 15

office that continued inaction could cost the city a bundle in lawsuits if more old men turned up dead. For hours the group huddled in the van, watching Nelson's front door. When no food or visitors arrived, Billy walked up and knocked. "We're very concerned about you," he told the old man. "May we come in?"

The small home was neat and clean. As he reported later, Billy found the 92-year-old barely competent. Ovanessian asked about the woman who'd been visiting, and Nelson said, "Oh, yes. She lives with her brother. But we're gonna get married. I love her, and she loves me."

The visitors bagged samples of macaroni salad from containers marked French Village Deli. Nelson offered to show them his fiancée's room. "I've fixed it all up."

Bank records lay in plain sight on the dining-room table, indicating a joint account in the names of Nelson and Angela Bufford and another account in Bufford's name alone. A third account showed a zero balance. Billy did a quick scan and estimated that the old man's twilight affair had cost him at least $60,000 so far.

Ovanessian picked up a loose check for $200 made out to Angela Bufford, and asked, "What's this for?"

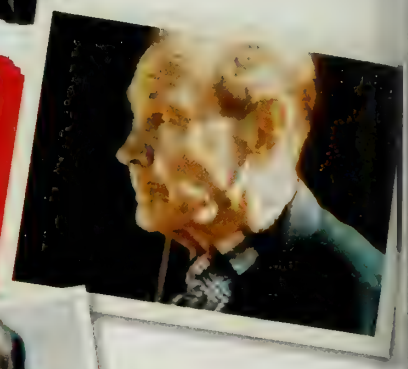
"She needs some money," Nelson replied, "and I try to help her out."

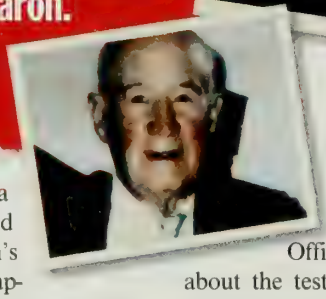
The food samples were delivered to the medical examiner's office, but no public report was made on their contents. Nelson's blood tested positive for digitalis despite the fact that his personal physician said that he'd never prescribed the heart medicine.

After the city attorney informed the police that California law required them to warn the old man about his peril, Ovanessian and his colleagues drove to Nelson's house and parked behind Angela's silver BMW. They went inside and, in front of Bufford, told Nelson, "This woman is really Theresa Tene. She's a Gypsy, and she's been poisoning you." Angela told them to call her lawyer, and after two hours of questioning they were forced to let her go.

Glen Billy contacted the old man's relatives, and Nelson was whisked to a nursing home in another county, still rhapsodizing about his beautiful fiancée. A few days later Angela showed up at the nursing home, but she was turned away.







WORK HARD FOR YOUR MONEY
From top, **Angela Bufford with 92-year-old retired accountant Richard Nelson, who sent her checks; retired longshoreman Stephen Storvick, then in his late 80s, who suspected he was marked for death; and 94-year-old millionaire Harry Glover Hughes, who shared three bank accounts with George Lama.**

"These old men are gonna die. What's the holdup? And the cops are telling me, 'People have civil rights,'" said Faron.

Faron and Jerry Lama were relieved that Richard Nelson was out of harm's way, but they were still apprehensive about Harry Glover Hughes, whose phone number had now been changed by his friend George Lama. A geriatric-mental-health counselor called on the old man and reported that he had very poor memory and was confused.

In an affidavit recommending appointment of a public guardian, counselor Doris So stated: "Client is a prey to a couple, Angela Bufford and her boyfriend George. These people have been trying to take advantage of him financially." She placed Hughes in the care of professional nurses.

On March 30, 1994, six months after Faron had first videotaped George Lama delivering deli snacks to the old man, Hughes was found dead on the floor of his house. The cause listed on his death certificate was hypertensive intracerebral hemorrhage. A pacemaker was found to be in working order and his blood uncontaminated. It was impossible to determine how much of his personal fortune had been skimmed, but George took immediate possession of the co-owned Mercedes. Because a nephew of Hughes's had been alerted, the remainder of the estate, some $1,085,000, was distributed to relatives, friends, and charities.

It was a month after this latest death when police and the district attorney's office finally decided to exhume Angela's dead husband, Nicholas Bufford; her would-be client Storvick; Mary Tene's husband, Philip Steiner; and Mary's former charge, Konstantin Liotweizen. Officials were as closemouthed about the test results as they had been about their lack of progress on the case, but private investigator John Nazarian, a police confidant and a Gypsy expert, claimed to have seen the toxicology reports and confirmed that all four bodies had tested positive for digitalis.

"The inspectors told me that the findings didn't help their case, because there wasn't enough digitalis to kill," Nazarian commented. "I said, 'What the hell's the difference? Why should digitalis show up at all if it's never been prescribed?'"

Faron, Jerry Lama, and friends of the victims' reached the reluctant conclusion that the police were stalling, a feeling that was reinforced when lead detective Greg Ovanessian was reassigned to a money-skimming case in Candlestick Park. Now the complex investigation was in the hands of Ovanessian's younger partner, Daniel Yawczak, who was busy in federal court defending himself against a civil complaint that he'd used unnecessary force in the fatal shooting of a teenager. (In March, the Supreme Court let stand an earlier court decision awarding damages to the victim's family.)

When Lama asked if the San Francisco chief of police wasn't upset by the fact that helpless seniors were being poisoned on his watch, he was reportedly told, "The chief's got enough problems

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CLEAN FRESH UNDERWEAR.

JOE BOXER

FOLEY'S

to worry about. He's being charged with sexual harassment. You think he cares? He's gonna be retiring." (A federal jury later determined the police chief was not guilty of harassment.)

Jerry Lama cared, and so did Fay Faron. Month after month they harangued social agencies, the police, the district attorney, the city attorney, and the mayor's office. Reluctantly, Lama and Faron decided that it was finally time to go public.

Faron contacted a friend, Dan Reed, a rumpled, meticulous reporter for *The Oakland Tribune,* with high-end hearing loss from his years as a rock drummer. In his spare time Reed, 39, checked out leads from Faron's files and developed some of his own; police and the D.A.'s office ignored his calls.

On June 28, 1994, Reed broke the story on the top of page one of the *Tribune* under the headline A BIZARRE TALE OF MARRIAGE, DEATH, and pounded it hard for weeks. The *San Francisco Examiner* scrambled to catch up, with an article headlined SCHEME TO KILL SENIORS FOR PROFIT SUSPECTED, while its sister paper, the venerable *Chronicle,* proclaimed, S.F. MEN MAY HAVE BEEN DEFRAUDED, THEN POISONED.

On the tidal wave of publicity, reports of other, similar scams bubbled to the surface. A retired 85-year-old New York City publisher died with digitalis in his bloodstream after marrying the companion of Angela's distant cousin Tom Tene. Reporters for the ABC-TV newsmagazine *20/20* turned up a 90-year-old San Franciscan who'd been pauperized by a female from the Gypsy Yonko family. An aging San Diego man reported paying local Gypsies $675,000 to revive his libido through prayer and incantations.

Stung by the media blitz, the San Francisco authorities began another burst of secret activity. The Lama-Bufford house was searched; George and Angela were interrogated and released again, and their four vehicles were impounded temporarily for a *French Connection*–style examination of their interiors.

In the summer of 1995, charges were finally filed, but not against George Lama and the outlaw Gypsies. Internal-affairs authorities ordered Inspectors Greg Ovanessian and Daniel Yawczak to answer to departmental complaints of malfeasance with regard to the Gypsy case. The district attorney, who had kept demanding more evidence, and the police supervisors, who had seemed to discount Operation Foxglove from the beginning, didn't get around to questioning their own behavior in the case (nor was any member of the San Francisco Police Department or district attorney's office permitted to discuss it with *Vanity Fair*).

Faron spent the first half of 1997 seething in silence as a colorful new district attorney, Terence Hallinan, showed no more interest in the elder scams than his predecessor had. "If the police can't protect our elderly," she complained, "who can they protect? Who the hell is safe?"

Faron channeled her outrage into creating a nonprofit group called ElderAngels, aimed at preventing abuses against senior citizens. She was surprised when word began to circulate that Hallinan was convening a grand jury to look into the Gypsy cases.

Faron phoned a source inside the mayor's office, who explained, "Hallinan was looking through old cases and came across this one. He asked everyone if they thought it should be revived. The top police guys said, No way—you reopen this case, we're all down the tubes. Some of the D.A.'s own people agreed, but for different reasons. They figured the city had spent too much time and money on the case, and it was a sure loser anyway. They counted noses, and it came out something like 10-to-1 to give the Gypsies a pass. Case closed."

But for some reason, Hallinan took home the files. Then he looked through a whole box of reports, and came into the office yelling, "Goddamn it, these Gypsies are killing people!" He put his senior man on the case, told him to take as long as he wanted.

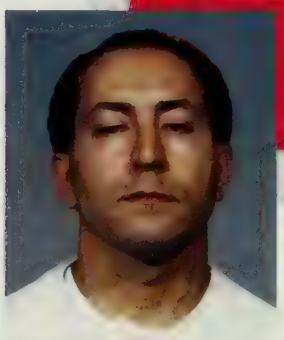
The grand jury convened in July 1997. Over a four-month period, 112 witnesses testified. On November 6, 1997, almost exactly five years from the day Nicole Lama had first made an anonymous call to the Fraud Unit, the grand jury returned a sealed, 96-count indictment, charging Mary Tene Steiner with two counts of conspiracy to commit murder, plus lesser charges; George Lama and Angela Bufford with six counts each of conspiracy to commit murder, plus lesser charges; Lama's nephew Roland Dabai with two counts of conspiracy to commit murder; Danny Tene with nine counts of stealing from a dependent adult, and one count of grand theft.

The defendants entered innocent pleas. Robert Sheridan, Angela Bufford's attorney, said the murder-by-poison story was "missing only two things: poison and murder." The judge set a million-dollar bond for Danny Tene and held the others without bail. Trials are scheduled for later this year. Like many of the courtroom observers, Faron couldn't stop looking at Angela Bufford. As she took her place next to her *gadjo* boyfriend, she brushed back the dark-brown hair that fell to the shoulders of the orange unisex jumpsuit supplied by the City and County of San Francisco and smiled graciously at the judge and her fellow defendants.

Faron thought, Isn't she the cool one? Just like the morning when I brought her the questionnaire . . . And she looks *so* good in orange. □

THE LITTLE THINGS YOU DO TOGETHER
***Below,* mug shots of Angela Bufford and George Lama. *Bottom,* a December 4, 1997, headline from the *San Francisco Examiner*.**





District Attorney Terence Hallinan yelled, "Damn it, these Gypsies are killing people!"

A-30 Thursday, December 4, 1997 ★★★★ SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

Defendant refused bail in murder-for-profit case

5 others accused of bilking elderly in Foxglove case get ...ith attorneys

their assets. The charges allege that the defendants conspired between 1984 and 1994 to murder or steal from elderly, lonely bachelors. Digitalis is derived fro... glove plant ... the ca...

Danny Tene's former girlfriend who is free on bail. Another ... ed family member, Kelly ... maine at large.

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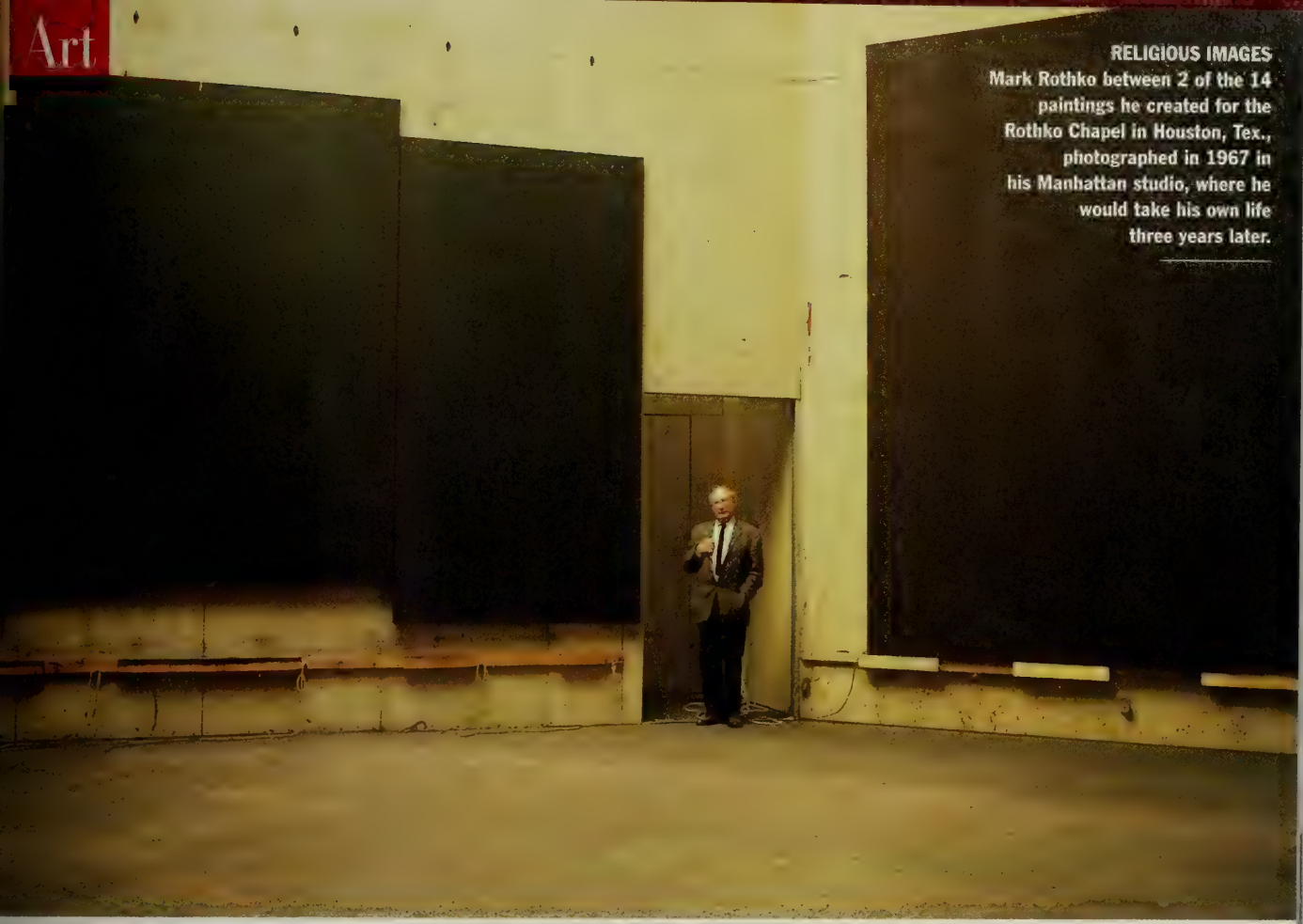


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RELIGIOUS IMAGES Mark Rothko between 2 of the 14 paintings he created for the Rothko Chapel in Houston, Tex., photographed in 1967 in his Manhattan studio, where he would take his own life three years later.

THE COLOR OF LIGHT

The great Abstract Expressionist Mark Rothko, who killed himself in 1970, is the subject of a National Gallery of Art retrospective this month, celebrating his simple, elegant explosions of color and light

BY A. M. HOMES

Mark Rothko's paintings are existential force fields where colors press against each other, radiating, humming as though not made of pigment at all but of atmospheric gases captured and compressed. Deceptively simple and brutally elegant, his abstract canvases are radical distillations of human experience—metaphysical magic.

In May, the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., will present a retrospective of Rothko's art featuring 115 paintings and works on paper dating from the 1930s through 1970—in February of 1970, Rothko was found in a pool of blood on the floor of his studio, a suicide.

"The last old master" is how National Gallery curator Jeffrey Weiss describes Rothko, alluding to Rothko's seriousness, his devotion to painting as a "vehicle for big ideas," and his themes of philosophical and mythological significance and an almost Utopian idealism.

"He really used color," says painter Brice Marden. "It was his main tool and he understood its effect. If you get the color right, it makes light, and there's a certain sort of hope that comes from light." In the classic soft-edged rectangles of Rothko's enterprise, colors carry the weight of essential elements, creating a kind of visual high drama, a melancholy celebration of ecstasy and despair.

A Jewish atheist with a deeply religious temperament, an immigrant who would always be an outsider, Rothko was both vulnerable and arrogant, at one moment thinking he was a genius and the next a fraud. "An extremely complicated man," says critic Dore Ashton, who was a friend of Rothko's. "He could be very depressed and gloomy and he could be very charming. If he wanted to be really funny, he would recite Edna St. Vincent Millay in Yiddish."

Born Marcus Rothkowitz in Dvinsk, Russia, in 1903, he was transplanted at age 10 to Portland, Oregon, with his mother and sister, following the route of his father, who had preceded them to the United States and who died within months of

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

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their arrival. Graduating early from high school, Rothkowitz left Portland at 17 with a scholarship to Yale. He soon abandoned New Haven for New York, where he became an artist somewhat accidentally—he wandered into an art class to meet a friend. "All the students were sketching this nude model—and right away I decided that was the life for me," he explained. Part of a spirited artistic community, he was a founding member of the Artists Union, worked in the W.P.A.'s easel project and was affiliated with an emerging group of painters known as the Ten. In 1940 he adopted the name Mark Rothko and began pushing closer to the innovative style that makes him perhaps the most cerebral of the Abstract Expressionists—a group that includes Willem de Kooning, Barnett Newman, Ad Reinhardt, Clyfford Still, and Jackson Pollock.

Rothko's luminescent veils of paint—blood reds, inferno oranges—took on a ceremonial quality.



SEEING RED
Mark Rothko's painting *No. 10*, 1958 (oil on canvas, 94¼ in. by 69¼ in.), from a private collection, will be featured in his retrospective at the National Gallery of Art this month.

Rothko's liberation came in 1947 when he broke with Surrealism, moving away from representation and toward pure abstraction. Among the catalysts for this leap was the influential work of painters Milton Avery, Henri Matisse, and Pierre Bonnard—in paintings such as *Untitled* (1947), it is as though Rothko exploded small passages of Bonnard's work onto full-size canvases, the magnification echoing the intensity and handling of the artist's color.

And while other artists spun gesture into action, Rothko's impulse—steeped in the music of Mozart, in the deep thought of Nietzsche, in the mythology of Greek tragedy and the literature of Shakespeare—became increasingly contemplative. His luminescent veils of paint—blood reds, inferno oranges—took on a ceremonial quality.

"It was like going to Chartres Cathedral for the first time," says Donald Blinken, former American ambassador to Hungary and onetime head of the Rothko Foundation, describing a visit to Rothko's studio. "The experience was to sit down in a chair, in this rather dimly lit studio, and Rothko began to pull enormous paintings out of stacks he had built for himself," Blinken recalls. "And he would just put them out and not say a word. It was so moving that I actually bought a picture on the spot—*Three Reds* [1955]. And when I got the picture home a few days later it killed all of the smaller School of Paris kinds of things I'd been collecting up to that point. It just had so much more energy, and more vitality—not to mention originality. Within a year I got rid of all the European things and bought a couple more Rothkos."

The artist, obsessively concerned about the life his paintings would lead out in the world, was known to interview potential buyers, selecting the painting he believed would be right for them. "He tried to control the destiny of his work," says Ashton. "I remember he wrote, 'A picture lives by companionship,' meaning that where a painting goes affects how it is viewed."

In 1958, Rothko was commissioned to make a series of murals for the Four Seasons restaurant in the Seagram Building on Park Avenue in New York City. "A place where the richest bastards in New York will come to feed and show off," Rothko said, adding that he'd accepted the assignment with "strictly malicious intentions. I hope to paint something that will ruin the appetite of every son of a bitch who ever eats in that room." After completing more than 30 panels, the artist put the paintings in storage and returned the money, declaring, "Anybody who will eat that kind of food for those kind of prices will never look at a painting of mine."

A more successful commission came in 1964, when Dominique de Menil asked Rothko to produce murals for a chapel in Houston—now known as the Rothko Chapel. Curiously, the architect of both the Four Seasons and the Rothko Chapel was Philip Johnson—in the case of the chapel, "the great architect bowed out to the great artist," said the late de Menil, describing that collaboration.

A room filled with Rothkos has a cumulative effect—the artist usually preferred his work to be seen close-up, hung low on the wall in dimly lit rooms, the large-scale paintings filling one's field of vision. The result is a sublime, deeply intimate, almost overwhelming physical relationship between the canvas and the viewer. You stand before the painting "as if it's a breathing entity," says curator Jeffrey Weiss.

"To paint a small picture is to place yourself outside your experience, to look upon an experience as a stereopticon view or with a reducing glass," Rothko once said. "However you paint the larger picture, you are in it. It isn't something you command."

The drama of Rothko's death—along with the subsequent art-world scandal of the 1970s that resulted in a high-profile trial in which the executors and the Marlborough Gallery were found responsible for mishandling the artist's estate (the fines and damages added up to more than $9 million)—created a mythology of its own, inexorably altering the way the work is viewed, imbuing the canvases with a heightened sense of the tragic. Dramatic forces of nature, the paintings of Mark Rothko remain an inexhaustible mystery. □

THE NEW MEN'S LINE FROM BOUCHERON.

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David Hare in the bar of London's Cadogan Hotel, the setting for Act I of *The Judas Kiss*. Oscar Wilde was arrested in Room 118 in 1895. Photographed on December 15, 1997.

WILDE ABOUT HARE

With *The Judas Kiss*, a new play about Oscar Wilde that explores the Irish author's fatal obsession with Lord Alfred Douglas, David Hare has written his third, most extreme work in a trilogy about romantic love

"It is always Judas," Oscar Wilde said, "who writes the biography." And it is Hollywood, the British playwright David Hare might add, that sanitizes it. Hare recalls a disappointed studio executive's response to his commissioned screenplay about Wilde: "If we were making this story up, it would end with Wilde's love being triumphantly vindicated. Isn't there any way you can make it seem that way?" Hare could not.

So he said good-bye to Hollywood—and headed back to the stage. Now, in his new play, *The Judas Kiss*, which comes from London's Almeida Theatre to Broadway's Broadhurst Theatre on April 29, Hare gives Liam Neeson the opportunity to play Wilde as he was—without an upbeat finale. The title of the play comes from an idea in Wilde's poem "The Ballad of Reading Gaol": "Each man kills the thing he loves. . . . / The coward does it with a kiss, / The brave man with a sword!"

The Judas Kiss seems a new direction for Hare, a playwright known for his overt political work. A story of doomed love, it explores the disastrous relationship between Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas, called "Bosie" (played here by British stage actor Tom Hollander). But instead of focusing on Wilde's well-known libel suit against Bosie's father, the Marquess of Queensberry, which in turn led to Wilde's being sentenced to two years in prison for "indecency," Hare asks: Why didn't Wilde leave England and avoid the reputation-crushing trial when he had the chance? And why, after his release from prison, did he take up with Bosie again?

It's been suggested that, along with Hare's last two plays, *Skylight* and *Amy's View*, *The Judas Kiss* is part of a trilogy about romantic love. "It's absolutely true," Hare says. "All three plays are about romantic obsession—about whether if you throw everything away for love you're really throwing everything away." Wilde, he continues, "lost everything in his life for the love of somebody who you can see from a mile off is a completely worthless person."

The trilogy is only one of a number of recent side steps for Hare. In 1996, he directed Mike Nichols in Wallace Shawn's *The Designated Mourner* at London's National Theatre (a performance which Hare turned into a movie in 1997). His version of Chekhov's *Ivanov*, starring Ralph Fiennes, played the Almeida in spring 1997, then traveled to New York in the fall with Kevin Kline as the lead.

Hare points out that his work on Wilde is not apolitical. "Wilde is quite plainly a poet of concealment," Hare says. "He's a very unlikely hero for the gay-liberation movement because he lied about his homosexuality. In fact, the whole power of his effect as an artist . . . comes from his belief that you cannot speak directly about the subject that is most important to you. And, indeed, he's destroyed as an artist as soon as he's outed. . . . Any interesting work about Wilde is going to ask why." —MIMI KRAMER

PHOTOGRAPH BY SNOWDON

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SILENT THUNDER

Le Mans was the obvious place to take a test-drive–and an exclusive photograph–of the $200,000 Arnage, Bentley's first new saloon model in 18 years, introducing a British icon's history to its future

The soundtrack of the Roaring 20s was in all probability supplied by the thunderous Bentley four-and-a-half-liter engine, clearing its throat round the circuit at Le Mans. Driving the new Bentley Arnage around the same track today produces a rather different sensation. As the needle slips past the 30-m.p.h. mark, the driver is unaware that the twin turbocharged V-8 engine is mobilizing. He puts his foot down on the homestretch, and the Arnage—pictured here for the first time—surges forward to 80 m.p.h., then 100 m.p.h. There is a quiet rumble from the engine but still bafflingly little sense of effort. The Arnage, accelerating through the low register of the speedometer, is like a powerboat lifting to the racing plane.

The Arnage is the British manufacturer's first new saloon model in 18 years. It was named after a treacherous corner at Le Mans, which the company has claimed for itself by virtue of the Bentley's dominance in the early years of Le Mans' 24-hour race. Then, Walter Owen Bentley's cars, their hoods tied down by luggage straps and boasting a radiator grille the size of a fireplace, were piloted by a number of mentally unsound Englishmen wearing leather helmets and goggles. Known as the Bentley Boys, they won Le Mans five times between 1924 and 1930. In the 30s, by which time W. O. Bentley's company had been sold to one of its British rivals, Rolls-Royce, Captain Woolf Barnato raced his Speed Six Bentley across France against the Blue Train, arriving in London in 21½ hours, four minutes before the train reached Calais. That was pretty much the end of Bentley's racing record. After World War II the company moved into the production of touring machines—sleek, sedate, well-upholstered grandees of the highway—which culminated in the launch of the rectangular-shaped Mulsanne in 1980. This, too, was named after part of the Le Mans track, but the association with racing was a fraud. The Mulsanne was a rich old fellow's car—bulky body armor for the billionaire.





Now the Arnage reclaims something of the history, in particular the '28 Le Mans, when British driver Tim Birkin burst his Bentley's tire during the race, stopped to strip off the rubber, then continued at 70 m.p.h. on the bald rim of the wheel, eventually coming to grief at the Arnage corner. There is still a Bentley look about the Arnage, but the appeal has dropped by a decade or two. The lines have been smoothed and rounded, the trunk follows a downward curve, and the windshield slants back a little. The car stands several inches taller than most saloon cars, and it still possesses the most beautiful radiator grille in the world. Inside, there is plenty of Connolly hide and much wood and carpeting. The dashboard is faced with veneer—mostly walnut or bird's-eye maple—and the analog instruments are backed with parchment-colored material. But you can change all this if you're prepared to spend more than the basic $200,000, as did a Middle Eastern princess who had her Bentley painted to match her nail polish.

It used to be said of the inside of a Rolls-Royce that the only thing you could hear when the car was traveling at 60 m.p.h. was the ticking of the clock. In the Bentley Arnage, it's the driver's heartbeat. —HENRY PORTER



Road rules: The new Bentley Arnage, named for an infamous corner at Le Mans, on a leisurely drive through the circuit. *Top,* the dashboard of the 1924 three-liter Bentley, winner of the 1924 Le Mans; *center,* a front view of the 1924 three-liter, with its Le Mans racing number, 8, on the grille.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN ROAD


Don't play ball in the house. Joanie, go to your room.
Here's another all-time great mom line: Drink your milk.
Unlike hairdos, milk's 9 essential nutrients will always
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THE SHOCK HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

Thirty years ago, fashion rebel Rudi Gernreich outraged a more innocent America with his topless bathing suit, unisex jumpsuits, thongs, and see-through tops and bras. Today he's being honored as a pioneer by the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute and echoed by top designers from Tom Ford and Isaac Mizrahi to Donna Karan

BY CATHY HORYN

In the early spring of 1985, like a ghost from the grave, Rudi Gernreich, the sly genius behind the topless bathing suit, commandeered the spotlight one last time.

Two decades earlier, this serene and soft-spoken man of 42, a Viennese Jew who favored silk cravats and toupees that looked blown on by Chester Gould, had been the first bona fide fashion guru to come out of the California youth culture of the 60s. To imagine the uproar that his most notorious innovation produced, you have only to think of the headlines, the moral indignation, all those censor-barred photos of giddy young women being escorted from public beaches by grim-faced policemen. Everyone wanted to crucify Gernreich. The Vatican, the Kremlin, the governments of Denmark and Greece—not to mention the Carroll Avenue Baptist Mission of Dallas—all denounced him.

Yet no designer came closer to evoking the era's new freedoms, or to ventilating high fashion with more pure fun. Gernreich was one of a kind, a singular cross between an old-world radical and a space-age aesthete, with a dash of Barnum thrown in. Not for nothing was his daring black brief, with its straps rising graphically, but superfluously, through the cleavage, eventually enclosed in an Italian time capsule between the Bible and the pill.

By 1985, however, the old rebel was in the last stages of lung cancer. There was nothing doctors could do for a man of 62 who had smoked his first cigarette at age 6, and who was known as much for his inexpensive Sherman Cigarettellos as for his polished CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

YOU'RE THE TOPLESS
***Above,* Rudi Gernreich with his muses (from left, Lydia Fields, Peggy Moffitt, and Léon Bing), who wear visors made by Layne Nielson, Mount Baldy, Calif., 1965. *Right,* Peggy Moffitt models the topless bathing suit.**



BOTH BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122 American voice. (Everyone mentions the smoothness of that voice, which rarely betrayed his Continental birth.)

Gernreich—who pronounced it *rick,* not *rike*—always swung without a net. He had arrived in this country in 1938, six months after the German occupation of Vienna, with nothing going for him but his uninhibited imagination. By the early 50s he had laid out an almost perfect vision of the future: sex, style, fun, color, freedom. Gernreich's farsighted clothes—ultralight tube dresses, unlined bathing suits, the screaming three-tone checkerboard pants that Lauren Bacall wore for *Life* magazine in 1953—summed up everything that was about to become exciting. It was like looking through the pinhole of one of those scenic souvenir charms and seeing the entire Manhattan skyline spread out before you. Except that it was the 60s and the little guy in the center, the ringleader, was wearing trousers of wild houndstooth. And that cravat.

He was a sartorial advance man with clairvoyant tendencies. And guts: no fashion innovator ever put himself so willingly on the road to ruin to liberate a few square inches of flesh. In 1967, at the peak of his cockeyed career, when he had dressed no less than Barbra Streisand and was on the cover of *Time,* Gernreich's business, including knitwear and other products, was grossing around $1 million. But by 1970, when he had embarked on a new concept called unisex—featuring, in the scheme, a couple both fully nude and freshly shaved—his numbers had plummeted to $67,000. They would never rise.

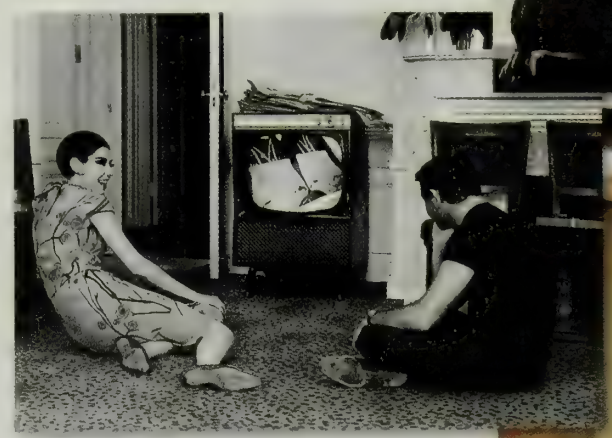
Today, no disasters stem from showing a model in a see-through top, but that is largely because Rudi Gernreich had the nerve to do it first. Despite that, there are those who regard his contributions as nothing more than the gross antics of a born huckster. Yet there is probably not a garment of the last 35 years which has meant more to women than Gernreich's 1965 invention, the first completely soft, "no bra" bra. It literally changed fashion's shape.

Gernreich himself was nothing like his swingy clothes. The great irony of his life was that, for all his outrageousness as a designer, he lived for more than 30 years in the same house, with the same man, Oreste Pucciani, a distinguished U.C.L.A. professor of French. Their cozy-eccentric cottage in Laurel Canyon mixed modern art, leather Eames and Breuer chairs, and, most curious of all, an elevated reflecting pool designed by the Russian photographer George Hoyningen-Huene to take your mind off the vertiginous view. Every night after work Gernreich would climb into his 1964 white Bentley and drive back up the hill to the Eameses and the Breuers and the reflected California sky. His was a mind that needed no distraction at all.

Rudi Gernreich began his final design project in the spring of 1985. Though he was sick and broke and had spent the previous few years making soups (he thought there was a future in prepared gourmet foods), he completely immersed himself in the work. In March he announced to his old friend photographer Helmut Newton that, with his newest design—the so-called pubikini—he had succeeded in "totally freeing the human body." You had to see the pubikini to believe it. The thing was nothing more than a couple of thin strips of black stretch fabric sewn together—a lewd thong, if that's possible. Layne Nielson, who worked with Gernreich in the 60s, remembers that unless the tiny triangle was pulled and pinned in a particular way it looked "just like a pair of Lili St. Cyr underwear."

The pubikini, with its naughty peek of pubic hair, was plainly for publicity, but with Gernreich nothing was ever that simple. On the day that Newton came to the house in Laurel Canyon to photograph the creation, Gernreich took a grease pencil and outlined a triangle on the model's exposed patch of







"Rudi was a bullyboy with the press," says model Léon Bing, "in the same category as Capote and Warhol."

PUBLIC DISPLAY

From top: **Oreste Pucciani, who lived with Gernreich for 31 years, Los Angeles, circa 1952; Peggy Moffitt and Rudi Gernreich watch public reaction to the topless bathing suit, Gotham Hotel, New York City, 1964; Gernreich fits model Léon Bing's jacket at a fashion show at the Ambassador in New York, 1966.**

FROM TOP: BY GEORGE HOYNINGEN HUENE; WILLIAM CLAXTON; GUNTHER









hair. Then he had the spot dyed a sinful shade of green. It was his final act of subversion.

A month later, on April 21, the last American fashion rebel of the 20th century was dead and gone.

Thirty years after his impudent heyday, Gernreich belongs more than ever to contemporary fashion. Although he himself is practically forgotten, his influence is everywhere—from see-through clothes and clashing colors to porthole cutouts and hard-edged minimalism. Even those Y-front briefs that women like so much: Gernreich. He did them seven years before Calvin Klein, as former *Los Angeles Times* fashion editor Marylou Luther has pointed out. (Luther's interviews with Gernreich remain a primary source for his public utterances.) To the new generation, Gernreich is the undisputed soothsayer.

"He's an unsung hero of the avant-garde," says Jeremy Scott, a rising star in Paris, who recently turned down a top design job at Versace. "Rudi was always ahead of his time." For those who need more positive proof of Gernreich's enduring influence, Layne Nielson keeps a file of current clippings that show, line for unmistakable line, the designers—Isaac Mizrahi, Tom Ford, Donna Karan—who have dipped into Rudi's well. It's a thick file.

Gernreich—who will receive his due this month, when the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York features his work in a retrospective called "American Ingenuity"—was not the only provocateur in American fashion. But he was the first to see the big picture, to triangulate fashion, culture, and politics and use clothing as a kind of exquisite sociological message board of the here and now. As Gernreich pointed out in 1971, "It's important to say something that is not confined to its medium."

In a way, Gernreich was too bright for a calling as strewn with sacred relics as dressmaking. He didn't know the first thing about setting a sleeve, and the times he offended some Seventh Avenue panjandrum with his unconventional methods are legion. (Norman Norell got his Indiana knickers in a famous twist when Gernreich won the Coty Award in 1963. After returning his Hall of Fame Coty in protest, Norell told *Women's Wear Daily,* "I saw a photograph of a suit of Rudi's and one lapel of the jacket was a shawl and the other was notched —*Well!*")

But we know which way things went. Says Vidal Sassoon, the London hairdresser who matched Gernreich cut for cloth all during the 60s, "In retrospect, if you look at what was happening then, it was really like being involved with a metamorphosis, a total breakthrough. In essence, the cut of cloth and hair was developed in the 60s and has remained standard for many young designers. Rudi had so much to do with that from an influential point of view."

"He's an unsung hero of the avant-garde. Rudi was always ahead of his time."

Gernreich would have been tickled to see his ideas running around again on fresh legs. He loved being the center of attention, and had, it appeared, an unlimited capacity to absorb the coos and contretemps of a notorious public life. "He basked in it," says Nielson, who remembers times in the designer's Los Angeles studio—at 8460 Santa Monica Boulevard—when all hell would be breaking loose and Gernreich, under a cloud of Cigarettello smoke, would be calmly expounding his theories on nudity to a reporter 3,000 miles away. "He was a bullyboy with the press," says Léon Bing, a star Gernreich model, "in the same category as Capote and Warhol. He used the shit out of something that would eat you alive."

In another sense, however, Gernreich would have been horrified at becoming an inspiration for copycats. His mind was set awhir by the new, his imagination spiked with wit. (Example: when June Newton, the photographer known as Alice Springs, was looking for a nom de lens with an Australian ring, Gern-









HE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
lockwise from above: Gernreich's Renaissance" minidress (1968); ool-knit tunic over shorts (1971); atte-jersey trompe l'oeil jumpsuit 972); "no bra" bra (1965); lk blouse from the "Siamese" oup (1968); matte-jersey dress ith door-spring hardware (1971); *me,* December 1, 1967; black ool-knit maillot (1965); cra "typeface" dress (1968).

SECOND FROM TOP RIGHT BY RICHARD AVEDON. ALL OTHERS (EXCLUDING *TIME* COVER) BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

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PARIS IS BURNING *Above,* Jacques Faure, a Condé Nast art director, joins Peggy Moffitt and Rudi Gernreich, in Paris, 1965. *Inset,* Gernreich with Patricia Faure (in sunglasses), Moffitt, and friends at Brasserie Lipp, Paris, 1965.

"I felt I had to be experimental at any cost," said Gernreich, "and that meant always being on the verge of a success or a flop."

reich suggested "Dawn Under.") "Rudi really wanted to be avant-garde," says Peggy Moffitt, his most sensational-looking model who still, at age 60, is a visual jolt of white Pan-Cake and 60s gear. "That was all he cared about . . . being first."

Gernreich surrounded himself with progressive young California artists, such as Ed Ruscha and Larry Bell, with whom he made a 1970 underground movie called *Crackers* (Gernreich played a night porter in the sexy farce), and an eclectic crowd that included Carol Channing as well as Brooke Hayward and her then-husband, Dennis Hopper. He supported causes without showy, red-ribboned pretension—and in the early 50s helped found the first radical gay-rights organization, the Mattachine Society.

"I think that he lived in an eternal present," says Oreste Pucciani, Gernreich's companion of 31 years, as we sit one day in the walled garden of their Laurel Canyon home. Perhaps because Pucciani is of two minds about the value of vintage Breuer chairs versus the comfort of his five beloved dogs, the modern hillside house isn't the showplace it was when water hyacinths floated in Gernreich's cosmic, superfantastic reflecting pool.

But this does not mean that Pucciani has forgotten anything. At 82, he is not only that most improbable of figures, the Sexy Older Gentleman—with a full head of hair, a film star's visage, and most of his marbles—but also a reporter's dream. Laying out the details of his extraordinary life with Gernreich, beginning with the night they first met, Pucciani omits none of the exciting parts. ("I put my hands around him and kissed him on the mouth . . . ")

"Well," the old don says with a merry skip in his voice, "it was love at first sight. *Bang-bang!*"

Gernreich, who was born in 1922, didn't put a lot of emphasis on his Vienna childhood, probably because the facts added up to a lot of heavy weather. He dwelled neither on his father's suicide in 1930 nor on the Nazi occupation in 1938, which forced him and his mother to leave their books and seaside trips to become refugees in a shabby little L.A. apartment.

Still, Vienna influenced Gernreich's avant-garde style. For one thing, his family was socialist, and—as Stuart Timmons, who catalogued Gernreich's papers for U.C.L.A., points out—socialism teaches you to think in terms of historical patterns; in other words, the big picture. Second, Gernreich was constantly drawing as a kid, street scenes and so forth, images he would later use. For example, Bacall's three-tone checkerboard pants were almost certainly inspired by the grid-like cubes of the Bauhaus. And the topless swimsuit was similar to a children's bathing brief worn on Danube beaches in the 30s. Even the bare-bottomed thong of 1974 came from a Vienna image. Gernreich told Léon Bing that this daring apparatus was based on

BOTH BY WILLIAM CLAXTON


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his seeing, at the age of four or five, workmen in tight leather chaps with straps running straight up their backsides.

So Gernreich arrived in California with a mind open like a big rolling lawn. But nothing came easy. His first job, in the morgue at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, was preparing cadavers for autopsy. His real love was modern dance, and by the mid-40s he was training with choreographer Lester Horton and supplementing that career with income from fabric design.

One cannot overstate just how handsome he was, especially in those days. "Beautiful," says Pucciani. And not only did he possess full lips, high cheekbones, and a lithe, muscular body, he had an allure that was specifically *sexual*. "He was one of those people you look at and know they like to do it," says Bing.

What tends to deflate all this is that for years, beginning in the 40s, Gernreich wore a toupee. One just doesn't associate a guy like Gernreich with a piece of goods as flagrantly unhip as a rug. Yet the need for this conventional cover-up reveals "a delicious chink in the armor," as Bing says. There was a sensitivity to Gernreich and maybe a little insecurity. He used to tell model Jimmy Mitchell, when she'd drive up in her Ferrari, "Let's go in my car. I don't want to blow my hair."

By 1950 he had taken a job in New York with George Carmel, a coat-and-suit firm. Gernreich's ideal was Claire McCardell, the Seventh Avenue design maverick who had eliminated linings and darts and whose models looked naturally sexy, as if they had just come from tennis at Vassar. Gernreich wanted to make the same sort of waves. But bigger. And higher. Yet, after six months of having most of his designs rejected because they didn't fit into the French mode, he was dismissed. Back in California, he joined an outfit called Morris Nagel Versatogs ("a schlock house with a name to match," he was fond of saying), and generated novel ideas until he felt he had to leave that job as well.

What finally put Gernreich's designs over was Jax, a store in Beverly Hills. Jax was a mecca of inspired retailing, a total scene, and when Gernreich began selling clothes there, in 1952, it was as if some giant fissure had opened up and all the conventional types, all the Georges and Morrises of the world—well, who cared about them? Gernreich's simple cotton dresses sold out in about an hour.

The clothes—loose and comfortable, with pockets for keys and lipstick—weren't actually all that shocking. But by the late 50s, when Gernreich started hiking hemlines before anyone else and introducing colors that looked wild—hues such as magenta and orange—you could see where he was going. Says Brooke Hayward, daughter of producer Leland Hayward and actress Margaret Sullavan, "My father used to say it was really unattractive to see a woman's knees, and in a way he was right. But

"I knew it could ruin my career," said Gernreich of the topless suit. "Fear of being pre-empted led me to say okay."



Rudi went right along because he was interested in youth."

What Gernreich seemed to comprehend was something that almost nobody in a business obsessed with "the right sleeve" could have possibly been alert to. Namely, that for every dame who bought the line about "the glories of the French couture," there were probably 50 California teenagers running around in stretch pants, listening to Elvis Presley records.

Gernreich wasn't the only designer to see what millions of postwar teenagers would mean to fashion. Emilio Pucci in Italy and Mary Quant in London were also on the ball. But none of them, no matter how far you stretch the lines, could match Gernreich for sheer audacity. The man was not just brilliant, he was utterly unfazed by the terror that causes so many designers to compromise and hand over the reins to marketeers and assistants. Gernreich always designed alone. The one backer he had, Walter Bass, who had financed his rise, was, by 1960, a former associate. On his own, Gernreich would build an enormous business, with every kind of product deal—about 15 in all—from bodywear to bedspreads. And he would lose them all; he would sacrifice the financial security he'd gained, as well as his notoriety, because he would never make the slightest artistic compromise.

It was insane, even tragic. But don't think that Rudi Gernreich ever saw it that way. As he said in 1968, when he left his business at the height of his fame to go sit in a castle in Morocco, "I felt I had to be experimental at any cost, and that meant always being on the verge of a success or a flop."

The risks Gernreich took at work were supported by a rich private life, which rose up around him like a garden wall. Before Pucciani, he had had several romantic unions, including a reported affair with James Whale, the British-born director of *Frankenstein*. In 1950 he had become infatuated with Harry Hay, a left-wing activist who drafted a kind of manifesto for gay rights. "It's the most dangerous thing I've ever read," the designer told Hay, "and I'm with you 100 percent." The lovers formed the Mattachine Society, with Gernreich enlisting support from friends in the film colony, including Katharine Hepburn's favorite director, George Cukor.

Gernreich's relationship with Pucciani, which began in 1954, was more complex. "Their mutual attraction was palpable on all levels," says Bing. "They were so wonderfully paired—intellectually, emotionally, and sexually. They *were* hot for each other."

The two met at a party at the Laurel Canyon house, with Pucciani immediately taking the younger man aside and inviting him back for supper the next evening. "And that started it all," says Pucciani. "It was a perfect marriage, I would say."

Pucciani was a brilliant academic who, in addition to advancing a standard method of teaching French, had a long friendship with Simone de Beauvoir. "There are very few people who can pull the whole thing together intellectually, and Oreste could do that," says Patricia Faure, an L.A. art dealer. The couple's home, with its cerebral blend of books and Bauhaus furnishings, was the scene of many lively dinners—"the most interesting in Los Angeles," says Sassoon—yet it was clear who ruled the roost. "Oreste was very much the last word in this," says Bing. "If he didn't like someone, they weren't welcomed." Another friend adds, "It













COLOR ME RUDI

Clockwise from above: **print Empire-style evening dress (1966); vinyl designs for Montgomery Ward (1966); vinyl decals and bikini (1966); long matte-jersey T-shirt with hot-pink insert (1972); wool-knit minidress with transparent vinyl inserts (1968); wool-knit unisex jumpsuits (1970); wool-knit bikini (1965).**

was a gay relationship, and a modern one. They had an emotional fidelity that wasn't always a physical one."

The two never discussed money. According to Bing, Pucciani didn't even carry it with him. "We never had any discussion of that sort," he tells me with a shrug. "We just never had it. We could afford this house and this type of living. We were both very independent people."

In the 60s, Gernreich's career exploded. He was doing things so far ahead of everyone else, like inserting clear vinyl panels in swimsuits and extending the graphic pattern on clothes to matching shoes and tights—what he called the Total Look—that he seemed in a class by himself. "You have to realize nobody was doing stuff like that," says journalist Priscilla Tucker.

"Rudi had to capture everyone he came into contact with."

Carol Channing had begun to wear his clothes—causing a huge flap in 1967 when the chiffon puffball dress Gernreich gave her for Lynda Johnson's White House wedding accidentally rode above her thighs while she was fox-trotting with the secretary of state. Despite the hullabaloo ("Lady Bird was on my side"), Channing remained devoted to Gernreich. "The reason I wore his clothes—and that was all I wore—was that he had a sense of humor," she says.

Curiously, except for Channing and a few other stars, such as Barbara Bain, Gernreich didn't pursue the Hollywood crowd. "Rudi couldn't have cared less about that," says Hayward. "He was interested in dressing people like Peggy Moffitt, who had a certain attitude." Both Hayward and Channing, who were frequent guests at Gernreich's, noticed the contrast between his exuberant clothes and his low-key lifestyle. "It was interesting, truly," observes Hayward. "He lived up there on that hill and it was a very genteel life."

Because of his attention-getting clothes and outgoing charm, Gernreich became a personality. "He always knew the right things to say," remembers Luther. "He had to capture everyone he came into contact with," says Nielson. He did this with editors by filling their ears with an edifying mix of prediction and pop sociology. You can imagine the effect this had on reporters who had literally spent careers waiting for dressmakers such as Madame Grès to utter so much as a usable sentence. "Eugenia Sheppard [of the *New York Herald Tribune*] made very, very sure that Rudi got a lot of ink," says Tucker. So, when the man in the spotlight predicted, in 1962, that "bosoms will be uncovered in five years," the press was all for it. And the fact that Emilio Pucci had made a similar prediction only fed their sense of journalistic thrill. Suddenly it was like the moon race, except with boobs.

After the topless came out, in June 1964, and Gernreich's name was all over the papers, Pucciani made the comment that once a garment becomes front-page news it ceases to be about fashion. Gernreich must have decided he liked being a pundit, because after that he started pouring on his hip theories. "He was on the phone most of the day," says Nielson. It was ironic, though. Until *Look* magazine approached him in 1963 about doing a topless bathing suit for an article about futuristic fashion, Gernreich wasn't thinking seriously about sexual taboos. He didn't even approve of public nudity, not at that point, and would have happily never sold one suit (much less 3,000) if *Vogue*'s Diana Vreeland hadn't talked him into producing it. Because the only reason Gernreich did the damn thing was . . . to beat Pucci.

"I knew it could ruin my career," he admitted later, "but my conviction that it was right and my fear of being preempted by someone else led me to say okay."

As Gernreich knew, there were no grown-up words that could have soothed that childish ego. *At any cost,* he said. Though he was hailed by *Time* in 1967 as America's most influential designer, it

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM CLAXTON (T-SHIRT EVENING DRESS, MINIDRESS, BIKINI) AND PATRICIA FAURE (JUMPSUITS)

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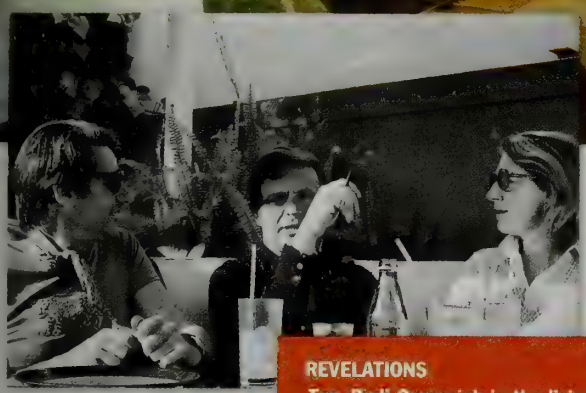
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REVELATIONS
Top, Rudi Gernreich in the living room of his Laurel Canyon, Los Angeles, home, which featured an elevated reflecting pool. *Inset,* photographer Helmut Newton, Gernreich, and actress Judith Anderson, Santa Barbara, circa 1970.

Gernreich believed that his final design—the pubikini—had succeeded in "totally freeing the human body."

was another story behind the scenes. "Rudi refused to face the reality of the manufacturing business," says Nielson, recalling creative piques that ended in broken contracts. "Even with his own line, it was like pulling teeth. The woman who ran the workroom would scream at him, 'Rudi, you have to give me something to produce!'" It was almost as if he was too busy predicting the future to design clothes. On top of that, he started telling people that fashion was dead. Today that would be no big deal, but in 1968, it was like spitting in church—the church being *Women's Wear Daily,* which snubbed Gernreich. "All he achieved by that," says Nielson, "was making sure his own fashion was dead."

After taking a year off, Gernreich returned to fashion, but somehow the momentum wasn't there. He was productive, still farsighted, but he was preaching a gospel of comfort and anonymity to a world that wasn't yet converted. A man who always gave more than he received, who never let his thinking get fenced in by convention, Gernreich spent his last years making soups, delivering them in his Bentley. He kept his disillusionments to himself, spoke often of Vienna, and died like an artist, owing money to at least one friend—the $1,000 he needed to complete his final design statement, the pubikini.

All his life Gernreich looked to the future. In the early 70s, when the rest of the fashion set was obsessed with hemlines, he was trying to create a dress without using a needle or thread—a new garment molded entirely from synthetics. It was a flop, but he had this nutty idea that there was a future in high-tech fabrics. If he didn't have anything left—no empire, no pot of gold—it is simply because his mind was too expansive for those things. As Pucciani told me, "I don't think he worried about what would remain after he went."

So it was surprising to learn while I was in California that Peggy Moffitt (the model most associated with Gernreich and the topless design) and her husband, photographer William Claxton, had acquired, unbeknownst to Pucciani, the trademark to Gernreich's name. Moffitt told me their plan was to find investors and reproduce Gernreich's designs under a label that would include her name. "Very few people really know him now, but they do know me," she explained. "They know my name and they know my visage . . . In fact, I said to the trademark office that my physicality is representative of Rudi in the way that Mickey Mouse represents Walt Disney."

The whole thing struck me as utterly preposterous, and when I brought it up with Pucciani, he replied by saying something in French that roughly means "Up yours" and calling an attorney.

Better as a final memory is the story that Jimmy Mitchell tells. It was 1948 or '49, and the lanky blonde was in a department store in Los Angeles when this young man zigzagged up to her and said, in a perfectly dreamy American voice, "Pardon me, but I'm going to be a designer and I want to build all my clothes around you. You're exactly the vision I have in mind." But exactly. The guy had some nerve, didn't he? □

TOP, BY WILLIAM CLAXTON. INSET BY PATRICIA FAURE

ADVENTURES IN THE RANSOM TRADE

The huge number of multinational businessmen being abducted abroad (hundreds a year at ransoms reaching $30 million) has made organized kidnapping a big business. It has also spawned a counterindustry—getting them back—and a secret drama involving former spies and revolutionaries, AK-47s and armored cars, helicopter drops and hideaways in the Andes

BY WILLIAM PROCHNAU



At 7:30 on the morning of September 23, 1994, just outside Cali, Colombia, Tom Hargrove was driving fast down a familiar stretch of the Pan American Highway 10 minutes from home, a little late for work.

A large man, Hargrove, at 50, had experienced some middle-age rounding at the edges. But he was no softball. He had completed three tours in Vietnam, and few of his countrymen had made them under such improbable circumstances. Born in the hardscrabble country northwest of Abilene, Texas, Hargrove found his mission early in life—to help others turn raw acreage into productive farmland. In 1969, one of the war's meanest years, Hargrove arrived as a young army lieutenant with his own dream job—traveling by sampan deep into the heavily disputed territory of the Mekong River delta to deliver rice seeds to farmers of all political persuasions. In 1972, with the war clearly a lost cause, he went back on a similar humanitarian mission, this time as a civilian. By 1988, long after the fall of Saigon, he had returned once again to peddle high-yield rice to the conquerors he had first been sent to oppose.



Top: **Tom and Susan Hargrove in Acton, Tex., with their sons, Miles (left), then 22, and Geddie, 21, and their dog, Gabriela, September 24, 1995.** ***Above:*** **Tom poses for a "proof of life" photograph, December 26, 1994.**

Hargrove is, in some ways, the classic American of earlier 20th-century myth—a tough do-gooder, a Jimmy Stewart type. In 1992 he moved to Colombia with his family of three to work for the International Center for Tropical Agriculture, founded by the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations to spread the "green revolution" to hungry peoples everywhere.

Hargrove didn't have a serious care in the world, but two quirks were about to change his life forever. One was his easy-going temperament. When he came to a

TOP BY DAVID WOO

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crossing which gave him a choice between the direct route to his office—through the noisy, congested traffic of suburban Cali—and a fork that looped back around through scenic countryside, Hargrove took the scenic route without a thought. The other quirk involved the acronym for his organization. Transposed into Spanish, the lettering became CIAT.

Police and military roadblocks are common in Colombia. At first glance, the one Tom Hargrove approached minutes later appeared normal. Standing around at the barricade were about a dozen young men in typical Latin-American military uniforms, with high rubber boots and camouflage fatigues. Then the differences hit him. The headgear—bandannas, Che Guevara berets, bush hats. The rifles—a mix of M16s, Galils, AK-47s. The handguns—a haphazard collection of .45s and .38s. In fact, the young men belonged to one of the last of Latin America's once thriving militant leftist groups, the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia, or FARC. Hargrove's ID glared at them, particularly the first three letters: CIAT. Most of the rebels held their weapons carelessly, dangerously. Hargrove's heart sank. But they had no intention of killing their new catch. The American had become a commodity in a very special and prosperous business.

Eighteen days passed without a word from the kidnappers. Then came the first ransom demand: $6 million. By that time Hargrove was long gone, hidden away in the cold and forbidding Andes. His captors moved him constantly, from one primitive mountain camp to another. So isolated was he that for the next 11 months he would not see a wheel, a road, a window with glass, a fork. He would lose 50 pounds. His hair would turn orange from malnutrition.

"You pick up the phone," says McWeeney, "and the kidnapper says, 'I want my money or I'm going to cut his hands off.'"



The secret diary that Hargrove kept hidden in his pants while in captivity. The notebook had been given to him by one of the kidnappers, who later killed himself.

In the go-go global life[illegible] in which billionaires have b[illegible] mon and multinationa[illegible] have G.N.P.'s heftier than [illegible] of most countries, the kidnap bu[illegible]ss is booming. (As recently as late March, 13 tourists, four Americans among them, were abducted on a bird-watching trip near Bogotá.) Over the past 20 years, multinationals have quietly paid out at least a billion dollars in ransom for kidnapped executives. As for the vulnerable super-rich and famous, so much secrecy shrouds the business that you can't even get an estimate—except that perhaps one in three kidnappings goes unreported, and that the payoffs are almost always understated. In some countries ransoms of $5 million are not uncommon. Kidnappers recently got $30 million for the return of a Mexican banker.

The cost of protection—armored Mercedeses, "nuke-spooker" radiation alarms which can be hidden inside briefcases, multimillion-dollar kidnap-and-ransom insurance, $4,000-a-day professional kidnap-negotiation services—totals far more than the ransoms. A fully equipped, bulletproofed Lincoln Town Car sells for well into six figures. It can take fire from any modern combat rifle, comes with flip-down gun portholes, and has a device that discharges an oil slick to foil followers in a chase. Some high rollers even implant homing devices in their bodies, although the pros say the devices aren't worth the effort and leave a telltale bruise.

With the end of the Cold War, the world may be an empirically safer place to live. But Americans alone now spend more on personal security than the budgets of the F.B.I. and all U.S. police agencies combined. The security industry employs nearly two million men and women—more than served in the U.S. Army at the height of the Cold War. These numbers come from Brian Jenkins, a former Vietnam Green Beret and Rand Corporation analyst who gained a measure of celebrity as *Nightline*'s resident talking head on terrorism. Jenkins now consults for Kroll-O'Gara Company, a large New York corporate-security company that has branched out into kidnap negotiations.

International kidnapping has become an emblem for the 90s. Gone with the Cold War are the romanticized days when ransoms mixed with leftist philosophy and often provided the "war tax" for Marxist political movements. Now, like everything in this overheated age, it's just about money.

In this setting, Tom Hargrove seemed like a bit of an anachronism—a man swept into the fading world of leftist revolutionaries. Today professional kidnap squads are more likely to be exiles from that world—men who learned their trade under red banners but now work only for profit. The typical hit is exquisitely and professionally planned, often pulled off in broad daylight on public streets, with such overwhelming speed and force that lifelong bodyguards quickly drop their weapons—or drop dead.

Hargrove's kidnapping also sheds light on one of the world's murkiest legitimate businesses—the so-called K&R industry, which provides kidnap and ransom insurance and hardball negotiators for high-priced kidnap cases. K&R is a world in which Cold War exiles—a roguish business of small companies and locked doors and names such as Control Risks—will send ex-spooks, special forces, or Scotland Yard men any-

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E Y E W E A R

BERGDORF GOODMAN, NEIMAN MARCUS, SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

where on earth, on a moment's notice, to bail you out when the kidnappers are demanding millions.

A year ago, a friend of mine who sells kidnap insurance in London suggested that I might be welcomed into the heart of the bizarre K&R business. I began weeks, then months, of negotiations with K&R operatives, one of whom repeatedly answered his phone (as I sat in his code-locked office), "Yes, Yuri, $2 million," followed minutes later by "No, Yuri, $2 million."

The grand tour eventually took me from Washington to London, Paris, Panama City, Miami, and, finally, the epidemic's ground zero, Colombia, where Hargrove had been taken—and where thousands of kidnappings occur each year. I wandered through a shadowy gallery of former spies and F.B.I. agents, old British Special Air Service operatives, and Scotland Yard men who spoke in a special slang half salvaged from the bureaucratic worlds they had all hated, half gleaned from the streets. Each kidnap negotiation was a deployment, each ransom a settlement. Between deployments and settlements, the K&R men lived in a world of door kickers and "bent" cops, and used euphemisms such as "de facto death penalty" and "vaccination." They pitted themselves against an array of professional bad guys with cop-novel nicknames. Grabbers. Movers. Keepers. Talkers. Drop men.

My prime target was London's Control Risks Group Ltd., the oldest and most regal of the K&R firms, with a client list that includes 91 Fortune 100 companies, 9 of the top 10 *Forbes* multinationals, and a top-secret list of rich and famous people. Situated just blocks from New Scotland Yard and a short walk from Parliament, Control Risks quietly makes its home in an old red-brick building so innocuous that it could house insurance-company clerks or an MI5 secret unit. But when a phone rings at 83 Victoria Street, the response is guaranteed: you will, within 15 minutes, get a call back from a seasoned negotiator; you will have him at your side, anywhere in the world, within 24 hours. He will spend the next two years of his life with you, if that's what it takes—and sometimes it does.

I doubled back to Miami, where the most respected American K&R operative, Mike Ackerman, runs his co[illegible] from an island in Biscayne Bay. Ackerman has all the brassy American bravado of a C.I.A. street man, which he once was. "I hire guys," he growls, "who use the back door and can flash a wad of cash." He has dropped $275,000 out of a helicopter hovering over armed guerrillas in the Guatemalan jungle, and surreptitiously microfilmed a $6 million ransom payment while Argentinean kidnappers held a gun to the head of his billionaire client's son. *Forbes* has described Ackerman as the man American companies call "when the hostile takeover turns lethal."

Most U.S.-style security operations hide in the glass-and-concrete-jungle anonymity of corporate America. It was there, in one of the pop-up buildings along the Washington Beltway, that I met Sean McWeeney. A former head of the F.B.I.'s organized-crime unit, McWeeney founded Corporate Risk International in offices above the National Rifle Association Café. McWeeney likes kidnap movies. "The agent always stretches out the phone calls," he says. "In real life, you pick up the phone and a voice says, 'Listen, asshole, I want my money now or I'm going to cut your fucker's hands off.' *Click*."

"You're left in silence and darkness," Tom Hargrove wrote after two months in captivity, "while the rest of the world goes on."

The K&R business is so secretive that one of the companies lists its return-fax number as 000-000-0000. Control Risks proudly boasts that its agents operate under sterner security measures than they did as elite forces for their various governments.

I also met with David Lattin, a former U.S. Navy spy who spent most of his government career in Eastern Europe, doubling Soviet-bloc agents—persuading them to spy for the West while remaining in their old jobs. Lattin, who looks more like an insurance agent, is the American operations director for Control Risks. He has made more than 50 "deployments" and tells war stories like a trooper. One of his favorites involves a local flight he took in the Far East. He found himself seated next to the peasant-hero chieftain whose men had just kidnapped his client. Lattin calmly asked for—and received—the chieftain's autograph.

But cooperation with a journalist during a live kidnapping, Lattin finally told me pleasantly, is unheard of. "We are cross-cultural, you and I," he said. And we were—he from a cult whose greatest virtue is secrecy, I from one that withers in the dark. After months of trying, I seemed dead in the water. In reality, however, I had already been drawn into a strange and morally ambiguous netherworld where up often meant down, in often meant out, and men would tell me that death threats were a good sign.

"If I knew tonight that I would be kidnapped tomorrow," Lattin went on, as if to reinforce the point about the never-never land in which he lives, "I'd take the night plane to Colombia."

Colombia? His words tell much about why kidnapping has become the scourge of the rich and famous—and a deadly concern for American expatriates. In the United States, Lattin says, the crime is played out against generally efficient and honest police departments; 95 percent of all American kidnappers are caught. The penalties are severe and consistent, and therefore discourage the development of an experienced criminal workforce. So poor is the reputation of the North American kidnapper that *The Miami Herald,* which covers both locals and internationals, once dismissed a kidnapping as "a garden-variety American job, badly thought out, risky, potentially murderous because of the captors' incompetence." In fact, you are more likely to be killed by American kidnappers, who are inclined to eliminate witnesses. "In the United States, only loonies do [kidnappings]," says Peter Dobbs, a former British special-forces man and Control Risks negotiator who now sells kidnap insurance for Asset Security Managers Ltd.

But go elsewhere—Colombia, Mexico, Guatemala, Brazil, Russia, the Philippines, Taiwan, even China—and everything turns on its head. In Colombia, where thousands of people and scores of multinational executives are snatched every year, 99 percent of all kidnappers are never convicted. In Manila, one expert says that up to 80 percent of the police force is on the take, and human heists are so routine that kidnappers take personal checks. Last year Mexico City traffic cops staged a protest after federal police ambushed four of their colleagues as they picked up a ransom.

In these places, kidnapping is the



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She was the most intensely erotic screen presence of her time, if not all time. She redefined film acting in a mere handful of films that vanished as fast as her career. She conquered New York, Hollywood and Berlin — and fled them all — lovers, husbands and studios. In fact, nobody burned more bridges than Louise Brooks. Yet in the end, she still carved immortality out of defeat. Now, Turner Classic Movies presents the true tale of the life, death and resurrection of Louise Brooks and the search for Lulu. Narrated by Shirley MacLaine.

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residue left from decades of Cold War. I found disenchanted Cuban ideologues and the spent forces of a dozen Latin revolutions who'd grown into an unlikely capitalistic middle age—like American hippies driving Suburbans. But the kidnappers aren't just retired revolutionaries. The men the United States trained to fight them have learned, too. In many countries, kidnappings are organized by cops and ex-soldiers. In Nicaragua, retired contras have taken up the trade. And out-of-work soldiers, cops, and guerrillas have kept the kidnap trade booming in Guatemala.

So the same gangs negotiate, over and over, with the same kidnap negotiators. They get to know one another's voices and M.O.'s. Codes of conduct are established, such as the Preserve the Porcelain Rule: Keep the victim alive. "If you are running a china shop," Dobbs says, "you do not break the china." A few hard-nosed kidnappers have tried to ransom dead bodies. But the discount is large. The object of both sides is to get 'em back alive.

Lattin says so many policemen are in cahoots with the kidnappers that he never attempts rescues. "Half of the rescue attempts," he says, "result in death or injury." Better to talk. No matter how long.

This makes for extraordinary pressures. I telephoned one multimillionaire who years earlier had been kidnapped and kept in a hole in the ground for nine months. He had since built a new, anonymous life. Merely by calling him without warning, I struck such fear into him that I have not yet fully forgiven myself. Nor is the terror restricted to the victims themselves. I talked with one whose mother has become an alcoholic and will not—*cannot*—answer the telephone.

At first glance, Susan Hargrove is unremarkable. A brunette with a quick smile, she goes from giddy to dead serious without a blink. She is not somebody you want to back against a wall. "An expat brat," Susan calls herself. While she was growing up, her father's work as an oil executive took her to the Philippines, Kuwait, Iran, Switzerland, the Aleutians. Her marriage simply continued the endless overseas trek. When she and Tom moved to Cali, in 1992, she thought of it as just another way station. Theirs had always been a close family and, at that point, the Hargroves were reluctantly preparing to become "empty-nesters." Their sons, Miles, 19, and Geddie, 18, were seniors in high school and soon would be off to college in the States.

Somewhere in her mind, Susan compartmentalized the knowledge that she was entering the most violent society in the world—sidewalk murders, armed assaults at stoplights, civil war, and a national pastime of political and for-profit kidnapping. "If you put a frog in hot water, he'll jump out," she says. "But if you put him in tepid water and just turn up the heat slowly, he'll get used to it. We got used to it."



"Half of the rescue attempts," says David Lattin, "result in death or injury."

K&R executive David Lattin photographed at Miami's Hyatt Regency hotel, March 10, 1998.

The dark side of expatriate life became background noise, its detail lost in the rumble of everyday life. The gates that always locked behind you—door gates, office gates, garage gates, embassy gates. The ubiquitous cameras and X-rays and sound sensors. The suit jackets that bulged ever so slightly. The wall around your housing compound. The wall around the wall.

Susan had been overseas far too long not to know about kidnap insurance. But she was, by nature, the perfect corporate wife. One simply *did not talk about it.* Talk encouraged kidnappings. Talk caused morale problems. Who was insured? Who wasn't? One didn't ask. One assumed one was taken care of. Susan Hargrove assumed wrong.

An overseas company has more than one way to deal with a kidnapping. Most multinationals go with the K&Rs because they bring hostages back alive and minimize problems with the host government. Some—Japanese firms, for example—have a cultural tendency to pay fast and in full for humanitarian reasons. Others—mostly churches, missionary groups, and altruistic organizations—either don't have the money for insurance and ransoms or take a God-is-on-our-side approach. They just won't pay—a do-gooder's version of the U.S. government's policy on terrorism: We will not negotiate with terrorists; we will not give them anything.

One missionary group, the New Tribes Mission of Sanford, Florida, has had five workers kidnapped in Colombia since 1993. New Tribes, which translates the Bible into tribal dialects, has 3,200 missionaries in 28 countries and feels that buckling in Colombia would put them all at risk. "We don't pay ransom, we don't talk ransom," says the group's spokesman, Scott Ross. "We're a faith group." Of its five kidnapped missionaries, two have been shot dead and three have been missing for five years.

Hargrove's organization had kidnap insurance, which provides professional K&R service. CIAT is also an altruistic operation that, at least in theory, works to help the people the guerrillas claim to represent. With that in mind, CIAT played to the guerrillas' dubious humanitarian side. "CIAT wouldn't negotiate," Susan said. "They put the message in one of those screwy, half-coded classified ads you see in the paper all the time in Colombia."

The kidnappers, seeking a counteroffer to their original $6 million demand, had asked that the ad read:

ATTENTION: LAST PROMOTION OF FABRICS. Lovely and durable pieces available for *x* amount of pesos from 1.5 meters wide. Tel. —— BOGOTA.

CIAT replied:

ATTENTION: LAST PROMOTION OF FABRICS. Lovely and durable pieces 1.5 meters wide without cost.

"Good God, FARC thought it had found a gold mine," Susan says. CIAT's approach was a variation on a common opening gambit. CONTINUED ON PAGE 145

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN SMITH

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3-color Tommy Hilfiger flag paint scheme

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Go way off-road in this one-of-a-kind GMC Tommy Jimmy by Tommy Hilfiger. Just call 1-888-GM-CCURE to make a pledge to breast cancer research, and you could win this "Ultimate Vehicle." Complete with a custom painted Tommy Hilfiger snowboard and Cannondale mountain bike, this sport utility has everything you need for summer and winter fun in the great outdoors.

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YOU MAY WIN AN ULTIMATE VEHICLE



Blue, green and red plaid exterior paint

Tinted chrome wheels and redwall tires

Glow-in-the-dark constellation headliner

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CYNTHIA ROWLEY'S GRAND PRIX

Hit the scene in Cynthia Rowley's Pontiac WideTrack Grand Prix. With plaid exterior and interior and matching luggage, this car is a real attention getter. And, by making a pledge, not only will you help unlock the cure for breast cancer, you could also unlock this one-of-a-kind vehicle. To find out how you can make a difference and win this car, call 1-888-GM-CCURE.

Concept:Cure 1998 For the second year in a row, General Motors and the Council of Fashion Designers of America have come together for Concept:Cure – a fundraising effort for breast cancer research and awareness. This year, top designers Nicholas "Joe Boxer" Graham, Cynthia Rowley, Tommy Hilfiger and Michael Kors generously donated their time and talents to create four "Ultimate Vehicles" that will, once again, raise money for this important cause. Last year's Concept:Cure vehicles raised more than $700,000 and, with your help, we can raise even more in 1998. Make a pledge. And let's all get on the road to finding a cure.

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The WideTrack Grand Prix
PONTIAC

CYNTHIA ROWLEY'S PONTIAC GRAND PRIX

MAKE A PLEDGE TO CONCEPT:CURE

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WIN ONE OF FOUR ULTIMATE VEHICLES

CONCEPT CURE "UNLOCK THE CURE, UNLOCK THE CAR" SWEEPSTAKES GUIDELINES AND RULES General Motors Corporation is conducting a sweepstakes to raise money for breast cancer research. General Motors has donated four automobiles and four fashion designers have modified the interior and exterior of the vehicles so as to create "ultimate" vehicles. The designers have donated their time and expertise. All sweepstakes proceeds will be paid to the General Motors Cancer Research Foundation, a tax exempt 501 (c)(3) private foundation. Funds raised will benefit Georgetown University's Nina Hyde Center for Breast Cancer Research and other related organizations as determined by the General Motors Cancer Research Foundation.

PLEDGE/CONTRIBUTION GUIDELINES: • Contributions made by check must be payable to "Concept:Cure - GM CRF". These contributions should be mailed to: Concept:Cure, Dept. 77745, P.O. Box 77000, Detroit, MI 48277. • Contributions of $35.00 or more are 100% tax deductible, the estimated value of any benefit you receive for your contribution is not substantial, therefore the full amount of your contribution will be deductible. • Contributions under $35.00 may not be tax deductible.

OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES RULES. CONCEPT CURE "UNLOCK THE CURE, UNLOCK THE CAR" SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES RULES. NO PURCHASE OR PLEDGE NECESSARY TO ENTER OR WIN.

How to Enter: The sweepstakes is being conducted in association with the General Motors Concept:Cure Program to raise funds for the GM Cancer Research Foundation. All responders who make a contribution to Concept:Cure by calling 1-888-GM-CCURE by 6/10/98 will be automatically entered into the sweepstakes for one of the four Concept:Cure prize vehicles. Entrants have responders according to the following: $20 pledge / 1 entry; $35 pledge / 2 entries; $50 pledge / 4 entries; $100 pledge / 10 entries. You may also receive 2 entries without a pledge by mailing an Official Entry Form to: Concept:Cure Sweepstakes, PO Box 19, Byron, MI 48418. All mail-in entries must be postmarked by 6/10/98 and received by 6/20/98. To obtain an Official Entry Form, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Concept:Cure Entry Form Request, PO Box 181, Byron, MI 48418. WA and VT residents *only* may omit return postage. Only one Official Entry Form per envelope. Once your entry form/contribution has been received, you will be mailed an entry confirmation/contribution receipt form.

Prize Winner Selection · Prizes: On or about 6/21/98, four (4) Grand Prize Finalists will be randomly selected from among all entries received in each of the four drawings. Finalists will be contacted by phone and/or mail and will be required to execute and return an Affidavit of Eligibility and Liability Release and, where legal, a Publicity Release within 14 days of receipt. GRAND PRIZE FINALISTS: The sixteen finalists will each be invited to attend (with one guest) the Grand Prize selection event to take place in a major U.S. city in June 1998. Trip will include round-trip, coach air travel from the major commercial airport nearest winner's residence, two-nights hotel accommodations and local ground transportation (Approximate Retail Value $2,100/each). The four finalists in each drawing will select one of four keys – the order to be determined by random lots. The finalist holding the key which starts the Concept:Cure Prize vehicle at the event, will be the winner of that vehicle, subject to verification of eligibility and compliance with the official rules. The four Concept:Cure prize vehicles and their respective approximate retail values are as follows: *Cadillac DeVille Concours* designed by Michael Kors (ARV $60,000). *Chevrolet Venture* designed by Joe Boxer/Nicholas Graham (ARV $50,000). *GMC Jimmy* designed by Tommy Hilfiger (ARV $50,000), and *Pontiac Grand Prix* designed by Cynthia Rowley (ARV $50,000). Random drawings and vehicle key distribution will be conducted under the supervision of Exposure Marketing, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final.

General Conditions: Sweepstakes is offered only in the United States to legal residents of the U.S., 18 years of age or older, with a valid driver's license at the time of entry, except for employees (and the immediate families and members of the same household of such employees) of General Motors Corporation, GM Cancer Research Foundation, CFDA Foundation, Harris Marketing Group, Inc., Exposure Marketing, Inc., Imperial Marketing their divisions, affiliates or subsidiaries. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws apply. Grand Prize winners will be responsible for all registration, license, title, vehicle delivery, insurance fees and, if required by state regulations, any emissions modifications. Each vehicle will be delivered through a dealership near winner's residence and will be covered by a standard limited GM warranty, the terms of which are the sole warranties provided for the vehicles, and which will exclude the customized portions of the vehicles. Winners must provide valid drivers license and evidence of insurance at the time of delivery. Winners must take delivery of vehicle by 8/1/98. The winners will receive a statement evidencing the fair market value of the vehicle which will be reported for income tax purposes. Prizes will be awarded in the names of the winners and are non-transferable and non-exchangeable for cash; however sponsor reserves the right to substitute a prize of comparable or greater value due to unavailability. If, due to a production or other error, more than one distributed key starts a prize vehicle, that vehicle will be awarded in a random drawing from among all finalists in possession of a working key for that vehicle.

Odds of winning each of four drawings depends on the number of valid entries received for each prize vehicle. If finalists are unable to attend the Grand Prize selection event, a proxy may be sent with prior notice to and approval of sponsor and appropriate authorization of finalist. Trip companions (and proxy, if applicable) must execute and return releases prior to issuance of travel documents. If a prize notification letter is returned to sponsor or deemed undeliverable, an alternate winner may be selected. Winners are responsible for all taxes (federal, state and/or local). Sponsor is not responsible for any technical or telecommunication problems or errors, misdirected or disconnected calls, or for mail-in entries that are late, lost, misdirected, damaged, incomplete, illegible or postage-due. Sponsor reserves the right, in its sole discretion, to cancel the sweepstakes if it becomes technically corrupted or because of fraud, unauthorized human intervention.

By entering, participants agree to these official rules and the decisions of the judges and release General Motors Corporation, GM Cancer Research Foundation, CFDA Foundation, Harris Marketing Group, Exposure Marketing, Inc., Imperial Marketing their agencies, their respective subsidiaries, affiliates, directors, officers, employees and agents from any and all liability for any liability of any kind caused by their participation.

Winners List · Official Rules: You may obtain a list of winners (after 7/15/98) or a copy of the official rules, by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Concept:Cure Sweepstakes Winners/Rules, P.O. Box 181, Byron, MI 48418. Please specify winners list or rules on your request.
Sweepstakes sponsored by GM Cancer Research Foundation.

Visit us at www.gm.com

GM General Motors
People in Motion

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140 A U.S. company will respond, "You know our government's policy. We're not even supposed to talk to you." Weeks or months will pass and a "rich uncle" is found. The K&R man then opens the negotiations. In this case, the guerrillas perhaps took CIAT's move as a sophisticated bargaining maneuver and dug in.

But, for Susan Hargrove, an innocent in the world she was entering, there would be no rich uncle. Later, she disparaged what she called CIAT's "hearts and minds" strategy.

What followed was a remarkable 11-month drama marked by dark, comic-opera scenes reminiscent of a made-for-TV movie. There was Susan, alternately described as "ditsy" (self-deprecatingly) and "magnificent" (seriously by others); the Hargroves' two sons, Miles and Geddie, who rushed home from college to help their mom; their German neighbors, Uli and Claudia Greiner, and their two teenage children; Robert Clerx, a 20-year-old Colombian friend of the Hargrove boys' who became the family's negotiator; Vivianna Perez, a 21-year-old Colombian law student who became their "lawyer"; a Catholic monk nicknamed "Okey-Dokey"; and a tough F.B.I. agent named Oscar Tejeda, who took it all personally and sometimes grew so overwrought that he could cry.

"Finally, CIAT sent somebody out to the house to give me some advice," Susan recalls. "'When the kidnappers call,' he told me, 'say you don't speak Spanish. Tell them to call our security guy, and hang up.' It was dumb advice. When I got a call, the guy spoke English and I was so rattled I kept saying 'I can't speak Spanish,' and I hung up."

Then the whole ordeal settled into something of a routine. "It became like bargaining for a carpet in the bazaars of Kuwait, where I spent part of my life," Susan says. "You signal to the rug dealer how much you are willing to pay by the way you increase the amount as you are negotiating." That seemed awfully cold toward Tom, but it was the way to do it. It was the way the K&R men did it.

Meantime, Tom Hargrove was on a forced march in the Andes. At first he was fascinated by the scenery, but as they climbed higher, Tom found himself in a "misty, ghostlike atmosphere" of mountain clouds, and he lost all sense of location. It rained every night and the cold cut to the bone. He drifted in and out of sleep, interrupted by strange dreams and the distant howls of pumas.

Remarkably, Tom managed to keep and successfully hide a diary. "It's like being taken, suddenly, and nailed in a box—or a coffin," he wrote on October 28, his 36th day in captivity. "You're left there in silence and darkness while the rest of the world goes on."

"Kidnapping is the most heinous crime imaginable—worse than murder in some ways," says Oscar Tejeda, the Bogotá-based ex-F.B.I. agent who lived the Hargroves' agonies. "At least with murder, you're dead."

No crime more terrifies the rich and famous. But one of the peculiarities of the K&R industry is that it provides little of substance in the way of prevention. Corporate customers get tidbits of advice: dress down, forget the Jaguar, and don't flash your corporate logo overseas, lest you draw the attention of "logo hunters," who occupy the bottom level of the kidnapper food chain. The K&R industry is there to step in *afterward* and give its customers the best chance of coming out alive—with as little derring-do as possible. "Our customers expect to pay a ransom," says Ackerman.

"I will not go crazy," Tom wrote after 10 months in the mountains. "I'll get through today, then tomorrow."

Kidnap insurance may be the ultimate defensive device. The survival rate for all insured victims is about 85 percent. A policy buys more than ransom money. It pays lost wages to a corporate victim and even covers a family vacation and psychiatric help afterward. Most important, it buys an Ackerman, Lattin, McWeeney, or Dobbs to deal directly with the kidnappers. They do not come cheap. Ackerman charges $2,000 a day, and if two men are needed (as they almost always are in complex negotiations), he throws in the second for $1,350. Expenses run high. The negotiators like the best hotels and good food. After the kidnapping of an Occidental Petroleum executive, Ackerman charged $400,000 to negotiate the ransom down to less than $2 million.

Nor is the insurance cheap. Those feeling particularly kidnap-prone can buy insurance from both sides. You can buy the conventional plan at annual premiums ranging anywhere from $10,000 to more than $150,000 per person. One South American billionaire has insured 90 members of his family; many insure their mistresses. Or you can buy a *vacuna,* or vaccination, directly from the kidnappers. In Bogotá, a $60,000 *vacuna* will protect you from a half-million-dollar kidnapping. This saves both sides wear and tear.

Most corporations—as well as billionaires, Hollywood stars, and athletes—stick with the conventional policy, often insuring all of their overseas employees. But getting someone to admit it is another story. Some policies call for cancellation if the customer talks. Boris Becker was not happy when, at the height of his career, a newspaper outed him as having kidnap insurance. Becker was insured for $10 million, with a top-of-the-line annual premium of $160,000.

But for every high-profile celebrity who is never kidnapped, there's an anonymous executive who is, such as McWeeney's diabetic client, who would have died without his insulin. Even before the kidnappers made contact, the K&R man took a month's supply deep into the Guatemalan jungle and drove until he was stopped. The guerrillas took the medicine. He reminded them that it had to be refrigerated. *Refrigerated?* They looked at him as if he were crazy, so he drove a daily supply in for the next five weeks, never knowing where they would stop him. Then there was Peter Dobbs's billionaire client who, while others paid in the millions, talked his own way out for $36,000. ("That's why he's a billionaire," Dobbs says.) Another Dobbs client had been followed for weeks as he made his regular visits to his mistress before the kidnappers finally struck. The client's wife answered their first call. "You can go to hell," she screeched, "and take him with you!" Dobbs laughs. "It was the best opener I ever heard," he says.

I asked Dobbs to help me find a kidnapper, perhaps in a South American jail. "Not many of those," he replied. "No death penalty in most of those countries, you know. But few survive the drive to jail. We call it the de facto death penalty."

I eventually found my kidnapper—not in jail, but in a bistro in the Latin Quarter of Paris. The bright little café on the Rue Linne was horrifyingly French moderne and *plastique.* Tube lighting

washed out the shadows that, in the good old days, would have muted coffeehouse talk of conspiracy and muffled the intrigue from prying ears.

"I hire guys," Mike Ackerman growls, "who use the back door and can flash a wad of cash."

Jorge Masetti is dark and thin, with the bony angularity of a man who has made it on short rations. Now 42, he has long black hair spiked with gray and pulled back into a fashionably rebellious ponytail. His face is furrowed, its lines a map of too many hard Andean ridges run, too many jungle trails followed, too many revolutionary paths dead-ended. In self-exile now—from the Havana Cubans *and* their bourgeois Miami cousins—Masetti remains an intellectual purist, an ideologue who feels betrayed by the revolution.

Cuba embraced kidnapping as a revolutionary tactic almost by accident. The key event occurred in 1974, when brothers Juan and Jorge Born, heirs to one of Argentina's largest family fortunes—billions from grain and other interests—were snatched off the streets of Buenos Aires and ransomed for $64 million. Still a record amount, the sum was staggering even by Latin standards.

The money trail from that single kidnapping became a two-decade fascination for revolutionaries and their Cold War adversaries. The ransom was scattered into banks all over the world. Then a decision was made to concentrate it in the United States. That plan died after a mysterious American banker's jet crashed in the mountains of Mexico. A decapitated, unidentifiable body was found at the site—but not the $17 million the banker was moving north. Shortly thereafter, the remainder of the ransom was directed to Cuba. Over the next 15 years, the interest was put to use in Nicaragua, Guatemala, and other Latin countries threatened by leftist unrest. During that time, political kidnappings were de rigueur in the Western Hemisphere, and the money was usually filtered through a "revolutionary bank" to the America Department, a Cuban bureau devoted to hemispheric revolution.

Our five-hour conversation became something of a scene. Masetti filled ashtray after ashtray with the hot stub ends of strong French cigarettes. A beautiful Colombian woman translated. Two young Americans sat nearby, mouths agape, as the Cuban described an era totally alien to their philosophically uniform world.



Former C.I.A. operative Mike Ackerman, who runs his K&R business from an island in Biscayne Bay, climbs out of a helicopter in Miami, March 9, 1998.

Masetti had been trained in many skills, from bank robbery to counterfeiting. By the early 1980s he was working out of Mexico City, coordinating kidnappings and robberies by homegrown revolutionary groups. His favorite moment was the scrupulously planned 1983 armed robbery of a Wells Fargo armored truck in West Hartford, Connecticut. The $7 million heist, second-largest in U.S. history, was then thought to be a simple inside job. Two years passed before most of the gang were rounded up—14 members of a left-wing Puerto Rican group, Los Macheteros (the machete-wielders). One of its members, 25-year-old Victor M. Gerena, had long since been spirited into Cuba. So had the money, which had first been driven to the Mexican border in a truck carrying powdered milk, then transferred to a car with secret compartments designed by Masetti, then taken from Mexico City to Havana by diplomatic pouch.

Of the kidnappings he planned—several unnamed Americans, a big Salvadoran case, a botched Mexican job, a case known as the "French lieutenant caper," which he says exposed key C.I.A. assets—Masetti spoke more sourly, turning wry only when he got to the case of Panamanian banker Sam Kardonsky, who asked no questions when a Colombian stranger walked in with an estimated $8 million cash deposit. The depositor was killed a short while later. When his successor showed up to make a withdrawal, Kardonsky made the biggest mistake of his life. He refused to release the money.

The banker was swept off the streets in broad daylight and hidden in Ecuador for the next 20 months. A year passed before negotiations began. The ransom—at least $9 million—covered the deposit, the interest, and expense money. Kardonsky was released at the Quito airport wearing a new silk suit, a Panama hat, and a pair of Ray-Bans. He was handed a first-class ticket home and several hundred dollars in "cab fare." Masetti grinned—you never know when you might once again need a Panamanian banker.

Not long afterward, the Mexicans caught on to Masetti and ejected him "the Mexican way," as he puts it. The *federales* surrounded his house and fired a fusillade of shots into the air. He ignored them, reasoning that Mexicans are always shooting. The next night they fired another fusillade, and he left. By that time, Masetti had become disgusted with himself anyway. "No revolutions were being won, and I was feeling and acting more like a Mafia man," he says. "One of the worst things about the revolution is that it cast these barbaric acts as romantic."

There are two major rebel factions in Colombia—FARC, which kidnapped Hargrove, and the smaller National Liberation Army, or E.L.N. Many Americans in Colombia argue that the revolution has now declined into simple, money-driven gangsterism.

"These guys don't know what a Marxist is," Tom Hargrove thought as he watched his captors. "They are all teenagers, some of them as young as 13. They carry around these heavy, heavy Marxist books, but they're illiterate. They can't read. They are not leftists. They are

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN SMITH. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE


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kids taking *bazuco*—or bazooka, as they call it. It's the dregs—that awful stuff left over after you refine cocaine. And drinking mountain brandy. And going nuts every night. It's about the money. That's all it was ever about."

The changes in the E.L.N. were analyzed in a 1995 *New York Times* article by James Brooke, who painted a picture of the titular rebel leader, Manuel "Sureshot" Marulanda. Marulanda, then 68, had been fighting his Marxist war since 1948—11 years before Castro took power in Cuba. He was still out there—"maybe getting a little shaky," but still fighting the dreamer's fight. Then Brooke described the younger generation beneath Marulanda, the E.L.N. majority, whose "dreams of socialism have given way to a reality of pure olive-green banditry." The E.L.N. had even gone Wall Street: one of its several autonomous factions had built a $12.5 million investment portfolio using kidnapping and extortion revenues.

In late 1996 the E.L.N. blew back into the news of "modern" kidnapping with one of the more sensational stories ever to hit the secret world of K&R—the arrest in Colombia of a mysterious superagent named Werner Mauss. It is not quite accurate to call Mauss a K&R man. He has too many other talents. But among international privateers, the 56-year-old German ranked with the best. His fees from German multinationals contained enough zeros to pay for a private jet and the runway to handle it at his fortified castle in the mountains of Hunsrück, Germany. His government so prized his occasional help that its own agents were made to face the wall so they couldn't see him during his visits to the headquarters of the German BND. The Ghost, they called him. The German James Bond.

Mauss seemed too good to get caught at a second-rate Latin airport half-organized against drug smugglers. But that's what happened one night in November 1996. Why Mauss didn't make it is anyone's guess. Maybe it was his traveling companions—two attractive women, one of whom was unusually fidgety. Maybe it was his passports—he had 14 on him at the time, the choice of the day identifying him as Klaus Moellner. Maybe it was the eye-catching stub end of his half-missing index finger. Or his briefcase with a satellite phone equipped to use the Global Positioning System and two-way video. More likely, he had been set up.

Mauss had just paid the E.L.N. a $1.5 million ransom for the fidgety woman, Brigitte Schoene, who was married to the former local manager of a huge German chemical company. Word soon leaked that Control Risks had been working the Schoene case for the family, and that it had negotiated the ransom demand down to $200,000 before the guerrillas abruptly stopped talking.



"I was acting more like a Mafia man," says former kidnapper Jorge Masetti.

Before he founded Corporate Risk International in Fairfax, Va., Sean McWeeney ran the F.B.I.'s organized-crime unit. He is photographed in his office in Fairfax, March 11, 1998.

Then *Der Spiegel* produced videotape of Mauss with his arm around an E.L.N. leader at a mountain encampment, celebrating after settling an earlier multimillion-dollar kidnapping. In Colombia, banner headlines charged that Mauss had played both sides against the middle—targeting victims for the E.L.N., selling his valued services to the multinationals, and charging huge fees to both sides for quick resolutions.

Two weeks later, the German government admitted that all those passports were not quite forgeries—they had been issued to Mauss by its embassy. Documents Mauss was carrying outlined a plan in which Mauss would cut a deal between the cocaine cartel and the Colombian government, with the Germans serving as intermediaries. Frau Schoene, it seemed, had merely been a sideline.

The Colombians went Latin. The Americans, who like to think they run Colombia, went American, and the Germans went defensive. In a remarkable five-hour session of the German parliament, Chancellor Helmut Kohl's senior intelligence aide, Bernd Schmidbauer, was forced to back Mauss publicly—he was on a "humanitarian" mission, Schmidbauer argued—and tried to educate German legislators about life in the real world. "Half of the territory in Colombia is dominated by guerrillas, and the cases of kidnappings run into the thousands," Schmidbauer said. "When we call upon unconventional methods, it's because we're not dealing with decent people but with delinquents of the worst kind."

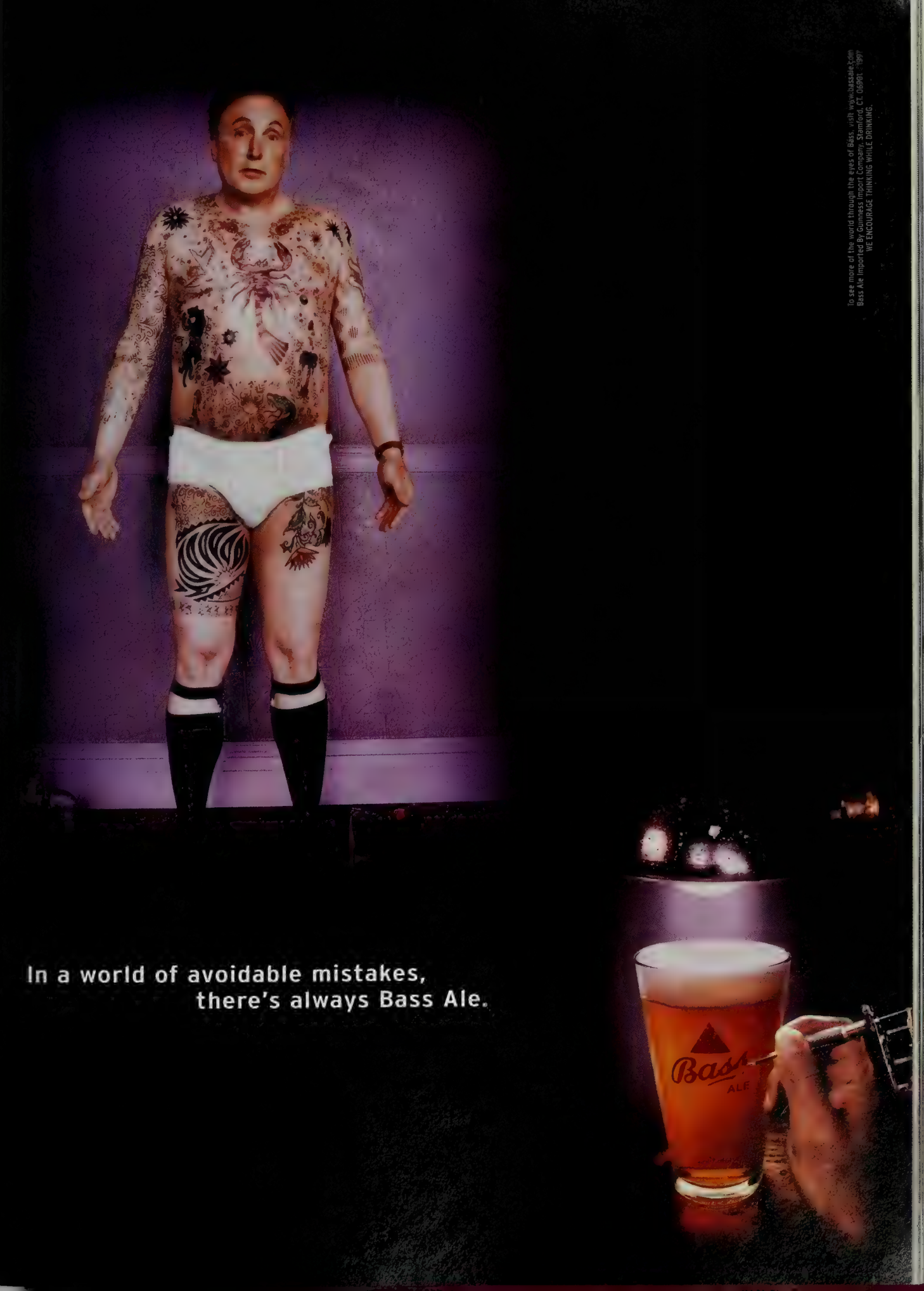
The Colombians threw Mauss and his wife, who had accompanied him to the airport, into jail outside Medellín.

Brian Jenkins, the former Green Beret, knows this dark universe as well as anyone. At the height of the crisis he told me, "One day they will quietly let him go and we will never know exactly what it was all about." Eight months later, the Colombians released Mauss and his wife. Not a word has been heard about them since.

After Tom was kidnapped, Susan Hargrove quickly fell into a surreal state. No words could describe her ordeal better than her own. "When someone in your family gets kidnapped," she says, "*you* get kidnapped. You don't go outside your walls. You wait. You eat at home every night, waiting. It got very strangely normal. Once, we found ourselves eating dinner under the table and we didn't think a thing of it. If someone calls you while you are on the radio with the kidnappers and asks, 'How are you?' you reply, 'Fine.' Like when you are a kid learning to write letters: 'How are you? I am fine.' And then one day you write, 'How are you? I am fine. I have the flu.'"

Modern kidnappings quickly create a

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buzz on the Internet, and the Hargroves were soon bombarded with tips, rumors, conspiracy theories, and offers. "Tom's brother in the States, Raford, began hearing from every guy in the world with a knife in his mouth," says Susan. "One guy offered to bring in the ransom money the way the drug people do it. He said he would bring it inside his bulletproof vest, where the X-ray couldn't see it. Is that how they do it?"

Upset that his sister-in-law was going it alone, Raford Hargrove hired a different K&R company, but that became a bureaucratic nightmare. "I flew to Miami to meet them," Susan says. "By the time I got there, the new company told me they can't help me, because they have some kind of conflict—they use the same insurance company as CIAT. My God! This is becoming an unbelievable mess. The U.S. government says it is against the law in Colombia to negotiate and pay ransom, so they can't help. CIAT told me they couldn't help me. They are going to give it the old hearts-and-minds try, and I could be arrested and put in jail if I continue what I am doing. And now the new K&R company tells me that they can't help me. They gave me two days of very intense training. But after that it's me and Uli and Claudia and four kids."

"Kidnapping is the most heinous crime imaginable," says former F.B.I. agent Oscar Tejeda. "At least with murder, you're dead."

By then Tom Hargrove had been gone for three months. The guerrillas had moved him from a camp of mud huts in a high, bleak Andean hollow Hargrove called El Valle de la Muerte—the Valley of Death. Christmas was the worst time. As it neared, Tom thought it might be the occasion for his release. It was not. December 25 dawned "cold, foggy, and freezing." He had diarrhea. His young guards had grown meaner, and Tom was violating the first rule of a hostage: Don't get mad back. One of the group's 15-year-old leaders had been carrying on loud, nightly grappling matches with another boy. The rebels had begun chaining Hargrove to a mud wall each night. "Fuck you," Tom said as the chains were attached.

"Speak only in Spanish," the youth said.

"Fuck you," Hargrove replied. "I hope I'm around when you die of AIDS."

Meantime, the kidnappers had begun to threaten the Hargroves over the radio. "Real nasty," Susan says. "The language was so bad—you know, 'Fuck my you-know-what'—the kids wouldn't translate for their poor, innocent mom. Then they would give us a two-week silence. We came to hate that voice; we came to love that voice. I was supposed to go in the bedroom with the dogs during the negotiations. The boys said I just got too babbling when the radio started. Miles did a video. I looked at it and they were right: I just went di-di-di-di."

Around Christmas, Raford tracked down a former Scotland Yard man who had once worked at Control Risks and was starting his own business. He agreed to help Susan. "He didn't want to be identified—just David," Susan says. "We called him 'our David.' By now we're using all these code names. I mean, why does Hollywood make this stuff up when they've got real life? The codes were pretty bad. One time Tom was the boat—the *barco*—and they were going to sink the boat. Then he was the bank and they were going to blow up the bank."

At about this time, the Hargroves got an encrypted phone so they could talk without being overheard by the police, the military, or the guerrillas. "You really couldn't trust anyone," Susan says. "And it started to get very expensive. David had to work all the time, so we got another David. The two Davids were running about $15,000 a week. I began to worry if we were going to be able to raise enough money within the family to pay any ransom at all."

A long-term kidnapping quickly narrows a family's lives to nothing. But the crime is so common in Colombia that Susan knew of at least 11 other negotiations going on in Cali. Negotiators were swarming all over town. "One time we had four K&R negotiators over for dinner—all of them on different cases," Susan says. "We had policemen over—and a monk who went up into the mountains to negotiate with kidnappers. We called the monk 'Okey-Dokey' because everything he said he ended with 'okey-dokey.' We had quite a dinner circuit—but always at our house. I would think, Gosh, Tom would enjoy this if he were here."

The first cordillera of the Andes looms out the window, and the 757 begins its careening, zigzag descent, fighter-plane-style, to a thin-air landing at El Dorado International (elevation: 8,563 feet). Special training is required to land here in Bogotá. Pilots call it "real flying."

I move with unexpected ease through baggage and customs—getting *into* Colombia is no problem—and suddenly I am disoriented, walking through a gauntlet of taxicab hustlers offering to take me to destinations I'm not sure I want to reach. Wary of logo-hunters, I nervously glance at my luggage tags.

Oscar Tejeda has promised to meet me. His reputation precedes him. Susan Hargrove calls him a "godsend." A rival describes him as "a legend in his own mind." I will soon appreciate both observations.

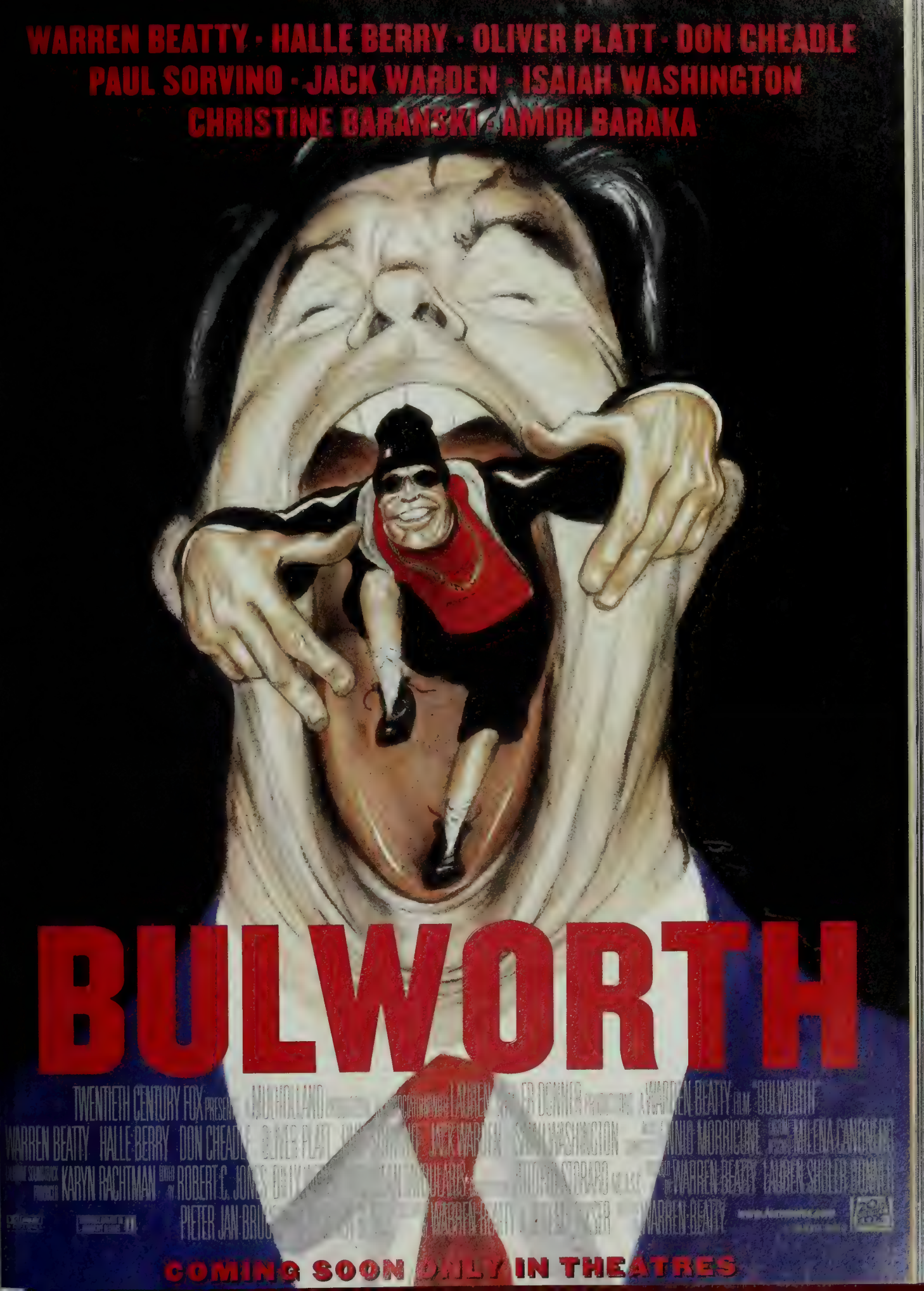
But where the hell is he? I scan the crowd, looking into eyes that respond too quickly and others too quickly averted. This is no place to arrive alone. Finally, an immaculately dressed man tilts his head. I tilt back, wondering how Tejeda could possibly melt into any crowd.

A border-town Mexican-American from West Texas, Tejeda has a threateningly handsome peasant's face, razor-cut obsidian hair, and a black goatee flecked with gray. His $1,500 black wool suit, subtly pin-striped, tapers from powerful shoulders to high-polished black loafers. Tejeda approaches me like a tailored V-wedge. On one wrist he wears an $8,500 gold Rolex; on the other, a gold chain and a self-designed gold ring inset with diamonds. "I look more like a doper than an F.B.I. agent," he says. "Here they'll mess with an F.B.I. agent. They won't mess with a doper."

Actually, Tejeda left the F.B.I. in 1997 to consult for General Electric, Kroll, and other companies whose special needs he is trained to accommodate. At 46—and despite his high-sheen ornaments—he still looks the cop.

Today he is mine—Susan Hargrove made the arrangements—and he is showing me the turf. Bogotá is a sprawling Third World city of 7 million people going on 20 million, a Shangri-la setting with a Calcutta present and a *Mad Max* future. Spectacular glass skyscrapers soar skyward. Propped against their protective walls are shanties with rusting tin roofs. Maseratis rev at stoplights, alongside unstirred burros.

Tejeda is driving a Taurus fitted with


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$1,300 worth of shatterproof glass. He apologizes. It will take a baseball bat, but not a bullet. He no longer has access to the embassy's light-armored Toyota Land Cruiser, whose windows were bulletproofed with one inch of Plexiglas affixed behind the standard-issue glass. He misses them. "We could go almost anywhere," he says, then laughs—a deep, rich laugh that takes all of the carefully designed threat out of him. "One of the agents smoked. Our view would get murkier and murkier until it was like driving in smog. Then I'd have to take out all the Plexiglas, clean the cigarette crud from where it had become trapped between the Plexiglas and the regular glass, and put it all back together again."

Outside, the sidewalks are moving masses of cell phones. No one would be without one in Colombia. They are low-rent bodyguards. This is a country so scarred by kidnapping that it has passed unworkable laws against kidnap insurance and negotiating with kidnappers in an attempt to stop the epidemic. "It's simply a way of life," Tejeda continues. "Brothers of presidents are kidnapped. Television anchors are kidnapped. It is like Diane Sawyer being kidnapped and held for six months in one room without windows or heat. Can you imagine that? As a daily national routine?"

"It's a way of life in Colombia," Tejeda says. "Brothers of presidents are kidnapped. TV anchors are kidnapped."



Former F.B.I. agent Oscar Tejeda, who helped rescue Tom Hargrove, poses outside a restaurant in the Little Havana section of Miami, March 7, 1998.

We stop at a traffic light in the business district. The streets are packed. I need to get my notebook from the trunk, and I reach for the door handle. "Not here!" Tejeda clamps my arm, his gold chain banging against my wrist like handcuffs. "I'll find a place," he says. Once, at an intersection, he rested his elbow out an open window. A street thief darted out of the crowd and got both hands on the gold chain. Tejeda broke two of the kid's fingers before he let go.

We have turned onto the town's major north-south artery, Avenida Caracas. During rush hour, there is a military policeman every 50 yards, facing the traffic, an Israeli Galil automatic rifle at the ready. As we head away from the main business district, the ruts are big enough to swallow the Taurus, the shops increasingly timeworn and low-slung, the tin roofs painted more garishly, the billboards more strident in their pitches: BIENVENIDO! It is from these shops that middle-class businessmen are kidnapped virtually every day—"fast-food kidnappings," Tejeda says, "ransoms $30,000 to $60,000, turnover quick."

By spring, the guerrillas had moved Tom constantly as they hid from the Colombian army. The camps were miserable—one little more than a wet bamboo grove. "A rat drowned in my piss bucket last night," Tom wrote on May 4. "Hope it's the rat that keeps running across my face at night." The winter rains had ended, but it was still very cold. Tom had infections in both ears. The guards' leader, a young man called Juaco, had just gone over the top on brandy and bazooka and shot himself. It was not a reassuring event. Juaco's replacement had taken to giving pep talks, assuring the child guards—boys and girls, some as young as 13—that Colombia would soon be a Communist country like China and Cuba—and Japan.

By late spring of 1995, with Tom in his ninth month of captivity, Susan had grown sick with worry. She and the K&R men had long ago decided to pay a ransom, but negotiations were moving slowly. This was intentional. "There's a price set among professionals, and it takes months to work it to there," Susan says. "Ten percent of the asking price, but it's been climbing. It's been getting up to 15, even 20 percent." (The Mauss Syndrome, the K&R people call the increase.) "And they have no sense of time. That's one of their weapons. Oscar Tejeda—talk about a blessing, that man. He was talking to a psychiatrist at the State Department, and the psychiatrist asked how we were handling it. Oscar told him it was like the movie *Groundhog Day*. We woke every day, no matter what had happened the day before, and it was the day that Tom was kidnapped."

Finally, a ransom agreement was reached: several hundred thousand dollars. "We have all kinds of plans," Susan says. "We're going to put it in a statue of the Virgin Mary and take it to a church in the mountains. Lots of crazy ideas. Helicopters. One of the worries we have is that we have all this money and we might get robbed. The kidnappers agree to the ransom and tell you to have it ready by tomorrow. And then they go silent for a week before telling you where to put it. Just the bulk of the money is impressive. It's all in pesos—more than 800 to the dollar then—and that's real bulk. Uli comes up with an idea, and he builds crates for the money, but the crates are bigger than any of the door openings, so a robber couldn't get the crates through the doors.

"We hire a bagman to take the money up into the mountains," Susan continues. "A guy who does it for a living. He does drops. This is Colombia. The scene that morning is something. I have a friend visiting from Peru, Linda. We call her the Leopard Lady because all she wears is leopard clothes. She says into Miles' video camera, 'This is the second-worst thing the FARC-ies have done. Get me up at six A.M.!' On the couch, Oscar, our wonderfully big, tough cop, is writhing in ulcerlike stomach pain, certain the bad guys won't send Tom back. Okey-Dokey is telling Claudia how to make dumplings for the people in his mission: 'Got it? Okey-dokey!' "

The drop man was a former police major. At the drop site, on a mountain road just outside of town, the guerrillas burst out of the CONTINUED ON PAGE 157

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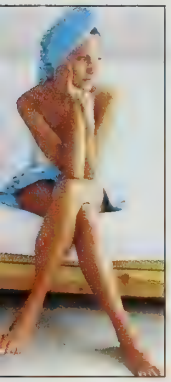
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Hollywood juice diet: six days to success



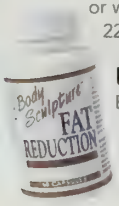
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152 woods, took the money, and disappeared again. "They wore no masks," says the drop man, whose request for anonymity seems fair enough. "They didn't give a damn if I recognized them."

"So we wait," Susan says. "Three days, they told us. But Tom doesn't show up. I haven't been out for months. I go out with Linda and spend the whole day buying jewelry. If you want to see jewelry from hell. The only time I really broke down was the Friday after we paid the ransom. I got up early and left a note saying I was going into the mountains. One of my sons woke up and saw the note and came out with a hoe to slash the tires on the car. The other came out with a piece of cheesecake. I had the strangest array of stuff in my suitcase: a book on stars, sunscreen, my chenille bathrobe, a Bible I had hardly ever read."

Tom never showed up. "People were saying, 'You paid the wrong people,'" Susan recalls. "It even got in the paper. The boys went on TV. And the next day we got a letter by courier mail from the guerrillas complaining that they had seen the boys and the boys had said their dad looked starved. And the guerrillas said, 'Well, this money will help feed him,' and they asked for more."

By midsummer, the guerrilla guards were in trouble. The Colombian military was on their tail, so the guerrillas took Tom literally to the edge of a high volcanic crater. Tom was on his own edge. After nearly 11 months, he was wasting away, exhausted. His diary entries had grown increasingly cryptic and bleak. "Terrible despair, but must fight it somehow," he wrote on August 10. "Can't allow deep despair like yesterday. . . . Cry too much. Must stop." Two days later: "I will not go crazy. I'll get through today, then tomorrow." And two days later: "Live today, only today."

In June the two New Tribes missionaries had been killed. Susan heard rumors that the Delta Force had gone to Colombia but couldn't rescue the missionaries. It got to be all Internet stuff. Who knew what to believe?

The negotiations began all over again. By now, Susan says, "I am really mad. I lost my favorite purse from the Philippines on the first drop. We were stuffing money into everything. We had gotten rid of the crates too. We were supposed to have the second ransom ready by Friday, and then it's Friday and Saturday and et cetera and they haven't called, and we can't just sit here with all this money."

Again, a friend of the Hargrove boys' came to the rescue. The friend's father worked for a multinational, and three of the company's employees had recently been kidnapped. "He has a machine-gun-proof bathroom, a bazooka-proof door," Susan explains. "We take the money over there and we close the door, and it goes *click-clang-whack-whack-whack!* Eight bolts come out like knives from the steel door and set in the reinforced-steel doorframe, and there you go." Susan starts laughing. "I'm sorry, but some of it's funny, you know? All these movies—they haven't seen anything. And this is just a mom and a neighbor and a bunch of kids."

Meanwhile, Cali was suddenly crawling with Colombian special forces—the elite troops. It was the beginning of the government's final assault on the crumbling Cali cartel—not a good time to be negotiating a kidnap settlement. "My kids went to school with their kids," Susan says of the drug lords. "There are helicopters overhead and we are trying to contact the bad guys and we know we are getting monitored on everything and I am getting very tired. They are confiscating the property of everybody involved with the cartel and publishing their names in the paper. And there is our landlord's name. The Scorpion, they call him, and they arrested him. And we think, Oh my gosh! Here we are waiting for the bad guys to call and they are going to take our house. We wait—weeks. And then they call. And the boys are directed to the bathroom of a fast-food restaurant. The notes are always in a men's bathroom. And you get there and you get the note and it says, Go to this hamburger joint on the other side of town and go to the men's bathroom. And you go to about half a dozen bathrooms before you get the real letter with the demand and the instructions.

"Okey-Dokey, the monk, is going with our driver this time and they are going to tell him where to pick up Tom. This time it is so casual. 'The *barco,*' Okey-Dokey says, meaning the boat. 'Where do we get the *barco?*' They say the *barco* will be at such and such two days later. Two days later, Tom isn't there. We're not going to pay again. We had all the T-bones for Tom and we cooked them. We didn't know what to do next. Then this very strange man walks into my bedroom with 10 Indians he had picked up along the way, walking down from the volcano. He smelled like ashes and had lost 50 pounds, and I had gained about 100, and we were just stunned."

Tom Hargrove had been in captivity one day short of 11 months. CIAT finally kicked in with the ransoms, which had been negotiated down to about $500,000. Several of the kidnappers were captured by the Colombian army. None, to the knowledge of the Hargroves, has ever been charged.



"When someone in your family gets kidnapped,"

Susan Hargrove says, "*you* get kidnapped."



Top: **boxes that the Hargroves filled with money and arranged for the kidnappers.** ***Above:*** **Miles Hargrove and his mother, Susan, moments after Tom walked into their house in Cali after his kidnappers released him.**

Eight miles south on Avenida Caracas, Oscar Tejeda has parked the Taurus, engine running, across from the maximum-security federal prison, La Picota. He points beyond its great gray walls to the nearby suburban hills, to which red stucco dwellings cling like pueblos. This is Bar-

rio Diana Turbay, a guerrilla sanctuary and the place to which urban kidnap victims are often taken before being moved into the mountains for long-term captivity. Tejeda used to drive his Toyota Land Cruiser into the barrio—dressed down, *way* down. He will not take me in. Not in the Taurus. *No way.* His eyes drift to the mountains beyond. They bring hard memories. The Delta Force story Susan Hargrove had heard toward the end of her ordeal had been no Internet fantasy.

In June 1995 the U.S. traced the location of the guerrilla force holding two of the New Tribes missionaries, apparently by cross-vectoring loose radio transmissions about another hostage. By mid-June, plans for a Delta Force rescue were well under way, according to sources both in Panama, where the elite unit was based, and Washington. Then a Colombian-army unit pre-empted the action by attacking the guerrillas—a firefight that took place about 40 miles into the mountains from where we were sitting. There were major casualties on both sides, including the two missionaries. Both were killed.

It became Tejeda's job to go in and identify the bodies. The missionaries had been killed as a *coup de grâce:* pistol shots to the head. Tejeda has no sympathy for the rebels—none at all. But the missionaries had been wounded so badly in the crossfire that he thinks the final shots were as close to humanitarian as things get in Colombia. Whether the Colombian army attacked by blunder or by design, the Americans were furious and the Colombian general is no longer a general.

It is late afternoon and an explosive equatorial rain is coming down. Avenida Caracas has become a river of raging water and chaotic traffic, and we are moving slowly upstream. In the murk, the military police are taking up their positions, Galils at port arms.

"How is Susan?" Oscar asks. His question hints at one of the great adjustment problems after a long kidnapping: people like Susan and Tom Hargrove will forever relive the most challenging year of their lives at an almost unbridgeable distance from each other. The family saw a psychiatrist for a year. He told them that Susan and the boys had formed a platoon, and that Tom wasn't part of it. She came out of it scarred, with a new set of friends. Tom also came out of it scarred—and with a year gone, as if to amnesia. Shortly after returning to Texas, he heard a radio report that totally befuddled him: "*Governor* George Bush?"

"I would be dead if Susan had not taken the steps that she did," Tom Hargrove says.



Tom Hargrove photographed at East Beach in Galveston, Tex., March 15, 1998.

Life has not been easy. Susan still feels pangs of guilt. Tom never returned to his job at CIAT, and she wonders if she ended his career by splitting with his employer over the "hearts and minds" strategy. Tom will have none of that. To him, Susan is the hero. "I never had to make any decisions that would kill anyone but me," he says. "It was a hard and awful life but basically pretty simple. There is absolutely no question in my mind that I would be dead if Susan had not taken the steps that she did."

Still, time and toughness have done very well by the family. The boys are both graduating from college this year—Geddie with a degree in management information systems from Texas A&M, Miles in radio, television, and film from Texas Christian University. Tom published his diary as a book, *Long March to Freedom* (Ballantine, 1995), and quietly counsels other kidnap victims by telephone. At first, some need to talk every night. Tom listens. He has also been called to lecture to overseas F.B.I. agents, and both he and Susan speak to vulnerable corporate groups. Kroll-O'Gara is sending them on a five-country European tour to talk to multinational businessmen in June. The centerpiece of Tom's advice: Don't delude yourself into trying to make friends with your captors. The crux of Susan's: If you are an executive and one of your people is kidnapped, don't exclude the family from the strategy sessions—"as I was excluded," she adds pointedly.

Kidnap victims never get back to "normal." But the Hargroves are making a run at it. "She's doing O.K., I think," I reply to Tejeda. "Tom too."

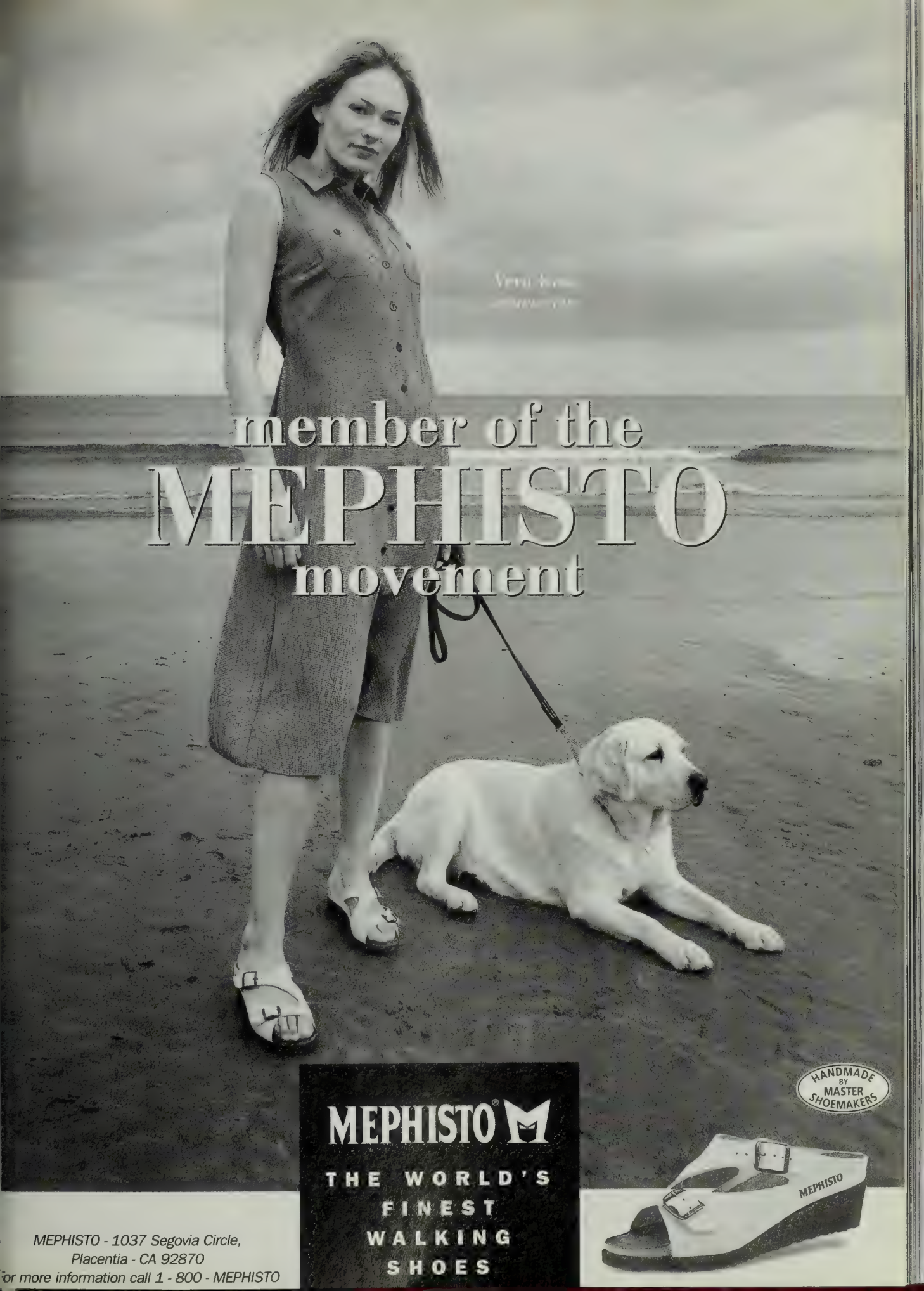
The Taurus plows ahead, blaring as it takes water over the gunnels to tack sharply away from a rusted bus, and showering brown water over an unblinking burro as it tacks back. Tejeda did not learn defensive driving like this—offensive driving, he calls it—at Quantico. "Goddamn!" he flares unexpectedly. "I would have used the guys with the knives in their mouths!" He lets out a great sigh and adds quietly, "If we had just known where he was."

To get out of Colombia, you must pass through six security checks, including a hand search of your luggage and a full-body frisk. Eventually, the 757 is lumbering up into the thin air, banking away from the Andes, not far from where the two missionaries were killed. As we cross over Cuba, I remember Jorge Masetti's insistent words in the Paris bistro. "Don't romanticize it. There was never anything romantic about it." He had said it with the passion of a revolutionary.

At home, I make catch-up calls to some of my new K&R friends. Three out of four are in Guatemala, where the last of the leftist revolutions in Central America officially ended a year ago. The treaty signing was delayed by a kidnapping. All the people I have called have international beepers and satellite phones. Part of the K&R promise: 15-minute callbacks.

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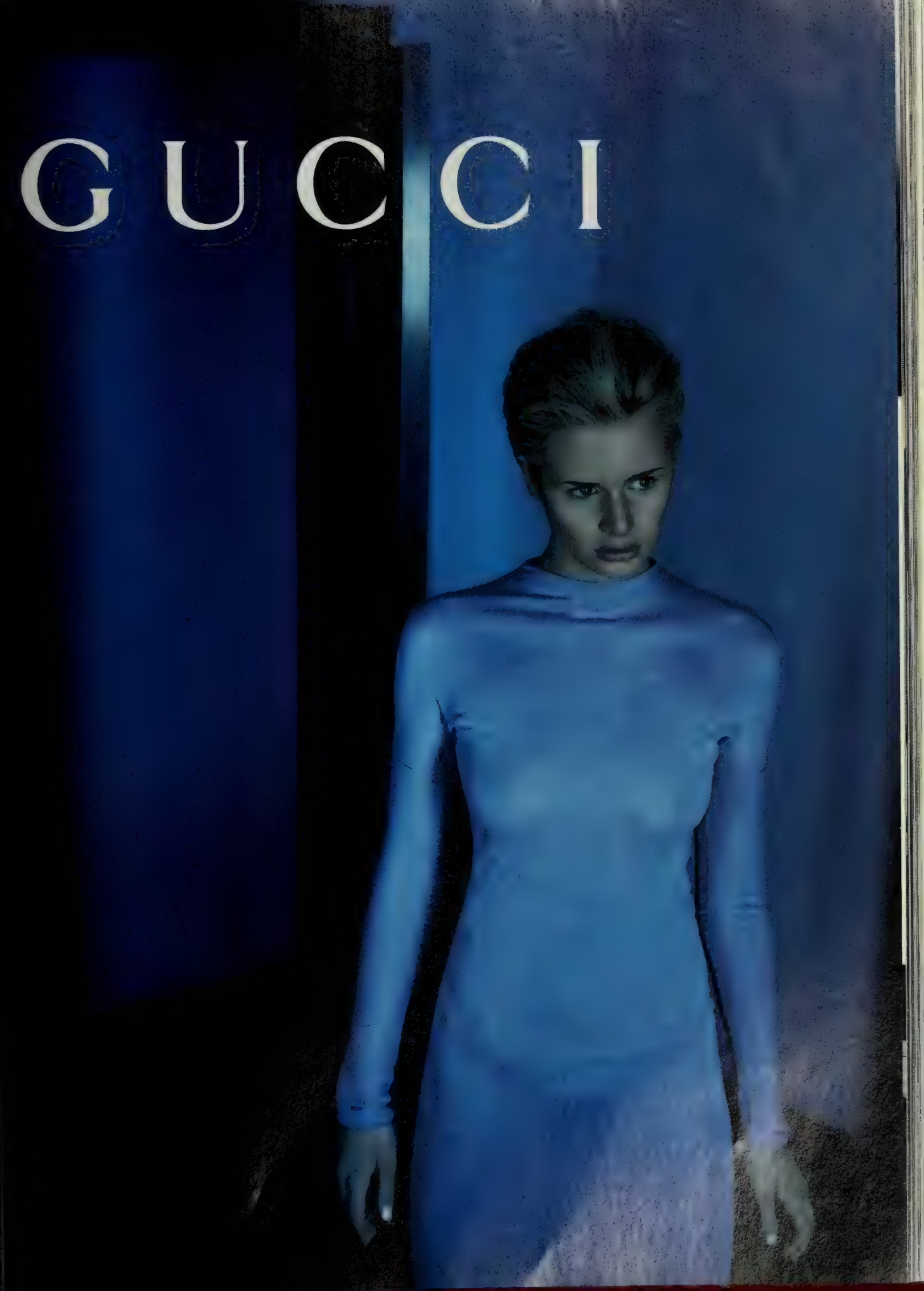


FRIEL SPIRIT

Name and occupation: Anna Friel, actress. **Age:** 21. **Upcoming projects:** *The Land Girls,* a World War II drama in which she plays a brazen working-class volunteer; *All for Love,* co-starring Miranda Richardson; and *Rogue Trader,* co-starring Ewan McGregor. **On the (professional) claim to fame she shares with Ellen DeGeneres:** "From ages 16 to 18, I was in a big drama series called *Brookside,* in which I played the first lesbian on British television. That was very controversial. Some people are still mad." **Why, if necessary, Friel could have a second career as a Spice Girl:** "I've been on my own for [illegible] and I'm kind of getting into the whole [illegible] if Mother Superior ... that the term "internationally acclaimed," rather than "British import," will precede the name Anna Friel? ... All [illegible] interviewers ask, 'So, do you want to go to Hollywood?' Well, you just don't suddenly go to America and completely leave Britain. I [illegible] have every door open to me. I want to be able to work in every country."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN BROAD

florence milan new york paris london berlin tokyo hong kong


GUCCI





Hot Type

In **JOHN IRVING'S** *A Widow for One Year* (Random House) a beautiful mother who is grieving the tragic death of her two sons, the philandering of her husband, and her own affair with a teenager abandons her young daughter in a wonderfully disturbing comic novel about the persistence of passion and the erotic geometry of grief and attraction.

Also this month: The evolution of museum architecture is examined in **VICTORIA NEWHOUSE'S** insightful *Towards a New Museum* (Monacelli). *In the Kennedy Style* (Doubleday) is Jackie O's former chief of staff **LETITIA BALDRIGE'S** compendium of the guest lists, menus, and delicious gossip from the most memorable parties of the J.F.K. administration. *Speaking with Strangers* (Houghton Mifflin) is the final installment of **MARY CANTWELL'S** sparkling memoir trilogy. **NORMAN MAILER** recounts 50 years of war, boxing, wife stabbing, and other blood sports in *The Time of Our Time* (Random House). In **KAREN MOLINE'S** *Belladonna* (Warner) a young woman once held captive by a coterie of sadistic aristocrats wreaks exquisite revenge. The young lawyer-writer phenom **BRAD MELTZER** pits husband and wife attorneys against each other in the beach-ready thriller *Dead Even* (Rob Weisbach Books). **RUSSELL MILLER'S** *Magnum* (Grove) celebrates the co-op photo agency, peopled with an extraordinary collection of oddballs and hotheads who saw and shot the world. The hilarious and unnerving short stories in **DAVID GILBERT'S** debut collection, *Remote Feed* (Scribner), buzz with an electrifying wit. **ALLON SCHOENER'S** *New York: An Illustrated History of the People* (Norton) is a pictorial history of the melting-pot city. Historic images such as the raising of the American flag over Iwo Jima are captured in *Flash! The Associated Press Covers the World* (Abrams). Photographer and illustrator **MICHAEL ROBERTS** creates an astonishingly beautiful African alphabet in *The Jungle ABC* (Callaway/Hyperion). *A Century of Arts and Letters* (Columbia University Press), edited by **JOHN UPDIKE,** toasts 100 years of the cultural elite's intellectual feuding over who is worthy of membership in the venerable academy. A fledgling fashion designer and cheeky party crasher becomes embroiled in a murder investigation in **SHIRLEY LORD'S** *The Crasher* (Warner). The amazing life of Superman, from actor to activist for spinal-cord-injury research, is celebrated in *Still Me* (Random House), by **CHRISTOPHER REEVE.** *Stuart Davis* (Bulfinch), edited by **PHILIP RYLANDS,** features the modernist painter's jazzy vanguard paintings. *The Knife Thrower and Other Stories* (Crown) is a collection of the transcendent stories of **STEVEN MILLHAUSER.** For Mother's Day: in the inspiring and heart-wrenching *Wanting a Child* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), edited by **HELEN SCHULMAN** and **JILL BIALOSKY,** writers share the unspoken truths of infertility, adoption, and miscarriage in their quest for parenthood by any means necessary. Love you, Mom.

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL



From Lee Z is for zebra in Michael Roberts's [illegible] The Jungle ABC, a photographic [illegible] Warsaw with an idyllic cabbage in the [illegible] plow by Michael Noah. Lucky Strike, 1931 [illegible] 53¾ in. by 18 in.), which will be displayed [illegible] National Museum of American Art's [illegible] exhibition opening May 1.


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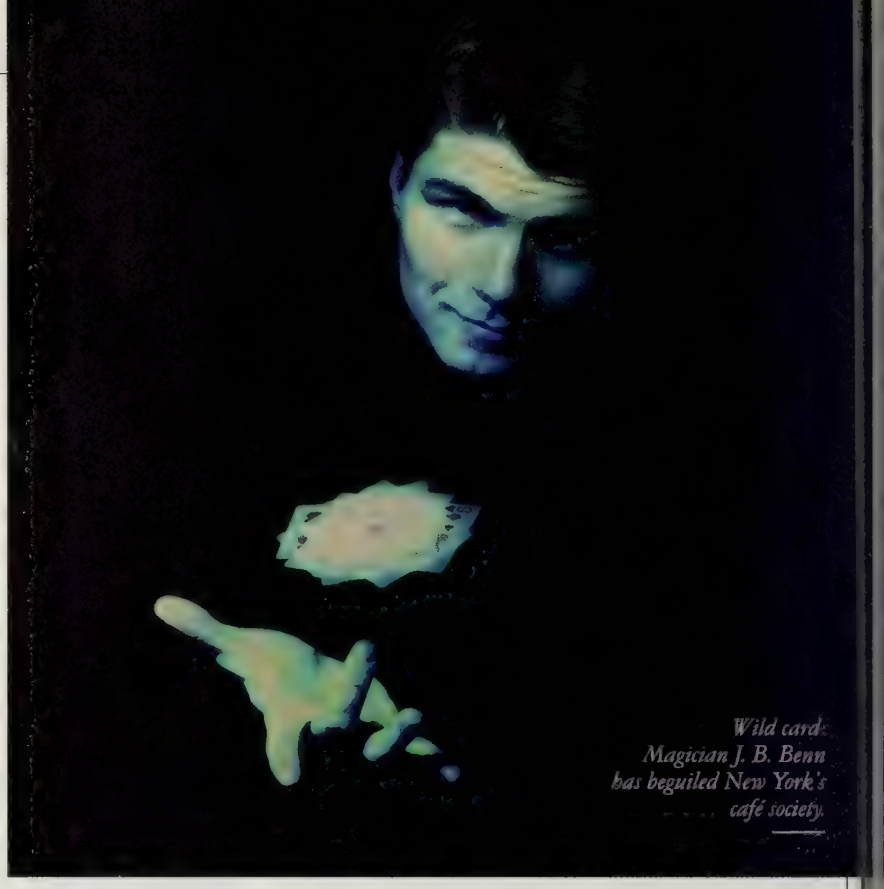
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Wild card: Magician J. B. Benn has beguiled New York's café society.

The world's best new magician is J. B. Benn: he never wears flouncy red jumpsuits, has no use for rabbits, and resents the "Copperfieldization" of magic—the ancient art form that, in the age of David Blaine, has suddenly become fashionable. But the surest sign that Benn really has something going is that he can walk into Manhattan's hottest restaurant, Balthazar, whenever he wants, and pull nickels out of diners' ears.

He's here tonight, looking very much like the Connecticut prep-school product that he is. Benn displays a deck of cards: "Pick one." You pick the eight of spades and return it to the deck. "Later," he says, "this card will appear on your body." This is a typical night for Benn, who has become the darling of New York's rich-and-not-easily-amused—including Julia Roberts and Denzel Washington. He has carte blanche at several New York restaurants, which give him no money; he does it for free because banjo-eyed diners hire him for private parties—at $500 an hour. Convinced that his vocation is more mystical than magical, Benn spent January in New Guinea, swapping secrets with medicine men and indulging in "mind expansion." "The idea of being a magician," says the part-time Hunter College art-history student, "is to not be a magician."

The check arrives. Benn says, "Look for that card we picked an hour ago." No sign of it. "It's under your watch," he says. No sign of your watch. Because it's on *his* wrist, with the card folded beneath it. "O.K.," he says. "Just warming up."

—NED ZEMAN

Night-Table Reading



Michael Moore,
director-writer-producer of
The Big One

There's Nothing in the Middle of the Road but Yellow Stripes and Dead Armadillos, *by Jim Hightower (HarperCollins). "This is a funny and dangerous book. It has more to say than a dozen unnamed sources."*

Werner Herzog,
director of
Little Dieter Needs to Fly

The Oxford English Dictionary, *20 volumes (Oxford). "If I were exiled to a lonesome island for the rest of my life, I would take this with me. It is an inexhaustible gold mine."*





Cindy Margolis,
model-actress and the most downloaded woman on the Internet

The Best Laid Plans. *by Sidney Sheldon (Morrow). "[illegible] fast-paced, exciting, full of intrigue, and, most often, [illegible] is the page-turner."*

Valery Gergiev,
conductor

The Life & Letters of Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky, *by Modeste Tchaikovsky and Rosa Newmarch (Vienna House). "Tchaikovsky's letters are a fascinating way to get in touch with the man behind the music."*

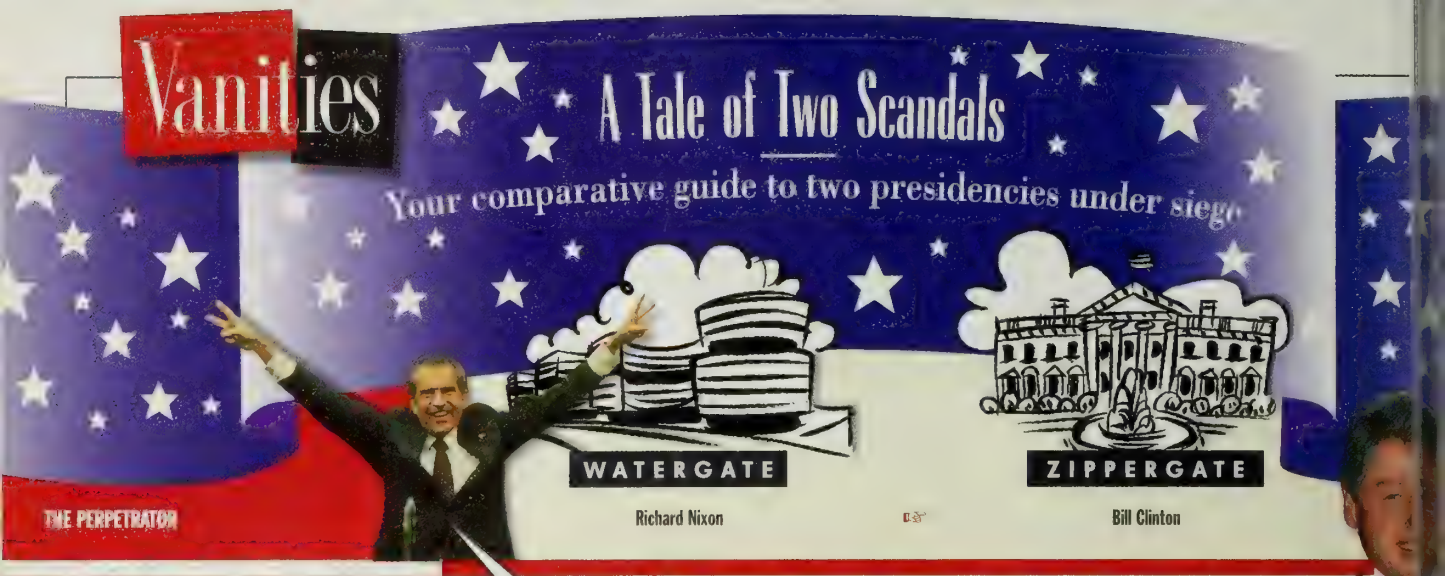



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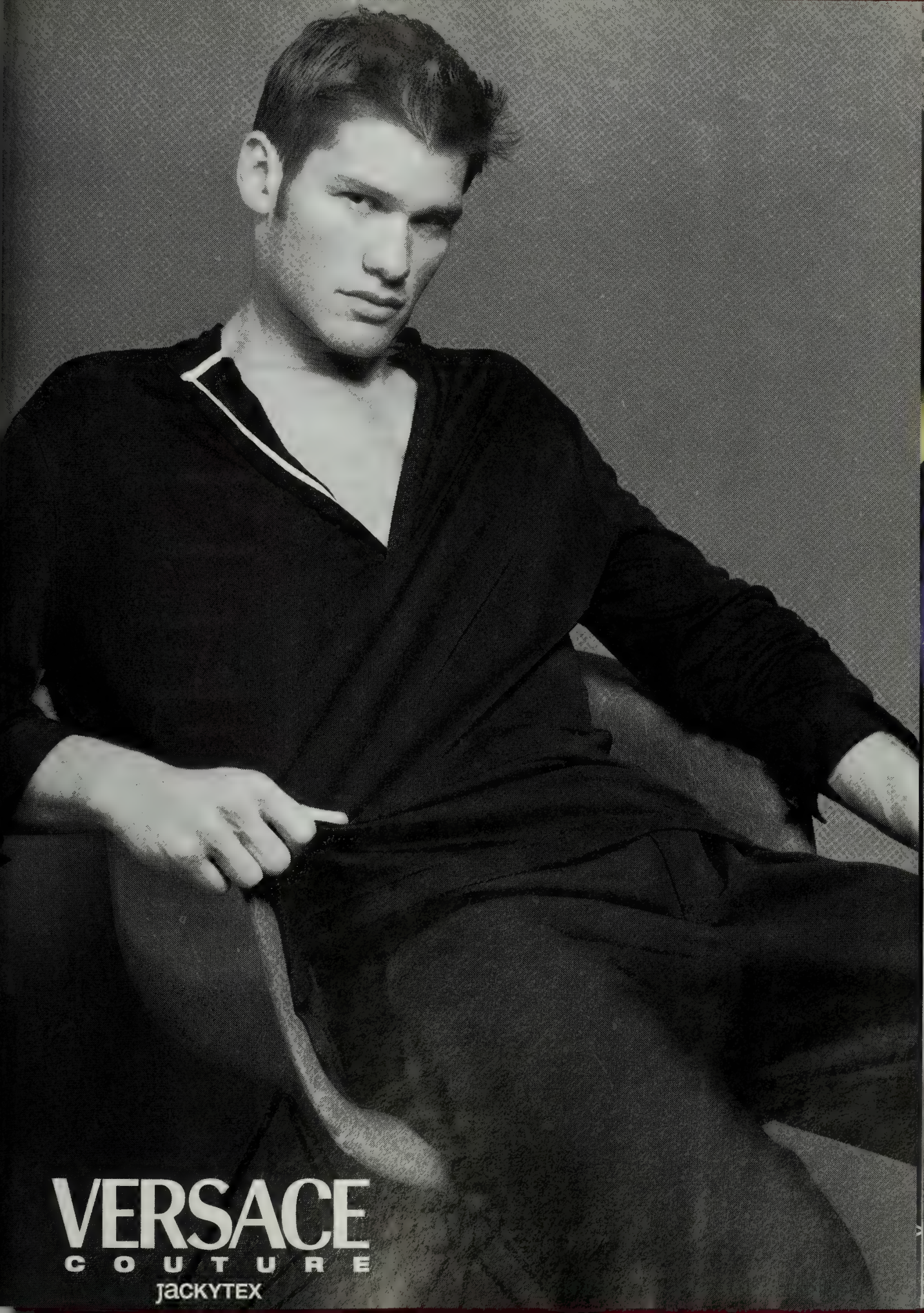
A Tale of Two Scandals

Your comparative guide to two presidencies under siege



	WATERGATE	ZIPPERGATE
THE PERPETRATOR	Richard Nixon	Bill Clinton
THE CRIME	Bad politics	Good sex
THE DENIAL	"I am not a crook."	"I did not have sexual relations with that woman."
THE HOTEL	Watergate	Watergate
THE SUPPORTING CAST	The Henches: Dean, Haldeman, Mitchell, Ehrlichman	The Wenches: Monica, Linda, Paula, Gennifer
HOW TO SPOT THEM	Crew cuts and flood pants	Big hair and bad pumps
THE EVIDENCE	64 taped conversations between president and aides about espionage, cover-ups, and sabotage performed by CREEP	20 hours of taped conversations between chatty intern and disgruntled busybody about various acts performed on "the big creep"
EVIDENCE ENDED UP IN HANDS OF ...	House Judiciary Committee	Cranky Upper West Side literary agent
THE INDEPENDENT COUNSEL	An East Coast blueblood with Kennedy sympathies and a Harvard professorship	A former door-to-door Bible salesman with onetime aspirations to become a dean at Pepperdine
THE SECRET ORALLY ACTIVATED OBJECT HIDDEN IN OVAL OFFICE	Complex recording device	Ambitious Lewis & Clark grad from Beverly Hills
HOW CRIME WAS FINANCIALLY SUPPORTED	Special campaign fund for espionage activities run by Attorney General John Mitchell. Estimated amount: $700,000	T-shirt from Martha's Vineyard gift shop, beret (originally intended for daughter), and book of racy poems purchased by president. Estimated amount: $50
HOW THOSE WHO KNEW TOO MUCH WERE SILENCED	Offered hundreds of thousands of dollars in hush money	Offered a job working for Revlon
THE LOOSE CANNON	Martha Mitchell	George Stephanopoulos
THE DEAD WITNESS	Martha Mitchell	James McDougal
REPORTERS WHO BROKE THE STORY	Two ambitious *Washington Post* reporters in search of the truth	One 30-year-old slacker with a modem and a goofy hat

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172


VERSACE
COUTURE
jackytex

Vanities

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

	WATERGATE		ZIPPERGATE
NEWSPAPER THAT DROPPED THE BALL INITIALLY, BUT WAS DETERMINED TO CATCH UP	*The New York Times*	☞	*The New York Times*
THE ATTACKS ARE ...	"... unfounded and personal."	☞	"... unfounded and personal."
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ...	"... don't care about a petty burglary."	☞	"... don't care about a petty affair."
FILM SCREENED BY THE PRESIDENT THAT MAY BE A PROJECTION OF HIS SELF-IMAGE	*Patton*	☞	*The Apostle*
PRESIDENT'S TRAGIC MEDIA MISTAKE NO. 1	Putting *The Washington Post* on the White House enemies list	☞	Leaving *The New York Times*'s Frank Rich off the Tony Blair state-dinner guest list
FRIGHTENING PHOTO OPPORTUNITY	Animated entertainer Sammy Davis Jr. hugs Richard Nixon	☞	Animation entertainer Jeff Katzenberg hugs Al Gore
THE VICE PRESIDENT ...	Accepts bags of groceries from Maryland contractors	☞	Attends fundraisers given by Chinese influence peddlers
CANINE SOLACE OFFERED BY ...	King Timahoe	☞	Buddy
SIDESHOW	Vietnam	☞	Iraq
MOVIE THAT HAD THE MOST DRAMATIC RESONANCE	*Deep Throat*	☞	*Deep Throat*
DISSEMBLING SPOKESMAN	Ron Ziegler	☞	Mike McCurry
THE PRESIDENT SEEKS LATE-NIGHT SOLACE BY ...	Talking to oil portraits of former presidents	☞	Playing Boggle on Air Force One
VINDICATED, AT LAST	Hubert Humphrey	☞	Gennifer Flowers
THE BUFFOON BRIGADE	Chuck Colson	☞	Dick Morris
AND THE BIG BOOK CONTRACT GOES TO ...	Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein	☞	Michael Isikoff
LIKELY HISTORICAL JUDGMENT	"A good president, but a deeply flawed man."	☞	"A good president, but a deeply flawed man."
THE VIEW FROM GEORGETOWN	"Nixon was never really a Washington insider." — Sally Quinn	☞	"Clinton was never really a Washington insider." — Sally Quinn

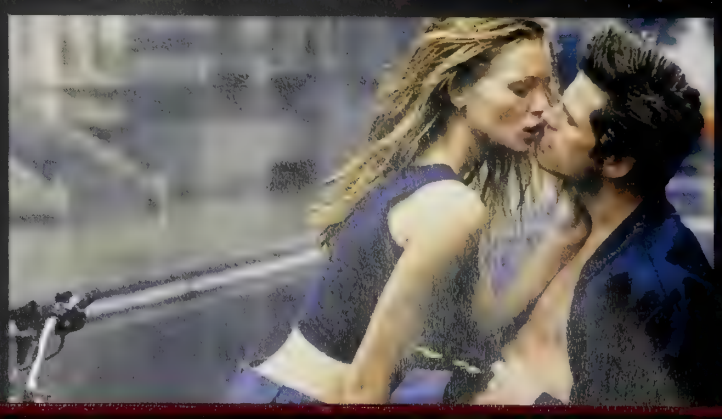
—BRUCE FEIRSTEIN AND EVGENIA PERETZ


JEANS
OF NEW YORK
INTRODUCING >>>

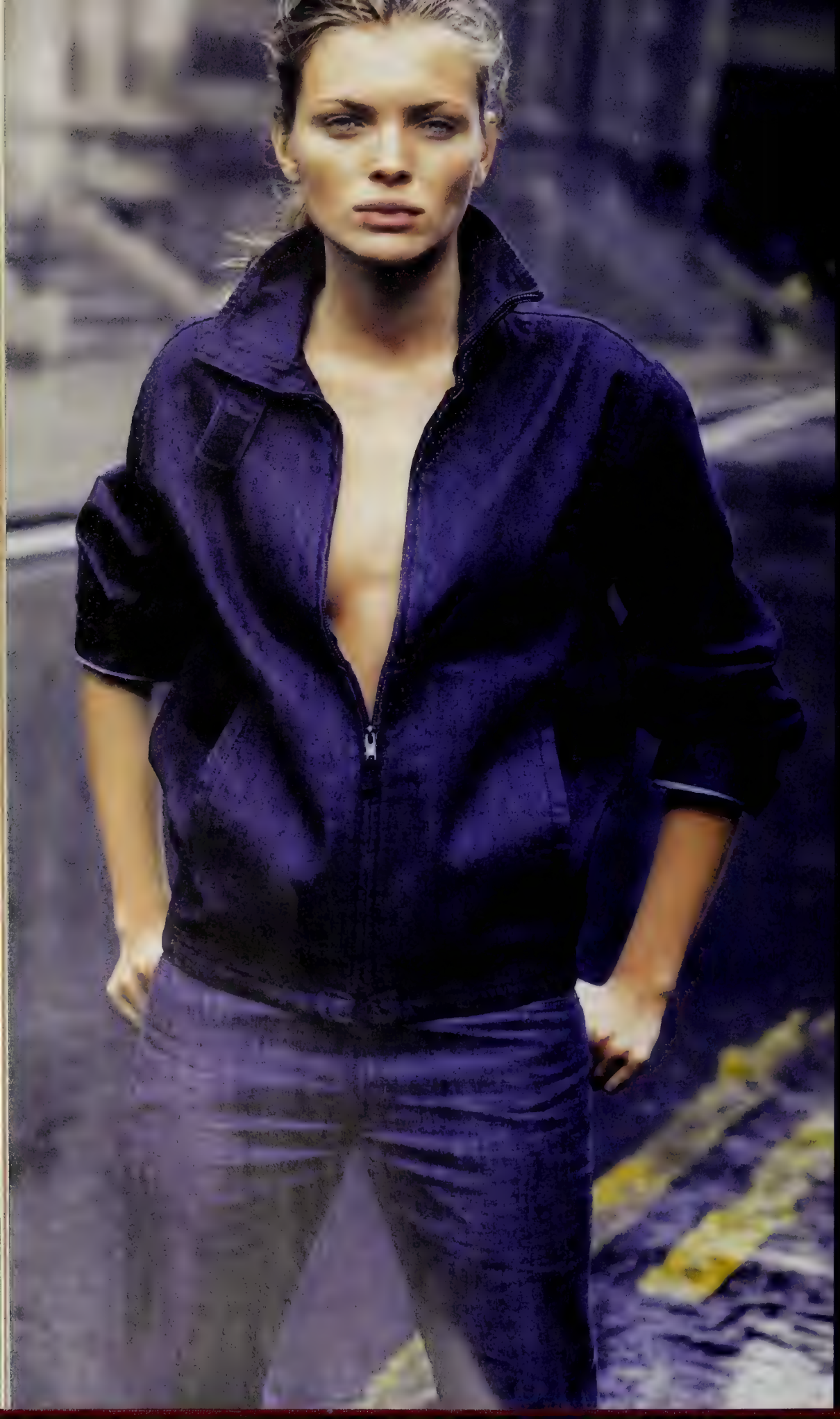

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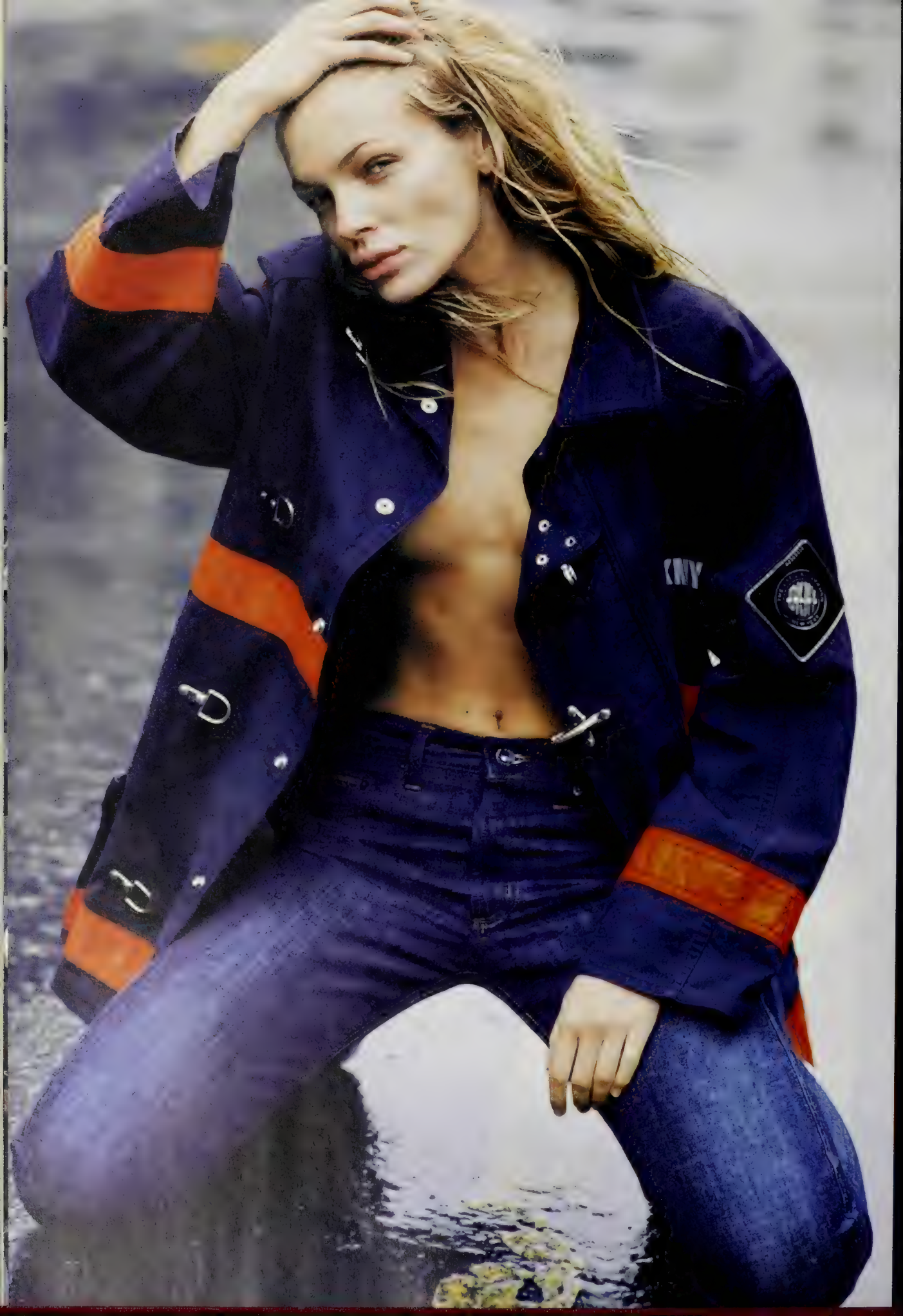

THE OFFICIAL UNIFORM OF NEW YORK >>





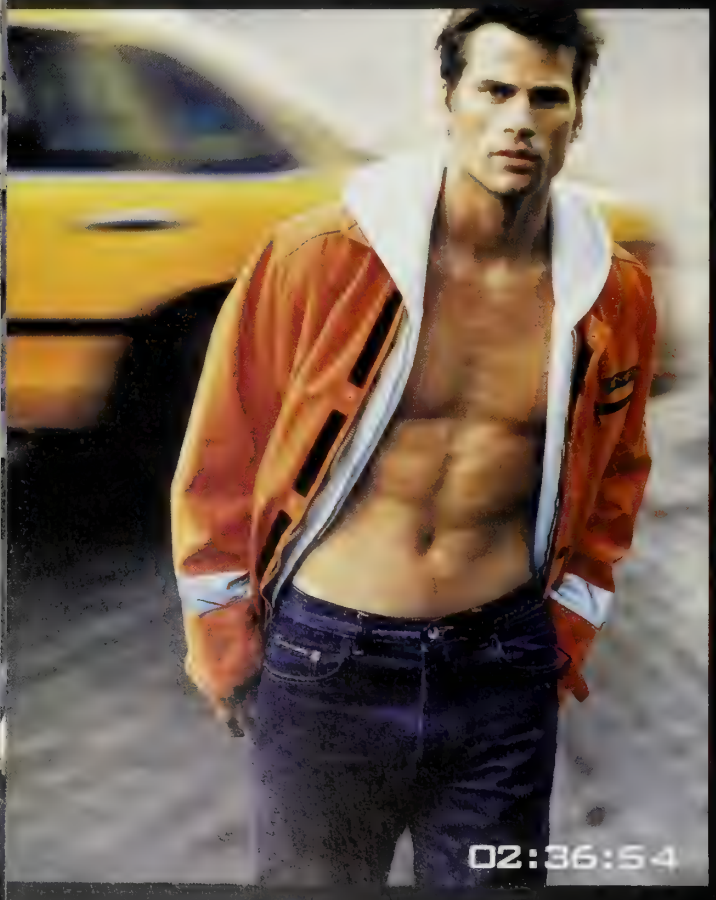
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DKNY JEANS

"Mayday" (the 14th) approaches. As the *Seinfeld* crew puts the finishing touches on the final episodes and its star prepares to take the next step, a worried nation bites its lip and asks . . .



...So What's to Be



Jerry Seinfeld has coolly walked away from his Thursday-night "Must-See-TV" throne and $5 million an episode as the star of the most successful situation comedy of all time. As NBC scoops up $2 million for a 30-second ad slot on the last show, LYNN HIRSCHBERG discovers that Seinfeld's future involves a lengthy list of obsessions, including the number nine, his 25 vintage Porsches, a Boston Whaler, and eight members of a New York co-op board

ome of Our Jerry?



HOLLYWOOD SEIN

Seinfeld plays himself at the quintessential Hollywood party. The "guests" include *Playboy* centerfold Victoria Silvstedt (on sofa) and showgirls from the *Folies Bergere* show, currently playing at the Las Vegas Tropicana.

Jerry Seinfeld loves the number nine. It is significant to him, an auspicious number. He was born in '54 (5 + 4 = 9), graduated from high school in '72 (7 + 2 = 9), first appeared on *The Tonight Show* in '81 (8 + 1 = 9), and *Seinfeld* premiered in 1989 (1 + 9 + 8 + 9 = 27; 2 + 7 = 9). His show comes on at nine P.M., and this, the last season of *Seinfeld,* will be the ninth. It will end in 1998, which, again, equals 27, and, yes, 2 plus 7 equals 9. "Nine is cool," Seinfeld says gleefully. "By the end, we will have done 180 shows [1 + 8 = 9]. When I was thinking about quitting the show, I thought, *Nine.* People said, 'Ten—why not 10?' But 10 is lame. Nine is my number. And then I found out that nine in numerology means completion."

It's one P.M. on a Sunday in early February, and Seinfeld, dressed in navy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • STYLED BY ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

corduroy pants and a crew-neck sweater, reveals his number bias between scenes on the set (Stage 9!) of his show. It is the weekend, and he has been working since eight A.M., which may be another reason why, when he was thinking about returning for another season, nine seemed like such an appealing number. "I have no life," Seinfeld says. "This show has overwhelmed my life completely. It's not healthy. Having a show named after you and you're the star is supposed to be this great thing, but I have trouble handling it at times. I wake up in the morning with a start and go, Ohmigod. It's always been like that. It's a lot of weight."

Seinfeld is called away. They're rehearsing a scene with George (Jason Alexander) and his boss which will be inserted into the completed filmed-before-a-live-audience show. Seinfeld watches the scene with Andy Ackerman, the director, and a cluster of writers and crew. Like all *Seinfeld* episodes, "The Burning," which was written by Jennifer Crittenden, the only female staff writer, has several threads—Elaine (Julia Louis-Dreyfus) discovers that her boyfriend, Puddy, is religious; Jerry has a girlfriend with a secret; Kramer (Michael Richards) gets a job impersonating people with illnesses; and George is promoted at work. Although the cardinal *Seinfeld* rule—"No hugging, no learning"—still holds, this episode does have a message of sorts: timing is everything. "When you hit that high note," Jerry tells George after he pontificates too long at a company meeting, "you don't try to top it."

The scene cracks Seinfeld up and they film it. Seinfeld perches on a canvas director's chair. The soundstage, which is part of the CBS complex of soundstages in Studio City, is dark and cool and has the serene feeling of a cave. The NBC sitcom *Just Shoot Me,* starring David Spade, is filmed nearby—it's the show most likely to replace *Seinfeld* on Thursday night at nine P.M. "Like if you get the time slot, you get the success," Seinfeld says.

He's right—it's absurd to think that the whole "nine" voodoo will hold for just any other show. *Seinfeld,* in all ways, has been unique. The show has managed, week in and week out, to be



"This show has overwhelmed



TEARS OF A CLONE

Surrounded by a few woolly acquaintances, Seinfeld poses in a "cloning chamber" at the CBS Studio Center in Studio City, Calif., February 25, 1998.

ny life completely." Seinfeld says. "It's not healthy."

both innovative and wildly popular. Other sitcoms are funny and well written (*Frasier,* at its best, is reminiscent of Noël Coward), but they do not push their boundaries. Seinfeld has reinvented the sitcom form. The characters' quests for love, success, and revenge are unrelenting. There is no redemption, no moral uplift on *Seinfeld,* and the humor is often deeply subversive. And yet . . . and yet, America loves the show—it has been in the top five in the Nielsen ratings for the last five seasons.

Seinfeld also resists imitation. Although universal in terms of emotions, the show's characters and plotlines are specific in content. No one but Kramer could convincingly start a rickshaw service in New York City, as he does in an upcoming episode; no one but George would rejoice when his fiancée died after licking toxic envelopes; and no one but Elaine would decree certain men "sponge-worthy." And, at the calm center, no one but Jerry would spend nearly all his waking hours with these three.

On the set, Seinfeld's vision prevails. He has the last say on everything, from casting and writing to editing. "I can't wait to do nothing," he says now, looking a little dreamy. "I'm looking forward to saying things like 'It's Sunday—I go for a drive on Sunday,' or 'It's Sunday—I read the paper on Sunday.'" He does venture out from Stage 9 occasionally—last weekend he went to the Lakers-Bulls game. Before the jump ball, he said hello to Michael Jordan. "I was teasing him about how he can't quit now because I've already done it," Seinfeld recalls. "I said, You can't quit bigger than I did it, so what are you gonna do?" Jordan replied that he could too quit bigger. "Two very competitive guys," says Seinfeld, laughing. Last night he slipped out of rehearsal and went to the boat show in downtown L.A. "It was dreck," he says. "Just the worst of Southern California. But I've focused on a boat. The Boston Whaler. I want a Boston Whaler. I'm obsessed."

Seinfeld is called away again. These days, his life runs on two tracks: the show and his obsessions. The show is so huge that, to distract him properly, the obsessions have to be equally huge. Today it's the boat, but usually it's the cars—Seinfeld has 25 Porsches. "Whenever my life gets too crazy," he explains, "I think about the cars."

The actress playing Sophie, Seinfeld's girlfriend for this episode, comes over to say hello. She has big blond hair and a businesslike manner. "You don't really look like a Sophie," Jerry says, flirting. "Sophia's a Sophie," she says matter-of-factly. "Gabriela's a Gabby." Seinfeld nods. "Can you believe we found this girl in Hollywood?"

Sophie arranges herself on a velvet sofa in her set apartment. The camera contingent—writers and crew—move to her spot. This is the last scene for today. They film it in four takes, Seinfeld does some voice-overs, and then he's free. He changes out of his *Seinfeld* clothes into his regular uniform: Levi's, untucked polo shirt with an unbuttoned button-down shirt worn like a jacket. These shirts are usually blue. He used to wear perfectly white Nikes to complete the ensemble, but he has problem feet and now wears boots with steel plates.

Seinfeld is taller than you'd expect—nearly six feet—and his features are less pronounced than on television. He looks young in an unclouded, clear-eyed sort of way. Despite the great responsibility of putting on this show week after week, he seems remarkably unencumbered. Not boyish exactly, but stuck somewhere in his 20s, in a kind of postadolescent moment of big-wide-world exuberance. He knows how to make himself happy. "Jerry is the most well-adjusted person I know," says Larry David, who co-created *Seinfeld* and is co-writing the last episode. "He isn't thrown by things. You really have to piss him off to get him worked up. He's very even-tempered."

Seinfeld leaves the soundstage and gets on his classic black Schwinn and bikes over to his office in a nearby bungalow on the lot. He rides slowly, talking as he goes, as if he's on his way home from school. "I hate petering out," he says, referring to his decision to end the *Seinfeld* era. "When I first started my career, I would watch *The Tonight Show,* and the first shot a comedian would have would be this huge, electrifying thing, and then, two or three appearances later, they would run out of material and start to peter out. I just hated watching that happen. It was just a slow withering of inspiration. It was always my ambition not to do that."

Seinfeld arrives at his bungalow. He parks the bike and climbs the stairs and enters his small office, which is filled with totems of his various obsessions. There are many tiny Porsche models and Superman action figures; a framed poster of *Le Mans,* the 1971 Steve McQueen movie that features a Porsche 911S, Seinfeld's favorite of his favorite cars. There is a board on the wall that lists all of Seinfeld's cars and their various states of maintenance (Have they been washed? Gassed? Oiled?), and above his desk is a framed painting of the Beresford, an apartment building on West 81st Street (8 + 1 = 9) in Manhattan, where Seinfeld has just purchased a 3,400-square-foot duplex. Built in 1929, the Beresford is a lavish prewar cooperative apartment building that houses John McEnroe, Peter Jennings, and Tony Randall. Right now, the Beresford is Seinfeld's top, top obsession—the embodiment of his post-show fantasy life.

"It's a funny situation," Seinfeld says, sitting at his desk. "I still have to pass the co-op board interview at the Beresford, and they've already turned down two prospective buyers. So I get Jack Welch, the head of G.E. [which owns NBC], and the C.E.O. of Merrill Lynch, Daniel Tully, to write letters of recommendation, and think, Gee, I hope they like me. They want to know my financial situation. [Seinfeld earned an estimated $66 million last year.] I'm paying cash—that's my financial situation. What—are they worried I can't swing the two grand a month for maintenance?" Seinfeld sighs. "I have 30 million fans and I got eight people I have to worry about."

He pauses. He often pauses where the laugh should be. As much as anything, this Beresford situation actually has him agitated. He may have coolly walked away from the most successful situation comedy of all time, from an offer of $5 million an episode for one year of work, not to mention a sequel to his 1993 autobiography, *SeinLanguage,* which was on the best-seller list for nearly a year. But the Beresford troubles him. "A TV show was never my dream," he explains. "This is a dream—what I've worked for these nine years.

I've always wanted to live in the Beresford, to have that life." Seinfeld smiles. He's imagining lazy afternoons on his terrace and late evenings at Elaine's, where he's never been but which he hears is lively. "I'll be crushed if I don't get it," he says finally. "But I feel optimistic—the interview is at 6:30 on the 19th. That's a lot of nines."

The cars live in a Bond film. The Porsches (and two Volkswagens and a lone Vespa motor scooter) are housed in twin airplane hangars right off a runway at the Santa Monica airport. The hangars, which house most of Seinfeld's 60 cars, resemble some kind of underwater lair. They are pristine and cool gray, and the cars are buffed to a high sheen. "This is the most beautiful place in the world," Seinfeld says as he operates the electronic gizmo that opens the hangar door.

The metal gate rolls up and reveals a perfect Porsche universe. The cars, facing out, are all vintage, restored to gleaming perfection. He owns a leaf-green 911S, the model that McQueen drove in *Le Mans,* a '59 GT speedster, a couple of bathtub Porsches, and, in the center of it all, a pearl-gray Spyder 550, the same-model Porsche that James Dean crashed and died in. "There are only 40 left in the world," Seinfeld says, fiddling with the trunk of the Spyder. "I considered bringing it into the house, but it's aluminum and I was afraid it might get dented."

He pats the car, which is extraordinarily beautiful, on the hood. Nearly weekly, he drives all these cars up and down the airstrip, but today it's raining and he doesn't want them to get wet. "I want to race them," he says. "Some people want to fly planes, but I don't get that. There's no sense of speed. You could be doing 250 m.p.h. in the air and you can't tell. I'd rather do 30 m.p.h. in a Vespa."

The cars clear Seinfeld's brain. He's created an alternative universe, apart from his TV life, in this hangar. There's a small kitchen and a bathroom, and upstairs he's got the big-screen TV, the leather sofa which can convert into a bed, and the sleek, modern desk. He's already sold his house in L.A., and he makes jokes about staying here when he visits town. "Why not?" he says, sitting in the driver's seat of the Spyder. "I can watch the planes take off, drive the cars, smoke a cigar. What could be better?"

Although Seinfeld clearly loves his Porsches, it's not really a materialistic passion. His obsessions, which are specific and range from dolphins to Bic pens to Porsches to Boston Whaler boats, are the same obsessions he had when he was 10. Only now he has money to spend. Some stars take drugs, some drink, some become egomaniacal bores. Instead, Seinfeld embraces his obsessions. "I've always seen things narrow rather than wide," he explains, heading upstairs to his boy-tech playroom. "And I've always liked small things. For instance, I've been obsessed with Sony since I was a child. One time, my parents went away on a vacation and I was very upset. My mother told me I could have one of those eight-inch Sony black-and-white TVs. They were the coolest thing. From that point on, I wanted everything Sony I could get." He pauses. "It's S-O-N-Y: so New York."

While Seinfeld waits for the joke to click, he turns on his big TV to watch the N.B.A. All-Star game. He seems more interested in the commercials than whether or not the East will beat the West. One of his post-*Seinfeld* plans is to start a boutique advertising agency. He writes his commercials for American Express and he truly loves advertising. He also thinks about having a talk show in the next few years. He reveres David Letterman (*Late Night* is his favorite show on TV), and he imagines interviewing guests once a week, three times a month. "I can't feign interest," he says, "which could be a problem."

After the last episode, in April, Seinfeld plans to tour with his stand-up act through Iceland, Australia, Sweden, and Scotland. By August, he'll end up in New York, where he plans to tape his show on Broadway for an HBO special titled *I'm Telling You for the Last Time.*

"After that," Seinfeld says, switching the channel to some show on PBS about men who built the railroads, "I'm going to retire my act. In a 12-month period, I'll have ended a four-year relationship [with girlfriend Shoshanna Lonstein], ended the show, and retired my act. I've basically stripped myself of everything that ever meant anything to me." Seinfeld pauses. "I am very brave," he says, half joking. "But, then, fortune favors the brave."

"Jerry is the most well-adjusted person I know," says Larry David. "You really have to piss him off to get him worked up."

Hungry and bored with TV, Seinfeld goes downstairs to the cars. He heads across the tarmac to his other hangar, which houses later-model Porsches, mostly from the 70s. "It even smells like the 70s in here," he says, getting behind the wheel of the green 911S. "I love that smell." Seinfeld stares. "I love these cars," he continues happily. "And I love to drive, to just be moving in a car. When you drive, you're inside and you're outside. You're moving and you're completely still." Couldn't that also work as a metaphor for Seinfeld's philosophical approach to life? "Maybe," he says. "Or else it shows that I had one growth spurt at 18 and that was it."

"Did you ever see the movie *Lenny* with Dustin Hoffman?" Seinfeld asks. He is having dinner (a very uncharacteristic cheeseburger and fries—Seinfeld is a renowned health-food fanatic) at the Hamburger Hamlet on Sunset, where Dean Martin used to dine every Sunday night. "You know that scene where

Lenny Bruce meets Honey Harlowe? I think they're in a cafeteria. He's got the tuxedo with the tie down and he's pushing his tray along and he's meeting a stripper. I saw that and I thought, This is the greatest life I have ever seen. I mean, you're poor and you're trying to be funny. It was all cool."

As much as anything, *Lenny* inspired Seinfeld to be a comedian. That movie and the stand-ups Robert Klein and Bill Cosby. He and his older sister, Carolyn Liebling, grew up in Massapequa, Long Island. His father, who died of cancer in 1985, had a little shop called the Kal Signfeld Sign Co., and his mother was a housewife. "My father made a big impression on me," Seinfeld recalls. "He said, 'You can only make a certain amount with your hands, but with your mind, it's unlimited.'" Seinfeld pauses. "That was his one piece of advice in 18 years."

They were an independent family. "We went our own way," Seinfeld recalls. At 16, for instance, Seinfeld announced to his parents that he wanted to have sex in the house. "I hadn't had sex anywhere," he says now, still sounding indignant. "But my parents said no sex in the house." Perhaps as a result, Seinfeld did not lose his virginity for three more years. "If they had only let me have sex in the house," he says, "everything would have been different."

The day Seinfeld graduated with honors from Queens College, in 1976, he went to the Comedy Club in Manhattan to perform his stand-up routine. Even then, his style was observational. He'd remark upon the housewife in the Tide commercial who enthused over her detergent's success with bloodstains. "If you get a T-shirt with bloodstains," Seinfeld noted, "maybe laundry is not your problem now." Or comment on the luge event in the Winter Olympics ("The only sport where people could be competing against their will and you wouldn't know it"). Or one of his standards: "Dating is pressure and tension. What is a date, really, but a job interview that lasts all night?"

Seinfeld did not do characters or impressions, but CONTINUED ON PAGE 242



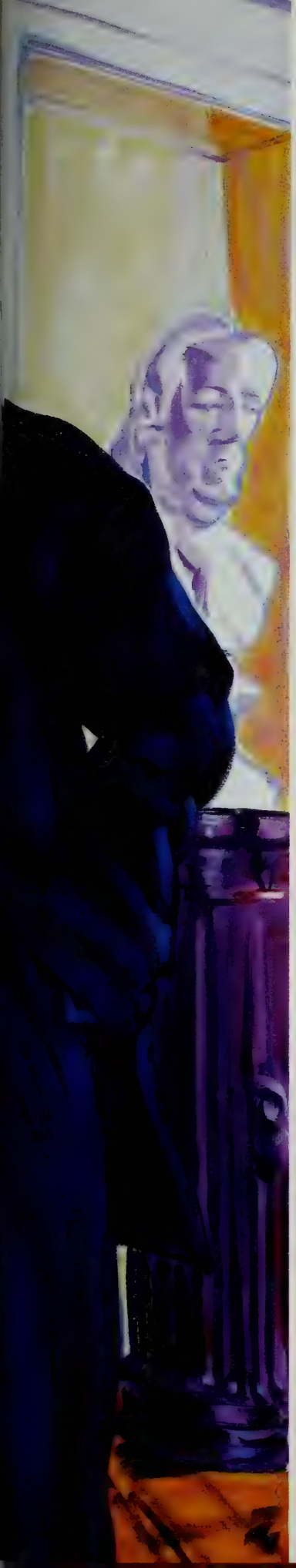
SIT-DOWN COMIC

After 180 mostly brilliant episodes, the party's over. Seinfeld deals with loss on Stage 9 of the CBS Studio Center, where the last episode was filmed; February 25, 1998.


"In a 12-month period,"
Seinfeld says,
"I'll have stripped myself
of everything that ever meant
anything to me."



Although Bill Clinton is emblematic of most things the early feminists fought against, it's plain why they support him: he is pro-choice, he signed into law the Family and Medical Leave Act, he favors affirmative action, and he has made child care a policy priority this year.



Clinton and Women

President Clinton's sordid entanglements with Gennifer Flowers, Paula Jones, and now Monica Lewinsky have drawn barely a squeak of protest from the powerful writers, lawyers, activists, politicians, and academics who call themselves feminists. As they struggle with fresh allegations from Kathleen Willey, MARJORIE WILLIAMS reveals some ugly truths about the women's movement and the commander in chief

Okay, class, let's review: The man in question has been sued for sexual harassment over an episode that allegedly included dropping his trousers to waggle his erect penis at a woman who held a $6.35-an-hour clerical job in the state government over which he presided. Another woman has charged that when she asked him for a job he invited her into his private office, fondled her breasts, and placed her hand on his crotch. A third woman confided to friends that when she was a 21-year-old in-

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP BURKE

tern she began an affair with the man—much older, married, and the head of the organization whose lowliest employee she was. Actually, it was less an affair than a service contract, in which she allegedly dashed into his office, when summoned, to perform oral sex on him. After their liaison was revealed, he denied everything, leaving her to be portrayed as a tramp and a liar. Or, in his own words, "*that woman.*"

Let us not even mention the former lover who was steered to a state job; or the law-enforcement officers who say the man used them to solicit sexual partners for him; or his routine use of staff members, lawyers, and private investigators to tar the reputation of any woman who tries to call him to account for his actions.

Can you find the problems with his behavior? Take your time: these problems are apparently of an order so subtle as to escape the notice of many of the smartest women in America—the writers, lawyers, activists, officeholders, and academics who call themselves feminists.

When news broke that Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr was investigating whether President Clinton had lied under oath about his relationship with White House intern Monica Lewinsky, or encouraged others to lie, the cacophony that ensued was notable for the absence of one set of voices: the sisterly chorus that backed up Anita Hill seven years ago when her charges of sexual harassment nearly stopped Clarence Thomas's confirmation to the Supreme Court.

With very few exceptions, feminists were either silent or dismissive this time. "If anything, it sounds like she put the moves on *him,*" said Susan Faludi, author of *Backlash.* Betty Friedan weighed in, but only to huff her outrage that Clinton's "enemies are attempting to bring him down through allegations about some dalliance with an intern. . . . Whether it's a fantasy, a set-up or true, I simply don't care."

It was not until former White House volunteer Kathleen Willey appeared on *60 Minutes* in mid-March to make public the allegation she had formerly made in a deposition—that Clinton had manhandled her during a private meeting in which she sought a paying job—that some feminists began to make reluctant noises of dismay. The National Organization for Women (NOW), which until then had found itself "unable to comment responsibly," averred that "Kathleen Willey's sworn testimony moves the question from whether the president is a 'womanizer' to whether he is a sexual predator."

But NOW's change of heart was by no means typical of feminist activists. Many others hung tough. Anita Perez Ferguson, president of the National Women's Political Caucus—the premier group promoting female participation in American politics—described Willey's charges as "quantity rather than quality, in terms of my feelings." She continued, "There's no question that it's disturbing. . . . But to come to any judgment now is definitely not something that I think is timely."

Hillary Clinton is, in effect, her husband's feminist beard: the guarantor of his political bona fides.

With the exception of a few Republicans, women in Congress—including several swept to power by female outrage over the Senate's treatment of Anita Hill—have shown an equal agility of mind. Their excuses range from the procedural stonewall ("What is important for the American people to know is that there is a process in place to deal with these allegations," in the words of Senator Barbara Boxer) to the creative inversion (What about Ken Starr's "humiliation" of the women he dragged before the grand jury?, fumed Representative Nancy Pelosi) to the truly fanciful twist on gender politics ("Not so many years ago, a woman couldn't *be* a White House intern," said a straight-faced Senator Carol Moseley-Braun on *Meet the Press*).

My own sampling of feminist opinion found women offering an astonishing array of strategies for avoiding the elephant in the living room:

See no evil . . . "It will be a great pity if the Democratic Party is damaged by this," the feminist writer Anne Roiphe told me. "That's been my response from the very beginning—I just wanted to close my eyes, and wished it would go away."

Hear no evil . . . "We do not know what happened in the Lewinsky case," said Kathy Rodgers, executive director of the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund. "The only thing that is clear is that the facts are not clear."

Speak no evil . . . "We're trying to think of the bigger picture, think about what's best for women," said Eleanor Smeal, president of the Feminist Majority Foundation.

If the hypocrisy and the powers of denial are impressive, one must consider that these women have had a lot of practice. Feminists have all along muffled, disguised, excused, and denied the worst aspects of the president's behavior with women—especially in their reactions to Paula Jones, whose sexual-harassment suit they have greeted with attitudes ranging from tepid boilerplate support to outright hostility.

In the Lewinsky case, it has fallen to their enemies to state the obvious. "The C.E.O. of a corporation wouldn't have had time to pack up his briefcase before he was fired for this," says Barbara Ledeen, executive director for policy at the Independent Women's Forum, the Washington-based group that has achieved a certain cachet for its condemnations of traditional feminism.

"The president should be setting some sort of example in the workplace," says the outrageous libertarian writer Camille Paglia, who has gained promi-

nence in part for denouncing liberal feminists. "That's all I'm talking about. *In. The. Workplace.* . . . Since when did the president use the interns as a dessert cart? '*Mmmmm,* she looks good!' When did that become okay?"

The chief reason for feminists' continued support of Clinton is clear: Clinton is their guy. Clarence Thomas was their enemy. Bob Packwood, a liberal Republican who was the next habitual boor to walk the plank, was a harder case for feminists, but in the end they tied the blindfold. Clinton, though, is the hardest case, because he is the most reliably supportive president they've ever had.

But if political opportunism is the main cause of their current blindness, it's not the only one. And it's worth examining all the reasons in detail. For you can find in them a road map to everything that ails liberal feminism today: political self-dealing, class bias, and dedication to a bleak vision of sexual "liberation" that has deprived them of what was once the moral force of their beliefs.

Feminists are quick to say that any charges of hypocrisy lodged against them are the work of the anti-Clinton right. "It's a twofer for them," says Smeal. "If they can get the president, great. And if they can get feminism, even greater."

So it seems appropriate to say here that I am a feminist and a registered Democrat. Many of the feminist activists in Washington are women I've known for years as sources; I feel an open sympathy for much of the work they do. Yet I also feel something close to fury over their failure to call Clinton to account for his actions. My anger may be bred, in part, by my own past willingness to "put in perspective" Clinton's questionable behavior with women—enough, at least, to vote for him twice. I can't defend my own past complicity, but I can say that what follows is not the brief of a practiced Clinton hater.

To be sure, it is *possible* to find a reason, consistent with at least some brand of feminism, to dismiss every allegation that has been made against President Clinton. Monica Lewinsky was apparently an eager partner. Paula Jones has allied herself with right-wingers who never before gave the first damn about the victims of sexual harassment, and as a legal matter her case is, at best, borderline: even if the facts are exactly as she states them, it's a stretch to interpret them as violations of the laws under which she is suing. In the case of Kathleen Willey, there are the usual ambiguities surrounding any episode that comes down to *she says/he says,* and evidence—mitigating, in some people's eyes—that she continued to seek favors from him after the episode she describes. The White House, in fact, broke its otherwise stony silence to besiege reporters with detailed catalogues of the many friendly notes Willey had written to the president since 1993.

In each woman's case, there is enough we don't know to support a respectable claim of ignorance. The individual pieces of the Clinton saga are complex, snaky things with their own tawdry confusions. But these are precisely the complications that Clinton has capitalized on. The truth is that, while a lot of the facts are murky, enough of them are clear. We have good evidence, for example, that Clinton, as governor of Arkansas, had a state trooper escort Paula Jones to his suite at Little Rock's Excelsior Hotel during her work hours, and we know that she gave contemporaneous accounts of the meeting to several witnesses which closely track the allegations in her lawsuit. We know that there is extensive evidence of a relationship between Clinton and Lewinsky that has not been challenged by the administration. We know that Arkansas state troopers have said under oath that Clinton used them to enable his sexual escapades in Little Rock. And we know that Clinton has lied about his past behavior—including the sizable lie that underlay the supposedly informed decision of the American people that they didn't care about his womanizing: his elaborately careful 1992 denials of his affair with Gennifer Flowers.

Where America's women leaders have failed is in their unwillingness to draw even the most commonsensical conclusions from the evidence of Clinton's recklessness. Instead, they have taken refuge in legalisms. In the words of an "alert" posted on the feminist Women Leaders Online Web site, "Men acting like pigs is not against the law; if it were, many women in America could be zillionaires."

But since when did feminists see their mission as defining and denouncing only that which is illegal? Didn't the phrase "men acting like pigs" once describe a fair portion of what feminists were trying to change? *Clearly* the Monica Lewinsky scandal is not a case of illegal sexual harassment. But if Clinton had the relationship with her that the available evidence suggests he had, it flew in the face of the law's spirit and reasoning: among other things, by potentially penalizing all the interns with whom he did not have affairs.

In their sudden and exclusive reverence for the law, feminists have jeopardized some of their greatest achievements. And what their elaborate excuses ignore is that they could play an important role in securing the facts they find so lamentably scarce: women are a crucial constituency for the Clinton administration, and if feminists were to demand answers from Clinton as vociferously as they demanded a Senate hearing for Anita Hill, we might all be closer to penetrating the White House's wall of silence.

It's plain enough why feminists want to keep Clinton in office. He is pro-choice; he signed into law the Family and Medical Leave Act, which had been vetoed twice by a Republican president; he favors affirmative action, which benefits women more than any ethnic group in the country; he has made child care a policy priority this year. According to the Center for the American Woman and Politics, Clinton has appointed 10 of the 21 women who have served in Cabinet-level positions, including the first woman ever to be secretary of state or attorney general. And he appointed Ruth Bader Ginsburg to the Supreme Court.

While most of the Washington-based women's organizations that lobby and promote women's participation in electoral politics maintain a veneer of bipartisanship, a web of relationships links them to the Clinton administration. White House Communications director Ann Lewis, who has been one of Clinton's fiercest defenders on television, was once the chair of the Democratic Task Force of the National Women's Political Caucus. Anita Perez Ferguson, who is now president of the caucus, formerly worked CONTINUED ON PAGE 250

Paris, when

Paris really comes alive twice a year, charged by the grand, fabulous folly of the couture shows, the triumph of $250,000 dresses by Yves Saint Laurent, Karl Lagerfeld, and Valentino, among others. There was the endless parade in the Ritz lobby, Diana Ross and the Miller sisters applauding John Galliano's decadent Dior "happening," tea with Adnan Khashoggi, and clothes, clothes, clothes—so went DOMINICK DUNNE'S whirlwind debut at the collections. Photographs by JONATHAN BECKER



it Sizzles

The highlight of the couture was John Galliano's dazzling finale for Dior at the Opéra National, January 19. *Insets, clockwise from below:* Galliano backstage; Christian Lacroix selects the jewelry at his show at the Grand Hôtel, 2 Rue Scribe, January 20; Dominick Dunne's invitation to the Chanel collection; Valentino with *Paris Vogue* editor Joan Buck and Joan Collins at the dinner party after his show, January 18.



You happen to be here at the most spectacular week the couture has had in years.

—Polly Mellen, creative director of *Allure,* in the elevator at the Ritz hotel in Paris.

I wanted to do something different from murder trials for a change, and along came haute couture, which may not seem like a very logical transition, although the word "cutthroat," which applied perfectly to the last trial I covered, applied as well, in a business sense, to the rarefied goings-on I witnessed in Paris in January during what is called couture week. Whether sitting on a gold chair watching models parade past in astronomically priced dresses, or lunching at the Bar Vendôme in the Ritz hotel between shows, or dining with devotees of fashion at this or that opulent *hôtel particulier,* as they call town houses over there, I almost never heard anything discussed other than couture, couture, couture. If couture is dying, or dead, as naysayers have been predicting for years, you wouldn't have been aware of it. "It's a fabulous season, the best in years," people who know about such things kept saying to me in tones of joy. "Couture has its energy back!"

Price is not *the issue. It's absurd to talk about price. For these women the couture is a necessity. It's having something no one else has. It's the same thing as collecting art.*

—André Leon Talley, *Vanity Fair* contributing editor and *Vogue*'s contributing editor-at-large.

What I discovered fast is that there is a lot more to these shows than very rich ladies "who have lost their waists but not their appetite for couture"—to quote Suzy Menkes in the *International Herald Tribune*—planning their wardrobes around their upcoming social schedules. And it's a very different thing from ready-to-wear; no client paying what these dresses cost wants her ball gown to be mistaken



Clockwise from above: **a crowd gathers outside Valentino's, at 8 Place Vendôme; the Place Vendôme during the day; Karl Lagerfeld at Chanel; photographers jam the Jean Paul Gaultier collection; a Rolls-Royce pulls up to the Ritz, where "everyone" stays; a model has shoes chosen for her backstage at Dior; the audience appraises one of Thierry Mugler's designs at the Galerie Nationale du Jeu de Paume; actress Sophie Marceau at Dior; Oscar de la Renta and Jacqueline de Ribes at his Balmain presentation; Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Arnault at Givenchy.**


Ritz
Ritz



for ready-to-wear. To give you an idea of the couture price range, a plain silk T-shirt to be worn under a suit costs $6,000, while the suit itself will set you back another $28,000 or so. A simple black evening dress with no beading or embroidery can cost about $18,000; more elaborate evening dresses go for as much as $250,000. Recently, the divorcing Jocelyne Wildenstein—who was expected at the January shows but did not appear—was photographed at a party in New York wearing a Chanel couture evening dress that cost $350,000. "She kept adding things," I was told.

Couture is considered such a refined art that it takes an exquisite sensibility to "get it," much as opera aficionados can assess and compare the beauty and timbre of great singers' voices in a way others can't. It would be absurd for me to say that I got that sensibility at the shows—you can't "get it" in a week—but I did come away with an understanding of the passion that those who do get it possess. They become transfixed as they talk about it, and an expression approaching rapture comes over their faces. They say things like "There are thousands of hours of embroidery on that" and "Everything made by hand!" For them, the genius of design combined with the craft of sewing is elevated to the level of the sublime.

For a little historical perspective on the matter, the French couture began in the 1860s, during the reign of Napoleon III, when the designer Charles Frederick Worth moved to Paris from London and dressed Empress Eugénie. It reached its apex in the 1950s, when Christian Dior, Jacques Fath, Cristóbal Balenciaga, Coco Chanel, and, later, Hubert de Givenchy ruled supreme as heads of their own houses, and Paris was the center of the fashion universe, from which all dictates pertaining to style emanated. These couturiers, colorful figures all, mixed in the Paris society of the day and understood the lives and needs of the women for whom they were designing. Hubert de Givenchy, the last of them, retired in 1995 and has recently become president of Christie's auction house in Paris, as well as a severe critic of French fashion today, particularly at the house that bears his name. Fashion is no longer a uniquely French institution. Foreigners have moved in on French turf, even into French ateliers. The English lads, as John Galliano and Alexander McQueen are often called, have taken over the reins at Dior and Givenchy. Oscar de la Renta of New York, where he has his own house, designs for Balmain and spends part of the year in Paris. The German Karl Lagerfeld has designed for Chanel for 15 years, while maintaining his own line as well, and the Italian Valentino, who recently sold

his business and his services for $300 million to an Italian conglomerate, has opened palatial offices on the Place Vendôme, catty-corner to the Ritz, where he gave a splendid dinner for 150 very swell people following his show, which everyone said was his best in years.

This is couture. Nothing is impossible.

—Katell le Bourhis, fashion adviser to Bernard Arnault, president of Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton.

The Ritz, with its sad memory of a dead princess, is where "everyone" stays, meaning the people who get seats in the front row at all the shows, on either the customer or the press side of the aisles. The Ritz is where the action takes place, and it couldn't be more posh. When I arrived at my room, there were bouquets of flowers, baskets of fruit, gifts of cosmetics for men from Thierry Mugler, and invitations to the shows and the parties. Engraved cards soon began arriving—from Florence Grinda, director of public relations for Ungaro, for lunch in honor of Emanuel Ungaro after his show; from Valentino Garavani for dinner after his show in his new digs; from São Schlumberger for dinner in honor of Mrs. William McCormick Blair at her apartment on the Avenue Charles Fouquet; from Giancarlo Giammetti, Valentino's business partner, for lunch at his new, Peter Marino–decorated apartment on the Quai d'Orsay.

In the Ritz lobby, everyone seemed to be racing by on missions of importance. Anna Wintour, the editor of American *Vogue,* waved as she sped past in dark glasses, wearing a chinchilla-trimmed black suede jacket. Amanda Harlech, the muse for Karl Lagerfeld, hurried by, her hair in curlers, her Chanel dress covered in muslin. "I'm being photographed," she called out in passing. Marin Hopper, the fashion director of *Elle,* ran through on her way to the Saint Laurent show. Grace, Countess of Dudley, of New York society, all in black except for a turquoise shahtoush around her neck and clutching her front-row ticket to the Balmain show, paused only to say, "Nice tie." Actually, no one says "the



From top: Nan Kempner outside the Chanel showroom; Manolo Blahnik, a dancer dressed as Nijinsky, and Blahnik's sister, Evangeline, at the Dior extravaganza; Anna Wintour and André Leon Talley at Givenchy; Adnan Khashoggi and his wife, Shapira (in gray dress), at Dior; Deeda Blair, São Schlumberger, and Katell le Bourhis at Givenchy; Italian fashion editor Anna Piaggi at Valentino. *Opposite, from top:* models in Galliano gowns; Polly Mellen and Elizabeth Saltzman at Dior; the Countess de Ravenel, the Marquise de Ravenel, Mica Ertegun, and Linda Wachner at Balmain; Mr. Pearl, Lacroix's corsetier, cinched to 18 inches; Catherine Deneuve and Hélène Rochas at Yves Saint Laurent.

Balmain show." They all say "Oscar's show." Or "We're going to Oscar's." Later, everyone said this was Oscar's best show in years.

From my journal:

The Bar Vendôme at the Ritz was hopping. Joan Collins, here from London for the Valentino show and looking great, was holding court at one table. Anna Wintour and Oscar de la Renta were in deep conversation at another. Baron Alexis de Redé. Princess Firyal of Jordan. Marina Palma. On and on, the kind of people you read about, who say things like "Mongiardino died this morning" and "Valentino wants you to come out to his château." Joy Henderiks, director of haute couture for Chanel, nodded in the direction of two of Paris's most enduring social figures, on a nearby banquette, and said, "They're having a social fling, those two." A social fling turns out to be not quite an affair, embracing all the intimacies except sex.



Clockwise from above: **Dominick Dunne, Diana Ross, and Patrice Calmette at Dior; a Jean Paul Gaultier model; Dior models; invitation to a lunch for Ungaro; an Alexander McQueen creation for Givenchy; Diane Von Furstenberg, second from left, with her daughter-in-law, Alexandra von Fürstenberg, and Princess Marie-Chantal, studies a Balmain model; Dior models; Claudia Schiffer and Ashley Judd at Valentino's celebration dinner; Yves Saint Laurent with one of his models after his collection.**

Last night Valentino had a big party after his show in his new Paris headquarters. The collection was a smash, and he was riding high. It was his best show in years, everyone said. Joan Collins, Princess Firyal, and my old pal Joan Buck were at my table. Joan, who is now the editor of *Paris Vogue,* is peaking, in both the looks and the career departments.

"Who is buying?" I asked a fashion-house directrice.

"Lots of women you've never heard of, whose husbands have made $50 million or so in the last few years."

In the late 50s, Elsa Schiaparelli predicted that jet travel would be the beginning of the end of couture. She said that in the jet age women wouldn't stay in Paris long enough for the fittings that are required for a couture dress to be properly made. Pierre Bergé, the partner of Yves Saint Laurent, predicted a while back that couture would be dead after Saint Laurent. And so it briefly seemed. Then along

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En l'honneur d'Emanuel Ungaro

Madame Florence Grinda

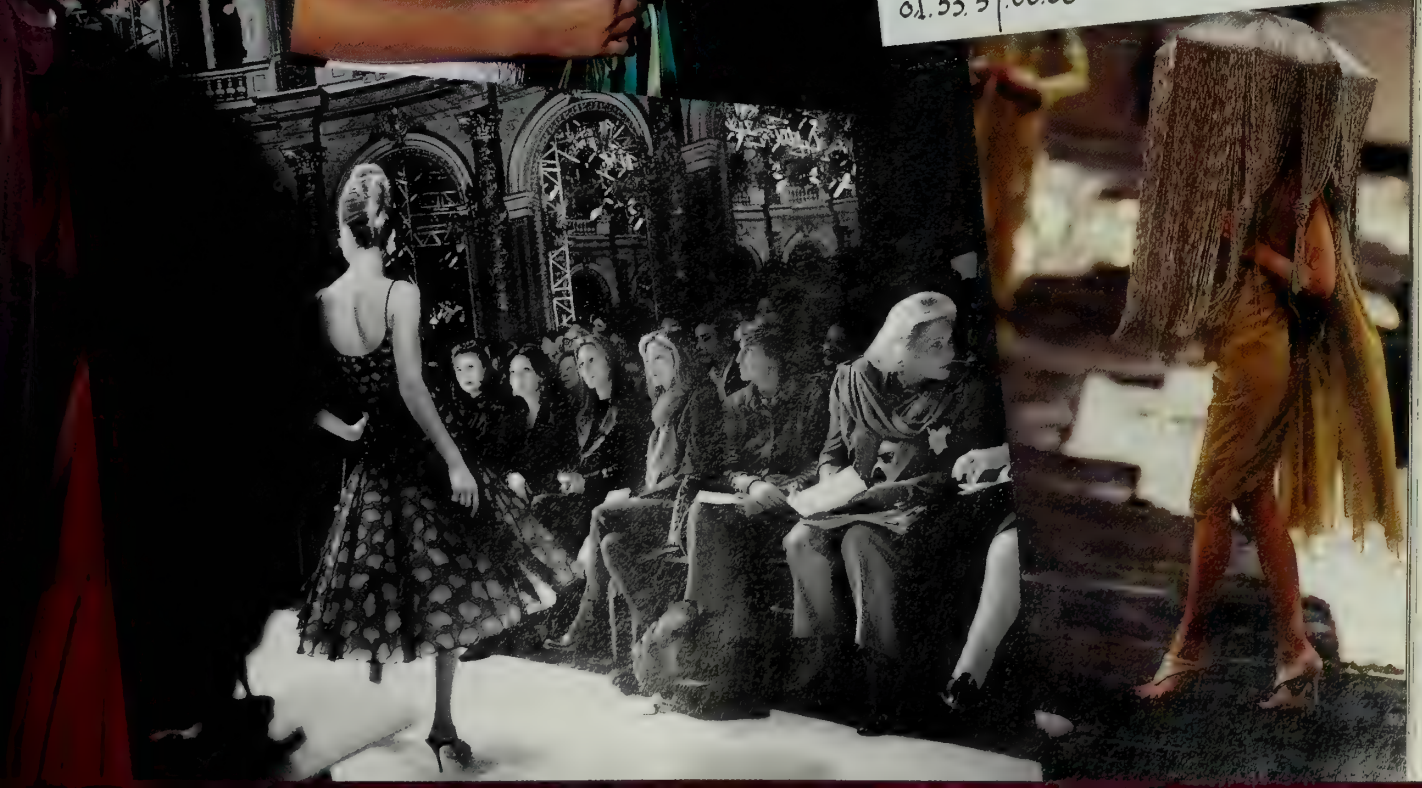
prie Monsieur Dominich Umne

de lui faire l'honneur de venir déjeuner

le dimanche 18 janvier à 13 heures 15

10, Rue de l'Univers
75007 Paris

R.S.V.P.
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THE DOCUMENTARIANS

modern American documentary, influenced by the a vérité tradition of the late 1950s, were an enterprising lot. Us- ght, htweight equipment, D. A. Pennebaker unmasked Bob Dylan in *Dont Look Back* (1967), while Albert and David Maysles captured the bleak travails of four door-to-door Bible salesmen in *Salesman* (1968). Frederick Wiseman's horrifying 1967 documentary, *Titicut* –about a Massachusetts hospital for the criminally insane–was was banned until 1991 on grounds that it violated By the time Peter Davis's assault on American



REAL TIME

Documentary filmmakers photographed on January 14, 1998. *Top row, left to right:* Peter Davis, Susan Froemke (editor, *Grey Gardens*), Robert Epstein, Jeffrey Friedman, Ric Burns, Lisa Ades (Ric Burns's producing partner), David Sonenberg (producer, *When We Were Kings*), Lewis Cohn and Sarah Burns. *Bottom row:* Barbara Kopple, Ernest Dickerson, Albert Maysles, D. A. Pennebaker, Hope Ryden, Frederick Wiseman

Vietnam policy, *Hearts and Minds*, appeared in 1974, the documentarians' commitment to objectivity was seriously in doubt.

Today objectivity is almost beside the point, as evidenced by Errol Morris's damning *The Thin Blue Line* (1988), about an innocent man on death row, and Barbara Kopple's heartrending portraits of blue-collar America, *Harlan County, U.S.A.* (1976) and *American Dream* (1990). Lately, the techniques have become as varied as the subjects. In his 1996 Oscar-winning documentary on Muhammad Ali, *When We Were Kings*, Leon Gast intercut highbrow commentary from Norman Mailer and George Plimpton with Ali's endearing rants. Morris made unlikely heroes out of a topiary trimmer and a mole-rat researcher in last year's *Fast, Cheap & out of Control*, while Robert Epstein and Jeffrey Friedman explored depictions of gays in cinema in *The Celluloid Closet* (1995).

Over the last decade, documentarians have proved that their medium can be both powerful and popular. Henry Hampton's award-winning series on the civil-rights movement, *Eyes on the Prize* (1987), has been seen by more than 20 million viewers worldwide. In 1990, Ken and Ric Burns broke public-television audience records with their 11-hour epic, *The Civil War*. Meantime, Ken Burns is at work on a documentary about architect Frank Lloyd Wright. Kopple's new film about Woody Allen's jazz band, *Wild Man Blues*, opens this month. The Maysles brothers' *Grey Gardens*, the disquieting 1976 study of two relatives of Jackie Onassis, is being re-released. And those who missed Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus's chilling coverage of the 1992 presidential campaign, *The War Room*, can now catch the duo's new project, *Moon over Broadway*, about the backstage histrionics during the production of the Broadway play *Moon over Buffalo*—a movie so deliciously verité that during shooting Pennebaker wondered "Why are they letting us film this?"

—EVGENIA PERETZ



PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

A Girl

American oil heiress Marion Carstairs, known as Joe, was one of the world's great eccentrics, earning fame in the 1920s for her record-setting prowess in motorboat racing. KATE SUMMERSCALE chronicles Carstairs' exploits and her 40-year reign on Whale Cay, the Bahamian island she acquired in 1934, where she entertained the Duke and Duchess of Windsor



Named Joe



QUEEN FOR A CAY

Opposite, **Joe Carstairs in the 1930s, with the only man she ever loved, Lord Tod Wadley, a foot-high leather doll. "He's just like my husband," the Duchess of Windsor once said of him.** ***Above,*** **Joe, in the 1940s, on her motorcycle on Whale Cay.**

At the end of December 1993 a letter arrived at the London *Daily Telegraph* obituaries desk, where I worked, from a woman called Jane Harrison-Hall. She had noticed the name of her godmother, Marion Barbara Carstairs, in the death-announcements column of the newspaper. Though Mrs. Harrison-Hall had not seen her godmother for decades, she was writing to suggest she might be a suitable subject for an obituary.

No one on the desk had heard of Carstairs, but when I looked up the name in the *Telegraph* library files I found a thick packet of newspaper cuttings, most of them reports of motorboat races. It seemed that M. B. Carstairs, born in 1900, had been famous in the 1920s. Always dressed in men's clothes, she had raced for Britain and established herself as the fastest woman on water. In 1934 she all but vanished when she left England to become ruler of the Bahamian island of Whale Cay (pronounced "key"). I wrote an obituary, giving it the heading "'Joe' Carstairs" because this was the most widely used of the many names she took. The piece was published in the newspaper in January 1994.

A *Telegraph* obituary is formal in structure: it is anonymous, written in the third person, and without overt commentary; it is topped, tailed, and interrupted by facts and figures—the age at death, dates of birth, marriages, divorces, education, appointments, honors. This frame lends authority and authenticity, licensing the anecdotes, eccentricities, and asides for which the *Telegraph* obituary is prized. In form, the obituaries imitate the unself-consciousness of the figures they celebrate; in truth, they are mischievous and knowing. But the teasing is laced with affection—at the heart of these pieces is a lament, for a century and a spirit which are passing.

The spirit is embodied in the dotty dowagers and bristling brigadiers who people the obituaries column. These are the characters for whom the *Telegraph* obituary might have been invented, figures who are comically, heroically British. They are untroubled by whys and wherefores: they just are, and they just do. They persist in the face of disaster, of ridicule, of a radically changing world. The spirit they represent helped forge the British Empire; during the two World Wars it made for astonishing bravery (the soldier who acted with "reckless disregard for his own safety," in the words of innumerable military citations), and in peacetime it made for fabulous eccentricity.

Carstairs was all these things: blithe, bold, courageous, unself-conscious, imperialist, impervious to social change. And like many of the eccentrics who appear on the obituaries page, she was born to money: she could afford not to care. Yet Joe Carstairs was no dowager or brigadier—she was a cross-dressing lesbian whose fortune was made in the oil fields of America, in the years when the United States began to displace Britain as a great power. And though she didn't need to be, she was a relentless entrepreneur. Her ambitions were made the more astonishing by the fact that she was a woman, but they were overreaching by any standards: fueled by her money, she pursued a fantasy of autonomy and omnipotence in which she was variously the fastest creature on the seas, an immortal boy, and a great ruler of men.

I decided to find out more about Joe Carstairs. In Switzerland, London, New York, Florida, and the Bahamas I met her former friends, lovers, and employees. And I was given a series of tape recordings she had made in 1975 and 1976, with a view to having friends ghostwrite her autobiography; these tapes are the source of many of the direct quotations that follow.

In 1905 or thereabouts, Marion Barbara Carstairs was thrown off a bolting camel at London Zoo. She was knocked unconscious; raw steaks were applied to her bruised head, and when she came around she had earned herself a new name, "Tuffy."

Joe Carstairs told a friend that this was the story with which her biography should begin. Her genesis, by this account, was of her own making: she was born not of human flesh but of her own will.

Yet, for all her fantasies of self-invention, Joe Carstairs did have parents, grandparents, a flesh-and-blood history. Her grandfather Jabez Abel Bostwick created the family fortune. Born in 1830 into a farming family in New York State, he amassed his money as one of the founders of John D. Rockefeller's South Improvement Company.

In the late 1870s, Bostwick built his family a stately five-floor town house on Fifth Avenue, in New York City. Jabez's wife was Helen Celia Bostwick, known as Nellie. "She was a wicked old lady," recalled Joe with pride, "rough, tough, she wanted her own way. She was a wonderful person. . . . She had great power." To calm her rages Nellie would advance down the staircase at the town house belting out operatic arias.

Jabez and Nellie had three children. The middle child, Evelyn, born in 1872, was the mother of Joe Carstairs. Much as her daughter would become a leading light of the London "speed set," Evelyn Bostwick became a conspicuous member of the Long Island "hunting set," and showed horses at Madison Square. In 1891, Evelyn married Captain Albert Carstairs of the Royal Irish Rifles, a Scotsman she had met on a trip to Europe.

The marriage lasted a decade, but little record of it survives. It is not clear in which countries Albert and Evelyn

Excerpted from *The Queen of Whale Cay: The Eccentric Story of "Joe" Carstairs, Fastest Woman on Water,* by Kate Summerscale, to be published in May by Viking; © 1997 by the author.

"Joe was the only one who called Marlene Dietrich 'Babe' and got away with it."

lived, nor whether they even lived together. Evelyn was never a faithful wife, and perhaps we cannot even assume that Joe was Albert Carstairs' daughter. The birth smacks of accident: the couple had been married for eight years when Joe was born, they divorced soon afterward, and Albert seems to have made no attempt to keep in touch with his only child. He re-enlisted in the army just a week before her birth.

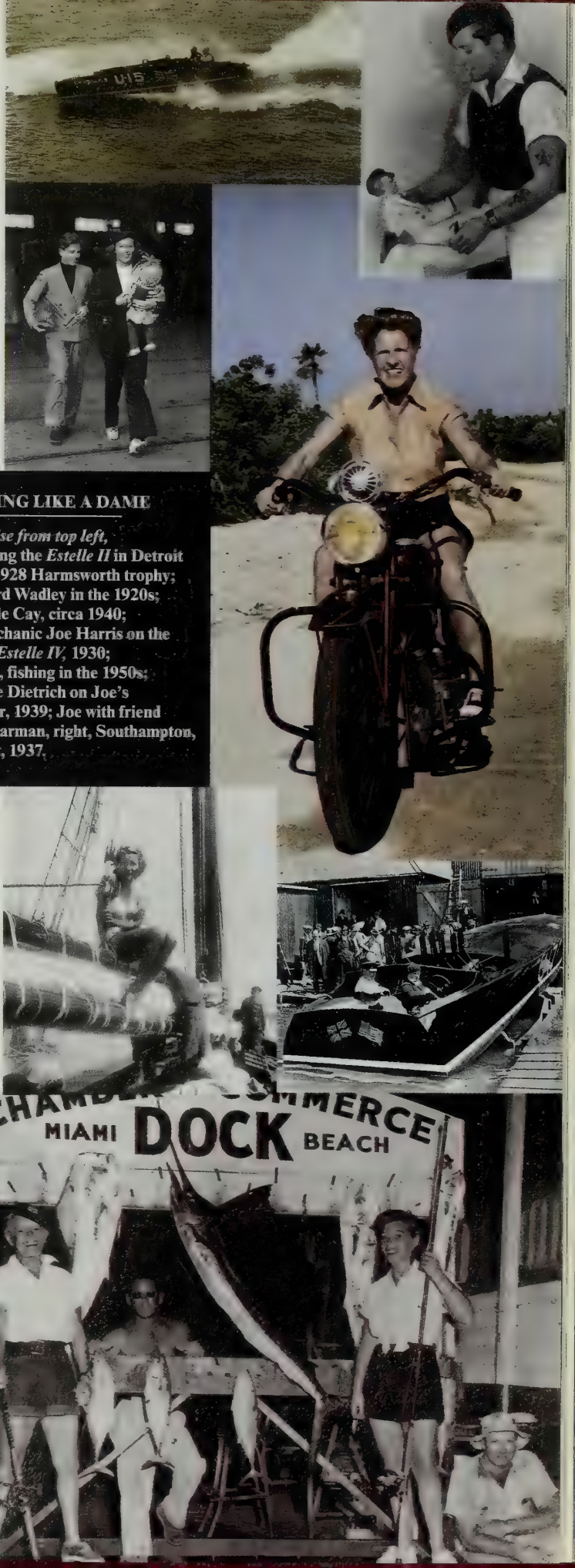
We do know that in 1900 Evelyn was living in London. On February 1 of that year, she gave birth to Marion Barbara Carstairs at 115 Park Street, Mayfair, a red-brick house in a newly built terrace. In 1903, Evelyn remarried, producing a second daughter. Shortly afterward she bore a son, who was named Frank. Evelyn's new husband was Francis Francis, another British army captain (under the circumstances, it was fortunate that Evelyn no longer went by her first name, Frances).

Joe was prone to scrapes and tumbles. If taken to a party dressed in a white dress, she would run outside and roll in the mud. "From the time I learnt to walk, I ran," she said. "My mother said I was a bull in a china shop."

Captain Francis disapproved of his wild stepdaughter. "He thought he'd cure me," recalled Joe, "but he didn't." This wildness, the sickness which was not cured, was even then a euphemism for her masculine behavior. When Francis caught the little girl, aged eight, stealing his cigars, he punished her by ordering her to sit down in his study and smoke one. If you're sick, he said, go out, throw up, and come back. Joe, who had been pilfering his cigars for some time, sat down and calmly smoked her way to the end.

Evelyn's vaulting moods were fed by alcohol and heroin. Within hours she could descend from brilliance to incoherence, her shimmer and charm dying into bitterness and loose cruelty. Because of her unnatural volatility, Evelyn was both hated and adored by her elder daughter. "She was beautiful, she was bright, she was extraordinary," Joe said, "but she had this terrible thing of taking dope. . . . She was unpredictable, to the limit of all."

One of Joe's few happy memories of childhood was of sailing in her own dinghy on the sea near Southampton, England, armed with crackers and a



NOTHING LIKE A DAME

Clockwise from top left, Joe racing the *Estelle II* in Detroit for the 1928 Harmsworth trophy; with Lord Wadley in the 1920s; on Whale Cay, circa 1940; with mechanic Joe Harris on the 35-foot *Estelle IV,* 1930; Joe, left, fishing in the 1950s; Marlene Dietrich on Joe's schooner, 1939; Joe with friend Mrs. Pearman, right, Southampton, England, 1937.

jug of water. And she made little vessels from twigs. Even then, boats represented autonomy amid chaos. Whom or what did she admire, a friend asked her, when she was a child? "I didn't admire anything," Carstairs replied, "except boats."

Joe boasted of what a bully she was: she particularly liked to stick pins in her baby brother, Frank. By her account, she was eventually deemed so "dangerous" to her half-brother and half-sister that she was sent away to a boarding school in America.

In 1916 Joe begged her grandmother Nellie Bostwick to let her go to war. Mrs. Bostwick, a woman of some influence as well as resolve, persuaded the American Red Cross to send her 16-year-old granddaughter to drive ambulances in France.

Joe reached Paris in 1917, shortly before the Americans joined the Great War. She moved into an apartment in Montparnasse with four other ambulance drivers. The apartment was cheap to rent because it had a glass roof, through which the girls could see bomber aircraft flying overhead. Paris was heavily shelled, Joe recalled: whole sides of houses fell down and people lay bleeding in the streets. It was in the midst of all of this excitement that Joe became infatuated with one of her roommates, Dorothy Wilde.

"Dolly" Wilde was Oscar Wilde's grandniece, and after his death she was the only member of the family to bear his name (such was Oscar's social disgrace that his two sons took his mother's name, Holland). Oscar died in Paris in 1900; 14 years later Dolly burst upon the Parisian scene like a resurrection. This resurrection, though, was marvelously inverted: her uncle had loved boys, she loved girls; she was the mannish woman to his feminine man.

Alice B. Toklas, the lover of Gertrude Stein, wrote of Dolly's "almost mythical, pristine freshness." "Half-androgyne," said the great love of Dolly's life, Natalie Clifford Barney, "and half-goddess."

Barney, a rich American expatriate and patron of the arts, was the most famous lesbian alive; the writer Remy de Gourmont dubbed her l'Amazone after seeing her magnificent bearing as she rode astride through the Bois de Boulogne. Barney's Friday-night salons, at which tea and chocolate cakes were served, attracted the celebrities of the day: Rabindranath Tagore, Paul Valéry, Proust, Gide, Eliot, Cocteau, Colette, Rilke, Joyce, Pound, Hemingway. Before the war Mata Hari rode naked at Barney's salon on a white horse which was wearing a turquoise-studded collar.

Dolly Wilde spun at the heart of this world, but Joe Carstairs was on the periphery. "I was too nondescript," Joe said. "I was still in embryo." To the Parisian sophisticates she was simply a stocky, gauche American girl, steeped in new money and unschooled in art or literature.

Dolly introduced Joe to the excitements of sex and intellect. "I knew [her] excessively well," Joe said. "She taught me the elasticity of thought. She taught me to think." In flattering and wooing Joe Carstairs, Dolly showed her that by re-creating herself in the image of a fictional character she could transform her gaucherie to charm. Joe learned her lesson. She never underestimated the powers a theatrical self could afford one.

The work for the women drivers could be dangerous, but Joe relished the adventure, and loved being surrounded by women who shared her feisty and rebellious spirit. In their ambulances Joe and her friends drove wounded soldiers from casualty clearing stations to large hospitals. They sold British army huts to the French made homeless by the war. They ferried the Chinese labor battalions and German prisoners of war to and from work. And they acted as chauffeurs to officers.

The girls were demobilized on April 23, 1920. If the men who had served in the Great War were exhausted and depleted, these women returned replenished, brimming with vigor and ambition, and Joe had acquired a taste for wearing men's clothes.

Nellie Bostwick survived five strokes, but on April 27, 1920, she suffered a heart attack and died in New York at the age of 77. She was worth some $30 million. Nellie had been Joe's protector, and, pending the execution of her will, Joe claimed that she found herself almost penniless. The sudden hardship did not ruffle her: "I was supremely happy," said Joe, "I really was." She took jobs as a bartender and as a demonstrator at the Bugatti showroom in London. In fact, Joe was never short of money: before her death Nellie had created two trust funds for her. Joe's poverty was a fantasy, designed to prolong the invigorating privations of the war. To re-create those golden days Joe hatched a plan: she and three other former ambulance drivers would pool their resources, which included stipends from the army, and set up a chauffeuring business in London.

The X Garage—"X," Joe explained, to indicate that it was "an unknown quantity"—was based just off Cornwall Gardens, Kensington. The girls lived in an apartment above the garage, a converted stable in a cobbled cul-de-sac sunk behind the main square. They bought a handful of six-seater Daimler landaulets, luxurious cars with staid, sumptuous carriages. These women had come back from the first mechanized war with a mastery of machines. "God knows I'm a damn good driver," Joe said.

The women delighted in the absurdities and surprises their work threw up. The X Garage had many illustrious clients, among them Sir James Barrie, the author of *Peter Pan,* and the Sultan of Perak.

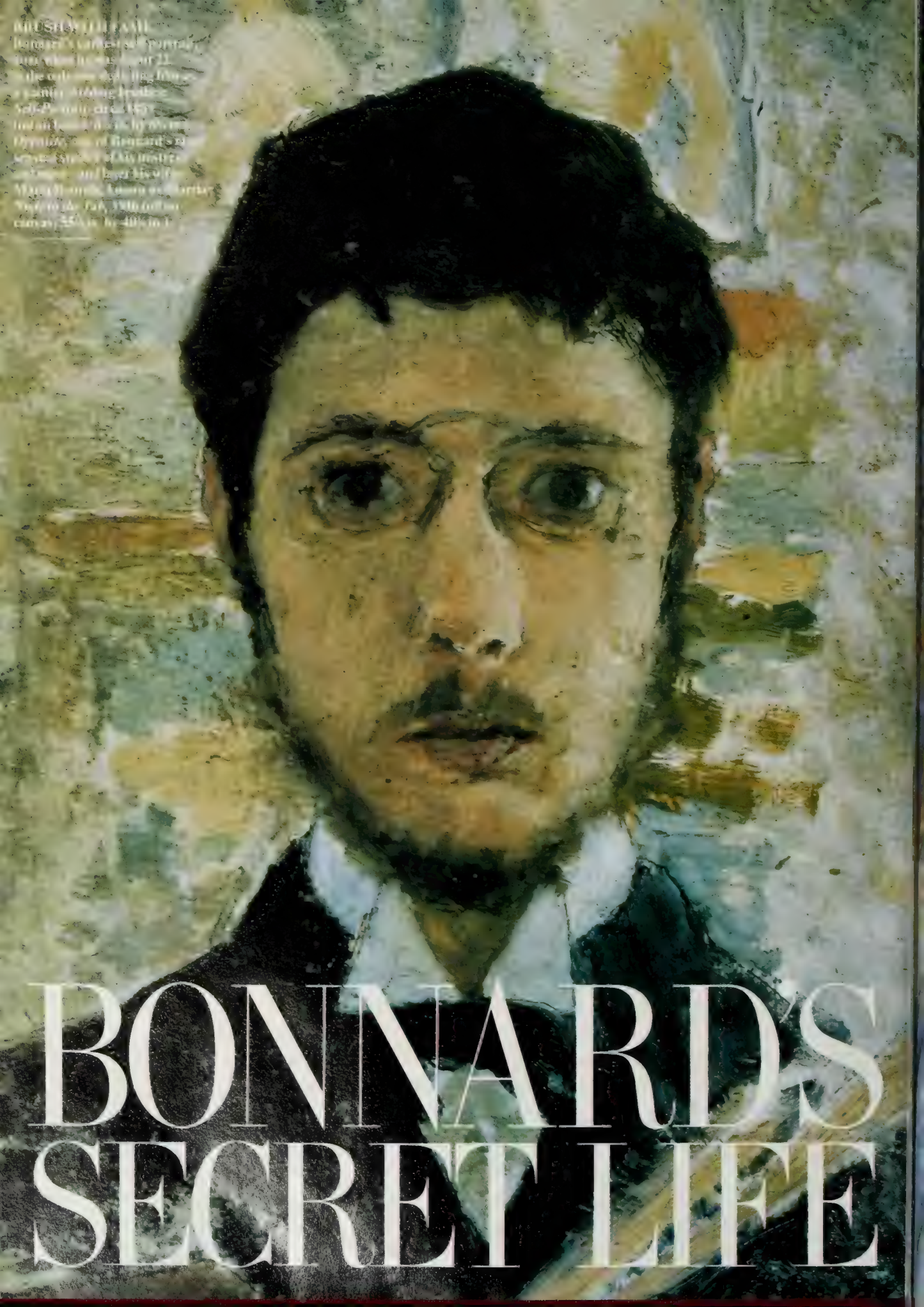
The novelty of female drivers was such that passengers were often confused as to whether to treat their chauffeuses as servants or equals. This confusion of status appealed to Joe. She was a woman in the guise of a man, an heiress in the guise of a servant. Behind the wheel of a car she was at the service of her customers and yet in control of them, literally in the driver's seat. And though she and her fellow drivers were somewhat biddable, they also had an independence which the grand ladies they drove about could only dream of. Newspapers pictured the garage girls in oil-stained coveralls, grinning as they changed tires and burrowed in engines. They told the press CONTINUED ON PAGE 239

PHOTOGRAPH BY SLIM AARONS



THE BRUTISH MUSEUM

oe, in 1960, in the Whale Cay Museum, which xhibited her big-game nd fishing trophies, model hips, and weapons, ut her prized necklace f dried human ears as mislaid.



BONNARD'S SECRET LIFE



Pierre Bonnard, the Post-Impressionist master who captured the shimmering beauty of French domestic life, was himself married to the ailing, deluded Marthe, who drew him into a reclusive world where he painted her 385 times. As the Museum of Modern Art prepares to host the first full-scale Bonnard retrospective in New York in 30 years, JOHN RICHARDSON has the untold story of the painter's wife, his mistress's suicide, and the lingering scandals over works he left behind

The first full-scale retrospective of Pierre Bonnard's work to be shown in New York in more than 30 years arrives from London at the Museum of Modern Art on June 21. The organizers—Sarah Whitfield in London and John Elderfield (celebrated for his triumphant 1992 Matisse show) in New York—want us to approach this artist's ravishing work in a modernist spirit. Instead of taking the traditional view of Bonnard as a hedonist who saw French domestic life through rainbow-tinted glasses and rhapsodized about it in shimmering eddies of paint, we should now regard him, the catalogue tells us, "as a profoundly radical painter who . . . devoted a long career to exploring and analyzing the processes of seeing and looking, and to translating ways in which visual perceptions interlock with the processes of memory."

This new interpretation is overdue. So is a better understanding of Bonnard's relationship with his wife, the mysterious and reclusive Marthe, who spent much of her day in the bathtub—a habit that inspired some of her husband's greatest masterpieces. Here, for the first time, is the saga of Marthe's strange life, and the story of how her failure to make a will affected the fortunes of the artist's family as well as the fate of his work.

The 26-year-old Bonnard, son of a senior official at the war ministry, met the birdlike Marthe—soon to be his mistress and model and, much later, his wife—one day in 1893, when he helped her cross the busy Boulevard Haussmann. She made artificial flowers out of artificial pearls for a living and answered to the fancy name of Marthe de Méligny. She told Bonnard she was 16 years old, the daughter of uncaring but genteel parents of Italian lineage, who had handed her over to an indulgent grandmother to raise.

That this was sheer romance did not emerge until Bonnard married Marthe some 30 years later. The birdlike girl's real name was Maria Boursin; she was one of several children of a carpenter from the neighborhood of Bourges, and she had been 24, not 16, when Bonnard picked her up. Marthe's self-aggrandizement should not have surprised him. She apparently suffered from delusions, which may or may not have been symptoms of her chronic asthma or tuberculosis. She distrusted most people and in later life kept herself and her husband shut off from the world in one house or hotel suite after another, where she would spend hours on end in the bath, soaking the demons out of her system, while Bonnard worked away in his studio evoking her at this daily ritual. Whether her tub constitutes a caul or a coffin in his paintings depends on whether one sees her body immersed in amniotic or embalming fluid. Compassion for Marthe's inert state, combined with a certain twisted relish of it, proved to be a continuing source of inspiration for her husband. By the time of her death she had figured in some 385 of his paintings.

Marthe was not so much pretty as *jolie-laide:* large, furtive eyes peer out from a shy, snouty face under a tea cozy of brownish hair. She had fine long legs and a slim body, the more attractive for not conforming to the hourglass look of the day. But it was above all her enigmatic femininity that captivated Bonnard. Sometime after they met, the artist and his new model photographed each other in the nude—as much for his work as for his pleasure.

Bonnard's early nude paintings of Marthe—especially the ones of her with black stockings half on, half off, looking as rumpled as the bed on which she sits—are explicitly pre- or postcoital. The same with the magnificent *Siesta* of 1900: Bonnard portrays her lying provocatively with her face buried in a pillow like the famous marble hermaphrodite in the Louvre, a pose her dog mimics amid the lingerie she has dropped on the floor. In the self-referential *Man and Woman* of the same year, sex is just over: Bonnard has risen from the hurly-burly of the bed to get a towel, leaving Marthe to lie back and play with the cats that have jumped up to take his place. No wonder Eric Fischl likes Bonnard.

Three years younger than his friend Toulouse-Lautrec, and two years older than his even greater friend Matisse, Bonnard claimed that he wanted "to take Impressionism further" and get more out of color than Renoir or Monet had done. To a great extent he succeeded in doing so, but these aspirations set him apart from the Parisian avant-garde—notably the Cubists—who were in violent reaction against Impressionism and regarded the 40-ish Bonnard as an anachronism. And who can altogether blame them?

By 1914 the revolutionary rigor and iconoclasm of Cubism must have made Bonnard's flashier paintings of the period (notably his 1908 portrait of Misia Sert) look as obsolete and froufrou as the cancan. Bonnard was far too perceptive not to be aware of this. He complained that modernism had whizzed past him and left him dangling. Picasso, who had been a principal cause of this development, dismissed Bonnard's sumptuous interiors and paradisiacal gardens as "*cuisiné*" (cooked up) and "a potpourri of indecision"—a phrase that pinpoints the artist's less successful work all too accurately. Picasso would also jokingly suggest that he had caught his fear of melting in the bath like a piece of soap from Bonnard's paintings of his wife in the tub. There might be a touch of envy in these denunciations: gossamer was not Picasso's forte.

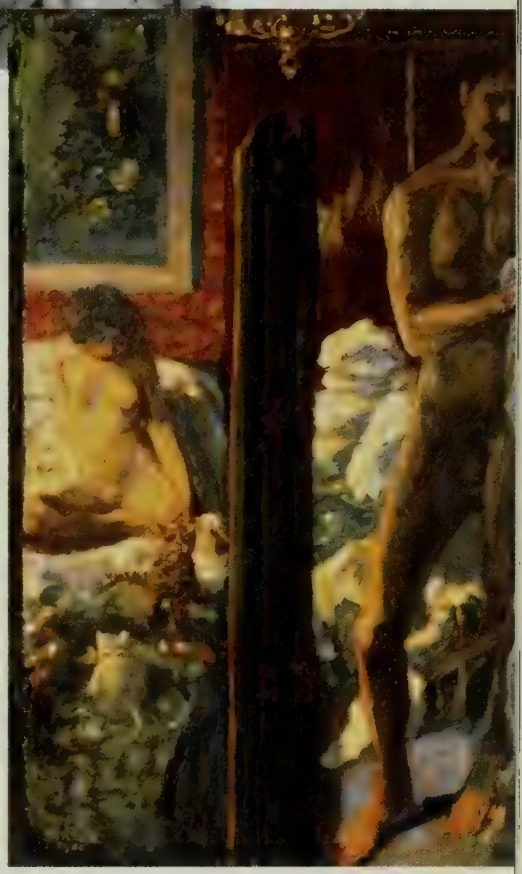
I, too, used to think along these lines. Bonnard's overly luscious orchestration left me feeling smothered in scented satin cushions, as a critic said of Richard Strauss's music. The color seemed so iridescent, the lighting so incandescent, and the compositions so modishly Japanese that it was tempting to dismiss his more self-indulgent work as art for art's sake. But the

current exhibition, with its modernist premises and rigorous selection, reveals that Bonnard is a great deal more than the Colette of Post-Impressionism. Some people may regret the lack of emphasis on the early period, when Bonnard played second fiddle to Édouard Vuillard. Others, including myself, will applaud the organizers for concentrating on the second half of his career, when he used his idiosyncratic sense of color, structure, and design to work all manner of tricks on our visual perceptions and make us see things afresh, albeit subtly askew.

Bonnard emerges from this exhibition as a distiller of genius. He enables us to savor his little world in essence much as the perfume distilleries of the Riviera enable us to savor in essence the jasmine and orange blossom growing on the hills behind the artist's villa. He also emerges as a tantalizing mystifier. Why, for instance, does he so frequently relegate a key element—usually an image of his passive-aggressive wife—to the periphery of a composition, where as often as not he chameleonizes it into virtual invisibility? A friend of mine who visited Bonnard's studio was surprised to see a gouache of the Nativity with the Holy Family shoved to the very edge of the paper. Elderfield's catalogue essay provides eye-opening answers to these questions and makes a persuasive case for accepting these and other quirks and anomalies as "the mark of Bonnard's radicalism, the defence against those who might think him a conservative."



FOLIE À DEUX
Pierre and Marthe Bonnard in Vernon, France, in 1926, a year after their marriage. *Below,* Bonnard's depiction of them 26 years earlier: *Man and Woman,* 1900 (oil on canvas, 45¼ in. by 28½ in.).



Bonnard did not develop into a major modern master until he was in his mid-50s and in the throes of a six-year love affair which ended tragically in 1924. A beautiful young blonde named Renée Monchaty, who had been living with an American painter, became Bonnard's model and, later, his adored and adoring mistress. At some point, possibly during a trip to Rome in 1921, the two of them discussed marriage—something that Bonnard had never proposed to *petite bourgeoise* Marthe for fear of upsetting his *haute bourgeoise* family. In the end, Marthe put her frail little foot down and insisted that the engagement be broken off. Whereupon Renée obligingly committed suicide in a Paris hotel. It was Bonnard who found her body—supposedly in a bathtub. The scar caused by her death would never quite heal. In the last years of his life, 1945–47, he reworked a touching 1923 painting of his two loves: Renée in a dazzle of light, eclipsing Marthe, who is off in a shadowy corner.

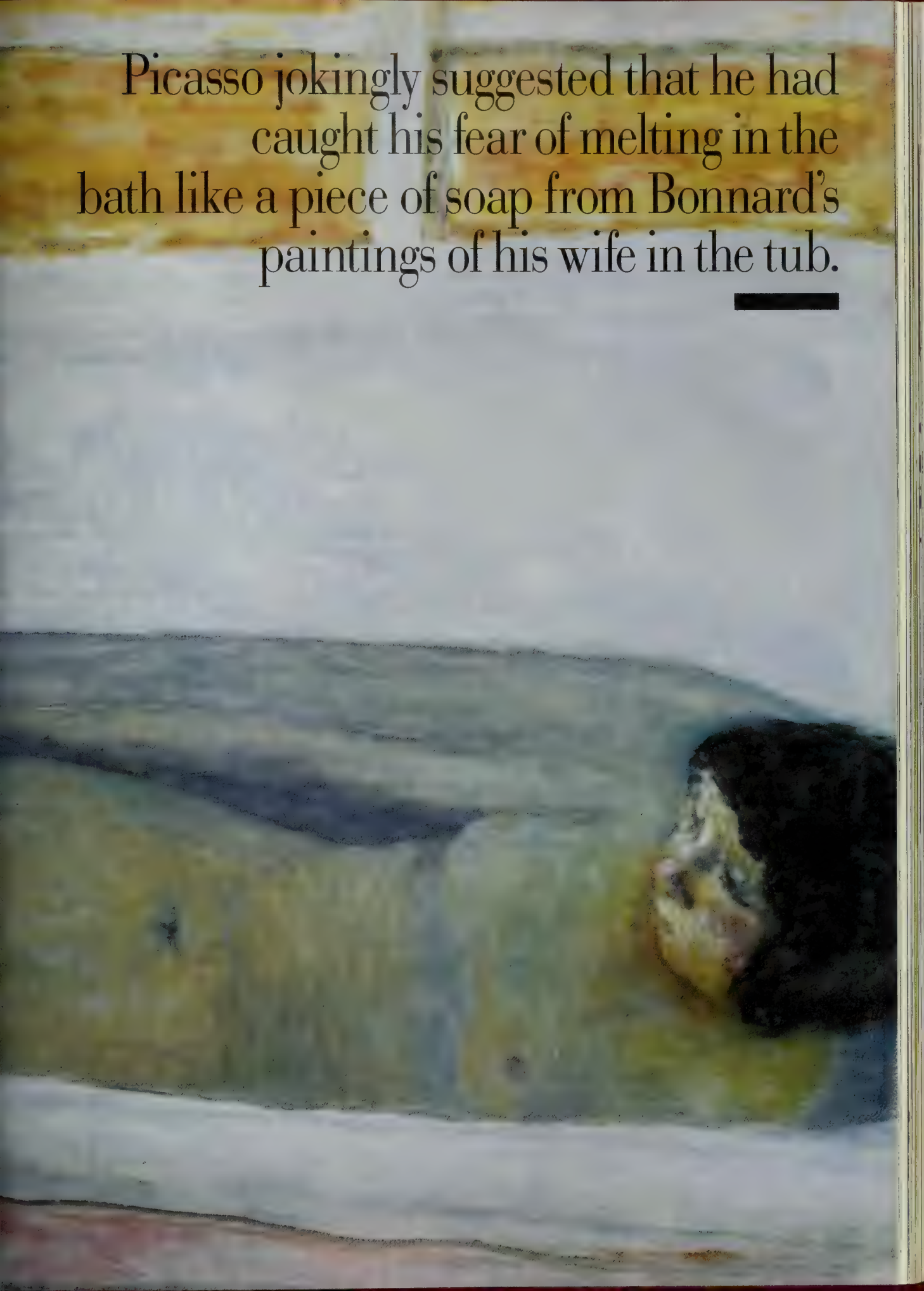
A year after Renée's suicide, Bonnard finally married his "*petite Marthe*"—in greatest secrecy: the news had to be kept from his family. At last he knew Marthe's real name and age, but he was still under the illusion that she was alone in the world. As much as their marriage, the death of Renée seems to have united the Bonnards once and for all in their folie à deux. From then on, the artist, who was also shy and reserved, was only too happy to share his wife's antisocial, invalidish regime. In the words of a friend, he "looked after her, feared her, put up with her, loved her." Their unpretentious homes—a rarely visited Paris studio, a house called Ma Roulotte (My Caravan), near Monet's Giverny, and a pink stuccoed villa at Le Cannet, near Cannes—became places of self-imposed exile from the world. For company there was a maid, a cat or two, and a dog called Ubu—no man, as a rule, except for the artist himself. When Marthe was not soaking in the tub, she did pastels of flowers and fruit and their beloved dog, which she signed Marthe Solange. According to Pierrette Vernon, who recently organized a show of her great-aunt's work in London, Marthe's pastels sold very well when they were first exhibited at the Galerie Druet in

The current exhibition reveals that Bonnard is a great deal more than the Colette of Post-Impressionism.



PORCELAIN GODDESS
The Bath, 1925 (oil on canvas, 33⅞ in. by 47¼ in.). The sickly Marthe would spend hours on end soaking the demons out of her system, while Bonnard worked away in his studio smoking her at it.

Picasso jokingly suggested that he had caught his fear of melting in the bath like a piece of soap from Bonnard's paintings of his wife in the tub.



1924. Her sensibility owes less to her husband than one might imagine.

Since Marthe's health necessitated frequent trips to spas or sanatoriums or secluded villas in quiet, salubrious resorts, the Bonnards were often away for months on end. Wherever they went, they kept to themselves and seldom allowed the outside to impinge. Given his preference for tacking his canvas to the wall rather than using an easel, Bonnard did not need a studio. Nor did he need models, apart from his wife and himself—the subjects of what are, to my mind, his masterpieces. When their togetherness, which is reflected in so much of his work, became claustrophobic, the artist would tell Marthe he was taking the dog for a walk and escape to see the occasional woman friend and the fellow artists whom Marthe tended to distrust and whom he greatly missed, but he would always return to the wife who needed him as badly as he needed her.

The first of the great late paintings of Marthe in the tub date from the year of their marriage, when she was in her mid-50s and sick in body and soul. To judge by one of the few photographs of her to have survived, her looks had suffered. Lung disease had taken a toll, and her voice had become raucous. And yet, although the face in the tub paintings is often a mere blur (might these works memorialize the dead Renée as well as the living Marthe?), the slender, girlish body is as fresh as the peaches in the artist's famously appetizing still lifes. Bonnard has chosen to remember Marthe as she was in the early days of their relationship. As he wrote in his diary, "A work of art: a stopping of time."

After weeks of appalling trauma, Marthe finally died in January 1942. Bonnard, who had tended her with obsessive solicitude, was distraught. He would thenceforth keep her bedroom locked and forbid anyone to enter it. Work provided his only catharsis. Marthe makes a posthumous appearance in one or two paintings, including the great bathtub memento mori on the cover of the MoMA catalogue, but the most haunting works of these last years are the self-portraits, in which Bonnard looks flayed or scorched, as if by some nuclear flash, and at the same time amazingly ordinary—the consequence, perhaps, of a note he once made in his diary to "paint a man who looks like Mr. So-and-So."

Although the Bonnards' marriage agreement had stipulated a joint estate, Marthe never bothered to make a will leaving her share of their communal property to her husband. It was not until the authorities announced that they would have to lock up his studio and inventory the contents so that a *déclaration de succession* could be made that Bonnard realized what this omission might entail. To protect his sacrosanct privacy, he did something that was not only illegal but also very stupid. He had a local lawyer draw up a phony will in which Marthe left everything to him. This he duly signed (in Marthe's name and his own undisguised writing) and dated nine months after her death. Since, as far as he knew, his wife had been alone in the world, Bonnard saw no harm in this deception. But it would come back to bedevil his heirs, for the lawyer he employed, a man by the name of Blanchardon, turned out to be a scoundrel, who set up the artist's estate for future pillage. Even more ominous, the lawyer was in cahoots with an equally unscrupulous local dealer—the up-and-coming Aimé Maeght—who had wormed his way into Bonnard's and Matisse's favor during World War II by bartering black-market butter and eggs from his wife's family's dairy business for their work.

Bonnard died in 1947, almost five years to the day after Marthe. He believed that he had left his enormously valuable estate to the offspring of his brother, who had settled in Algiers, and of his sister, Andrée Terrasse, whose son Charles was the leading expert on his work and the apple of his eye. Within days of the artist's death, Maeght went into action; aided by Blanchardon, he tried, with short-lived success, to drive a wedge between the eminently respectable Terrasses and their cousins in Algiers. The latter had better get him to look after their interests, Maeght said; otherwise the Terrasses might take advantage of them. Meanwhile, the Terrasses had authorized as their representative a well-established modernist dealer named Louis Carré, who was also an old and trusted friend of the Bonnard family's. Carré helped stave off the depredations of Maeght, who lost no time in "sequestering" 300 paintings from the artist's studio. When obliged to return them, he pretended that there were only 150. Maeght was soon unmasked, but he did not lose hope of controlling the Bonnard estate. He and Blanchardon still had Marthe's fake will up their sleeve.

After the fake will was disclosed, both parties took steps to find out whether Marthe had left any relatives. Blanchardon hired a genealogist, who had no difficulty in coming up with four middle-aged nieces, including two spinsters who lived in Paris (one of them is still alive at the age of 101)—daughters of a sister of Marthe's and an English-born inventor, Adolphe Bowers. The Bowers sisters had never heard of Bonnard and knew virtually nothing of their aunt's life, but the moment they laid hands on a book about him, they realized that he must indeed have been the husband of their aunt Maria Boursin and that they were going to be very, very rich.

At first the Bowers sisters agreed to negotiate with Bonnard's heirs, but the more they learned about the legal issues and the amount of money at stake—hundreds of millions of dollars at today's prices—the more demanding they became. And instead of being content with the prospect of inheriting their aunt Marthe's share, they went after the entire estate on the grounds that, under French law, "any spouse who diverts or conceals effects belonging to a joint estate is deprived of his share of the said effects." The Bonnard/Terrasse family were appalled at the prospect of forfeiting their birthright to outsiders, whose existence Marthe had never divulged—the more so since these outsiders would be beholden to the treacherous Maeght. Nor was it simply a question of money. The guardianship of their uncle's treasures was in the nature of a sacred trust, which must not be allowed to fall into hands other than their own.

Litigation lasted for 16 years. The first round went against the Terrasses. They stood to lose everything. However, their silver-tongued lawyer, the celebrated Maurice Garçon, won an appeal. The Bowerses fought back

whereupon both sides geared up for a prolonged battle. In the end, the artist's designated heirs were vindicated to the extent that they were awarded 62.5 percent of the works painted before Marthe's death (the remaining 37.5 percent went to the Bowerses) as well as all the works painted after her death.

According to the March 28, 1963, edition of the newspaper *Le Monde,* the partitioning of Bonnard's 600 paintings and 4,000 drawings and watercolors took place over six weeks in the Chase bank's Paris headquarters. The beneficiaries drew straws for the various lots; whoever got the short straw won. As Michel Conil Lacoste, *Le Monde*'s art critic, recounted, 150 paintings were of top quality, 150 were of lesser importance, 150 were sketches, and 150 were simply unworthy of the artist. A number of croquis and working drawings were destroyed. Some of the unfinished oil sketches are rumored to have been finished at a later date.

Again according to *Le Monde,* the legal costs were so heavy that the beneficiaries were obliged to liquidate a large part of their holdings. Parisian dealers gathered around like so many vultures. Maeght may have triggered this whole Balzacian business, but he profited little from his deviousness, for he had quarreled with the Bowerses. The sisters had recourse to other outlets, not least in New York, where dealers were prepared to pay higher prices than in Europe. The Acquavellas—father and son—acquired enough paintings from the Bowerses to put on a beautiful small show at their gallery in 1964. It was a sellout, and it boosted Bonnard's prices as well as his name.

As for the Terrasses, they disposed of most of their holdings. A substantial part went to Louis Carré's American associate, Charles Zadok, an art speculator as well as a vice president of Gimbel's department store. The Terrasses would also eventually forgive their former foe Maeght. He had become an extremely powerful dealer, and in view of his wartime friendship with Bonnard and the fact that he had organized a show of the artist's work at his foundation in the South of France, the Terrasses let him have some major works.



OUT OF THE PICTURE
Bonnard's only painting of his two mistresses together, *Young Women in the Garden (Renée Monchaty and Marthe Bonnard),* 1923, reworked 1945–47 (oil on canvas, 23¾ in. by 30¾ in.), shows Renée glowing in the center and Marthe relegated to the shade.

However, the lion's share of the Terrasses' holdings went to the world's most formidable art dealers, Wildenstein's. As a result, the gallery has dominated the Bonnard market ever since. Unfortunately, the Wildenstein firm's suitability as a guardian of Bonnard's flame would come under scrutiny. On June 30, 1967, Alfred Ayrton, a British metal trader and broker by profession, who lived in Paris but operated out of Switzerland and Liechtenstein, brought a lawsuit in New York against Daniel Wildenstein, the head of the firm, for commissions which he claimed were owed him. According to Ayrton's complaint, Wildenstein had failed to pay him $500,000 on the $5 million sale of Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of Ginevra de' Benci from the Prince of Liechtenstein's collection to Paul Mellon for donation to the National Gallery.

In a second, related claim, Ayrton stated that he had performed additional services for Wildenstein's for a value of $75,000, and that in lieu of payment he had agreed to accept a Bonnard painting of the Place de la Concorde worth an equivalent amount. Ayrton contended that, although this painting had come directly from the artist's estate, it had started life as "a preliminary rough sketch on canvas by Bonnard, over which there had been painted by a person or persons unknown a complete work in the style of Bonnard." Hence, Ayrton's claim that a valueless "forgery" had been foisted off on him. Since all the paintings in the artist's studio, finished or unfinished, had been photographed, this point was easy enough to verify.

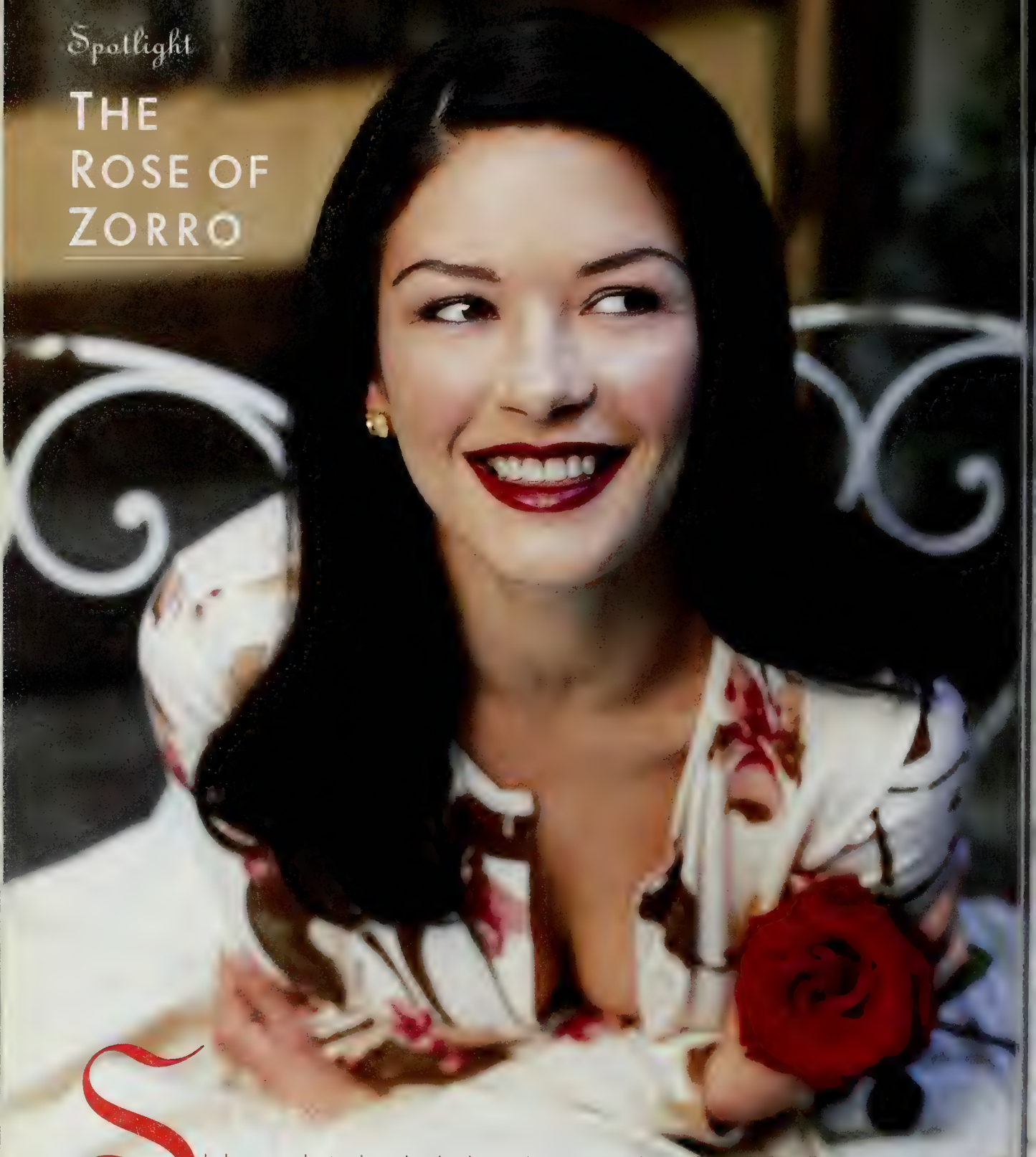
The defendant's lawyers denied Ayrton's charges and took the line that he was owed no commission whatsoever, either on the Leonardo deal (which Wildenstein maintained he had done pro bono) or on various other deals which were cited ("the Trujillo affair," "the Van Dongen affair," "the Samuel Montagu flotation," "the proposed exhibition at the Villa Hugel"). Wildenstein's lawyers insisted that *Place de la Concorde* "was a gift from him personally [to Ayrton] rather than compensation for plaintiff's fruitless endeavors in the art field." The plaintiff, it seemed, should not have looked this gift horse in the mouth, even if it came from the owner of one of the world's greatest racing stables.

It was Bonnard who found his mistress Renée's body—supposedly in a bathtub.

The outline of the case is set out in the plaintiff's complaints and the defendant's replies, which are on file in the U.S. District Court, Southern District of New York. After the case was settled out of court, the participants and their lawyers were subject to a confidentiality agreement, so we may never know whether the contrast between the before- and after-"restoration" photographs of the Place de la Concorde painting is as disturbing as that between the before- and after-surgery shots of Jocelyne Wildenstein, Daniel's daughter-in-law, who posed so memorably in "the Bonnard Room" of the Wildensteins' New York mansion for the March issue of *Vanity Fair.* □

Spotlight

THE ROSE OF ZORRO



She has a sword pointed straight at his chest, and she's the better dueler. But Zorro can't resist grabbing her for a hasty kiss. Who can blame him? Just look at those lips.

Then there are those flashing amber-colored eyes, that glossy raven hair, and a body that—as Zorro slices apart her flimsy negligee—would make any man's heart fibrillate.

No wonder Steven Spielberg picked Catherine Zeta-Jones out of a television mini-series for *The Mask of Zorro*—coming this July—in which she plays a Spanish aristocrat who dances a torrid fandango better than any tango queen. The ravishing 28-year-old turns in a stunning performance opposite Antonio Banderas, a would-be Zorro, learning from the master, Sir Anthony Hopkins.

"She's not just the love interest," Zeta-Jones says with relish. "She's ballsy; she's the blood of Zorro, and she rides like a man."

Zeta-Jones is a Welsh girl who dropped out of school at 15 "to pursue a life in the theater." After a decade of stage and television work, she left London for California.

And now Zeta-Jones has landed the part of an international art thief opposite Sean Connery in the film *Entrapment*. But she can always go back to singing and dancing; she once starred in *42nd Street* in the West End. "I'm a hoofer," she says. —LESLIE BENNETTS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FIROOZ ZAHEDI



DON'T FENCE ME IN

"She's not just the love interest. She's ballsy," says Catherine Zeta-Jones of her character in the upcoming movie *The Mask of Zorro*. The actress is shown here at a private residence, Hollywood, Calif., February 27, 1998.

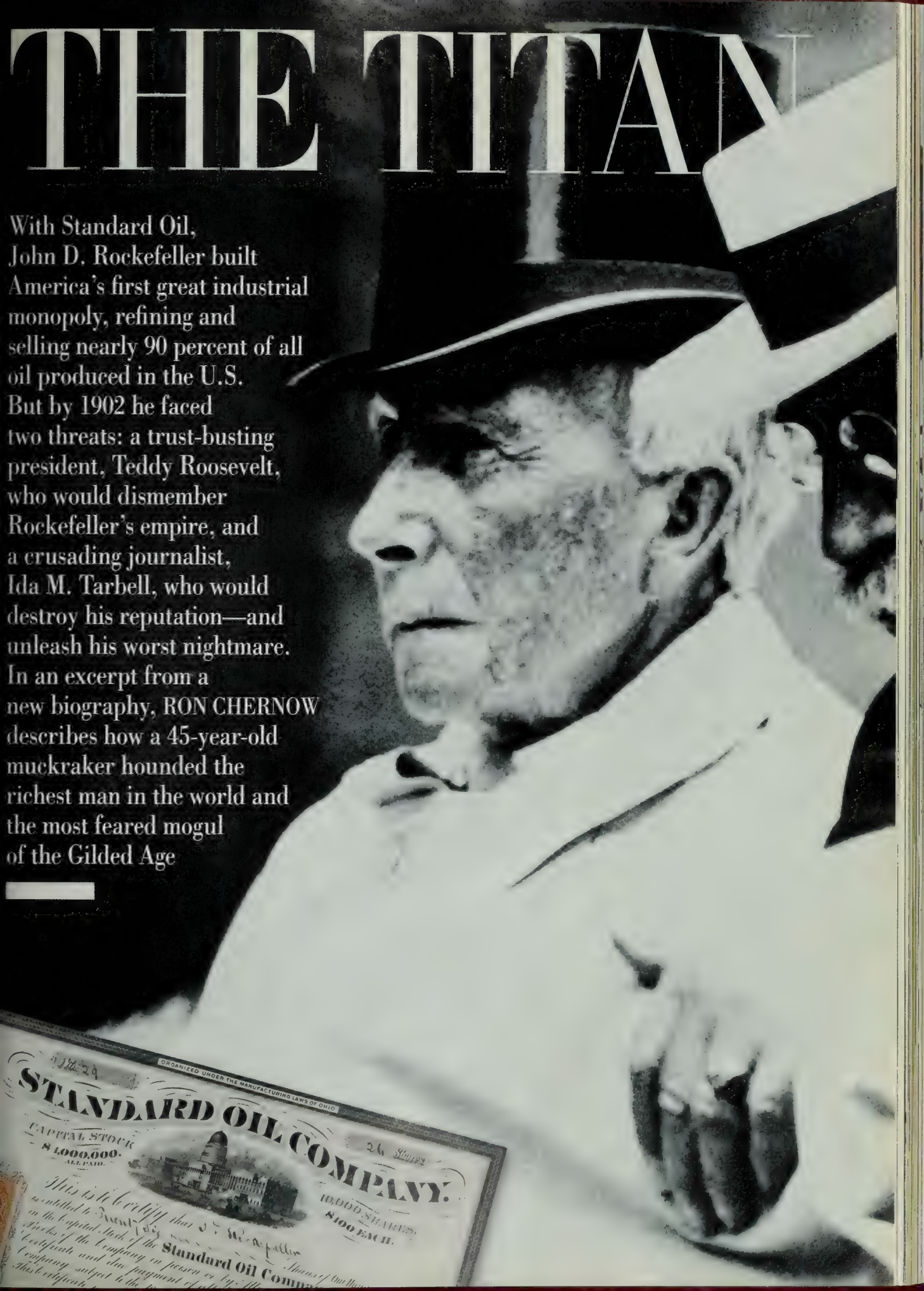
THE LADY &



A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE
Ida Tarbell, *above*, 1898, at *McClure's* in New York. Her 19-part history of Standard Oil (the first installment—*inset, right*—came in November 1902) made her one of America's most famous women. By the time Tarbell finished, shares of Standard Oil stock, *inset, far right*, seemed a riskier proposition and the company's co-founder John D. Rockefeller, *opposite*, was besieged by trustbusters.

THE TITAN

With Standard Oil, John D. Rockefeller built America's first great industrial monopoly, refining and selling nearly 90 percent of all oil produced in the U.S. But by 1902 he faced two threats: a trust-busting president, Teddy Roosevelt, who would dismember Rockefeller's empire, and a crusading journalist, Ida M. Tarbell, who would destroy his reputation—and unleash his worst nightmare. In an excerpt from a new biography, RON CHERNOW describes how a 45-year-old muckraker hounded the richest man in the world and the most feared mogul of the Gilded Age



By the time that John D. Rockefeller Sr., the co-founder of Standard Oil, retired in the late 1890s, he hadn't yet become history's first billionaire. That came in 1913. But Rockefeller had already created the image of the mythic tycoon. Shrewd and secretive, tightfisted and daring, he plotted his moves in private, universally known but unseen by a public who followed his exploits as wizard of the world oil industry. Aspiring to reclusive glory, he seldom spoke to the press, leaving the curious to ponder his true nature. No other mogul of the Gilded Age was so admired for his financial acumen or so feared for his lethal business tactics.

Rockefeller's career mirrored the rise of the global oil market. In 1859, Colonel Edwin Drake had struck oil in Titusville, Pennsylvania, touching off pandemonium. Eleven years later, Rockefeller and his partners launched Standard Oil in Cleveland with the express purpose of dominating the business. Propelled by ferocious wills, they took an industry disrupted by boom-and-bust cycles and introduced huge economies of scale.

By the 1880s, Standard Oil refined and sold nearly 90 percent of all the oil produced in America, fostering the first great industrial trust. Its kerosene lit America's homes, its lubricants greased the nation's machinery, its fuel fired the boilers of offices and factories. Everything about it seemed colossal, unprecedented, and—to a society schooled in the pieties of individual enterprise—quite terrifying.

The trust's dimensions were vast: Twenty thousand wells poured their output into Standard Oil's 4,000 miles of pipeline and its 5,000 tank cars. Three thousand Standard Oil horse-drawn tank wagons marketed oil in 37,000 towns and cities across America. As the biggest business on earth, with more than 100,000 employees, the combine's power extended across the globe. Sampans laden with Standard's products floated down rivers deep in China's interior, while its kerosene kept lamps flickering in the ancient bazaars of Babylon and Nineveh.

The trust was so huge that, despite the fact that it was dismantled by the federal government in 1911, its offspring—including today's Exxon, Mobil, Chevron, Amoco, Conoco, Arco, and BP America—still largely rule world oil. With a few notable exceptions, such as Gulf, Sun, and Texaco, the major American oil companies of the 20th century are lineal descendants of Rockefeller's creation.

The titan of Standard Oil constructed a self-contained industrial universe, overseeing plants that made acid, chemicals, staves, barrels, wicks, pumps, even tank cars. Though Standard Oil never owned more than a third of the nation's oil wells, that fraction encompassed hundreds of thousands of acres in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio. Rockefeller mostly left the uncertain task of drilling to thousands of independent producers, who then competed furiously to sell him crude oil at the cheapest possible price. As a result, he was loathed by the drillers, who saw him as an omnipotent deity shadowing their lives.

Rockefeller was such a bogeyman in western Pennsylvania that local mothers scolded their wayward children by saying, "Run, children, or Rockefeller'll get you!" His legend grew larger, but he became an even more enigmatic figure. He shied away from being photographed in an oil field or refinery or in his secluded lower-Manhattan office at 26 Broadway, where the Standard Oil headquarters were located. Rockefeller preferred to be pictured at one of his four estates. These included Pocantico Hills in Westchester, New York, a private duchy of more than 3,000 acres overlooking the Hudson River and laced by dozens of miles of winding roads, not to mention a 12-hole golf course for the master. There was also Forest Hill in Cleveland, with its rambling Victorian mansion, splendid views of Lake Erie, half-mile racetrack, two artificial lakes, skating pond, 20 miles of bridle paths, and nine-hole golf course; Golf House in Lakewood, New Jersey, a former country club, discreetly tucked away within 75 acres of spruce, fir, pine, and hemlock trees; and The Casements in Ormond Beach, Florida, where the terraced gardens were ventilated by ocean breezes and tall palms.

Rockefeller's competitive maneuvers seem muscular, even savage, by today's more cautious standards, because he forged his monopoly before legislation such as the 1890 Sherman Antitrust Act outlawed many of the practices that he had perfected. His repertoire of anti-competitive schemes was almost diabolically clever. He colluded with railroads to win special rates, established secret subsidiaries that posed as Standard Oil's foes, developed industrial espionage to high art, and thrashed rivals with steep price cuts, a practice known as predatory pricing.

Oil drillers foolish enough to defy Rockefeller felt his crushing yet invisible force. They might find their oil barred from Standard's pipelines, which monopolized every field, or—if shipping by rail—they might discover a mysterious shortage of tank cars or prohibitive freight rates.

The architect of these astonishing intricacies was an implausible blend of sin and sanctity—a devout Baptist given to Puritan thrift. The self-made Rockefeller, who had risen from neither royalty nor riches, firmly believed that God had blessed the economic rationale behind Standard Oil. Challenging the verities of small-town America in the 19th century, Rockefeller envisioned a new industrial order based on monopolies and trusts instead of competitive struggle. As the prophet of this vision, he sometimes sounded as if he had personally enlisted the Lord among his shareholders.

Frequently stereotyped as a cold curmudgeon, Rockefeller was actually a genial, eccentric man with a droll wit

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Excerpted from *Titan: The Life of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.*, by Ron Chernow, to be published in May by Random House; © 1998 by the author.

and a fatal passion for cornball stories. If he came to symbolize the best and worst in the American character, it had something to do with his crazily mismatched parents, country folk from upstate New York. His mother, Eliza, was a stern, churchgoing woman who pounded precepts about duty and religion into her son; his father, William, a colorful scamp, was a small-time con artist and snake-oil peddler. (He deserted the family when John was an adolescent, entering a bigamous second marriage under the pseudonym of Dr. William Levingston.)

John himself would exhibit, in striking relief, his mother's frugal habits and Baptist piety along with his father's canny rascality. The two personalities, lashed together under great pressure, made him the archetypal businessman for a nation torn between its guilty Puritan conscience and its lust for riches.

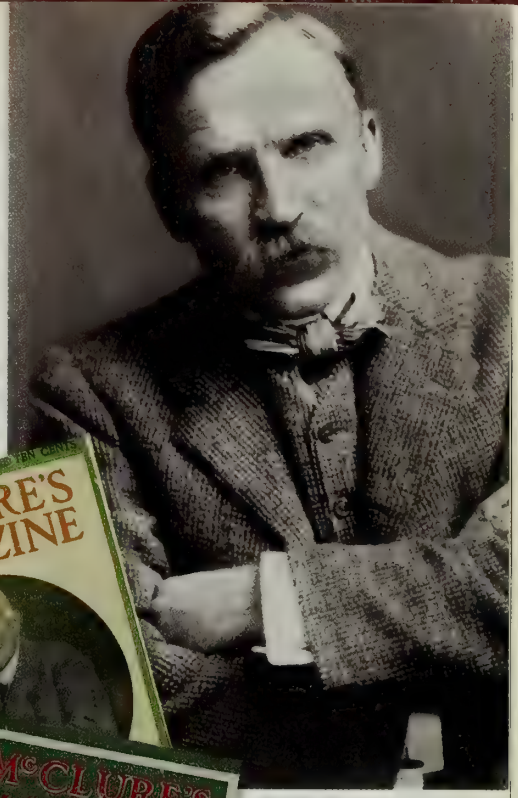
In the typical business saga, the tycoon amasses money by unscrupulous means, then fumigates the fortune with widely advertised charity. Rockefeller, however, spent a lifetime building up a philanthropic empire no less far-reaching than Standard Oil. Even as a teenage clerk, perched on a stool in a Cleveland commodity house, John Rockefeller had already begun to tithe. By the 1880s, while still in his 40s, he had emerged as the patron of what is now Spelman College in Atlanta, an institution then devoted to educating emancipated female slaves.

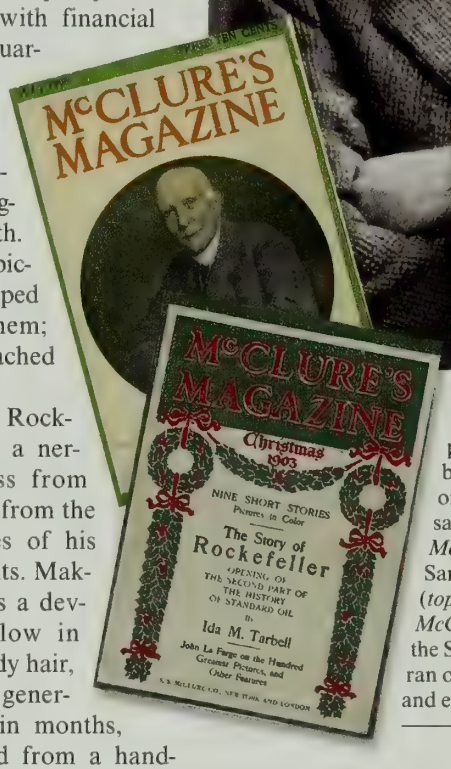
A decade later, he bankrolled the University of Chicago, transforming it, almost overnight, into a school comparable to an Ivy League college. In the early 1900s, he sponsored America's first major medical-research institute—now Rockefeller University in Manhattan—followed a decade later by America's foremost philanthropy, the Rockefeller Foundation.

By the early 1900s, Rockefeller's name had become synonymous with money, although his holdings didn't peak until 1913, when he essentially became a billionaire. (After more than $45 million in charitable donations that year, his net worth was actually $900 million. To put this figure in perspective, the accumulated national debt of the United States stood at $1.19 billion that year—equivalent to 3 percent of the gross national product.) Both figures considerably understate his fortune; he had probably earned at least $2 billion but had given away lavish sums annually. In 1917, two years before his yearly contributions hit the $139 million mark, Rockefeller estimated that, had he invested all he had earned, he would have been worth $3 billion.

As critics carped at his rapacity, Rockefeller was besieged with financial requests from every quarter, including from those who professed to despise him. As if he were Santa Claus, he received up to 50,000 "begging letters" per month. People simply put his picture on envelopes, stamped them, and mailed them; the letters always reached him within days.

In the early 1890s, Rockefeller veered toward a nervous breakdown, less from business burdens than from the excruciating pressures of his charitable commitments. Making matters worse was a devastating personal blow in 1901: a total loss of body hair, a malady known as generalized alopecia. Within months, he was transmogrified from a handsome, rather youthful-looking man into a hairless ghoul. Nearing 60 in the late 1890s, he had decided to retire, play golf, dabble in stocks, croon hymns, and enjoy family gatherings with his wife, Cettie, and their children, who by 1900 had their own lives. (Bessie was 34; Alta, 29; Edith, 28; and John D. junior, 26.)





MUCKETY-MUCK "Able methodical people grow on every bush but genius comes once in a generation," said Ida Tarbell of *McClure's* editor in chief, Samuel Sidney McClure (*top*). At left are two *McClure's* issues featuring the Standard Oil series, which ran over a year and a half and ended in 1904.

Whatever his hopes, it was too late for Rockefeller to extricate himself fully from Standard Oil, which was embattled in what would shape up as the fiercest clash between government and a private firm in American history. "These cases against us were pending in the courts," explained one Rockefeller partner, "and we told him that if any of us had to go to jail he would have to go with us!"

Rockefeller, who owned more than one-fourth of all Standard Oil shares, wanted to escape operational responsibility, yet his colleagues insisted that he remain honorary president. "I urged my brother [William] to take this position," Rockefeller later said, "but as he declined . . . I was called the president . . . although the position is entirely nominal."

Unbeknownst to the general public, Rockefeller never attended a meeting thereafter and in 1905 even stopped taking a token salary. John D. Archbold, the new vice president, began to run the organization, which was thriving. By the late 1890s, the future for oil and its by-products had never looked brighter. Sales boomed in everything from oil stoves to parlor lamps to varnish, soaking up oil supplies and driving prices skyward.

New petroleum applications more than offset the decline in Standard's kerosene business after the introduction of electricity. In 1903, the British



DOUBLE STANDARD
Standard Oil's John D. Rockefeller, 75, strolls down Manhattan's Fifth Avenue with his only son—41-year-old John junior—on Palm Sunday (March 28) in 1915. *Inset:* the Standard Oil works in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1889. At Standard's peak, 3,000 of its horse-drawn tank wagons marketed oil in 37,000 towns and cities across America.

Rockefeller, aid his closest associate, "would do me out of a dollar today—if he could do it honestly."



navy outfitted some battleships to use fuel oil instead of coal, attracting the notice of the U.S. Navy. Paraffin wax had become a vital insulator in the burgeoning telephone and electrical industries. Most momentous of all, the automobile promised to consume that once vile, useless by-product, gasoline, and Standard Oil cultivated the new car-makers.

When Henry Ford rolled out his first vehicle, Charlie Ross, a Standard Oil salesman, stood by with a can of the trust's Atlantic Red Oil. The number of registered automobiles in America leapt from 800 in 1898 to 8,000 in 1900. When the Wright brothers took off from Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in December of 1903, their flight was powered by gasoline brought to the beach by Standard Oil salesmen.

Despite the upsurge in prosperity following the election of President William McKinley in 1896, the electorate grew more and more wary of the so-called trusts which increasingly dictated the fate of one industry after another. These protean combines took many forms—including holding companies, pools, and other creative forms of collusion—but they all shared a common objective: to restrain trade in a given industry, subjecting it to the whims of a single group of men. Since corporations still couldn't acquire stakes in other corporations, their stockholders would transfer their shares to a committee that held them "in trust"; through this legal legerdemain, they were able to control most or all of an industry. Over time, the word "trust" became more or less interchangeable with "monopoly."

Between 1898 and 1902, nearly 200 trusts or giant corporations were cobbled together in industries ranging from steel to coal to sugar. Their monstrous size and inexorable growth prompted a rising clamor from outraged citizens worried about the threat they posed to democracy, the vitality of small-town business, and America's vaunted individualism.



Rockefeller and Standard Oil were reviled with special fury. From the industry's earliest days, their brawny tactics had stirred enmity among oil producers and refiners. Standard's bullying methods created a broad-based constituency for reform in every congressional district.

Enamored of secrecy, Rockefeller was a target tailor-made for anti-trust crusaders and was accused of sins great and small. His clandestine deals with the railroads drew vociferous protests, and he was charged with isolated acts of cruelty and mayhem—such as blowing up a rival refinery in Buffalo and crushing a supposedly defenseless Cleveland widow named Mrs. Backus, who sold her late husband's lubricating plant to Standard Oil.

On October 11, 1898, Rockefeller was summoned to testify at a hearing over charges brought against Standard by the Ohio state attorney general. It was held at Manhattan's New Amsterdam Hotel. Standard's lawyers spent much more time objecting to questions than Rockefeller did answering them. Reporters noted that he kept shifting his weight, crossing and uncrossing his legs, rubbing his nape, blowing out his cheeks, and biting his mustache. The next day's *World* ran the headline JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER IMITATES A CLAM.

Rockefeller's anxiety was not entirely baseless. After a young anarchist assassinated William McKinley in Buffalo in September 1901, there were widespread fears of a broader conspiracy. In Chicago, reporters learned of a conversation in which both financier J. P. Morgan and Rockefeller were mentioned as potential targets.

As it turned out, however, the gravest threat to the titan's welfare emanated from 43-year-old Theodore Roosevelt, who succeeded McKinley in 1901.

Roosevelt, whom Rockefeller considered "the shrewdest of politicians," was descended from Dutch settlers who immigrated to New Amsterdam before 1648 and later made a fortune in Manhattan real estate. Like many of his social peers, the cultivated new president was scandalized by the sordid ethics of the new industrial class. As a New York State assemblyman in 1883, this aristocratic renegade berated financier Jay Gould and his ilk as

members of "the wealthy criminal class."

The misgivings of those who feared Teddy Roosevelt as a trustbuster were actually somewhat exaggerated. Roosevelt distinguished between bad trusts, which gouged consumers, and good trusts, which offered fair prices and good service. Rather than beginning a wave of indiscriminate trust-busting, he concentrated on the worst offenders, singling out the Rockefeller empire.

In stalking Standard Oil, Roosevelt had no more potent ally than the American press, and, with advertising on the upswing, many periodicals were swelling in size. Aided by new technologies, including Linotype and photoengraving, spiffy illustrated magazines streamed forth in such numbers that the era would be memorialized as the golden age of the American magazine. Paralleling this was the rise of mass-circulation newspapers, which catered to an expanding reading public. Joseph Pulitzer, William Randolph Hearst, and other press barons plied readers with both scandals and crusades, while the more sophisticated publications tackled complex stories and promoted them aggressively.

Studded with star writers and editors, the most impressive periodical was *McClure's Magazine,* a monthly started by Samuel S. McClure in 1893, which managed to outdistance competitors such as *Colliers, Leslie's,* and *Everybody's.* In September 1901, the same month that Roosevelt ascended to the presidency, the magazine's managing editor, Ida Minerva Tarbell, sailed to Europe to confer with McClure, who was then in Vevey, Switzerland, taking a rest. In her suitcase Tarbell carried an outline for a three-part series on Standard Oil, though she wondered whether anyone would ever wade through it.

"We have to be patient," Rockefeller told his son. "We have been successful and these people haven't."



The Standard Oil story was intertwined with Ida Tarbell's early life. Born in 1857 in a log cabin 30 miles from where Drake would strike oil two years later, she was a true daughter of oil country. "I had grown up with oil derricks, oil tanks, pipelines, refineries, and oil exchanges," she wrote in her memoirs. Her father,



THE GIFTER
John D. Rockefeller presents Christmas gifts to children, around 1925. *Inset:* Rockefeller offers a shiny dime to a child on the steps of Memorial Church in Tarrytown, N.Y., in 1923. He had begun distributing coins at the advice of Ivy Lee, a public-relations specialist.

Franklin Tarbell, crafted vats from hemlock bark, a trade easily converted into barrel-making after Drake's discovery. The Tarbells lived beside his Rouseville barrel shop, and as a child Ida rolled luxuriously in heaps of pine shavings.

In 1865, Ida watched men with queer gleams in their eyes swarming through Rouseville en route to the miracle turned mirage of Pithole, Pennsylvania. Franklin Tarbell set up a barrel shop there and cashed in on the craze before Pithole's oil gave out. He then sought his fortune as an independent oil producer and refiner, just as Rockefeller was snuffing out small operators.

In 1872, as an impressionable 15-year-old, Ida saw her paradise torn asunder by the South Improvement Company (S.I.C.), a conspiracy that Rockefeller had hatched with the railroads to drive the small local refiners of western Pennsylvania out of business. As her father joined vigilantes who sabotaged the conspirators' tanks, she thrilled to the talk of revolution. "The word became holy to me," she later wrote.

She remembered the Titusville of her teenage years as a place divided between the valiant majority who resisted "the Octopus" and the small band of opportunists who defected to it. "In those days I looked with more contempt on the man who had gone over to the Standard than on the one who had been in jail," she said.

Although Ida Tarbell, raised as a Methodist, had more books, magazines, and small luxuries than the youthful John Rockefeller, one is struck by the similarity of their households. Like the Baptist Rockefellers of John's childhood, the straitlaced Franklin Tarbell forbade cards and dancing and supported many causes, including temperance. Ida attended prayer meetings and taught an infant class at Sunday school. Shy and bookish, she tended, like Rockefeller, to arrive at brilliant solutions by slow persistence.

What set Tarbell apart from Rockefeller was her intellectual daring and fearless curiosity. As a teenager, despite her family's fundamentalism, she tried to prove the truth of evolution. In 1876, when she enrolled at Allegheny College in Meadville, Pennsylvania, she was the sole girl in the freshman class.

She loved to peer through microscopes and planned to become a biologist. But after graduation Ida Tarbell taught for two years, then got a job in Meadville on the editorial staff of *The Chautauquan,* an offshoot of the summer adult-education movement, which had originated as a Methodist camp meeting. The fiery Christian spirit of her peers made the young woman even more high-minded.

Tall and attractive, with dark hair, large gray eyes, and high cheekbones, Ida Tarbell had an erect carriage and innate dignity and never lacked suitors. Yet she decided never to marry and would remain self-sufficient throughout her career.

In 1891, the 34-year-old moved to Paris with friends and set up bohemian quarters on the Left Bank. She was determined to write a biography of the Girondist Madame Roland while selling freelance articles and attending classes at the Sorbonne. She mailed off two articles during her first week in Paris alone. While she was in France, Tarbell interviewed Louis Pasteur and Émile Zola, and won admirers. Still, she struggled on the "ragged edge of bankruptcy" and was susceptible when McClure wooed her in 1892 as a writer for his new magazine.

Two events that occurred while the young woman was still in Paris would help lead her to Standard Oil. One Sunday afternoon in June 1892, she read in Paris newspapers that Titusville and Oil City had been ravaged by flood and fire, with 150 people killed. The next day, her brother William Walter Tarbell's single-word cable—"Safe"—relieved her anxieties, but not her regrets over leaving her family.

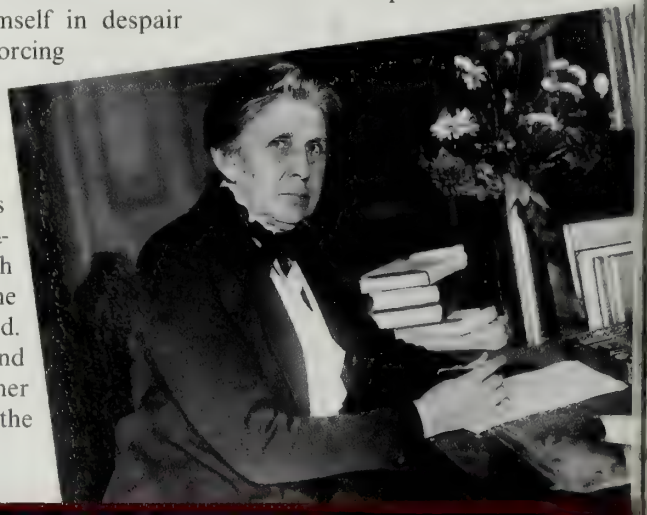
The next year, one of Tarbell's father's oil partners shot himself in despair over poor business, forcing Franklin Tarbell to mortgage his house. Ida's sister was in the hospital at the time, and "here was I across the ocean writing picayune pieces at a fourth of a cent a word," the journalist later recalled. "I felt guilty." Around this time, Tarbell laid her hands on a copy of the first exposé of Rockefeller, *Wealth Against Commonwealth,* published in 1894 by Henry Demarest Lloyd. Here she rediscovered the author of her father's woes: John D. Rockefeller.

Back in New York in 1894, Tarbell published two biographies in *McClure's* in serial form. These may have helped further her interest in Rockefeller. The first presented Napoleon as a gifted megalomaniac, a great man lacking "that fine sense of proportion which holds the rights of others in the same solemn reverence which it demands for its own." By the end of the series, *McClure's* circulation had leapt from 24,500 to 100,000.

Next came Tarbell's celebrated 20-part series on Abraham Lincoln, which absorbed four years of her life (1895–99) and boosted the magazine's circulation to 300,000. She honed her investigative skills as she excavated dusty documents and courthouse records. In 1899, after being named managing editor of *McClure's,* Tarbell took an apartment in Greenwich Village and befriended literary notables including Mark Twain.

Having sharpened her craft, Tarbell was set to publish one of the most influential pieces of journalism in American business history. The idea of dissecting Standard Oil had fermented in her mind for a long time. "Years ago . . . I had planned to write the great American novel, having the Standard Oil Company as a backbone!"

Her experiences as a reporter made her realize that the facts were better than anything she could make up. After receiving McClure's blessing, Tarbell launched her Standard Oil series in November 1902, feeding the American public



"If I had met him on the street, I know that I should have shot him." Frank Rockefeller said of his brother John.



A MATTER OF TRUSTS

Opposite: Ida Tarbell's series led the [illegible] to break up the Standard Oil [illegible] in 1911. *Above:* John Rockefeller in 1931, at age 92. The infamous man was routinely delivered [illegible] (often requested addresses) and [illegible] the name on [illegible] in Ocean City in 1935.

rich, monthly servings of Rockefeller's past misdeeds. She went back to the early Cleveland days and laid out the whole story of his evolution for careful inspection. All the depredations of a long career, everything Rockefeller had thought safely buried and forgotten, rose up before him in haunting and memorable detail.

Tarbell was encouraged by Samuel McClure, one of the most inspired windbags ever to occupy an editor's chair. High-strung, seized by hourly brainstorms, McClure was described by Rudyard Kipling as a "cyclone in a frock coat." Moving frenetically, he seemed forever lurching toward nervous collapse. "Able methodical people grow on every bush but genius comes once in a generation and if you ever get in its vicinity thank the Lord & *stick,*" Tarbell advised.

McClure would collar every talented young writer in America—Frank Norris, Stephen Crane, Theodore Dreiser, and Willa Cather—as well as more established figures, such as Mark Twain, Kipling, O. Henry, Damon Runyon, and Booth Tarkington. Yet it was in journalistic nonfiction that McClure left his lasting imprint.

A man with a weakness for startling facts, McClure wanted to analyze complex issues with scientific precision. Aiming at a comprehensive critique of American society, he concluded by 1901 that two great issues confronted the country: the growth of industrial trusts and political corruption. Before long, Lincoln Steffens was digging out municipal corruption in "The Shame of the Cities," which began in *McClure's* in October 1902 and ran for seven installments.

The country's finest investigative reporters gradually made their way to the magazine. One of them, Ray Stannard Baker, called it "the most stimulating, yes intoxicating editorial atmosphere then existent in America—or anywhere else."

Tarbell had contemplated exposing the steel and sugar trusts before the discovery of oil in California turned her attention to Standard Oil as the "most perfectly developed trust." Since the company had been investigated by various government bodies for three decades, there was a long documentary trail. At first projected to run over three successive issues, the Standard Oil series eventually stretched, by popular demand, to 19 installments. It was inaugurated in November 1902 against an especially timely backdrop: an anthracite-coal strike during the winter of 1902–3 deprived the poor of coal, forcing them to heat their homes with oil. The subsequent rise in oil prices created an incendiary issue.

Although Tarbell pretended to apply her scalpel with surgical objectivity, she was never neutral, and not only because of her father. Her brother William had been a leading figure in forming the Pure Oil Company, the only serious domestic challenger to Standard Oil, and his letters to her were tinged with anti-Standard venom. As Pure Oil's treasurer in 1902, Will steered legions of Rockefeller's enemies to his sister and even vetted her manuscripts. Amazingly, nobody made an issue of Tarbell's objectivity—or motives.

When Franklin Tarbell heard that his daughter was eyeing Standard, he warned of extreme danger. "Don't do it, Ida—they will ruin the magazine," he said, hinting as well that Rockefeller might have her maimed or murdered. But she kept on.

As Tarbell's research began, a sentimental trip to Titusville almost certainly rekindled her animosity toward her subject. Her father's terminal illness—Franklin had stomach cancer—may have further embittered her.

During the course of Tarbell's reporting, Standard Oil remained haughtily silent, and the closest the reporter came to being threatened during the project was at a Washington dinner party. Frank Vanderlip, a vice president of National City Bank, drew her into a side room to voice his strong displeasure with her work. Ignoring her sense of some vague financial menace to *McClure's,* she retorted, "Well, I am sorry, but of course that makes no difference to me."

Tarbell approached her work methodically, like a carpenter, but she soon reeled under the weight of the interviewing and research. After a week of combing through reports from the Industrial Commission in February 1902, she wrote despairingly, "The task confronting me is such a monstrous one that I am staggering a bit." By June, having completed three installments, she confessed that the material had acquired an obsessive hold over her. On the eve of a needed holiday in the Alps, she told her research assistant, "It has become a great bugbear. . . . I dream of the octopus by night and think of nothing else by day."

Upon her return, she met with Henry Demarest Lloyd, the eloquent, reform-minded author of *Wealth Against Commonwealth,* at his seaside estate in Sakonnet, Rhode Island. He told her, barely containing his rage, that Rockefeller and his associates embodied "the most dangerous tendencies in modern life." Later, when he learned that she had met with Henry H. Rogers, one of the chief executives at Standard Oil, Lloyd thought Tarbell might be in cahoots with the company and warned his contacts to watch out. But his doubts were dispelled when the series got under way. "When you get through with 'Johnnie,'" he told her in April 1903, "I don't think there will be very much left of him except something resembling one of his own grease spots."

Shortly before Tarbell began her research, McClure had tried to coax Mark Twain into editing a new magazine, but Henry Rogers, a close friend, persuaded Twain to resist. Rogers, who had spotted an ad announcing the forthcoming Standard Oil series, was startled that nobody there had been contacted by Tarbell. Concerned, he wrote Twain that "any person desiring to write a veritable history would seek for information as near original sources as possible." When Twain confronted McClure, the editor balked, saying, "You will have to ask Miss Tarbell." To which Twain replied "Would Miss Tarbell see Mr. Rogers?" She couldn't resist the opportunity.

A veteran charmer, "Hell Hound" Rogers, as he was known on Wall Street, invited Tarbell for a two-hour chat at his home on East 57th Street. Having never met a real captain of industry before, the reporter was entranced. "His big head with its high forehead was set off by a heavy shock of beautiful gray hair; his nose was aquiline, sensitive," she wrote years later.

Tarbell agreed to give Rogers a chance to react to any revelations she unearthed, and for two years she periodically visited him at 26 Broadway. These encounters had a quasi-clandestine aura, with the reporter whisked in one door and out another. Tarbell spoke with the executive for nearly a year before the series started and held her breath when the first installment appeared. "I rather expected him to cut me off." But to Tarbell's astonishment Rogers continued to receive her, and, while occasionally miffed by this or that article, he remained on friendly terms with her.

Rogers's complaisance has always been a huge mystery, engendering two schools of thought. Tarbell cited the executive's self-interest; she believed that he was willing to see Standard Oil's reputation sullied if his own was preserved. He and John Archbold had been stung by accusations that they had conspired to blow up the Buffalo refinery. "That case is a sore point," he told Tarbell. "I want you to go into it thoroughly."

Other observers hypothesized that Rogers was deflecting attention from his own misdeeds and taking revenge on Rockefeller, who privately denounced Rogers as a traitor. Tarbell's notes reveal that Rogers often defended Rockefeller while also carefully keeping the spotlight on his boss.

Rogers terminated his meetings with Tarbell in February 1904, when she pub-

lished a shocking account of railway agents spying on Standard Oil competitors—a practice that Rogers had strenuously denied. When she next arrived at 26 Broadway, he demanded, "Where did you get that stuff?" That tense meeting ended their relationship.

While stewing about Rogers, Rockefeller would have been equally shocked and wounded had he heard the acidulous comments made to Ida Tarbell by his old pal Henry M. Flagler, a co-founder of Standard Oil back in 1870 and his closest business associate. Tarbell was taken aback when Flagler portrayed the titan as petty and miserly. Tarbell noted, "Mr. Flagler talked to me of J.D.R. Says he is the biggest little man and the littlest big man he ever knew. That he would give $100,000 one minute to charity and turn around and haggle over the price of a ton of coal. Says emphatically: 'I have been in business with [Rockefeller] 45 years and he would do me out of a dollar today—that is, if he could do it honestly.'"

The subject of this description saw no need to speak to the reporter from *McClure's*. Rockefeller, who had no notion that Tarbell could wield her slingshot with such deadly accuracy, had weathered 30 years of assaults in courts and statehouses. He must have felt invulnerable. When associates clamored for a response to Tarbell, Rockefeller replied, "Gentlemen, we must not be entangled in controversies. If she is right, we will not gain anything by answering, and if she is wrong, time will vindicate us."

From the perspective of nearly a century later, Ida Tarbell's series remains the most impressive thing ever written about Standard Oil—a tour de force of reportage that dissects the trust's machinations with withering clarity. Her careful chronology provided a trenchant account of how the combine had evolved, and made the convoluted history of the oil industry comprehensible. In the dispassionate manner associated with *McClure's,* she sliced open America's most secretive business and showed all the hidden gears and wheels turning inside it. Her relatively cool style made readers boil.

Like Teddy Roosevelt, Tarbell did not condemn Standard Oil for its size—only for its abuses. She did not argue for the automatic dismantling of all trusts, and pleaded only for the preservation of free competition. While by no means evenhanded, Tarbell was quick to acknowledge the genuine achievements of Rockefeller and his cohorts and even devoted one article to "The Legitimate Greatness of the Standard Oil Company." She wrote, "There was not a lazy bone in the organization, not an incompetent hand, nor a stupid head." What most exasperated her was the fact that these intelligent men could have succeeded honestly. "They had never played fair," she wrote, "and that ruined their greatness."

It was in the trust's collusion with the railroads—the intricate and highly developed system of rebates, drawbacks, and other forms of favoritism—that Tarbell found her irrefutable proof that Rockefeller's empire had been built by devious means. She took pains to contradict the titan's defense that everybody practiced such collusion. "Everybody did not do it," she protested indignantly. "In the nature of the offense everybody could not do it. The strong wrested from the railroads the privilege of preying upon the weak."

Tarbell argued that Rockefeller had succeeded by imbuing subordinates with a ferocious desire to win at all costs. "Mr. Rockefeller has systematically played with loaded dice, and it is doubtful if there has ever been a time since 1872 when he has run a race with a competitor and started fair." Tarbell rightly surmised that Standard Oil received secret kickbacks from the railroads on a more elaborate scale than its rivals.

Tarbell showed that Rockefeller had taken over some refineries in an orchestrated atmosphere of intimidation. She exposed the deceit of an organization that operated through a maze of hidden subsidiaries in which connections to Standard Oil were kept secret from all but the highest-ranking employees. She sketched out many abuses of power, including how the company, through its monopolization of the pipelines, subdued refractory producers while favoring Standard's own refineries. And she chronicled the terror tactics by which the trust's marketing subsidiaries got retailers to stock their products exclusively. She also decried the trust's threat to democracy and the subornation of state legislators, but never guessed the depths of corruption now revealed by Rockefeller's papers.

Nevertheless, as historian Allan Nevins and other defenders of Rockefeller pointed out, Tarbell committed numerous errors. The most celebrated and widely quoted charge that Tarbell made against Rockefeller was the least deserved: that he had robbed Mrs. Fred M. Backus—forever known to history as "the Widow Backus"—blind when buying her Cleveland lubricating plant in 1878. "If it were true," Rockefeller later conceded, it "would represent a shocking instance of cruelty in crushing a defenseless woman." He added that the story had "awakened more hostility against the Standard Oil Company and against me personally than any charge which has been made."

To recount the Backus case in brief: Mrs. Backus had valued her operation at between $150,000 and $200,000 and hotly told any reporter who would listen that Standard Oil had cheated her by paying $79,000. Rockefeller mocked the plant as antiquated and poorly situated and argued that he could build new, more modern facilities for less money. As it happened, Mrs. Backus's own negotiator, Charles H. Marr, later swore that his client had valued her plant at a figure only slightly higher than the ultimate purchase price. Far from being doomed to Dickensian misery, the Widow Backus invested her proceeds in Cleveland real estate and died a rich woman.

Tarbell, however, had the honesty to debunk another story, specifically that Rockefeller had blown up a competing refinery in Buffalo. (It was this allegation that had so upset Henry Rogers.) Constantly brandished by Joseph Pulitzer's highly sensational New York newspaper, the *World,* the tale was a perennial of the anti–Standard Oil literature.

But, despite Tarbell's careful analysis of that incident—enriched perhaps by material from Henry Rogers—she was vulnerable to criticism of other, broader dimensions, namely that she was swayed by her childhood memories. She excessively ennobled the oil drillers from her home state of Pennsylvania, portraying them as exemplars of a superior morality. "They believed," she wrote, "in independent effort—every man for himself and fair play for all. They wanted competition, loved open fight."

To support this romantic vision, Tarbell had to overlook the baldly anti-competitive agreements proposed by the producers themselves. Far from being free-marketeers, they repeatedly tried to form their own cartels to restrict output and boost prices. And, as Rockefeller pointed out, they happily took rebates whenever they could. The world of the early oil industry was not, as Tarbell implied, a morality play of the evil Standard Oil versus the brave, noble independents of western Pennsylvania, but a harsh dog-eat-dog world.

One of the first and most shocking revelations dug up by Tarbell and her research assistant, John Siddall, came from a teenage boy who had been assigned to burn records at a Standard Oil plant each month. He was about to incinerate some forms one night when he noticed the name of his former Sunday-school teacher, who was an independent refiner and Standard Oil rival. Leafing through the documents sent for burning, he realized that they were secret records, obtained from the railroads, detailing the shipments of rival refiners. Tar-

bell knew Standard Oil was ruthless, but she was shocked by this outright criminal activity.

Yet the team of journalists was willing to take its own moral shortcuts to expose Rockefeller. To spy on the millionaire, Siddall had a friend from the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* impersonate a Sunday-school teacher in order to sneak into the annual church picnic at Forest Hill, the Rockefellers' Cleveland estate. At Siddall's behest, an old Rockefeller friend, Hiram Brown, pumped the unwitting mogul on several matters (including his reaction to the *McClure's* series).

Since Rockefeller banned Tarbell from his presence, Siddall searched for a way to obtain a firsthand glimpse. During summers spent at Forest Hill, Rockefeller appeared in public only for services at the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church. By the early 1900s, this event had taken on the air of a circus spectacle as hundreds of people massed outside the church to view him. As the Tarbell series swelled the gaping throngs, Rockefeller would gingerly approach his church bodyguard before the service and ask, "Are there any of our friends, the reporters, here?" Sometimes, he confessed, he wanted to bolt from the service, but he feared that people would brand him a coward. At one Friday-evening prayer service, Rockefeller grew rattled when a radical agitator sat opposite him all evening, his hand stuffed menacingly in his pocket.

It probably hurt Rockefeller's image that he appeared in public only at church, for it played to the stereotype of a hypocrite cloaking himself in sanctity. In fact, his motivation for churchgoing—beyond the spiritual comfort of prayer—was quite simple: he relished the contact with ordinary people, many of them old friends. The church retained many blue-collar members, enabling Rockefeller to chat amiably with a blacksmith or a mechanic. Such everyday experiences increasingly eluded him as he withdrew behind the high gates of his estates.

On Sunday, June 14, 1903, John Siddall got a windfall beyond his most feverish hopes when Rockefeller, just a month short of his 64th birthday, not only appeared but delivered a short "Children's Day" talk at the Sunday school. "If I had been able to foretell what happened yesterday I should have advised you to come from Titusville to spend Sunday in Cleveland," Siddall told Tarbell. Tarbell's assistant described Rockefeller, in ministerial coat and silk hat, sitting before the pulpit and surveying the crowd apprehensively, as if fearful for his safety. "He bows his head and mutters his pray[illegible] and sings the hymns, and nods his head, and claps his hands in a sort of a mechanical way. It's all work to him—a part of his business. He thinks that after he has done this for an hour or two he has warded off the devil for another week."

Only months later did Siddall learn of the anonymous charity Rockefeller practiced each Sunday morning, handing out money in small envelopes to needy congregants. "Doesn't this shake your belief in the theory of pure hypocrisy?" Siddall asked Tarbell. He noted the curiously compartmentalized nature of Rockefeller's mind. "In one part is legitimate business, in another corrupt business, in another personal depravity, in another—somewhere in his being—religious experience and life."

In the early fall, Siddall found out that Rockefeller, before returning to New York, would deliver a short farewell address at the Sunday school, and the eager researcher begged Ida Tarbell to attend. "I will see that we have seats where we will have a full view of the man," he promised her. "You will get him in action."

On the day itself, the observers succeeded in squeezing between them an illustrator, George Varian, who executed a rapid sketch of Rockefeller, which subsequently appeared in *McClure's*. Tarbell felt "a little mean" about secretly ambushing Rockefeller in church, and she dreaded being caught. To prevent this, she asked Siddall to pack the pew in front of them with three or four tall confederates who would shield Varian and his notebook.

When Tarbell and Siddall arrived at the Sunday-school room that morning, she wrinkled her nose at the shabby surroundings, "a dismal room with a barbaric dark green paper with big gold designs, cheap stained-glass windows, awkward gas fixtures." Suddenly, Siddall gave her a violent dig in the ribs. "There he is," he breathed.

The hairless figure in the doorway did not disappoint Tarbell. As she wrote, "There was an awful age in his face—the oldest man I had ever seen, I thought, but what power!" He slowly took off his coat and hat, slid a black skullcap over his bald head, and sat flush against the wall, where he had an unobstructed view of the room. (Tarbell believed he made his choice of seating for security reasons.) During his brief talk to the children, she was impressed by the clear strength of his voice. After the Sunday-school speech, the *McClure's* contingent packed a church pew in the auditorium for the service. Self-conscious about being there, Tarbell was convinced that Rockefeller would pick her out of the crowd, but he apparently did not.

Despite her fears, Tarbell and her associates evaded detection at the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church that Sunday morning. It was the only time that Tarbell was ever actually in Rockefeller's presence. Ironically, he never knowingly set eyes on the woman who did more than any other person to tarnish his image.

Though billed as a history of Standard Oil, the Tarbell series presented Rockefeller as the protagonist. She made Standard Oil and Rockefeller interchangeable, even when covering the period after Rockefeller retired. This great-man approach to history gave a human face to the gigantic, amorphous entity known as Standard Oil, but also turned the full force of public fury on Rockefeller, who became the most hated man in America. It did not acknowledge the bureaucratic reality of Standard Oil, with its labyrinthine committee system, and stigmatized Rockefeller to the exclusion of his associates. Flagler emerged relatively unscathed, even though he had negotiated most of the secret freight contracts that loom so large in the *McClure's* exposé.

By the third installment of Tarbell's series, in January 1903, President Roosevelt himself sent her a flattering note. Tarbell's celebrity spread with each issue. "The way you are generally esteemed and reverenced pleases me tremendously," McClure told her. "You are today the most generally famous woman in America."

Samuel McClure would let a series run as long as the public snatched up copies. The Standard Oil saga profited from a tremendous crescendo of attention, which drew more and more Rockefeller critics from the woodwork. The circulation of *McClure's* had risen to 375,000 by the time Tarbell's 19-part series was finished. Though it was published as a two-volume book in November 1904, she then capped it with a scathing two-part character study of Rockefeller in *McClure's* in July and August of 1905.

In the study, Tarbell stressed Rockefeller's fidgety behavior, the way he had craned his neck and scanned the church that Sunday morning, as if searching for assassins. This was vitally important for Tarbell: it suggested that Rockefeller had a guilt-ridden conscience, that he could not enjoy his ill-gotten wealth. "For what good this undoubted power of achievement, for what good this towering wealth, if one must be forever peering to see what is behind!" It never occurred to Tarbell that Rockefeller might be searching the congregation for charity recipients.

Throwing off any semblance of objectivity, she found in Rockefeller "concentration craftiness, cruelty, and something indefin

ably repulsive." She described him as a "living mummy," hideous and diseased, leprous and reptilian, his physiognomy blighted by moral degeneracy. The pious, churchgoing image that Rockefeller projected was only a "hypocritical facade brilliantly created."

Rockefeller could brush off Tarbell's critique of his business methods as biased, but he was deeply pained by the character study. He was furious that Tarbell converted his alopecia, which had produced so much suffering, into a sign of moral turpitude. He was no less upset by her charge that he was ill at ease in his church, for this struck at the heart of his lifelong faith. As he later said, he was not fearful in church, "because there was no place where I felt more at home in a public assembly than in this old church, where I had been since a boy of fourteen years and my friends were all about me."

Among the legions of Rockefeller enemies who had interviews with Tarbell was the mogul's most vituperative foe, Frank Rockefeller, his envious, disgruntled younger brother. Frank had never forgiven John after the titan refused to extend a loan made to one of his brother's close friends. Frank popped up in the press from time to time to deliver flaming imprecations against John. But Frank had not set eyes on his brother in years and knew only gossip.

Tarbell's breakthrough with Frank occurred in January 1904, when Siddall learned that the Tarbell series had won two unexpected admirers: Frank's daughter and son-in-law Helen and Walter. Using the latter as a go-between, Frank stipulated his conditions for a tête-à-tête with Tarbell in Cleveland: "I want no member of my family to know of this interview. . . . I shall see Miss Tarbell in my Garfield Building office. No one is to be present. No clerk is to know who Miss T is."

Following instructions, Tarbell even concocted a disguise for what would be one of the most disturbing interviews of her long career. Frank seemed candid as he chewed tobacco, but talked incontinently, spewing forth bile against his brother. At moments, his self-pitying harangues suggested a deranged man.

Unaware of the stormy history between the two brothers, Tarbell was appalled by the ugly emotions that Frank betrayed. But she welcomed his information. Frank portrayed John in a lurid, distorted light as a sadist who took pleasure in lending people money, then seizing their collateral and destroying them when they did not repay: "Cleveland could be paved with the mortgages that he has foreclosed on people who were in a tight place."

Frank contributed few revelatory facts but vented his spleen. He told Tarbell that John had only two ambitions—to be very rich and very old—and even chastised his brother's wife, the former Laura Celestia Spelman, known as Cettie, calling her a "narrow-minded, stingy and pious" woman, whose greatest goal was "to be known as a good Christian, and to impress the world with the piety and domestic harmony of the family."

Touching up this gruesome portrait, Frank later added: "[John] has the delusion that God has appointed him to administer all the wealth in the world, and in his efforts to do this he has destroyed men right and left. I tell you that when you publish this story the people will arise and stone him out of the community. . . . He is a monster."

Frank's finale to his ravings about his brother shocked even Tarbell. "I know you think I am bitter and that it is unnatural, but this man has ruined my life. Why I have not killed him I do not understand. It must be that there is a God who prevented me doing such a thing, for there have been a hundred times when, if I had met him on the street, I know that I should have shot him." But Frank did not mention that John had bailed him out of bankruptcy several times.

Such lunacy should have warned Tarbell to exercise extreme care with information gleaned from this volatile source. Instead, in a lapse of judgment, she used Frank's material in such a slipshod, misleading manner that John justly accused her of slanting the story.

Tarbell never knew about Frank's hypocritical reliance on his brother's generosity. Unable to curb his speculative appetite, Frank took an emergency loan of $184,000 from his brother William during the 1907 Wall Street panic. What Frank did not know—but surely must have suspected—was that John, who had already loaned him so much, had guaranteed half the loan. In fact, John carried the debt until Frank died. In early 1912, however, when Frank again sounded off about his brother to reporters, John dispatched a lawyer to inform the ungrateful Frank about the true source of the money that had sustained him.

For nearly three years, from November 1902 to August 1905, Ida Tarbell launched projectiles at Rockefeller and Standard Oil without taking fire in return. As one newspaper speculated, "Is the pen mightier than the money-bag . . . Is Ida M. Tarbell, weak woman, more potent than John D. Rockefeller millionaire?" At moments, Tarbell herself was startled by this kid-glove treatment.

From today's perspective, when corporations have teams of publicists who swing into action at the first whiff of trouble, Standard Oil's muted reaction appears to be a perplexing miscalculation. Tarbell got enough wrong that a modern public-relations expert could have dented her credibility and shaken Samuel McClure with the threat of a libel suit.

So why did Rockefeller stick to his self-defeating silence? One side of him simply did not want to be bothered by libel suits. "Life is short," he wrote to a friend, "and we have not time to heed the reports of foolish and unprincipled men." He was also afraid that if he sued for libel it would dignify the charges against him and only prolong the controversy. Strolling about Forest Hill with Rockefeller, a friend suggested that he respond to the Tarbell series. At that moment, Rockefeller spotted a worm crawling across their path. "If I step on that worm I will call attention to it," he said. "If I ignore it, it will disappear."

But the main reason for Rockefeller's silence was that he couldn't dispute just a few of Tarbell's assertions without admitting the truth of many others, and a hard core of truth lay behind the scattered errors. Tarbell herself reached this conclusion in *McClure's:* "His self-control has been masterful—he knows, nobody better, that to answer is to invite discussion, to answer is to call attention to the facts in the case."

Rockefeller claimed that he had not even deigned to glance at *McClure's,* a claim inadvertently refuted by Adella Prentiss Hughes, Cettie's nurse and companion, who traveled with the Rockefellers on a western train trip in the spring of 1903. "He liked to have things read to him, and during these months I read aloud Ida Tarbell's diatribes," she recalled. "He listened musingly, with keen interest and no resentment." He tossed out wisecracks about "his lady friend" Tarbell.

Nonetheless, it is true that Rockefeller never formally sat down and read her searing indictment. "I don't think I ever read Ida Tarbell's book: I may have skimmed it," he said a decade later. "I wonder what it amounts to, anyway, in the minds of people who have no animus?"

Rockefeller's private comments about his Boswell were marked by a dry mockery that he never revealed in public. "How clever she is," he noted. "She makes her picture clear and attractive, no matter how unjust she is." With friends he referred to the reporter who plagued him as "Miss Tarbarrel."

Far from making Rockefeller repent and reconsider, the Tarbell series hardened his faith in his career. How dismayed Tarbell

would have been to find the titan writing to his successor, John Archbold, in July 1905: "I never appreciated more than at present the importance of our taking care of our business—holding it and increasing it in every part of the world."

The press was rife with speculation about Rockefeller's reaction to his nemesis. "Mr. Rockefeller's friends say that it is all cruel punishment for him, and that he writhes under these attacks," reported one Detroit newspaper. A Philadelphia paper chimed in that "the richest man in the world sits by the hour at Forest Hill, his chin sunk on his breast. . . . He has lost interest in golf; he has become morose; never free in his conversation with his employees, he now speaks only when absolutely necessary, and then gives his directions tersely and absently." These reports tell more about the popular thirst for revenge than about Rockefeller's actual response. He was never tormented by guilt and never curtailed his golf.

Rockefeller's children had to fall back upon a reflexive belief in their father's integrity. During this period, the titan grew closer to his son, John D. Rockefeller Jr., who became his confidant just as Cettie's health, which had grown uncertain, made it more difficult for her to discharge that function. John junior—whom historians would refer to simply as Junior—remembered, "He used to talk to me about the criticisms to which he was exposed, and I think it eased his mind to do so, because beneath his apparent insensitiveness, he was a sensitive man, but he always ended up by saying: 'Well, John, we have to be patient. We have been successful and these people haven't.'"

Rockefeller's decision to refrain from specific rebuttals tormented his son, who had taken his parents' morality at face value. Junior had always been prey to tension-related symptoms, and they intensified with each new installment of *McClure's*. By late 1904, gripped by migraine headaches and insomnia, he wavered on the edge of a breakdown. Under doctor's orders, he, his wife, Abby, and their baby daughter sailed to Cannes in December 1904 for what would extend into a yearlong absence from 26 Broadway. They toured the charming Languedoc country towns, drove through the Maritime Alps, and ambled along the Promenade des Anglais in Nice. But Junior's troubles were so intransigent that their projected one-month stay lengthened to six. Junior's breakdown has been variously attributed to overwork, exhaustion, and an identity crisis, but he himself privately emphasized the toll of the Tarbell series.

While Tarbell's articles were running, Rockefeller, his wife, his son, and two of his three daughters were afflicted by serious medical problems or nervous strain. In 1903, Rockefeller himself had such severe bronchial troubles that he took a rest cure near San Diego. That spring, his eldest daughter, Bessie, suffered a stroke or heart ailment that left her sadly demented, and the following April, her husband, Charles Strong, took off with her for Cannes, where she and Junior may have consulted the same nervous-strain specialist. In April 1904, Cettie, the declining matriarch, had an attack that left her semi-paralyzed and from which she took two years to recover. Finally, plunged into depression after the birth of her youngest child, Mathilde, in April 1905, Edith, Rockefeller's youngest daughter, fled to Europe. Understandably, the Rockefellers did not wish to broadcast their misfortunes to the world. The price that the series exacted from them, like so much else, was scrupulously hidden from the public and posterity.

The *McClure's* exposé inflicted far more than just emotional damage on Rockefeller. It appeared just as Teddy Roosevelt was scouting the horizon for an especially notorious combine to prosecute under the Sherman Antitrust Act. Tarbell's stunning indictment virtually guaranteed that Standard Oil would be the central target of a federal trust-busting probe.

On November 18, 1906—a mere 15 months after Tarbell's character study of Rockefeller appeared—the federal government filed an anti-trust suit against Standard Oil of New Jersey (the holding company), 65 companies under its control, and a pantheon of powerful chieftains, including John and William Rockefeller, Henry Flagler, John Archbold, and Henry Rogers. They were charged with monopolizing the oil industry and conspiring to restrain trade through a litany of tactics already made infamous by Ida Tarbell: railroad rebates, the abuse of the pipeline monopoly, predatory pricing, industrial espionage, and the secret ownership of ostensible competitors. The proposed remedy was sweeping: to break up the massive combine into its component companies.

On May 15, 1911, the Supreme Court upheld an earlier court decision and ordered the dissolution of Standard Oil. The trust was given six months to spin off its subsidiaries as separate companies, with its officers forbidden to re-establish the monopoly. The longest-running morality play in American business history ended with the dismemberment of Standard Oil after 41 turbulent years of ruling the industry. And the catalyst had been the steady, cogent, luminously intelligent reportage of Ida Minerva Tarbell, who had fearlessly torn the veil from America's most mysterious and reclusive businessman.

For Tarbell, the Standard Oil series was her valedictory at *McClure's*. After a lacerating feud with McClure over business matters, she resigned in 1906, spending the next nine years as editor of *American Magazine*. Mellowing with age, she not only found much to admire in American business, but developed unexpectedly cordial relations with John D. Rockefeller Jr. when they served together on an industrial conference convened by Woodrow Wilson in 1919. "Personally I liked her very much," Junior said of Tarbell, "although I was never much of an admirer of her book." Tarbell reciprocated this fondness, telling a friend, "I believe there is no man in public life or in business in our country who holds more closely to his ideals than does John D. Rockefeller, Jr. In fact, I will go so far as to say I do not know of any father who had given better guidance to a son than has John D. Rockefeller." In 1925, the aging, more conservative Tarbell published a laudatory biography of Judge Elbert H. Gary of U.S. Steel, followed in 1932 by a favorable life of Owen D. Young of General Electric. Yet whatever the softening influence of the years, she never regretted her exposé of Rockefeller or recanted a word of it. True to her vow, she remained unmarried until she died in 1944.

Rockefeller gave way to many lonely moments after Cettie's death in 1915. But he would grow more ebullient with time. Though he lived a solitary life in many ways—Bessie had died in 1906, Edith was in Switzerland or Chicago, and Junior was busy disposing of the family fortune—the old man seemed lighter, more at ease than in previous years. Rockefeller's romance with the southern latitudes blossomed during his February golf vacations in Augusta, Georgia, where he could hop a trolley car or wander the streets without bodyguards. Beginning in 1913, he started spending his winters in southern Florida, at the Ormond Beach Hotel, created by the recently deceased Henry Flagler. He bought a house there in 1918 when he was 79 years old.

The new home, known as The Casements in honor of its awning-covered windows, was gray-shingled and had three stories. Simply furnished and unassuming by Rockefeller standards, the house had 11 guest bedrooms to handle his growing brood of descendants, though it never

teemed with as many family members as its owner had hoped.

Rockefeller would grab a walking stick and outline additions to the new place in the wet sand or make quick sketches with a stubby pencil. A veteran sun worshiper, he installed an enclosed porch, which enabled observers to view him, like some American waxwork, sitting inside. Hoping to flood the place with music, he furnished the residence with a Steinway piano, a Victrola, and a lovely church organ. "I reverence a man who composes music," he once exclaimed after listening to the music of Richard Wagner. "It is a marvelous gift."

Now, finally free, Rockefeller for the first time developed true friends, not just golf cronies and acquaintances. His most frequent companion was the ancient Civil War general Adelbert Ames, a ramrod-stiff West Pointer who had been wounded at Bull Run, and who had served as the governor of Mississippi during Reconstruction. On the golf course, Ames was amused by the petty economies practiced by his thrifty friend. Around water holes, Rockefeller insisted that they switch to old golf balls and professed astonishment at players who used *new* balls in these treacherous places. "They must be very rich!" he told Ames.

Rockefeller, at this time, began to display a new sensitivity toward public opinion. In 1914 he and his son retained Ivy Lee, a pioneer in corporate public relations, to help burnish the family's image. Under Lee's tutelage, Rockefeller began to distribute shiny dimes, a custom which endeared him to the public. The world seemed to lighten around the old man. When the 61-year-old John Singer Sargent began to paint Rockefeller at Ormond Beach in March 1917, he discarded the stereotypical perspective. Instead of painting him in somber business black, he captured him in one painting in a casually elegant mood, wearing a blue serge jacket with a white vest and slacks. The face was thin but not yet gaunt, the eyes pensive, and the pose softer and more tranquil than in Eastman Johnson's 1895 painting of the tycoon.

With Rockefeller relaxed and serenely confident about his place in history, Junior decided to ease him into a biographical project. In early 1915, William O. Inglis, a genial New York *World* editor, had been approached to write it. He was sufficiently malleable to toe the line.

During the project, which was never published, Inglis saw Rockefeller's self-mastery crumble only twice, both times when responding to allegations made by Ida Tarbell. The first time came when he read aloud her charge that in 1872 the 32-year-old Rockefeller had taken over many Cleveland refineries by threatening rivals. "That is absolutely false!" exclaimed Rockefeller.

"His face was flushed," noted Inglis, "and his eyes were burning. He did not beat the desk with his fist, but stood there with his hands clenched, controlling himself with evident effort."

Rockefeller reserved his most bitter epithets for another passage, where Tarbell dealt with the touchiest matter in his personal life: the character of his colorful, raffish father, William Avery Rockefeller. Tarbell's "character study" was filled with venomous portrayals of the elder Rockefeller, the itinerant peddler of patent medicines who had led a shadowy, vagabond life. William had been the sort of fast-talking huckster who thrived in frontier communities, and Tarbell amply reported his misdemeanors. At one point she wrote, "Indeed he had all the vices save one—he never drank."

The thrust against his dead father probed some buried pain, some still-festering wound inside Rockefeller, and he suddenly erupted: "What a wretched utterance from one calling herself a historian," he declared.

For a moment he could not regain his self-control. His famous granite composure had utterly broken down. And, for one of the few times in his life, he let forth a torrent of intemperate abuse. Sputtering with rage, he railed against the "poison tongue of this poison woman who seeks to poison the public with every endeavor . . . to cast suspicion on everything good, bad, or indifferent appertaining to a name which has not been ruined by her shafts." Aware that he had, uncharacteristically, let down his guard, Rockefeller soon checked himself and resumed his old pose of philosophic calm. He reassured Inglis: "After all, though, I am grateful that I do not cherish bitterness even against this 'historian,' but pity."

The titan, upon regaining his dignity, made certain that his tightly fitted mask never slipped again in front of any living soul. He died in 1937. □

A Girl Named Joe

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 212 that they had decided to employ no men: "After employing both men and girls," said Joan Mackern, one of Joe's garage partners, "we have found that the girls are much more adaptable and trustworthy."

Joe bought herself a two-cylinder Triumph, in which she and Bardie, another of the garage girls and a great friend of Joe's, sped around Devon and Cornwall; a Sunbeam, in which they took a trip to Sicily; and four silver-gray Rolls-Royces—a flashier, more modern make than Daimler. In the South of France, Joe would get drunk with her half-brother, Frank, with whom she enjoyed a rivalrous camaraderie, and race her Rolls against his. Sixty years later Bardie remembered Joe as she was then: "sparkling, gay, and crazy."

Joe thrived on danger, and soon became fascinated with boat racing. Her first boat was *Sonia,* a magnificent yacht which she referred to admiringly as a "real terrible girl." Joe was an equally magnificent yachtswoman—she won a race at Harwich despite falling overboard halfway through—and in 1924 *Sonia* took almost every cup in her class.

In 1925 Joe commissioned the best motorboat money could buy. Like the island to which she was later to devote herself, these new craft were essentially inanimate and yet seemed to contain a vital force, seemed possessed of independent life. Though Joe always referred to the boats, the cars, and the island as "she," she perceived them as virile and willful. "I like the boats," she said later. "I liked the way they behaved. I understood them."

High-speed boats were so expensive that only a few were commissioned each year, and a successful craft could bring a boatyard great prestige. Joe Carstairs' boat was one of two built by Samuel Saunders's yard in 1925, with the brilliant young designer Fred Cooper assigned to work on it. Joe sat in the Saunders yard in East Cowes to watch the finishing touches being put to her craft, a 17-foot, 1.5-liter, or "Z"-class, hydroplane with a shallow hull. The boat's wood was so thin and pliant that it gave when pushed, and bulged in the water with every wave. She was painted gloss-black with a single white stripe running her length. To give her extra lift and buoyancy, dozens of inflated pigs' bladders were stowed under the deck. Joe named her *Gwen,* after the variety-show star Gwen Farrar, a friend and an expert horsewoman. In one of the test runs the boat capsized, and when she came up again Joe renamed her by reversing the letters of her name. Now she was *Newg.*

Joe said that she chose motorboats over other racing machines because "you get a

A Girl Named Joe

better idea of speed than in a car or anything else." Racing a motorboat was a felt battle, a collision between sea and machine, and racers could be knocked unconscious if they were thrown into the water at high speed. In her boat, Carstairs could live even harder and faster than she did on land.

In the 1920s, Britain's enthusiasm for sports and the wholesome pleasures of the great outdoors ran alongside the decadence of the metropolitan scene: dope parties, exotic cocktails, and fancy dress. Joe straddled both worlds. In London she had affairs with actresses (including Tallulah Bankhead, she said), dressed up, drank, and danced through the night.

The newspapers noted Joe's arrival on the motorboating scene with wary, gently mocking admiration. "A new type of river girl made her appearance on the Thames side on Saturday," reported one. "Keen-eyed and close-shingled, with a costume approaching a man's flannel lounge suit, she stood, on the Surrey bank between Mortlake and Putney talking glibly of outboards, revolutions and baskets." Remarkably little was made of the novelty of a woman competing in the event, perhaps because no one knew what to make of Joe. Female competitors were so rare that no women's races existed.

In 1926, Joe won the Royal Motor Yacht Club International Race, the Daily Telegraph Cup, the Bestise Cup, and the Lucina Cup. On Lake Windermere she secured the 1.5-liter-class world record—54.97 miles per hour. Joe was thrilled by the attention her victories brought. "I loved an audience," she recalled. "I loved people to come up and say, 'Give me your autograph.' I was a nasty little piece. With an audience, it's amazing what I can do."

By 1927 Joe had won the major competitions in the 1.5-liter class, and she set her sights on the most prestigious motorboating prize in the world, the Harmsworth British International Trophy.

Alfred Harmsworth, the proprietor of the *Daily Mail,* had established the competition in 1903, at the dawn of high-speed motorboating. The boats entered in the race could be up to 40 feet long, and no limit was placed on the engine size; as a consequence the contest became a playground for millionaires, a testing ground for the most powerful and experimental craft of the time. During the war the competition was suspended. It was begun again in 1920 at Osborne Bay, off the Isle of Wight, and was won for America by Garfield Wood in *Miss America,* a boat powered by twin 900-horsepower aircraft engines. Wood was a fearless racer and showman; endlessly, inventively competitive, he was to be Joe's greatest rival.

In 1927 Joe commissioned Sam Saunders to build her three boats with which to race against Wood, and one with which to make an attempt on the transatlantic record. The three hydroplanes, named *Estelle,* were designed to be the fastest craft ever to travel on water, capable of 100 miles per hour; they were reputed to be costing her a total of 50,000 pounds. *Estelle I,* at 26 feet by 5½ feet, was shaped like a shark—neat, sleek, with an upward tilt on the blunted point of the nose. *Estelle II* was shorter and fatter, like a small whale. *Estelle III* was never completed—her design had been overambitious. The two finished hydroplanes were extraordinarily light, the hulls crammed tight with power. Their thin wooden shells were cases for tremendous 900-horsepower Napier Lion engines, which had already powered record-breaking aircraft and motorcars. Both had turtleback decks which merged seamlessly into the sides of the hulls, a design which improved the boats' aerodynamism but meant that if overturned they would be difficult to right. Joe unveiled the two *Estelles* at East Cowes in June 1928. "Nobody really knows anything about their behavior," she told the press. "We are venturing into a new region of speed on the water."

In the event, *Estelle I* proved highly volatile, and sank on her first outing on Windermere. However, Joe would race *Estelle II* in Detroit for the 1928 Harmsworth Trophy. On September 2, 150,000 spectators gathered to watch the race. An article in the *Detroit Free Press* described what ensued.

> With the crack of the starting gun Miss Carstairs shot her boat over the line more than 300 yards in advance of her rivals and thus won the first test of the race. . . . Sensing the test he was put to, Wood . . . opened up the Miss America VII. . . . Its two powerful Packard motors roaring and flames shooting a foot out of the exhausts, Wood cut down on the margin of the Carstairs craft and passed it just going under the bridge. . . . The English girl was making a real race of it and followed close in the wash of Wood . . . when, without warning, her boat leaped into the air and plunged nose first into the water throwing both Miss Carstairs and her mechanic out.

The *Detroit Free Press* paid tribute to Joe Carstairs' prowess on the water: "Miss Carstairs gave a demonstration of piloting ability never before equaled by a woman. . . . She outgeneralled Wood."

Joe had established herself as the fastest women on water anywhere in the world. But this was not good enough.

Since the boats built by the Saunders yard in 1928 had failed her, Joe Carstairs set up her own boatyard on the Medina River in East Cowes. She named it Sylvia, after a friend, and took on a task force of six men. The work on Joe's next challenger for the Harmsworth was conducted in secret. The craft under construction was referred to by the press as the "hush-hush boat," the "mystery boat," and the "Q boat."

When *Estelle IV* was completed in June 1929, Joe took her staff out for a slap-up meal at the Victoria Tavern, a public house next to the yard, before launching the new craft into the Medina.

"Miss Carstairs' boat is one of the cleanest-designed hulls ever seen," reported the *Manchester Chronicle,* "with lengthy, beautiful, upswept bows." *Yachting* magazine praised this "beautiful boat, 35 ft of glistening black hull, well proportioned and with all the elements of speed." According to *The Daily Telegraph,* she was "the most wonderful motorboat that has ever been made." Though graceful and streamlined, *Estelle IV* was a massive, sturdy craft; *Estelle II* had failed, said Joe, because she was too small and light. The new boat's keel was solid English oak; her flanks were Ecuadoran timber, each painted with a Union Jack. She was equipped with three Napier Lion 935-horsepower engines, and triple propellers cut from 80 tons of steel.

Thanks to the excitement of the previous year's Harmsworth race, three times as many people—half a million—turned up to watch in Detroit in 1929. *Estelle IV* averaged 64 miles per hour in the trials, a new British record. But during the race itself she handled badly and hit a log, loosening a manifold in the engine. Gar Wood triumphed again.

Joe found a perpetual audience for her exploits in the form of a small man-doll, a present given to her at the end of 1925 by her girlfriend, Ruth Baldwin, while the two were on a skiing holiday in the Swiss Alps. Joe sometimes referred to the doll, a stuffed leather mannequin just over a foot high, as her mascot, but he was far too precious to take out on the water. While she took risks with herself, she would take none with him. Joe dressed her doll in tailored suits, imported Italian shoes, and a sealskin coat trimmed with fur. He was a homunculus, a tiny boy with the face of a man. Joe called him Lord Tod Wadley, as if he were a waddling toddler and a peer of the realm rolled into one. Joe traded her life for his.

By the front door of 5 Mulberry Walk, the house that she shared with Ruth, Joe mounted a plaque which read: MARION

BARBARA CARSTAIRS AND LORD TOD WADLEY.

Tradesmen, Joe said, occasionally called asking for Lord Tod, and once a man turned up at the door claiming to have served with Wadley in France during the Great War.

Joe's belief in her doll often seemed a little crazy; it verged on madness. But, more to the point, it staved off madness. Wadley was the means by which she could split herself in two and—through her bond with him—still be held together.

In 1933 Joe saw an advertisement in an American newspaper offering for sale an island in the British West Indies. She sailed over to see it. In 1934 she bought Whale Cay for $40,000 and left England for good. She told the press that she was going because of the prohibitive tax rates in Britain. She was receiving about £1,000 a week from her trust funds, but she later admitted to friends that she was $100,000 in debt, having paid no taxes at all in Britain or America in the 1920s. She said that her flight to the British West Indies, a tax haven, was her only way of escaping jail. But there were other inducements to go, among them the collapse of her dream to be the fastest motorboat racer in the world.

"I am going to live surrounded only by colored people," she said. "I am not even taking a motor car, for when I bought the island there were no roads. Now I am building roads and a residence, but my only means of transport will be two ten-foot dinghies. The island is about 1000 acres in extent and is 9 miles long. I cannot say if I will ever return."

The islands of the British West Indies are the flattened peaks of a giant submarine mountain range rising out of the Atlantic Ocean. Joe Carstairs was god of her own portion of this watery Olympus. She hired seven men from Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, to help her clear a path and lay roads from one end of the island to the other.

"It was unbearably hot," said Joe. "We wallowed in dust to our knees. Sand flies and other insects bit us almost to the point of distraction. I almost surrendered the island there and then, but I'm stubborn."

One morning, Joe said, she and the road layers were taking their lunch by the track—she ate oranges, they rice and peas—when she slipped a knife from her belt and hurled it at a snake. "And by God I cut that goddamn snake's head right off," she said. The men were deeply impressed, and from then on all the islanders called her "the Boss." "I was a leader," said Joe. "I could do anything."

Joe Carstairs' arrival was a godsend to many. As the buildings of Whale Cay went up and the roads went down, people poured in from neighboring islands. In all, 26 miles of carefully signposted road were laid. The first building to be raised was the store. There the workers used their wages—four dollars a week for men, three dollars for women—to buy lard, rice, sugar, tea, and coffee with which to supplement their diet of fish.

Eventually 300 men were working on the Great House, as Joe's home came to be known. Completed in 1936, it resembled a sturdy Spanish villa, white, with red tiles and wrought-iron railings, and the lawns were planted with palm, tamarind, almond, and sea-grape trees; the walls surrounding the estate were lined with bushes of oleander, hibiscus, and mastic.

"Dull," Joe said, "is a word that should be torn to pieces to see what it is made of." To ensure that life was never dull, she created her own myths, using theater and practical jokes to at once parody her image and increase its power. Often she tricked her houseguests, making them believe themselves an audience when they were truly players in her theater. One night Joe briefed a group of islanders to shine up their faces, strip down to their shorts, and drum menacingly outside the Great House. She then told her friends inside that the natives were rioting. "The blacks are going to kill us all," she warned. "Pansies first, women last." Having whipped up a suitable panic, and sent her guests scuttling upstairs, she strode out and shot off some guns. Then she returned to the house. "I think it's going to be all right now," she said.

The Whale Cay museum, known also as the library, was like a pagan shrine. There Joe's life was represented not in words but in the objects she had gathered. The museum housed her racing trophies, the heads of the big game she had shot, the carcasses of the fish she had caught, a life-size statue of Wadley, models of ships. Joe expressed regret at having mislaid a necklace of dried human ears, a gift to her mother from an African chieftain she had nursed. When the island dog, John, died, Joe had him stuffed and put in the museum. She occasionally threatened her employees with a similar fate.

When intruders landed on Whale Cay, Joe had free rein in her self-inventions, and she sent herself up wildly. One day in the late 1940s, it was said, an American cruiser moored off the island, and its passengers rowed up to the shore, disembarking at Cowley beach. On hearing of the intrusion Carstairs had her men paint their faces, and armed them with weapons from the museum. Led by Joe, who was wielding a huge cutlass, they swarmed out of the jungle uttering strange cries and took the trespassers prisoner. At dusk the Americans, their hands tied behind their backs, were dragged up to the lighthouse. There Joe reappeared, dressed as a fantastical Great White Goddess, while her people chanted and danced around a huge fire before her. After the ceremony the Americans were locked in the garage; they were released at dawn.

In January 1941 the Duke and Duchess of Windsor paid a visit to Whale Cay, and *Life* magazine took photographs of their progress around the island. "Damn it," said the Duke as he inspected the roads, "why can't all the Out Islands make roads like these?" Joe showed them her boats at the dock, and while the Duke was on the deck of one of the yachts she took the Duchess into the cabin. The Duchess saw Wadley. "Who is *that?*" she asked. (Joe was impressed that she said "who" rather than "what.") Joe introduced her: "That's my boy, that's Wadley." "My God," said the Duchess, "he's just like my husband."

Soon *Life* and *The Saturday Evening Post* ran cover stories trumpeting Joe Carstairs' achievements on Whale Cay.

Marlene Dietrich, who herself had made a career out of sexual ambiguity, knew Joe Carstairs as "the Pirate." The two met in the summer of 1937 in the South of France. They met again in 1938 and together bought a boat named *Arkel.*

In the summer of 1939, Joe sailed a schooner from Whale Cay to Cap d'Antibes to see Dietrich. An account of the meeting between the two is given by Dietrich's daughter, Maria Riva, in her biography of her mother, *Marlene Dietrich,* published in 1993. Dietrich was on holiday in the South of France, with her lover (the novelist Erich Maria Remarque), her daughter, her husband, and his mistress.

> A strange ship had been sighted making for our private cove. A magnificent, three-masted schooner, its black hull skimming through the glassy water, its teak decks gleaming in the morning sun, at the helm a beautiful boy. Bronzed and sleek even from a distance, one sensed the power of the rippling muscles of his tight chest and haunches . . .
>
> My mother touched Remarque's arm. "Boni—isn't he beautiful? He must be coming here for lunch. Who is he?" She watched him being rowed ashore. Dressed in skin-tight ducks and striped sailor's jersey, he climbed the steps leading up to the Eden Roc and turned from a sexy boy into a sexy flat-chested woman.

While the Dietrich family dubbed Joe "the Pirate," Joe, Maria noted, "was the only one who ever called Dietrich 'Babe' and

A Girl Named Joe

got away with it." Throughout the summer Maria would help to dress her mother for daily rendezvous on Carstairs' ship, *Sonia II*. These meetings were kept secret from Remarque—Joe and Marlene enjoyed a heady, clandestine affair.

Joe was dark, tough, and compact, whereas Dietrich was fair and willowy, and Joe's reclusive exile counterpointed Dietrich's extraordinary fame. Joe was the enigmatic stranger, Marlene the mysterious star; Joe was the androgynous boy to Marlene's ambiguous nymph. They were intrigued and excited by each other.

Joe was one of the few people able to shock Marlene Dietrich. One evening Joe, Dietrich, and the American soprano Grace Moore were invited to a formal dinner on the Riviera. When Joe met the other two women in the hotel for cocktails they were horrified to see that she was dressed in a man's tuxedo, and insisted she change into a dress. Shortly afterward, Joe reappeared in an elegant gown, and Dietrich and Moore saw, to their even greater consternation, that her bare arms were covered with tattoos; she was sent to put back on the tuxedo. Even in this milieu, Joe was outlandish.

Joe was so infatuated with Dietrich that she offered her Whale Cay, population included; Dietrich declined, but accepted a beach. (The deed to a portion of the island was found in Dietrich's effects after her death.)

When Dietrich and her party returned to America and Joe to the Bahamas after the summer of 1939, the two women continued to see each other. Marlene visited Whale Cay, and Joe visited Hollywood. But the friendship soured. After the holiday in France, Marlene decided to employ a companion for her young daughter. Joe recommended a woman who had once worked for her. The woman allegedly sexually assaulted her young charge. Dietrich was unaware of the assault at the time, but eventually fired the woman on suspicion of forging checks. She was furious with Joe for having introduced her into their lives.

In 1975, Joe sold Whale Cay for just under $1 million, and for the second time in her life she cried: "It felt like a woman had died," she said. From 1976 until 1990, she lived in Florida and spent summers in Sag Harbor and Water Mill, Long Island.

In 1978 Joe asked Hugh Harrison, a handsome man of about 60 whom she had met on Long Island, to move in with her: "I've had it with these fucking women," she said. Hugh had taken to her instantly, and he accepted her offer. He stayed with her as a friend and paid companion until she died.

As she got older, Joe lived more and more simply. She had always shunned conspicuous displays of wealth. She used money in strictly functional ways: to build boats, to shoot animals, to buy cars, to run an island, to dress smartly, to keep the house clean, to provide for her friends and workers. If she could not use her money to build and make, she barely used any of it at all.

Joe boasted of having outlived her younger brother and sister, who had both died in the 1980s, and placed bets on the fact she would live to 94. As Joe's body slowly gave out she took comfort from the fact that she was shrinking: "I'll be Wadley-sized when I die." Maybe, at last, she was becoming a boy-doll.

Joe Carstairs fell into a coma on December 18, 1993, a few weeks short of her 94th birthday. As she lay unconscious, her nurse placed Wadley in her arms and gently brushed her hair. Joe died that night.

Wadley and Joe were cremated together.

More than two years after Joe Carstairs' death, I again visited her goddaughter Jane Harrison-Hall. She asked after Lord Tod Wadley, and I told her he had been cremated.

"Oh! That saddens me," said Mrs. Harrison-Hall. "Poor Wadley. How could she?" □

Seinfeld

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 192 he always had a gift for deconstructing everyday events down to their comic essence. Even in conversation, he's always in search of the joke. Not necessarily the show-off laugh, but something small, true, and funny. "It sounds corny," he says, "but you have to discover yourself to do stand-up."

He wasn't an instant success. "The first time, I bombed bad," he recalls, taking a sip of beer. "They were laughing at me. I had thought I was going to be a hit. It was the usual pie-in-the-sky optimism. I waited three months and I went on again."

By age 22, Seinfeld was the M.C. at the Comic Strip in New York City. "That truly was the best day of my life," he says. "I knew I'd never have to work again." He loved everything about the life, even the endless travel to the local Club YukYuks in the hinterlands. "I loved being on the road," he says, still sounding rhapsodic about a life which erodes most comedian's psychic health. "Travel is only difficult if you have someplace else you need to be. If you're leaving something—children, pets, a life, a home. But if you're completely unattached, it's not difficult."

Mostly, it was the time onstage that he loved. Seinfeld still regards stand-up comedy as the highest of art forms. The success of his TV show pales in comparison with his love for a stage, a mike, and an audience. "The biggest moment of my career was, and is, *The Tonight Show*," he says, still enthralled by the memory. "That was as big as it gets. The biggest. In fact, Garry Shandling and I had dinner with Johnny Carson the other night. We did *The Tonight Show* the same month in 1981 and it was the greatest period of our lives and we wanted to tell him thanks."

Unlike most comedians, who dream of making the transition to movie or TV stardom, Seinfeld views stand-up as the ultimate career goal. "You have so much power as a stand-up," he says. "Nobody can tell you anything. It's all yours." He pauses. "Look, when I was in high school, you had to go out for a sport. So what did I pick? The pole vault. What is more dramatic than the pole vault? I had no ability, but I thought, Where is the glory? The high highs, the low lows—that's what I like. And yet, I'm this even-keeled person. I try to analyze it myself. I think I like it because it tears me out of this center that I'm stuck in. Was I good at the pole vault? Not really. But I loved it. It's the glory-boy event."

Seinfeld has finished his hamburger and is doodling in the margins of a magazine. He is left-handed ("Most comedians are") and is drawing the Porsche symbol and the Boston Whaler logo. He turns the magazine over and then signs his name. "That's worth $95," he remarks. "I'm known as a reluctant signer."

Unlike most men's, his signature is clear and distinct. It's a loopy autograph, somehow old-fashioned. He signs his first name in the same style as Jerry Lewis. "Really?" he exclaims, when this is noted. "I idolized him as a child. His name is Jerry and my name is Jerry and I think we look a little alike and he was so funny and I wanted to be funny. Last year, I appeared on the telethon. It was one of the greatest moments of my career. I put on my tuxedo and went over there and they worked out this shtick. Ed McMahon said, 'Here's Jerry,' and we both walked out from opposite sides of the theater and

stared at each other. He took a step and I took a step and we'd stare and take another step." Seinfeld smiles at the memory. "It was great. It was a real showbiz moment." Seinfeld looks around the Hamlet, as if searching for the ghost of Dean Martin. "Sometimes it all works," he says. "You realize you're part of something."

Some random facts: He altered the *Seinfeld* logo every year. "Jerry would look at all these color variations," says Larry David. "Red and blue. Green and yellow. Green and red. Hundreds of combinations, poring over them. I would start to get envious. I'd say, 'I want to pick the logo next year.'"

He believes that tan people don't get laughs. He believes that people who have major weight changes don't get laughs ("It affects their sense of humor"). And he believes that people who think they're good-looking don't get laughs.

He once wrote an angry letter to the Bic-pen people. Due to legal pressure, they had changed their pen cap. Someone had choked on a cap and the company put a hole in the top of the cap to prevent future chokings. "They ruined the design of the pen," Seinfeld says. "So I told them how I'd written every joke with a Bic pen, every script with a Bic pen." The company sent him two cases of Bic pens with closed caps.

His favorite Bond film is *Thunderball* ("for the underwater fight scenes"), and his favorite comedies are *Manhattan,* the original *Nutty Professor, It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World, The In-Laws, The Heartbreak Kid,* and *The Graduate,* which is his favorite movie overall. He is very impressed with Dustin Hoffman. "What a head of hair he has," Seinfeld remarks fairly often.

He thinks stand-up comedy is more difficult than acting. "Stand-up weeds out the weak," he says. "You can't fool it. I was watching *As Good As It Gets* and I thought, Hey, there's Greg Kinnear. Who is this guy? An ex-stand-up. He should be awful, but he's terrific. Now, I'm Jack Nicholson and I've devoted my life to this craft. This *pisher* comes on the set and he's good! That's why acting is bullshit. Nobody inexperienced can walk onstage as a comedian and be as good as somebody who knows their craft."

He has been listening to a lot of cha-cha music. "I love Louis Prima," he says. He plans to take dancing lessons after the show ends. "But my No. 1 ambition," he maintains, "is to swim with dolphins. I'll achieve this just as soon as I find out where they are."

November 2, 1988, 5:15 P.M. "That was the meeting," recalls Rick Ludwin, senior V.P. at NBC. "Our mandate was to find the next Jay Leno. Jerry Seinfeld had started to play bigger venues, just like Jay had, and I set up a meeting. Jerry came in with one of his managers, George Shapiro. We asked him, 'What do you want to do in TV?'"

Seinfeld didn't know, since he wasn't too keen on sitcoms. He'd been fired after three episodes of playing the governor's speechwriter on *Benson,* and he'd been passed over for the lead in a Castle Rock show called *Past Imperfect* (the part went to Howie Mandel). "I wasn't even reading for sitcoms," Seinfeld recalls. "I couldn't be Jim Hunter, summer-school teacher with a family and a funny life. Somebody putting words in my mouth, other than me, has never been appealing. What is my brain for? To figure out when to raise the coffee cup? I knew I couldn't do it. I had to remake the sitcom to make this work for me. I was unable to work within the existing form."

Back in New York, Seinfeld called Larry David, an old friend from the clubs. Along with Michael Richards, who plays Kramer, David had been a performer-writer on *Fridays,* ABC's short-lived answer to *Saturday Night Live.* David and Seinfeld share a fascination with the small conundrums of daily life. This large subset of interests is refined by their clashing perspectives. Where Seinfeld is unusually placid, David is volatile. Where Seinfeld is glass-half-full, David is forever doubtful. They do, however, share a vision of comedy, and they are both willing to work endless hours to get the right fit.

And there was something else, something crucial to their partnership: a hit TV show was not their big-time career goal. In any relationship, the one who cares less has more power, and Seinfeld and David were willing to walk at any time. This gave them enormous creative leverage with the network.

After David and Seinfeld hit on the concept for the show—what a comedian does offstage and where a comedian gets his material—they pitched the pilot to Ludwin at NBC. "At one of the first meetings with the network," Seinfeld remembers, "they were making all sorts of suggestions, like why don't we have the characters go to a dude ranch? We can get better ratings in Texas. And Larry David said, 'This is the show and we're not going to change it.' Everyone burst out laughing. Who was this guy? Who was I? We were nobodies. But it was that attitude that made the show."

NBC hated the pilot. Really hated it. "Brandon Tartikoff [then head of NBC] felt it was too Jewish, too New York," says Ludwin. "But not being from New York and not being Jewish, it struck a chord with me." From his budget for variety specials, Ludwin ordered four episodes, the smallest order in the history of TV. ("An order for six is a slap in the face," explains Alan Horn, chairman of Castle Rock.) The January 1991 debut of *The Seinfeld Chronicles,* as it was then known, was pre-empted by coverage of the Gulf War. "It was pretty much a disaster," says David. "But I was very comfortable having the show be unpopular. There's something about popularity that throws you a little bit. I'd never had that kind of pressure before."

He had time to adjust. *Seinfeld* ascended slowly. Six more episodes were ordered, and then, finally, NBC asked for 13 shows. One of the turning points—and perhaps the purest of all *Seinfeld* episodes—was show No. 16, "The Chinese Restaurant." En route to seeing the so-bad-it's-good cult classic *Plan 9 from Outer Space,* Jerry, George, and Elaine wait for a table in a Chinese restaurant. That's it. That's the entire show. And yet, it speaks volumes about anxiety, friendship, manners, and reveals the true brilliance of the *Seinfeld* oeuvre: sitcoms do not have to be light and cheery. "These characters can be dark," says Ludwin, sounding diplomatic. "There were those at the network that weren't sure that was exactly funny."

"After the Chinese-restaurant episode, NBC had a lot of problems with the show," David recalls. "They felt the shows were not big enough. Not enough action, not enough plot. So I said, 'Well, I quit.' Jerry said, 'Don't worry.' And I said, 'I'm going to do the same show. Nothing's going to change.' And they said, 'O.K.' I thought, Wow. Saying no—what an amazing, powerful thing that is."

By 1993 *Seinfeld* was on Thursday nights and everything exploded. Suddenly, it was "Must-See-TV." As the ratings soared, especially with the deeply coveted 18-to-49-year-old urban-male demographic, *Seinfeld* became the darling of NBC.

In 1996, after seven seasons, David quit the show, and Seinfeld took over his duties. "I'm the sort of guy who's always shirked responsibility," states David. "I had a lot of responsibility for a long time and I wanted to shirk." David has gone on to write and direct *Sour Grapes,* a dark comedy starring Steven Weber, which will be released this month by Castle Rock.

For the last two seasons, much has been made of David's absence from *Seinfeld.* "I know the critics say the show is not as good," says Seinfeld, showing a rare sign of vulnerability. David did bring a great deal to the texture of the characters; he was the original model for George (he had wanted to play the part, but "I was too tall"), and after his departure a certain broadness set in. In truth, Seinfeld and David comple-

mented each other perfectly. For example, in the famous "Master of My Domain" episode, in which the characters bet each other to see who can refrain the longest from masturbating, David had wanted to strike out against the oppression of TV's censors and use the word "masturbation." No, said Seinfeld, ever the populist, this will work better. "Master of my domain" is a palatable euphemism for the masses, but it is also funnier. "They were great together," says Ludwin. "And when Larry left, it was a tremendous amount of work for Jerry. He had something to prove."

After one full season on his own, many at NBC and Castle Rock thought Seinfeld would call it quits. As he did this year, he and his longtime managers, George Shapiro and Howard West, met with Jack Welch and Bob Wright to discuss the future of the show. (Seinfeld has no agent, and his sister, Carolyn, manages his money.) He said yes to a ninth year at $1 million an episode, and the rest of the cast held out for $600,000 each. "It was excruciating," Seinfeld recalls. "But that's showbiz."

In December 1997 Seinfeld and managers met again, this time at Wright's apartment high above Columbus Circle in Donald Trump's newest tower. "You should see the view," Shapiro recalls. "Luckily, nobody jumped." As all of America now knows, Seinfeld said it was the moment, the right time to leave. He had met with the cast before flying to New York, and they, too, knew it was time. Only Michael Richards was resistant. "The planets don't line up this way very often," he explains. "I wanted to know if everyone was sure."

Aside from creative concerns, the financial numbers on *Seinfeld* are staggering. "When we were selling our company to Ted Turner in 1993," says Alan Horn, chairman of Castle Rock, which owns *Seinfeld* (NBC's revenue is derived from on-air advertising; it owns no part of the show), "we needed to come up with a figure for what the show would be worth in syndication. I estimated high—at $1.5 million an episode. The show eventually sold for $3.3 million an episode, and it may go up to $4 or $5 million an episode in the second cycle of syndication. I undersold it, but there was no way to guess accurately. The show has broken every record, every rule."

On the last show, NBC is planning to charge a record-breaking $2 million for each 30-second spot. (The network charged $1.3 million during the last Super Bowl.) Although media buyers were doubtful, both Sony and Walt Disney have bought time on the last *Seinfeld* episode to advertise their big summer movies. If NBC can't sell all 20 spots for $2 million, the price will reportedly drop for all buyers.

There are other ways for them to make money on this event. In February NBC and Castle Rock bickered over the hour-long highlight show that will precede the *Seinfeld* finale. Although it is charging a million dollars for each commercial on "the clip show," NBC did not want to pay the cast members their full fee. Eventually, NBC agreed to pay $1.2 million to Alexander, Louis-Dreyfus, and Richards. "I never thought I'd see money like this in my lifetime," says a stunned Richards.

Seinfeld (along with David, who will reap vast financial rewards from the syndication revenues) is amazingly unmotivated by the money. "Some people thought I was stalling, that money was a factor," he says. "But, in fact, I have never considered money. That's the most financially sound approach you can take in my business. When you don't consider money, then you make the right choice. And the right choice always leads to money."

Some random facts about the cast: Jason Alexander, who won a Tony on Broadway, first saw Jerry Seinfeld when Alexander was cast as an extra in a Maxwell House coffee commercial in New York. "It was an ad where stand-ups did their bit, ending with something about coffee," Alexander recalls. "I was in the fake audience. We saw five different guys go through their material. Jerry was, by far, the best. He could go and go."

Michael Richards had the hardest time being cast. "They put me through hell," he recalls. Finally, after three callbacks, he went in and did a headstand on the table, still playing the scene with Jerry. "That got me the part."

As all *Seinfeld* obsessives know, Louis-Dreyfus was not in the pilot. Larry David knew her from *Saturday Night Live,* and she was cast after one audition. "I am constantly amazed," she says, "by how well liked these characters are. They are so unlikable. Which, of course, blows every TV theory about likability to crap." Louis-Dreyfus is married to Brad Hall, the creator of *The Single Guy,* a failed NBC "Must-See-TV" show. Last year, CBS gave Hall a $3 million deal to develop shows, the thought being that he might lure his wife to the network. "I can't imagine it," Louis-Dreyfus protests. "I don't want to do any rigorous work projects anytime soon."

Unlike Seinfeld, the other three cast members have children. Alexander is married and has two sons; Louis-Dreyfus also has two sons; and Richards has a daughter studying acting in Chicago. The stars are familial with each other—it is an easy, harmonious set—but they don't really socialize outside the studio. (In fact, Seinfeld tends to hang around with other stand-ups, such as Larry Miller and Mario Joyner.) "After the show ends," says Louis-Dreyfus, "we've agreed to get together once a year for a reunion."

They all plan to do movies. Although Alexander is producing three pilots for this fall's TV season, he doesn't plan to act on television. "I don't think the audience would accept me as anything other than George," he says. In the last month, Richards and Louis-Dreyfus left their longtime agencies for new representation at CAA. "The end of the show represents an opportunity," Richards explains.

Only Michael Richards is not sick of his character. "I'm surprised they haven't approached me with a Kramer spin-off," he says. Alexander, meanwhile, loathes being called "George." "When they call out that name on the street, I will not turn around," he maintains. "And I will continue to not turn around." Louis-Dreyfus, who refused to pose in a group shot for this article, is simply exhausted. "I don't need to be any more famous than I am," she says.

It's around 10 P.M. on a Thursday, and Seinfeld is nursing his second glass of white wine in the bar at the Four Seasons Hotel in Beverly Hills. He's not much of a drinker, so he's a little bit looser than usual. He's trying to recall a particular party game that supposedly reveals character. "You name a body of water," he explains, not certain of how this works, "and that's what you want from sex. And you say your favorite color and that's how you see yourself. And then you name your favorite animal and those are the qualities you're looking for in a mate." Seinfeld takes a small sip. "My favorite body of water is clear and blue like the Caribbean. My favorite color is blue, because it's deep and warm and reassuring. And my favorite animal is the dolphin, because it has a great body and a nice disposition." Seinfeld pauses. "Where does that leave me?"

It's hard to say, so I pose a simpler party question. What scary thing have you never done? "Well," Seinfeld replies, rather proudly, "I've gone skydiving, hang gliding, been to racing-car school. I like high-risk activities. I played golf once. It wasn't dangerous enough. I'd rather be in the gallery and get hit by a ball." Seinfeld thinks for a moment. "I guess the scariest thing I haven't done is get married. I still feel I'm not old

enough. I think your 50s would be a wonderful time to be married. Right now, I'm too busy with other things to really look at any relationship in a serious way."

Seinfeld has a general idea (think dolphin: a great body and a nice disposition) of what he's looking for in a wife. "I don't want my wife to work," he insists. "I've had enough career for both of us. The wife needs to be fun-loving. Let's drive cross-country! Let's go to Corfu! Let's have fun!" He takes another sip. "People aren't as fun-loving as you think. They have all kinds of other things they have to do."

This is a thinly veiled reference to his last girlfriend, Shoshanna Lonstein, whom he began dating when she was 17 and he was 38. They met by chance as Lonstein Rollerbladed past Seinfeld in Central Park. "I really liked that girl," Seinfeld later told a friend. He returned to the park that day and, miraculously, found her again. A year later, Lonstein transferred from George Washington University, where she was a freshman, to U.C.L.A. She kept her own apartment and was, by all accounts, remarkably calm about having such a famous boyfriend. "Shoshanna is older than her years," says a friend who spent time with the couple. "She has a certain sophistication about the world. Jerry respected her. He listened to her. They really loved each other."

"I know everyone looked at that relationship as here's this rich TV guy and here's this young, hot girl, but it wasn't like that at all. We were very much in love, but the timing wasn't quite right." He stares a second. "I almost got married to Shoshanna, but it didn't feel like our lives were dovetailing. She was starting out in life and I was finishing up a big chapter. She's the type of person who needed to do things. She will accomplish a great deal." Suddenly, Seinfeld seems blue. "The timing wasn't quite right," he says again. "But it was wonderful."

Lonstein and Seinfeld no longer speak. She has moved back to New York, where she is often photographed at club or restaurant openings, identified as "Seinfeld's ex-girlfriend." Seinfeld, meanwhile, appears to be married to the show. He leaves parties early, if he goes at all.

And tonight it's getting late, 20 minutes to Seinfeld's self-imposed bedtime of 11 P.M. "I live like an astronaut," he moans. "It's awful. I go to bed at 11 and I get up at 6, 6:30." As he orders coffee before the ride home, he scans the room, studying the other guests. His gaze settles on a couple, probably in their 50s, who are deep in conversation. "He looks very artsy," Seinfeld remarks, clearly more comfortable analyzing a stranger than himself. "That's the way you get old. For a guy, that's my role model." Inspired by this man's coiffure, he says he plans to get a quarter-inch buzz cut after the last show. "I have a lot of hair," he explains, "but I'm looking forward to it falling out. I want to look like I've lived." He smiles. He knows he sounds a little ridiculous. You'll see, he seems to say, I'll grow up eventually.

Before every taping, Seinfeld answers questions from the studio audience. These days, they are all the same: What are you going to do? How could you end the show? What made you decide it was time? "The end of this show is such a big thing," says George Shapiro, who is waiting around on the set before the filming of "The Burning." "The audience all thinks they're like Jerry or they've dated Jerry or they have a friend like Jerry. He's become the universal guy."

Seinfeld repeats his well-rehearsed answers, but remains vague about his future plans. "I'm going to do some stand-up," he says. "I hope I'll do better than this." Whatever he says or does, the crowd is enthralled. "When you're famous," Seinfeld explains, "you get the first five minutes free. Ten at the most. After that, if you're not funny, they're not laughing." After 10 minutes Seinfeld hands the mike over to comedian Jeff Bye, who will keep them happy for the next four hours.

Last year Seinfeld employed a live band, the Don Miller Orchestra, to play during tapings. "It was a renegotiation indulgence," explains Shapiro as the band strikes up "In the Mood." The music gives Stage 9 a festive air. The crew has dressed up—men in ties, women in long skirts—and the writers all seem to be wearing green. "An accident," says supervising producer Spike Feresten. "*I* got the memo," counters Seinfeld, who is wearing a dark-green sweater.

Since the first read-through, this script has changed dramatically—about 60 percent has been reworked. The filming is slow and rather truncated. A scene is usually shot twice and then the action switches to another set, where another scene is shot. After each take, Seinfeld, Ackerman, and the writers confer. They'll change a line or suggest a certain intonation. "It's casual on the set," says Louis-Dreyfus, who is chomping on some bubble gum. "We've known each other for so long."

It is that familiarity which resonates with the TV audience. "The most ridiculous analysis of *Seinfeld* was that it was about nothing," says David. "In fact, it's definitely about something." The best TV strikes some sort of chord, and with *Seinfeld* there is a high level of identification. Everyone knows these characters: They are them.

By 10:30 the cast is filming the last scene of the night. Jerry is confronting his girlfriend, Sophie, about her "tractor story." She believes she has contracted V.D. from a tractor seat, and Kramer is telling her that's impossible. "That's it!" Seinfeld shouts, opening his apartment door. "I'm out of here."

The show ends and the audience applauds. There are four episodes to go before the finale. "I know nothing about the final episode," says writer Jennifer Crittenden. "But Jerry claims it will not be out of the ordinary. No one will get married, no one will move away." (The producers, however, have hinted certain events will take place in a chapel.) "I've heard there will be guest stars," says Michael Richards. "Teri Hatcher! Keith Hernandez!"

But we are getting ahead of ourselves. Tonight, like all other taping nights for the last eight years, the writers return to their office and wait for Seinfeld to change out of his show clothes into his nearly identical street clothes. They dim the lights to create atmosphere, and George Shapiro offers up some aged port. On the board, written in green ink, are the shows for this season. When Seinfeld arrives, Crittenden will draw a red line through her show. This is the ritual. For this, they must wait for Seinfeld.

"That was a kick-ass show, was it not?" Seinfeld says, arriving at the writers' room. He sits in the corner and lights a cigar. Crittenden stands and, with much fanfare, crosses out her show. The writers applaud.

The talk turns, as it often does, to the last episode. "What is the audience for the last show going to be like?" asks one of the writers. "Only kings," replies Seinfeld. "Kings of countries with their crowns." Seinfeld is rocking back and forth in his chair, puffing contentedly. "Did you know that Sid Caesar got unemployment after *Your Show of Shows* ended?" asks a writer named Bruce Kaplan. "I would get hundreds of thousands of dollars," exclaims Seinfeld. "No," says Kaplan. "You'd get $320 a week."

After 45 minutes, the conversation drifts and Seinfeld says, "Let's go eat." After every show, the writers, Shapiro, and Seinfeld head west on Ventura Boulevard to Jerry's Deli, where a plaque commemorates their 100th show. They always sit in the same spot, a large circular table near the door. Seinfeld orders matzo brei with egg whites, and the writers order similar types of deli food, and they all seem to be pretending they've left L.A. and flown to New York.

It's nearly one A.M., and despite the lateness of the hour, Seinfeld seems surprising-

Seinfeld

ly energized. He likes his writers—he sold his house in L.A. to one of them. "I'll miss these guys," he says, leaving the restaurant after the dinner ends. "It's one of the things I'm sad about." He pauses. "But it's time to leave. My life is out of balance. I just want to have fun for a few years. In my imagination, my life after the show is so fantastic I don't even like to think about it. It's so tantalizing that if I think about it I can't face going to work tomorrow."

He gets into his Mercedes (the forecast still says rain, so no Porsche) and listens to a strange tape of Jerry Lewis making fun of some drunk-sounding guy who has called him during a radio show. Lewis, who is uncharacteristically deadpan, keeps mispronouncing the guy's name, and Seinfeld is listening intently. Lewis is relentless—he goes on and on, screwing up the guy's name in elaborate ways—and that seems to crack Seinfeld up, but he also appears to be studying the tape for the rhythm, for the timing of Lewis's insults.

He wants to look at his Boston Whaler catalogue, so we drive to the Peninsula Hotel in Beverly Hills. "Let's go see the prostitutes in the bar," he says. The bar in the Peninsula Hotel, on Santa Monica Boulevard, is famous for its high-class call girls—Heidi Fleiss always had a girl or two there—but, sadly, it's 2:30 and the bar is closed. "I forgot," Seinfeld exclaims. "*This isn't New York.*"

Instead, we sit in the hotel lobby and leaf through the Boston Whaler catalogue while the maintenance staff buffs the marble floors. To commemorate its 40th anniversary, the company is making a limited edition of the first boat it ever made. "The ultimate level of insanity is serial numbers," explains Seinfeld. "They are making 250 of these boats. I can't get the first one, so I am getting number 250."

He thought about getting a nine number but rejected the idea. Something about the last number, the end of the line, was more appealing. "I'll have the boat," he says, drifting in the fantasy of his postshow life, "and the apartment." Seinfeld used to say in his stand-up act that "it's the spaces between life that I like the most," and right now he's in one of those spaces, where everything wonderful is possible. "It all hinges on those eight people at the Beresford," he says. "They hold the key to it all."

Naturally, they loved him. They were worried that he was bicoastal ("I assured them that I'll be hetero-coastal"), but the co-op board approved him nearly instantly. "I'm the new Beresford boy," Seinfeld says, sounding ecstatic. "It's my dream come true." As we speak in late February, there are three shows left, and Seinfeld is not feeling the smallest pang of regret. "I'm more sure of my decision now than when I made it," he says. "And, besides, now I have a destination." He pauses. "After I leave, I'm going into paradise. My life will begin again." □

Paris Couture

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 204 came Bernard Arnault, who many believe brought back to Paris the spotlight that shines on the couture. Arnault, who started what has become the huge luxury conglomerate Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton (L.V.M.H.) in 1987, understood that there was gold in the great, known-around-the-world names of Dior and Givenchy, and he believed in perpetuating their magic.

After the death of Christian Dior in 1957, Yves Saint Laurent, whom Dior had named as his successor, took over. In 1962 he left to form his own house. Marc Bohan became design director. After him came Gianfranco Ferrè. In 1997, on the 50th anniversary of Dior's New Look, Arnault was looking for someone to take over the venerable house who would cause the kind of uproar that Dior himself had caused right after World War II. Many people expected that French-born designer Jean-Paul Gaultier would be handed the plum. "The press likes Gaultier," a woman in the business told me. "He's a very bright man and a great designer."

But Arnault surprised everyone. John Galliano had been in Paris for five years when Arnault plucked him from relative obscurity, gave him a brief stint at Givenchy, and then handed him the keys to the kingdom of Dior, while replacing him at Givenchy with 29-year-old Alexander McQueen—h appointments to spectacular effect.

"Do they sell enough dresses to offset the costs of these shows?" I asked Elizabeth Saltzman.

"Of course not."

Being new at the game, I was placed under the expert guidance of Elizabeth Saltzman, the fashion director of *Vanity Fair,* who, though young, is an old hand at the Paris couture, as was her mother, Ellin Saltzman—who covered couture for both Saks Fifth Avenue and Bergdorf Goodman—before her. To give you an idea about Elizabeth, the photographers took as many pictures of her as they did of the movie stars at the Thierry Mugler show, on the day she and I arrived in Paris with Jonathan Becker, our photographer.

I learned all sorts of things from Elizabeth. "The applause for a dress is usually started by someone who works in the house," she told me. She called it "back-row applause." Occasionally, though, the cognoscenti spot a winner and break into spontaneous front-row applause.

In her limited free time, Elizabeth had very chic chores to do. She had to find a special kind of toothpaste for her mother that you can get only in Paris, and she had to take her father's watch to be fixed at his Paris watchmaker's.

Galliano has carte blanche. How many bastions of art are left where an artist is given carte blanche?

—Katell le Bourhis

Whose collection was the best? I don't know. I am a neophyte, and I liked practically everything I saw. But for sheer theatrical thrills, surpassing anything I've seen on Broadway, including the first 20 minutes of *The Lion King,* no one came within a mile of Dior, or, rather, no one came within a mile of John Galliano, who was probably the most talked-about person of the week for showmanship. These days most of the individuals people call geniuses just plain aren't, but I think this guy might be. He has a vivid sense of what he wants to project, and he has made the spectacle his territory. For him, no fantasy is impossible.

Born in Gibraltar and raised in London, the 37-year-old Galliano put on a show at the Opéra National de Paris that was so dazzlingly theatrical, so utterly opulent, so extravagantly decadent that only someone bankrolled by a great conglomerate like L.V.M.H. could afford it. Patrick McCarthy, the editorial director of *Women's Wear Daily* and *W,* told me that Dior's contribution to the Opéra National alone, just for the use of the hall, was $150,000. The show was said to be in the $2 million range. Whatever it cost, it was worth every franc.

Backstage, before the show, it was like an opening night. The place was pulsating with excitement. Actors and extras dressed as adagio dancers, bullfighters, sailors, and ladies of the evening were preparing to set the scene. Galliano does not believe in having a mannequin model more than one dress, and each of the 40 models had her own dresser. When they were made up,

coiffed, accessorized, and dressed, Galliano talked to them individually, briefing them on the personality he wanted to accompany each of his creations. He would say, "You're wonderful in that dress. It's marvelous, fantastic on you. Come, look in the mirror at yourself." He showed them how to walk, how to turn, how to swing a train. "He makes everyone feel so magical, so special," one of the models said. I watched him show his house model, Suzanne von Aichinger, who would open the show, how to run up the great marble staircase in a black strapless gown with a 12-foot train. "The collection is made on Suzanne's body," Katell le Bourhis told me. "Every time, he outdoes himself."

Galliano's inspiration for his extravaganza was the famous Boldini portrait of the Marchesa Luisa Casati, a turn-of-the-century figure with many lovers, who once gave a ball and then sold her house to pay for it. She died broke.

The British film and theater set designer Michael Howells, who dressed the opera house for the show, told me he had run Ken Russell's *Valentino* and the ball scene from Franco Zeffirelli's *La Traviata* for inspiration. Dripping candles had been burned down until they were an inch high. The heady scent of garlands of lavender and pink roses slightly past their prime filled the air. Even the seating was inspired. Gold ballroom chairs were artfully askew in all directions, as they would be at the end of a ball, with the name of a guest on each seat. "John likes people to sit not more than two feet away from the clothes," I was told. "If you're 10 rows back, you can't see the work."

Diana Ross, just off the Concorde and looking fabulous, walked in and sat in the chair next to me. The Miller sisters, daughters of the duty-free tycoon, were in a box. Madame Pompidou was there. The man behind her was Bernard Arnault's bodyguard. Mrs. Martin Gruss from New York took a seat. There was Dodie Rosekrans from San Francisco. Arnault himself, sitting rigidly stiff, did not look like a man enjoying the opulence he was underwriting, as a crazed Nijinsky figure costumed for *Afternoon of a Faun,* with dyed yellow hair pointed upward, danced past him through the crowd.

"It's a happening," said Paris socialite São Schlumberger, who had been a supporter of Galliano's when he had his own house. A chauffeur in gray livery was pulled along by three borzois. Boys danced the tango together. A dignified, dark-skinned maharaja in silver raiment and diamond necklaces walked haughtily through the rooms in the company of exotic women. It didn't matter that the show started an hour late.

"You've got to be an actress to do that," said Diana Ross about Suzanne von Aichinger, as the house model did a deep curtsy in our direction. I told Diana, "You'd look great in every dress in this collection."

At the end, when Galliano came out for his bow between two models, he was in costume and makeup, as if he were another of the bizarre creatures at the Marchesa Casati's ball. He was dressed not as a duke or a prince but as a Cuban dancer with marcelled hair and his pencil-thin mustache. Just then thousands of green and orange paper butterflies fell from the ceiling. He seemed to be telling his adoring audience, "I am not one of you." As if the moment needed explaining, which it didn't, a French lady nearby said in English, "John does not mix in society. Nothing really interests him other than what he creates."

At the opposite sartorial extreme are Valentino and Oscar de la Renta, who are important figures in the world of the ladies they dress. Their apartments, country houses, and getaway retreats appear regularly in magazines. Both—tanned from holidays in the sun, in bespoke suits, shirts, and shoes—exuded style and success as they walked the runways at the conclusion of their shows.

Galliano's show lasted only 40 minutes, and only about a thousand people saw it, which is all part of the snob value attached to the couture. When the dresses cost $40,000 and more, the show is not meant for the masses. "Look at it this way: the magic is to astound," I was told by Katell le Bourhis. "It's glamorously, willfully decadent. It's a Versailles sort of experience."

"Beautiful, simply beautiful, but not a thing to wear," said one of the New York ladies on the way out. It was the kind of remark that infuriates the people who believe strongly in the couture. To those who called the clothes costumes, one fashion editor responded, "They're not costumes. Hidden away in that madness there were some very good things."

From my journal:

Went to Florence Grinda's lunch at her new apartment on the Rue de l'Université yesterday after the Ungaro show and before the Givenchy show. Lunch was for Florence's boss, Emanuel Ungaro, who received applause as he entered her crowded living room, as well as a kiss of homage on each cheek from the Viscountess Jacqueline de Ribes, a Paris social and fashion figure for four decades. Ungaro was triumphant. Everyone was saying, "It's his best show in years." The room was full of Greek royals. Princess Alexandra of Greece had just ordered her wedding gown from Ungaro. Crown Prince Pavlos was there with Princess Marie-Chantal, one of the three Miller sisters, who have all married so well. Marie-Chantal, who is called M.C., her sister Alexandra von Fürstenberg, and Alexandra's mother-in-law, Diane Von Furstenberg, are at all the shows, front and center. Elizabeth Saltzman and I had our lunch sitting on Florence's bed with Jacqueline de Ribes. Pierfilippo Pieri, director of international press at Ungaro, told me that Florence is leaving after this show. Alfred Taubman has hired her to be head of European client development for Sotheby's, France.

The way you are seated is almost as important as the show itself. It's a terrible tragedy if you aren't seated well.

—A socially well-connected lady who said not to use her name, forgodsakes, or she wouldn't tell me anything.

A great part of the overall experience is watching the action in the rooms before the fashion show starts. Each of the gold chairs is marked with the name of an invited guest, and banish any thought of changing place cards. The first row means everything. As the celebs take their seats, the photographers run in and surround them. *Get the princess. Get the movie star. Get the Miller sisters.* The New York ladies, who are used to being photographed by the fashion press, walk that special walk society women walk when they know they are going to be photographed. They put even movie stars to shame, they do it so well.

I'm told by a fashion director that a lot of the regular buyers are missing this year. "People like Jayne Wrightsman come in later, after it dies down, and *then* order. Of course, now they take the collections to the United States—imagine what *that* costs—and show them to their clients there. Others they send videos to. There are women whose husbands don't want them to be seen. Besides, they've been doing the couture for so long that they don't get the thrill out of it that the young Miller sisters do."

"Did you order anything?" I asked a Middle Eastern woman I had seen at several shows.

"A few things."

"From where?"

"Two at Dior. Givenchy. Two at Valentino, and I'm on my way to Chanel. Just a few things."

"Glamorous" was the word for the show at Chanel, held in the Rue Cambon atelier of Coco Chanel. Nan Kempner, the New York social figure who

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has been a fashion perennial for as long as I have known her, which is about 38 years, rushed in wearing a sable-lined raincoat, stopping to kiss a dozen or so people on both cheeks on the way to her seat. Princess Ira von Fürstenberg and Princess Laure de Beauvau-Craon, of the Old Guard, sat next to Corinne Ricard—the wife of Patrick Ricard, the aperitif manufacturer—of the new guard, who is an important couture buyer. The actress Kristin Scott Thomas, who is about to appear in *The Horse Whisperer* opposite Robert Redford, sat in front of me, as did socialite Susan Gutfreund and business tycoon Linda Wachner of New York.

The models, wildly chic, walked down the famous winding and mirrored stairway, without looking at the steps as they descended. Some of them smoked cigarettes and were covered in jewels. Some wore black veils over their faces, looking like glamorous young widows who had just inherited a ton of money.

"It's so great to be in this house and having models coming down that stairway," said André Leon Talley. "She used to sit at the top of the stairs and watch the models from there." The "she" he was referring to was Coco Chanel, long dead, but resurrected in brilliant fashion by Karl Lagerfeld. "This is serious couture."

For years Talley, who is six feet seven, has been an unmistakable and outspoken presence in the world of fashion. Extravagantly snobbish and extravagantly low-down, hilarious in both modes, he is an oracle and a historian of the couture. Trained by the late, great Diana Vreeland, to whom he used to read books after she could no longer read for herself, he wore a gold-lamé jacket to the Dior show and sat with Isabella Blow, the madly camp former muse of Alexander McQueen of Givenchy, on his lap. Blow was wearing a dress that looked like an open parachute. "It was designed by this divine guy from Kansas City," she said, and everybody shrieked. Later, Talley told me that the mother of the young designer, Jeremy Scott, had mortgaged her house to pay for his first show in Paris.

Blow is the granddaughter of Sir Delves Broughton, who was cleared of the murder of Lord Erroll in the Happy Valley case in Kenya in 1941, made famous by James Fox in his book *White Mischief.* Blow is adored by a sizable coterie, although she is not everyone's cup of tea. "That sort of eccentricity works in England, but it doesn't go in France," said a French lady high in the couture.

From my journal:

Went to dinner last night at São Schlumberger's spectacular apartment, designed by Gabhan O'Keeffe. The Eiffel Tower is just outside her windows. Actually, it's difficult at first glance to know how to deal with the apartment other than to gasp. "It's bravura. That's what I like about it," said Suzy Menkes, who was wearing the turquoise velvet evening cloak that Helena Bonham Carter wears in *The Wings of the Dove.* The dinner was for Deeda Blair of Washington, a longtime couture customer. Diana Ross was there with Patrice Calmette, a Paris public-relations figure. São's dining table is long and narrow and seats 40, but there were only 20 for dinner. Across the table from me, São told Bernard Arnault, who was next to her, that she had been buying from the couture since 1961. Katell le Bourhis told São that Alexander McQueen wanted to come and look at her closets, to see how she hung her clothes. Baroness Hélène de Ludinghausen, who works for Yves Saint Laurent, invited me to join a group she is taking to Russia in late June, on a tour that includes a ball at the Stroganoff Palace in St. Petersburg, which once belonged to her mother's family.

There was no doubt that Bernard Arnault was the most important person at the party. For all his brilliance as an entrepreneur, Arnault is a bit *formidable,* not much given to social chitchat. I said, in what I thought was a good opener to a conversation, "I heard you play the piano at a party in New York a few years ago." He replied, "My wife and I *both* played the piano that night." That was the end of the conversation.

There's a new erogenous zone in fashion.
—Audrey Gruss, New York socialite, after the Alexander McQueen show for Givenchy.

There were groans of tribulation and woeful economic predictions at all the shows and parties over the financial collapse of the Asian stock market. "They're the ones who really spend on couture—or, rather, spent," one executive told me. McQueen staged his show for Givenchy in an industrial building so inconveniently located that several chauffeurs got lost en route. However, any petty annoyances were soon forgotten as it became apparent that McQueen was in top form, after several seasons that had been considered less than successful. The Japanese theme of the show—with its raked white pebbles, lonesome pine, single rock, and goldfish pond—was meant to be McQueen's bow to the Asian market. His models, wearing vinyl wigs cut at sharp angles and resembling geisha girls, posed dramatically in silhouette behind white screens before stepping onto the runway. Soon one could hear murmurs of approval from the audience.

I had begun to know whether something was good or not by watching the faces of the fashion editors as they watched the parade passing in front of them. The most expressive face was Polly Mellen's as she took in the overall picture, training her practiced eye on the hat and then down to the shoes, getting it, forming an opinion then and there, writing notes without looking at her pad. A few seats away, Joan Buck whispered comments to the man next to her without taking her eyes off the dress she was whispering about. Anna Wintour, Marin Hopper, *Harper's Bazaar* editor Liz Tilberis, Grace Coddington of American *Vogue,* Bridget Foley of *Women's Wear Daily,* and Constance White of *The New York Times* all stared with an intensity usually reserved for paintings. A talkative lady next to me, who was interested in watching people more than dresses—as was I—whispered to me, "Do you see the bodyguard?" She gestured in the direction of a man standing near a woman who was holding a sable coat in her lap, and shook her head in disapproval. "Such a mistake," she said. "People watch people being watched by bodyguards."

"Who is she?" I asked.

"One of the new ones," she replied.

At the end, McQueen came out for a bow and stood between his cutter and his head seamstress. "He's not hogging the limelight anymore," my friend on my left said, adding, "He's 30 pounds lighter than last year. The hair's now yellow, and look, he's wearing mules with high heels. He's changed. Alexander is much less angry than before."

From my journal:

Talked with the beautiful Amanda Harlech last night at Karl Lagerfeld's dinner for Liz Tilberis at his *hôtel particulier.* Lagerfeld's show earlier in the day had been a triumph. Everyone was saying, "It was Karl's best show in years." Amanda, who is Lady Harlech and lives in Wales, is Lagerfeld's muse, after having been muse to John Galliano before his ascension at Dior. When Galliano did not move quickly enough to take Harlech with him, Lagerfeld snatched her away. He designs with Amanda in mind. We sat together on a high-backed green damask sofa in Lagerfeld's drawing room, and she talked about the couture in that slightly mystical manner common to those who understand it. She had the same look on her face that I had seen on Anna Wintour's face earlier in

the day over coffee in the Bar Vendôme, when she described the beauty of the Lagerfeld collection for Chanel. I was mesmerized by Amanda Harlech, whose late father-in-law, David Ormsby Gore, was the British ambassador to Washington during Jack Kennedy's presidency. "If you could have been in the atelier at two this morning, watching them work, for everything to be ready for the show this morning. The only sound you hear is the sound of sewing," she said, miming the sewing in a long, graceful gesture. "They take such pride in their work. During the show they stand back and watch at the top of the stairs, where they can't be seen. If you could see their faces when their dress goes down the stairs."

Lagerfeld was fascinating, albeit a bit intimidating. His dark glasses are of an impenetrable blackness, and he never takes them off. It's hard to connect with someone when there's only one-sided eye contact. His is the house of a cultured man with perfect taste and many interests. I have never been in a residence where there were so many books. They are in every room, stacks of them, piled as high as the furniture. He told me that in his Paris house alone there are 180,000 volumes, and he is able to locate any book at any time. He has a photography studio in his house and has perfected a method of developing film by computer. They say he sleeps only four hours a night.

I heard Mugler had his nose broken surgically to make him look tough.

—Jonathan Becker, *Vanity Fair* photographer.

Once, seven or eight years ago, I sat next to Thierry Mugler on a New York–to–Los Angeles flight. We laughed for five hours. I never saw him again, but when I got to Paris there was a welcoming note from him at the Ritz and an invitation to go backstage before his show.

He's a dynamic personality, in great shape. His hair was very short and dyed yellow, as was the hair of a lot of men at the couture. "I'm very busy—can't talk," he said, shaking hands warmly but not stopping. "Thierry does everything—the music, the lighting fixtures on the wall," Ted Gueffen, his publicist, told me. "He stands there by the television set and watches everything. Tell your photographer not to take any pictures of him until after the show."

Backstage, I ran into Alexandre of Paris, the Duchess of Windsor's hairdresser, whom I hadn't seen since he did Elizabeth Taylor's hair in *Ash Wednesday,* a film I produced in 1973. He was putting the finishing touches on the coiffures of the models, who had a tough, chic, slightly butch dominatrix look. Mugler's clothes were overtly sexy. I could see Jerry Hall looking great in them. Or Kim Basinger. Mrs. Adnan Khashoggi is one of his clients. The most discussed dress in the collection hung from nipple rings on one of the models.

"I'm going to have lunch with Adnan Khashoggi after the Chanel show," I said to Elizabeth Saltzman.

"You can't. You have to be at the Lacroix show at three."

Had tea with Adnan Khashoggi in the Bar Vendôme. He had once been angry with me over an article I wrote about him, but we had had a rapprochement at the Hotel Bel-Air during the O. J. Simpson trial. The Ritz, by the way, is owned by Mohamed Al Fayed, father of the doomed Dodi, employer of the drunk driver Henri Paul, and master spinmeister of the tragic events of last August, who happens to be a sworn enemy of Khashoggi's. Mohamed Al Fayed was once married to Khashoggi's sister, and their divorce caused a bitter falling-out between the two men which continues to this day, although Khashoggi remained on good terms with his nephew Dodi. The first thing Khashoggi said was that people all over the Middle East think that Princess Diana's death was a conspiracy. I replied that a lot of people in Paris think the same thing. When I asked him what he thought, he said that he didn't used to think it was a conspiracy but now he sometimes wonders. Just then his wife, Shapira, arrived. They have two small children. His son and his daughter Nabila's son are the same age. Shapira had ordered clothes from the Thierry Mugler collection. We talked about the whereabouts of Ferdinand Marcos's wealth and the dress that hung from nipple rings.

On my way to the Chanel show, I tried to leave the Ritz by the Rue Cambon entrance, only to find that it was locked and bolted. A bellman showed me a way out through a door into a back-hall anteroom which had a door to the street. It seemed eerily familiar. Jonathan Becker, who was with me, said, "Isn't this the Princess Diana exit?" "*Oui,*" replied the bellman. We all looked at one another in a Princess Diana moment.

From my journal:

Turned on CNN and watched Mike McCurry's press conference on the breaking Monica Lewinsky story. I was speechless. I've known about that story for six months at least, every detail of it, including the rumored stain on the dress, but I never took it as anything more than gossip. Back in November, I saw Vernon Jordan at lunch at the Four Seasons in New York. I almost told him what I knew, but then I thought, Suppose it isn't true, and I didn't speak up.

"People tell me couture is not relevant to today's world," I said to a fashion editor.

"Why should it be? It's a ravishing experience for a very few people."

With the exception of a brief appearance of Claudia Schiffer at Valentino, none of the supermodels whom we read about all the time were present at the couture. Over the hill, I was told. The models in Paris were mostly about 17.

"Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad," said Katie Ford, the president of Ford Models, as her parents, Eileen and Jerry Ford, who founded the agency in 1946, passed our table during lunch in the Bar Vendôme. Katie, who is married to André Balazs, who owns the Chateau Marmont in Los Angeles, booked many of the young American models who moved from show to show. "I called one of the models. I said I could book her for Paris. She said, 'How much?' I said, 'This isn't about money. Models get down on their knees and *beg* to go to the couture.'"

"Elizabeth, I can't look at one more dress," I said.

"You can't miss Gaultier. He designed for Madonna."

From my journal:

Went to the Dior atelier on the Avenue Montaigne with Katell le Bourhis, who told me, "These people never see the customer." The dresses are covered with muslin when they are not being worked on or fitted. "It's a tradition. We veil everything. Otherwise someone might steal an idea."

Saw Mouna Ayoub—who used to be Mouna Al-Rashid when she was last written about in *Vanity Fair*—last night at Florence Grinda's second party for Emanuel Ungaro. Mouna, who took back her maiden name after her divorce, has been out of circulation in New York since her notorious change of auctioneers, from Sotheby's to Christie's, at the time her fabulous jewelry collection was to go on the block in late 1996, a last-minute switch that caused major social eruptions in circles that had once embraced her. She introduced me to her fiancé, François Curiel, who is the head of Christie's international jewelry department in Geneva. It was he who had

Paris Couture

persuaded her to switch houses. "And now we're getting married," she said.

Oh, the things they were saying about Yves Saint Laurent before his show! *He's fat. He's old. He's sick. He's doped. They're going to have to wheel him out. Can't walk. Loulou de la Falaise does the whole collection. She goes through the archives and does what has to be done to update everything.*

But all the Cassandras were wrong. They didn't wheel him out. The old king was still kinging it up. Looking a bit waxed and dyed, like Dirk Bogarde in *Death in Venice,* he shyly walked the full runway with a fixed smile that never altered to the enthusiastic applause of the crowded room. There were tears and cheers. The French love him. Everyone came out saying, "It was Yves's best show in years."

I saw this beautiful white dress
with big, big sleeves that I loved,
but how do you pack it?
—Mica Ertegun, after visiting the Dior atelier the day after the show.

After Gaultier—where everyone stared at Catherine Deneuve while mint tea was served by white-wigged lackeys in velvet breeches and a turban-clad harpsichordist played "My Way"—it was over. Some people were leaving Paris immediately. Some were staying on for a few days. Elizabeth wanted to go to Morocco for the weekend, but didn't. I went to see the Georges de la Tour exhibition at the Grand Palais museum and then bought my granddaughter a dress at Baby Dior. I had dinner with the Erteguns and Caroline Whitman, the former wife of actor Stuart Whitman, and a few others. No one talked about fashion. We talked about Clinton and Monica and how casually everyone was discussing blow jobs. Later, back at the Ritz, I got in the elevator with Polly Mellen, with whom I had gone to dancing school when she was 11 and I was 10. "Hey, Poll," I said on the way up to the sixth floor, "did you ever think when we were kids in Hartford that we'd end up in an elevator together in the Ritz hotel in Paris?" □

Clinton and Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 197 in the Clinton administration, as a White House liaison for the Transportation Department, and at the Democratic National Committee.

And then there's friendship: Hillary Rodham Clinton's friendships, in particular, may have neutralized some of the women who might otherwise be criticizing Clinton. When I called Marjorie Margolies-Mezvinsky, who chairs the (theoretically bipartisan) Women's Campaign Fund, her assistant cheerfully told me, "I know that Marjorie has not made any comments about recent"—here he stopped and groped for a word—"*events?* Just because she is friends with Hillary." When women activists were charging up the hill to oppose the nominations of Thomas and other conservative Reagan-Bush appointees, one of their comrades-in-arms was Melanne Verveer, then the chief lobbyist for the liberal organization People for the American Way, now the First Lady's chief of staff.

It's interesting to note that feminist investment in Clinton has grown over time, even as the allegations about his sexual behavior have increased. During Clinton's first campaign, women activists were suspicious of the "New Democratic" elements of his agenda. To this day, they remain angry at him for signing into law the radical welfare revisions of 1996, which overwhelmingly affect poor women.

But with that exception, there has been a sea change in their attitudes toward him. For one thing, after the congressional elections of 1994, they saw him as all they had standing between them and Newt Gingrich. For another, the 1996 election marked the first time the gender gap exceeded a president's margin of victory, and suddenly feminists had, in Clinton, a poster boy for the theory on which they had long based their claims to power. (Never mind that a scant minority of the women voters in question were voting on "feminist" issues; most were moderates who liked what Clinton had to say on education, jobs, and crime.) At last, feminists felt that they had some real leverage with the White House, and they're loath to give it up now.

Only a decade ago, a single liaison with a woman to whom he had no professional connection squashed Gary Hart's career like a bug. Yet today Clinton is accused of traducing every boundary we have uneasily set around sex in the workplace, and Americans—especially American women—reply with a yawn. "Men are legitimately perplexed," says Katie Roiphe, the 29-year-old feminist writer who has made a specialty of critiquing feminist alarmism about date rape and sexual harassment. "They're thinking, 'Wait a minute—we weren't even supposed to compliment someone on her hairstyle two years ago or we'd get thrown out of office. And Bill Clinton is allowed to have this 21-year-old servicing him, with blow jobs or whatever, and women support him overwhelmingly?' "

The support of Clinton, she believes, shows "a reaction against the kind of sexual correctness of the early 90s. And in some sense Bill Clinton is fulfilling a sort of secret fantasy of a lot of American women, of this kind of old-fashioned, virile man."

She may be overstating the case among women voters, who at this point give Clinton "favorable" ratings only about 6 percent higher than his ratings among men. It is still possible that women will turn against Clinton. (Memo to pollsters: Keep your eye on soccer moms, who may eventually tire of trying to explain oral sex to their nine-year-olds.)

But Roiphe is onto *something*—a shift in elite opinion about both Clinton and sexual mores. Exhibit A was a bizarre January 30 gathering hosted by *The New York Observer* at the restaurant Le Bernardin, where 10 Manhattan "supergals"—including writers Katie Roiphe, Erica Jong, Nancy Friday, and Francine Prose, designer Nicole Miller, former *Saturday Night Live* contributor Patricia Marx, and "retired dominatrix and writer" Susan Shellogg—were invited to drink wine and analyze the scandal.

The resulting exchange, published by the *Observer* in the February 9 issue, was galactically strange. The women agreed that they liked Clinton better for having had a titillating affair; after all, he's kind of a hunk. Jong, for one, wants a president who is "alive from the waist down," and Marx declared him "cute and getting cuter all the time." They pronounced Kenneth Starr (in Friday's words) "a big sissy," and speculated about whether Lewinsky had swallowed the president's semen. "Oh," squealed Jong, "imagine swallowing the Presidential come."

It was the most embarrassing thing I had read in a long time. But then I opened the next week's *New Yorker,* which contained a swooning "Fax from Washington" written by Tina Brown herself, describing the February 5 White House dinner for British prime minister Tony Blair. The subtext was that the Clinton scandal had marvelously improved the president's aura: it made him seem so . . . *hot.* "Now see your President, tall and absurdly debonair, as he dances with

a radiant blonde, his wife. . . . Amid the clichés about his charm, his glamour is undersung. . . . Forget the dog-in-the-manger, down-in-the-mouth neo-puritanism of the op-ed tumbrel drivers, and see him instead as his guests do: a man in a dinner jacket with more heat than any star in the room."

This is precisely the sort of retro whipped cream that feminists are supposed to be able to see through; once upon a time, they construed it as their job to help the rest of us do the same. But these days, feminists—the famous feminists, that is; the mainstream feminists; the ones who are called up by newspaper reporters and TV stations—are an established part of the country's elites: the media elite in New York, the political elite in Washington. And this is one of the major reasons they have failed to hold Clinton's feet to the fire.

As has been noted elsewhere, class dynamics, almost as much as politics, drove the differing reactions to Anita Hill and Paula Jones. Hill was a well-spoken, Yale-educated lawyer; Jones was of the lower middle class. Women's groups were probably not as apt to dismiss her out of simple class bias as was the press: many, if not most, of the sexual-harassment victims feminists support *are* of working-class background. But when they decided, for other reasons, to keep their distance from her, her Ozark roots made her an easy woman to ignore.

Kathleen Willey's emergence has further clarified the class dynamics of Clinton's feminist support. Other factors may have made her more credible than Paula Jones—her reluctance to come forward, for example. But it was surely not a coincidence that some feminists saw the light only when confronted with a gorgeous, mature woman whose voice, clothes, makeup, and manner all gave off the vibes of the upper-middle-class suburbanite. (Lewinsky, as a child of Beverly Hills, belongs to an economic class closer to Willey's than Jones's. But in status terms—the terms that matter in the East Coast elites—she is irretrievably tacky, a creature from an Aaron Spelling show.)

The elitism inherent in the Clintons' own feminism was apparent from the very first weeks of the administration, when yuppie lawyer Zoe Baird saw her nomination for attorney general derailed over the issue of her having both employed two illegal nannies and failed to pay the requisite Social Security taxes. All the brilliant attorneys involved in preparing Baird for her confirmation had overlooked the fact that this might be an enraging issue to the chumps who couldn't afford nannies of any nationality, yet paid all the personal and business taxes they owed.

"They think only bluestockings are worth paying attention to," says the conservative writer Lisa Schiffren, a former speechwriter for Dan Quayle, about Clintonian feminism. "You know, important women with important careers and day-care needs. . . . Clearly this is a bunch of Wellesley girls saying that Wellesley girls and Yale graduates are worth fighting for, and high-school grads and hairdressers and lounge singers can be destroyed."

In easing past the contradictions of the feminist class system, Hillary Clinton is the crucial figure. It's common knowledge that she has been her husband's most important protector. "The fact that Hillary doesn't seem bothered by it gives women an excuse, in a way, to be tolerant of his behavior," says Radcliffe Public Policy Institute fellow Wendy Kaminer.

But less appreciated is a second, more subtle way in which Hillary has shielded her husband. She is, in effect, his feminist beard: the symbolic guarantor of his political bona fides. *He may hit on women like Gennifer Flowers and Paula Jones,* her presence says, *but when it came to sharing a home (and a presidency), he chose a woman like me.* Again and again, feminists cite the Hillary factor as mitigating evidence. Gloria Steinem told me, "He's married to a woman who's at least his equal, whom he clearly likes and respects." This apparently makes it okay that when he chooses a sex partner he's looking—in the words of a former Clinton staffer—"for a dopey girl who's not going to make him send flowers."

In some ways, it's baffling that feminists can still argue seriously that one Hillary trumps a multitude of Monicas. Even leaving aside Clinton's repeated public humiliations of his wife, she's always been a dubious feminist heroine: after all, she married her power, and in the White House she has wielded it without accountability. In truth, there's an awful affront to women in the apparently sharp distinctions that Clinton draws between the kind of woman you marry and the kind of woman you seek out for pleasure. We were supposed to be doing away with the Madonna and the whore—or at least trying to integrate them.

In for a penny, in for a pound: having decided to renew Clinton's grant of immunity once the Lewinsky scandal broke, feminists weren't in any position to fire so much as a warning shot across the bow when the White House began gingerly trashing her reputation. Not when a key congressional ally, Charles Rangel, questioned whether she "played with a full deck." Not even when Clinton himself ran one of the oldest plays in the old-boy playbook, pounding the table and declaring, "I did not have sexual relations with that woman, Miss Lewinsky." That woman. *You know,* his tone said, *that crazy woman, that fantasist, that lying home wrecker.*

Far from protesting, many feminists have piled on. "Does anyone really care if young Monica found an interesting new position at the White House?" wrote Judy Mann, *The Washington Post*'s feminist columnist. She chided the press for not giving sufficient weight to the possibility that Lewinsky was embellishing her relationship with a celebrity just for attention—"a standard device for dingbats of all ages." (This is the same Judy Mann who earlier wrote, about Gennifer Flowers, "I'm getting tired of these women crawling out from under rocks, claiming they've had affairs with politicians.")

Susan Faludi describes Lewinsky derisively as "sleeping her way to the bottom of the Revlon empire."

Law professor Susan Estrich wrote in her America Online column, "Lewinsky at least appears to have flirted her way to a job at Revlon and, when that disappeared, a $2 million modeling offer and the status of the most-sought after woman in the world. Not bad, some might say, for someone who can't type."

They aren't all sexist comments, but they're nasty ones, empty of even a fleeting compassion. At the end of the *Observer* gathering, Erica Jong congratulated herself and her companions on their sisterly solidarity. "I think it's a tribute to how far we've come that we're not trashing Monica Lewinsky," she remarked. A touching thought—but only if you had missed Jong's earlier contribution to the discussion: "My dental hygienist pointed out that [Lewinsky] had third-stage gum disease."

If feminists had stopped to think of Lewinsky as a real person, it might have slowed them down. "Look," says Paglia, "everyone could see what kind of girl she was: she was not in control of herself. It's so obvious, that she was this California girl who was dressing provocatively and was using her sex and so on. So what should be the response of the person in moral authority? It should have been 'Well, this is very tempting, but it's wrong for me to take advantage of my position here.'"

But feminists have an important stake in seeing Lewinsky as a competent young sexual adventuress: a portrait in avid consent. If there was consent, there was no victim; no victim, no problem.

"We're not against sex; we're against the use of sex to cajole, humiliate, coerce," says Gloria Steinem. "But, according to what Lewinsky says, this was not the case

with her. . . . We need to trust the women here. If we say a 21-to-24-year-old has no sexual will, we're going against the whole struggle for self-determination and taking responsibility for our own lives."

Anne Roiphe, the feminist writer and mother of Katie Roiphe, says, "I think that if this had not come to light, [Lewinsky] would treasure this for the rest of her life as a special thing that had happened to her in her early 20s."

This is the most grotesque aspect of the feminist lapse here: this determination to depict Lewinsky's end of the alleged affair as liberated, autonomous female sexuality in action, instead of as the pathetic picture it was, of a young woman seeking a dubious affirmation in all the wrong places. To be sure, the May-December romance is always a complex, two-way transaction. But what little we know of the Clinton-Lewinsky relationship suggests that in all of the specifics that matter—when he called, when and where they met, what they actually did with each other, and even when she was allowed to speak to him—the relationship was controlled (*duh!*) by the powerful, married, 50-ish man, not by the 20-something woman on the lowest rung of the status ladder.

Why do feminists find it so hard to acknowledge the ugliness of this arrangement? One reason is that Lewinsky's age is a very touchy point: if you have argued for years against parental-consent laws for teenagers seeking abortions, you may feel hard-pressed to admit that many women in their early 20s are a few years shy of emotional maturity.

Another reason may be that Lewinsky is a potentially frightening mirror for her mother's generation. Her eagerness to jump into the alleged affair, her apparent concept of herself as someone who could get power and self-esteem by having sexual affairs that she talked about widely, mark her as a clueless child of the sexual revolution. Feminism's insistence that abolishing the sexual double standard was more important than anything else has led, at its worst, to a brittle, pitiless vision of sexual autonomy, in which anything goes and everyone can look after herself. "But that's how you grow up," says Wendy Kaminer. "You have a sexual relationship, and maybe you get a little used, and then you feel bad about yourself for a while, and then you grow up."

At least Kaminer believes this argument. Among other feminists, the Lewinsky matter is strangely scrambling the trench warfare that has taken place for years between libertarian feminists such as Camille Paglia and Katie Roiphe and those they accuse of being "victim feminists," prone to infantilizing women by insisting on special protections against the depredations of mean old men. Paglia, for one, finds it hilarious that her views have so many new converts. "All of a sudden these people on the other side stampede to *my* side," she says. "'She should be allowed to do whatever she wants.' They're all libertarians all of a sudden!"

You've come a long way, baby: all the way to your knees.

Among the most honest women I interviewed for this piece was Marie C. Wilson, president of the Ms. Foundation for Women, who related her experiences, early in her career, as a lobbyist for liberal causes in the Iowa legislature. "I knew how to talk about the kinds of emissions standards I wanted for Iowa companies, and what kind of child-care standards I wanted for the children of Iowa, and *Would you please move your hand?* And most times I didn't get the emissions standards or the child care. Now," she says of Clinton's presidency, "I've gotten emissions standards, and I've got better child care, and I've still got the hand. But that's better than the other way."

A very few women were willing to make this argument directly: that feminists could find some honor in making a dispassionate, tough-minded decision that Clinton's value in office outweighs the sordidness of his personal life. But making this argument is something different from simply sweeping his behavior under the rug; it's the pretense, above all, that does the damage.

And this is why the feminist failure matters. By wishing the problem away, feminists call into question one of their most important victories of the past decades: the hard-won consensus that men should not use social and economic power to recruit sex partners in the workplace, and that it's fair for both sexes to expect limits on how much sexual relations are allowed to distort the system of rewards. I'm talking, here, not about feminist legislative achievements, but about a shift in the extralegal realm of mores, the shift that followed and ratified the actual laws against specific forms of sexual harassment.

Much social abrasion and anxiety went along with this shift, and much derisive complaining about the overreactions that uncertainty bred. But by and large it was a very healthy thing: a new social compact suggesting that behavior of the kind Clarence Thomas was said to have exhibited might or might not be a violation of Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, but that in either case it is outside the bounds of acceptable behavior.

A helpful analogy might be the 1992 episode in which candidate Clinton played golf at a club that admitted only whites. The news was greeted with immediate outrage, not because it might have led to the repeal of the Voting Rights Act, but because the candidate's choice of greens did an obvious violence to the social consensus forged by the civil-rights movement, that all Americans are entitled to at least the presumption that their countrymen will treat them as equals. Everyone recognized that violence instantly, and Clinton, with the belated sensitivity of self-preservation, apologized.

This is why even those feminists who were converted to indignation by Kathleen Willey are offering too little, too late. By acting as though Willey's allegations are of an entirely different order from all the others that have dogged Clinton in the past, they define those others as none of our business. When the dust of Clinton's presidency settles, the laws against sexual harassment will still be on the books. But the social sanctions against the behavior will be irretrievably damaged.

If you doubt this, look around. In the weeks that followed the Lewinsky scandal, those who had been most affronted by the awkward new social arrangements lately demanded of them shambled out of their caves to beat their chests. Conservative columnist John Leo, for example, crowed in *U.S. News & World Report* that the scandal was "probably the decade's high-water mark of euphoria around the water cooler . . . a chance to break free from the office sex police."

It's all very well to protest that we shouldn't look to our politicians as role models: the saga of Clinton's sex life is being played out on too large a screen to ignore. You can say until you're blue in the face that public men are entitled to a realm of privacy; that certain kinds of bad private behavior do not necessarily conflict with political competence, or even genius; and that adultery is not in itself of feminist concern. These are all irrelevancies. This mess is on our hands, and we do not have the luxury of arguing with its existence; the best we can do is call it what it is.

Finally, feminists have a special responsibility to loathe the lies, implicit and explicit, with which Clinton has consistently tried to cover his tracks: feminism, at its core, is about helping women to respect

what is true over what is convenient. It's bad enough that Clinton has hidden behind an endless chain of women to protect him from the consequences of his actions: from Betsey Wright, the longtime aide who contained "bimbo eruptions" for him in 1992, to Hillary and Chelsea—whistled home from Stanford, while classes were in session, to take part in a tender father-daughter photo op nine days after the scandal broke—to Betty Currie, the loyal secretary who will leave the Clinton White House with a mountain of legal bills. Must he hide behind the rest of us too?

When I look back over my life, I expect to remember Clinton's two terms in the White House as the Gaslight Presidency. The 1944 version of *Gaslight* stars Charles Boyer as the sinister new husband of an innocent young woman played by Ingrid Bergman and named, as luck would have it, Paula. Boyer, who plans to do away with his wife, first plots to drive her crazy—or at least to convince her and the rest of the world that she has lost her mind. He does this by stealing little objects and then convincing her that she has lost them; by dimming the gas-fueled lamps and then telling her that she is imagining the waning of the light; by insisting, in sum, that she cannot trust the evidence of her own senses. "*Paauula,*" he is constantly crooning, with smarmy Latin concern. "You should lie down and rest for a little, *Paauula.*"

Because the movie was made half a century ago, it's no surprise that Ingrid Bergman's character is something of a doormat, sadly complicit in the manipulation of her own mind. But we have no such excuse.

Denial is insidious; it always claims more than you think you have ceded to it. "We would not be doing our job if we didn't take into account that this president and his policies are crucial to the lives and welfare of the majority of women in this country," Gloria Steinem assures me. "That's not bending over backwards: that's being sensible. Having said that, if Clinton had raped women, beaten up Hillary—real private sins would not be forgiven, no matter what the value of the public behavior."

There it is, fellas, in case you're still confused: it seems we just lowered the bar. □

Credits

Fashion

Page 14: Catherine Zeta-Jones's John Galliano slip and dress from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Van Cleef & Arpels brooch from Van Cleef & Arpels, N.Y.C.; Harry Winston necklace from Harry Winston, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills. **Page 48:** Lynn Hirschberg styled by Nicole LePage **Page 56:** Jack Olsen styled by Shannon Piper; shirt by Banana Republic, from Banana Republic stores nationwide. Ron Chernow styled by Zita Tulyahikayo; shirt and coat by Donna Karan, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. **Page 161: Anna Friel's** dress by John Rocha, from Liberty, London; David Thomas for Carol Hayes. **Pages 186–87: Jerry Seinfeld's** Giorgio Armani sweater from Giorgio Armani, L.A. **Victoria Silvstedt's** dress by Givenchy Haute Couture by Alexander McQueen, by special order from Givenchy, Paris; white-fox stole by Bisang, from selected Saks Fifth Avenue Fur Salons. Center foreground: female guest's sheer leopard shell top by Dolce & Gabbana, from Barneys New York, L.A.; male guest's blue-and-black leopard suit jacket by Moschino Cheap & Chic, from Moschino, N.Y.C. Female guest on cell phone: dress by John Galliano, from Barneys New York, L.A. Male guest on ottoman: jacket by Alexander McQueen, from Barneys New York, L.A. **Pages 188–89:** Prada suit, shirt, and tie from Prada, N.Y.C. **Page 193:** Ermenegildo Zegna tuxedo from Ermenegildo Zegna stores nationwide; vintage shirt from Screaming Mimi's, N.Y.C.; Sulka tie from Sulka stores nationwide; Prada shoes from Prada, N.Y.C. **Pages 206–7: Lisa Ades's** sweater by Calvin Klein, from Calvin Klein stores nationwide. **Peter Davis's** sweater by N. Peal, from N. Peal, San Francisco; tie by Giorgio Armani, from Giorgio Armani stores nationwide. **Jeffrey Friedman's** and **Frederick Wiseman's** sweaters by Giorgio Armani, from Giorgio Armani stores nationwide. **Leon Gast's** and **Henry Hampton's** ties by Ermenegildo Zegna, from Ermenegildo Zegna, N.Y.C. **Page 222:** Catherine Zeta-Jones's Anna Molinari cardigan from Fred Segal, L.A.; Isaac Mizrahi ball skirt to order at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Cartier earrings from Cartier, L.A. **Page 223:** Gucci dress from select Gucci stores.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Catherine Furniss for Célestine. **Page 14:** See credits for pages 222–23. **Page 42:** See credit for cover. **Page 48:** John Richardson's grooming by Laura de Leon for Price, Inc. Lynn Hirschberg's hair by Nancy Schall for Price, Inc.; makeup by Jo Monger for Pix Producers. **Page 56:** Jack Olsen's grooming by Michael McCarthy for Russell the Salon and Day Spa. Ron Chernow's grooming by Maria Verel for Art & Commerce. **Page 146:** Mike Ackerman's grooming by Fazia Ali. **Page 161: Anna Friel's** hair styled with Wax Works from Paul Mitchell. All makeup from Bobbi Brown Essentials. On her eyes, Eyeshadow in Toast and Pale Silver Shimmer; on her lips, Lip Stain Lipstick in Ruby. Mandy Lyons for Debbie Walters. **Page 168: J. B. Benn's** grooming by Nancy Sprague. **Pages 185–93:** See credit for cover. **Pages 186–87:** Hair and makeup by Sylvia Viau for Cloutier. **Pages 206–7:** Hair, makeup, and grooming by Gita Bass, Creighton, and Nancy Schall, all for Price, Inc., and by Mally Roncal. **Pages 222–23: Catherine Zeta-Jones's** hair styled with Pure-fume Brilliant Spray-On for Hair from Aveda. All makeup from Chanel. On her eyes, Aquarelles Quadra Eye Shadow; on her lips, Extreme Lip Colour in Extreme Ruby. Katharina Ehrhardt for the Artist Group Management; Jeanine Lobell for Stila.

Photographs and Miscellany

Cover: Rick Floyd for Smashbox; production by Stardust Visions. **Page 20:** From Stills/Retna. **Page 42:** See credits for cover. **Page 74:** From Sygma. **Page 92:** From Sygma. **Page 96:** From Reuters/Archive Photos. **Page 116:** Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art. **Page 125:** Bottom, from the Motion Picture and Television Photo Archive. **Page 126:** Second from top right, courtesy of Exquisite Form **Page 132:** Top left, courtesy of Montgomery Ward. **Page 134:** Top, from *The Dallas Morning News* **Page 168:** Bottom, second from left, by Stephane Compoint/Sygma; second from right, © 1997 by Andy Pearlman. **Pages 170 and 172:** From Alpha/Globe Photos (Clinton); from Archive Photos (cannon, Quinn on left, sideshow); by Jeff Christensen/Reuters/Archive Photos (Morris); Bruce Cotler/Globe Photos (Flowers); Thomas Dallal/Sipa Press (literary agent); Richard Ellis/Sygma (Starr); Amy Etra/Outline (Drudge); John Ficara/Sygma (McCurry, Stephanopoulos); from FPG International (crew cut); by Hal Garb/Sipa Press (Jones); Jonathan L. Green/Globe Photos (big hair); Rose Hartman/Globe Photos (Quinn on right); David Kelly (Boggle); James M. Kelly/Globe Photos (Lewinsky); Lambert/Archive Photos (binoculars); from *Milliyet*/Sipa Press (Hussein); by Jeff Mitchell/Sygma (McDougal); from Photofest (*Apostle, Patton*); by Jim Pickerell/Globe Photos (Dean); from Sipa Press (Buddy); by Grant Smith/Corbis (newsboy); Allan Tannenbaum/Sygma (Isikoff); from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann (blueblood, Colson, Davis, Ehrlichman, Haldeman, Humphrey, King Timahoe, map, microphones, John Mitchell, Martha Mitchell, Nixon, recorder, Woodward and Bernstein, Ziegler); by Jamal Wilson/Sygma (Tripp). **Pages 185–93:** See credits for cover. **Pages 186–87:** Showgirls courtesy of the *Folies Bergere* at the Las Vegas Tropicana. **Pages 198–99:** Large photograph from Stills/Retna. **Page 201:** Top right, from Stills. **Page 203:** Second from bottom right, from Stills/Retna. **Page 205:** Top, from Stills/Retna; bottom right, from Sipa Press. **Page 211:** Clockwise from top left, from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann; courtesy of the estate of Marion Barbara Carstairs; from *Life* magazine, © by Time Inc.; from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann; courtesy of the estate of Marion Barbara Carstairs; from the Marlene Dietrich Collection, Berlin; from Hulton Getty. **Page 213:** From Hulton Getty. **Page 214:** From a private collection/Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art. **Page 215:** From a private collection/Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art **Page 217:** Top, from the Annette Vaillant Archive; bottom, from the Musée d'Orsay; both courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art. **Pages 218–19:** From the Tate Gallery; presented by Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill through the Contemporary Art Society, 1930/Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art. **Page 221:** From a private collection/Courtesy of Richard L. Feigen & Co., N.Y.C./Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art. **Page 224:** Large photograph from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann; inset from Culver Pictures. **Page 225:** Large photograph from the Western Reserve Historical Society; inset from the Rockefeller Archive Center. **Page 227:** Top, from Stock Montage; insets from Culver Pictures. **Pages 228–29:** Large photograph from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann; inset from the Western Reserve Historical Society. **Pages 230–31:** Both from the Rockefeller Archive Center. **Page 232:** From Brown Brothers. **Page 233:** All from the Rockefeller Archive Center. **Page 256:** From the Time Inc. Picture Collection.

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Planetarium

Michael Lutin tells Tauruses to stay put and get real

TAURUS ♉ APRIL 20–MAY 20

You must be asking yourself a hundred times an hour why in the name of Heaven you have to go on beating your poor, tired head against the same brick wall. Wouldn't it be much easier just to give up and run away to some quiet spot in the Painted Desert, where you could take a pottery class and meditate and not have to deal at all with problems concerning your career? Here's the rub, though: right now the lesson of Saturn is about coping with all those voices that could be yapping inside your brain—even in the Painted Desert. Patience!

GEMINI ♊ MAY 21–JUNE 21

Liberation can be a scary experience. No matter how much you long to be free of doctors, lawyers, and all the stodgy, repressive types who bring you down, the minute the fetters are off you are left with an overwhelming anxiety about the future. With Saturn in your 11th house, this queasy uncertainty is perfectly natural, but wholly unnecessary. All you really need to do is abandon your current obsession with what will become of you in the next life. Cross that bridge when you come to it.

CANCER ♋ JUNE 22–JULY 22

If you're walking on a wire stretched between two buildings high above the city and a southerly wind is steadily gaining force, the last thing you can think about is having a quiet cup of tea with old friends. Professionally speaking, though, that's the predicament you're in right now. You've got to stay focused and balanced or you will find yourself plummeting to the ground. Under such hairy, 10th-house circumstances, it does, however, seem a bit unfair when critics and pals start shaking their fingers and saying, "Beware of hubris. We knew you when!"

LEO ♌ JULY 23–AUG. 22

If you've been spending the last couple of years reading great books, studying philosophy to get at the truth, and traveling the world in order to learn about other cultures, you get a gold star for making the most of the transit of the ruler of your solar 6th house through your 9th. If, however, you've been one of those unevolved Leos who wasted all that time telling ethnic jokes, indulging in gossip, lying to friends and colleagues, and dodging the law, then the moment has arrived for you to come clean and look for redemption.

VIRGO ♍ AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

The financial and emotional frustrations many Virgos had to bear last year could have turned the most cockeyed optimist into a bitter cynic. The lack of support was truly humiliating. The transit of Saturn should have taught you, however, that it takes only one or two people going to bat for you to make you feel like a human being again. And that it's quality of experience, not quantity, that fulfills you. Without violating your privacy, let's just say that if you learn these lessons your sex life should be on the upswing. It's about time.

LIBRA ♎ SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Whoever coined the aggravating phrase about how slow the wheels of justice grind was not kidding. He or she must have had to endure at least one transit of Saturn through the 7th house. To be sure, your sensitivity to certain potentially dangerous and aggressive people and your burden of responsibilities toward them must be causing you a major case of guilt and rage right now. Just remember that deep relationships can also be deeply rewarding, provided that you don't get furious if someone you care about doesn't care as much about you.

SCORPIO ♏ OCT. 24–NOV. 21

It can be pretty darned painful when life cuts you down to size and reminds you that, despite all the catastrophes you've been through and all the magnificent creative tasks you've accomplished, you are still just a regular person who gets up and goes to work for a living. Sixth-house transits don't occur merely to humble you, though. Since your own choices have led you to this place, why not use this moment to streamline your operation and perfect your craft? Just tell yourself that there is nothing wrong with leading a mundane, middle-class existence.

SAGITTARIUS ♐ NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Love hurts. It's great when it comes effortlessly, when two hearts beat as one and everything gets sealed with a Hollywood kiss. Unfortunately, in real life it's another story for Sadges when the ruler of your 2nd house is transiting your 5th. If you have kids, they have probably been acting like animals and testing you down to your very soul. If you are an artist, you've been struggling with your creativity, mainly because you disapprove of artists. No matter how bad things seem, you must create. There's no way for you to just hide in your room and eat cookies.

CAPRICORN ♑ DEC. 22–JAN. 19

The big question of the moment: Who is going to be the head of the household? In the old days, the authority figure was clearly defined; everybody agreed that father knew best, even if in reality it was mother who ran the operation. With a lunation and your planetary dispositor in your solar 4th house now, all the problems with your parents and all the fears of abandonment you have ever had will reappear. You've always been such a grown-up. It must seem strange for you suddenly to start feeling like a child.

AQUARIUS ♒ JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Your restlessness is understandable. With the ruler of your 12th house in your 3rd, your mind is extremely active. But while your brain is operating at a feverish pitch, your mobility may be somewhat impaired. The 3rd house rules communication with neighbors and siblings, and when Saturn transits that area, you can almost depend on having problems with them. So much for astrology. As fascinating as that may be, the last thing you want to hear now is somebody telling you why you feel the way you feel. At this point that could cause apoplexy.

PISCES ♓ FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Not all the members of your noble sign are the jellyfish they are cracked up to be. On the contrary: you can be unbearably controlling, mainly because you know too well how lazy and shiftless you can get if you let yourself go. It's been healthy, therefore, having to depend on other people over the last several months. Now that you are regaining control, please don't forget that while Saturn in your 2nd house helps you get the money thing together, it can also drag you down into materialism. And for Pisceans that's not a good thing.

ARIES ♈ MARCH 21–APRIL 19

It's no surprise that you are walking around with a chip on your shoulder. Considering the humbling effects Saturn has had on you in recent months, it would seem strange if you were behaving otherwise. Even if your bid for greatness has been delayed, go right on believing that once this phase of your life is over you'll be as cocky as you ever were. For the moment, though, you are being asked to take time out from your desire to conquer the world, in order to become a deeper person. If that bores or infuriates you, you are already your old self again.

To hear Michael Lutin read your weekly horoscope, call 1-900-28V-FAIR on a Touch-Tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.













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Henri Cartier-Bresson

Godfather of photojournalism and a founder of the legendary Magnum photo agency, Henri Cartier-Bresson is perhaps the world's greatest living photographer. This month, at 89, Cartier-Bresson releases *Europeans*, a stunning collection of his work spanning the years 1929 to 1991, and briefly comes out from behind his Leica to reveal his affinity for Bach, Rimbaud, and "the attitude of revolt"

What is your current state of mind?
If Proust had put these questions nowadays, he might have mentioned the attitude of revolt.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Ask others.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Love.

What is your greatest fear?
Power.

What is your favorite journey?
Escaping three times as a prisoner of war.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Efficiency.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Yes, yes, yes" when I mean to say, "Let's see."

Which talent would you most like to have?
To beware of *la facilité.*



If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
My family, being mankind: prevent its extinction by techno-science.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Cutting my nails.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Integrity.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Integrity.

Which living person do you most despise?
I don't believe in despising people, but in trying to understand the reasons for their behavior.

What is it that you most dislike?
My own ignorance.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Among others, some thinkers of the third and fifth centuries B.C. As far as eyes and ears: Piero della Francesca, Bach, Rimbaud, Cézanne, Bonnard—the list is endless.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Imagination.

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'S WONDERFUL, 'S MERVELOUS!
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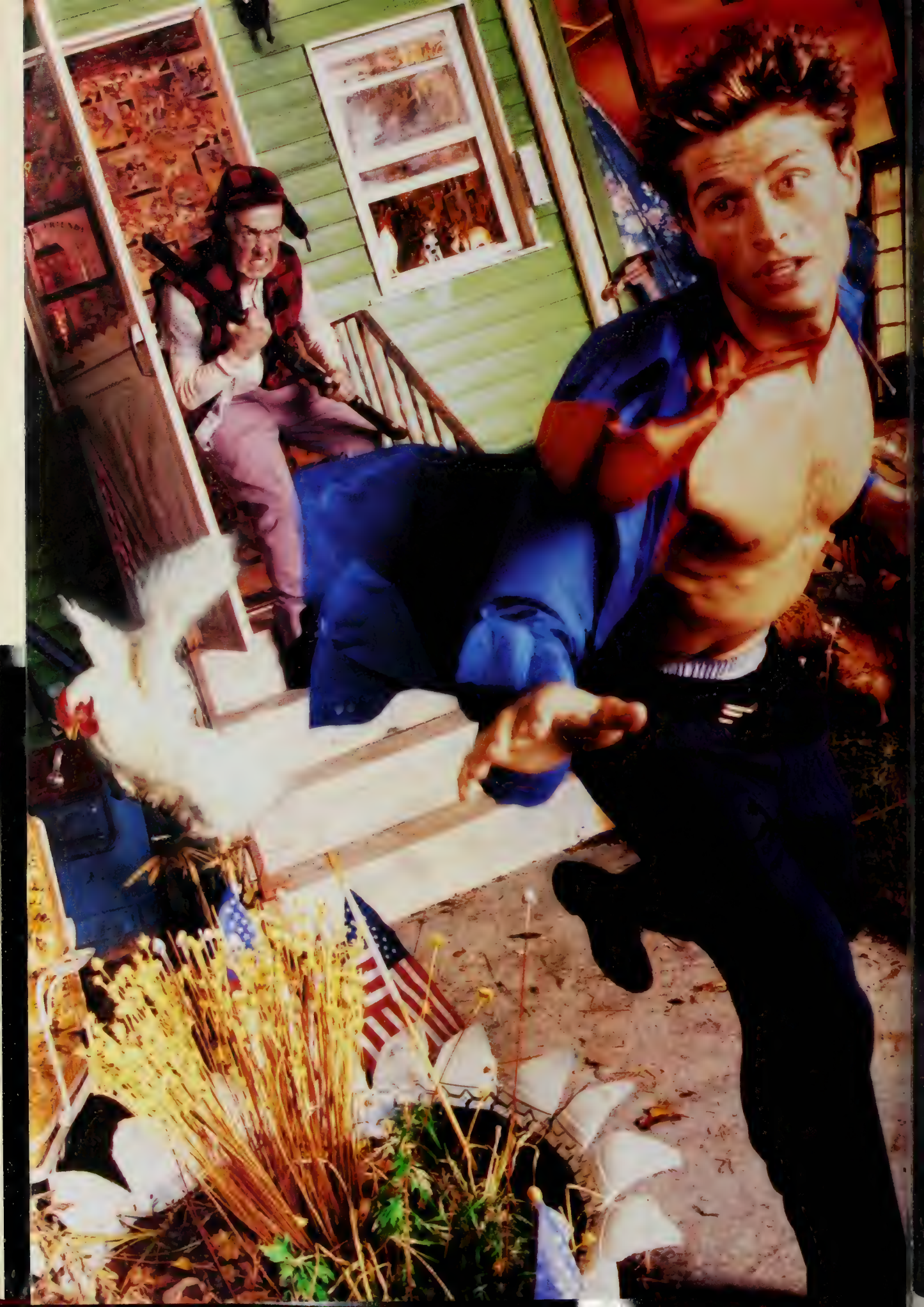
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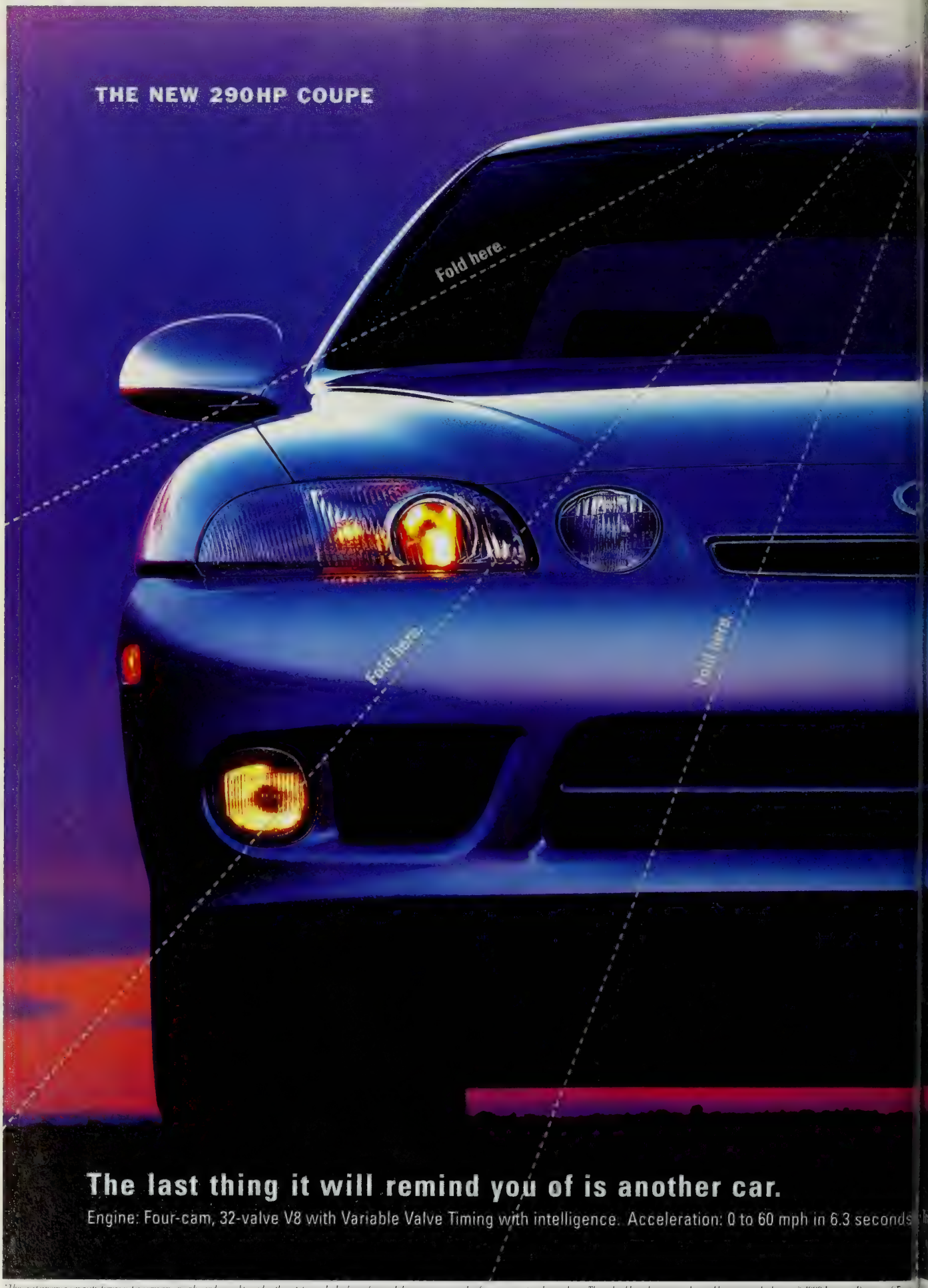
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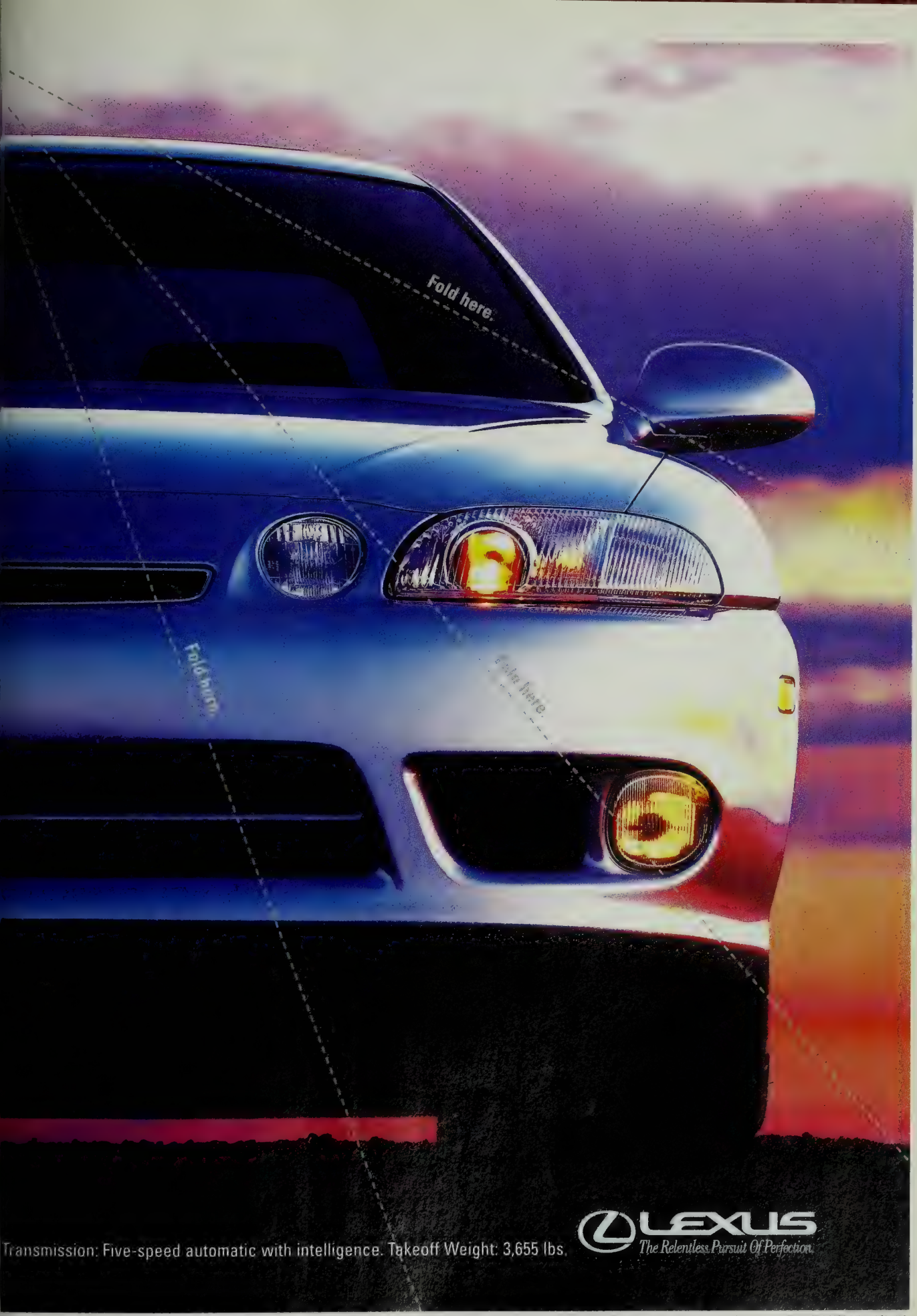
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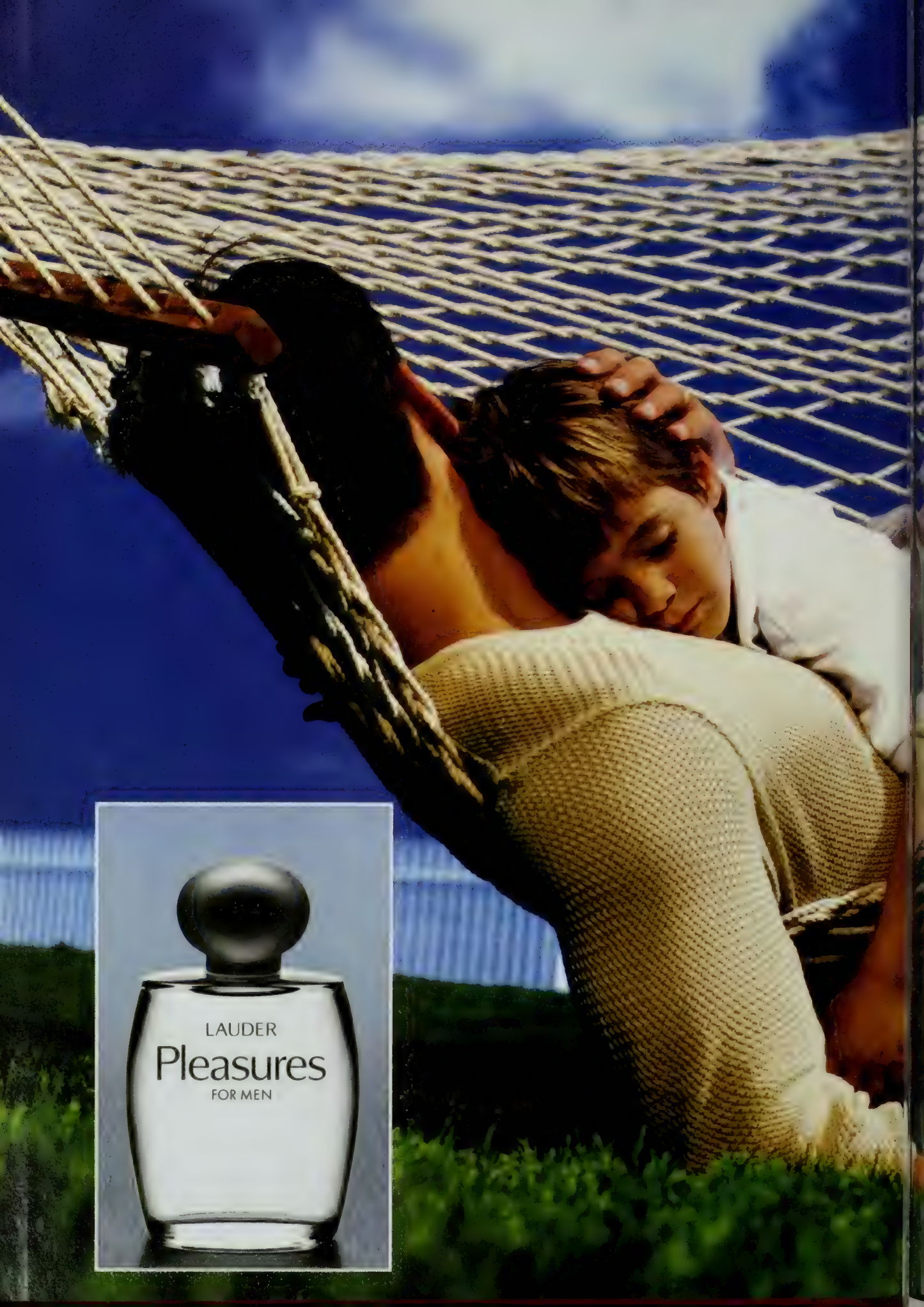
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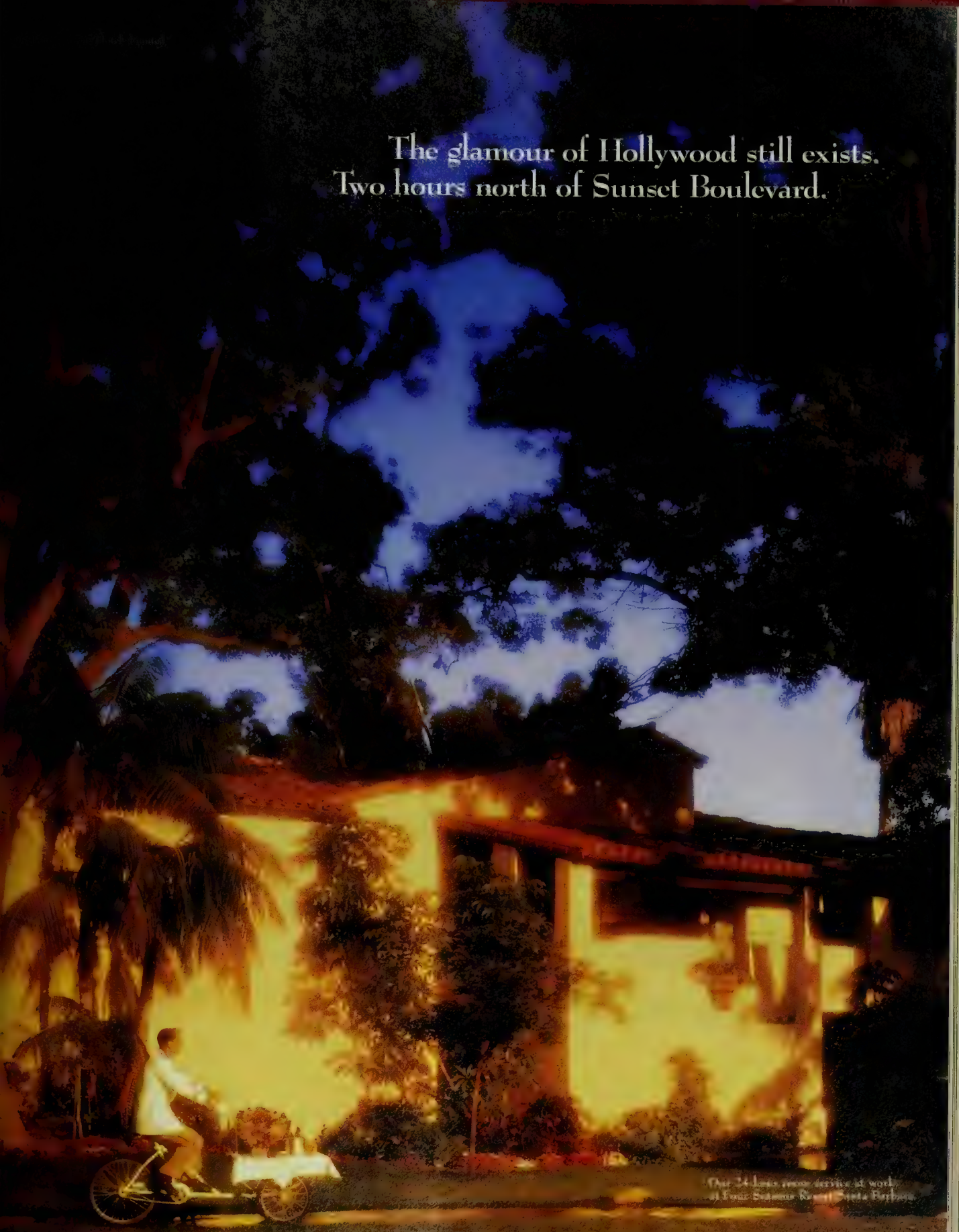
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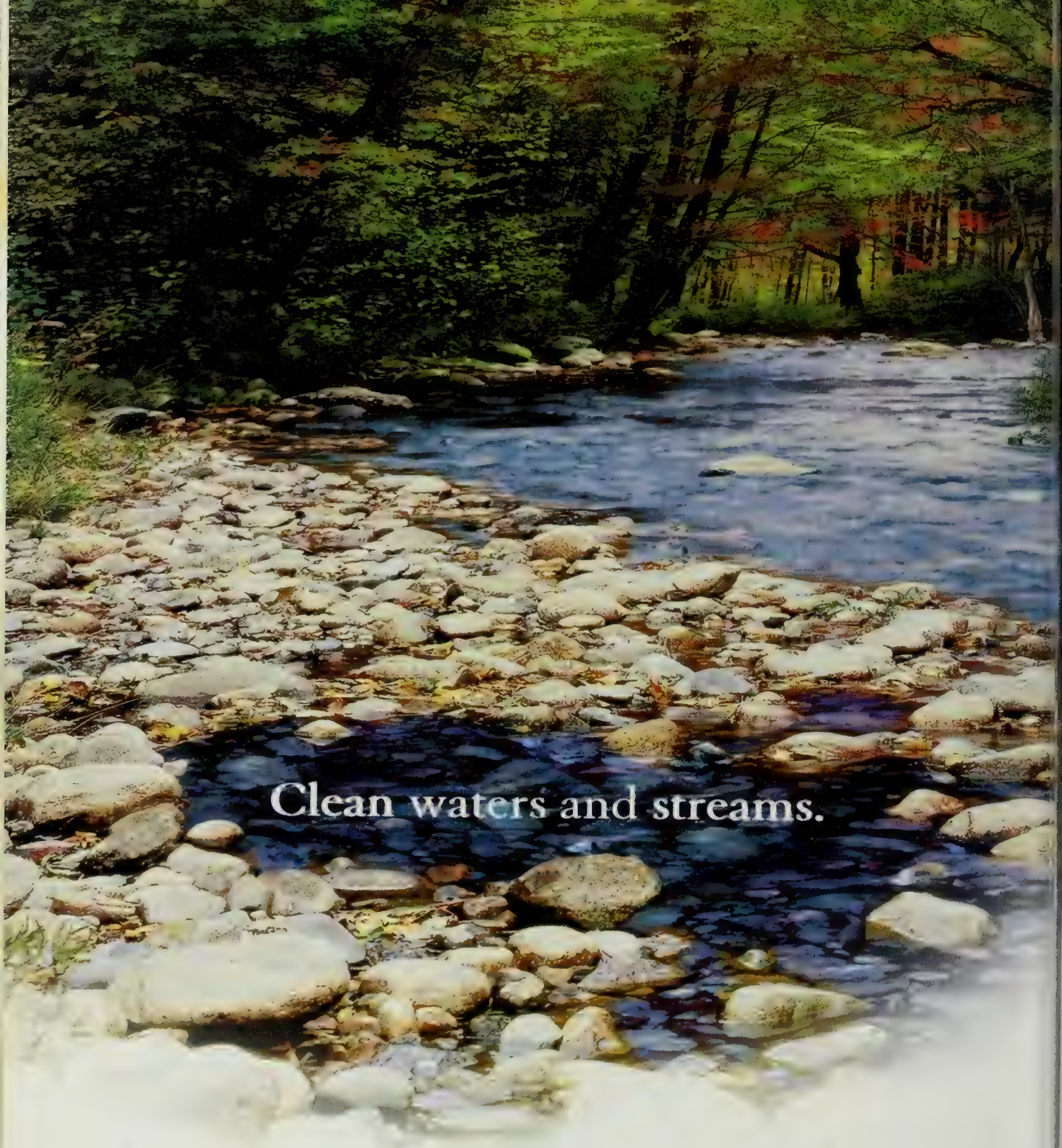



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Features

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As F.B.I. agent Fox Mulder, hero of TV's hit sci-fi series *The X Files,* David Duchovny has taken poker-faced paranoia to new heights. This month, Michael Shnayerson reports, Mulder confronts five years of *X Files* mysteries in the *X Files* movie, while Duchovny tackles the alien worlds of stardom and marriage. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

THE SOUND OF MONEY | 168

Immortalized by *The Sound of Music* as a loving clan, forever wreathed in song and lederhosen, the von Trapp children are today bitterly divided over the value of the Trapp Family Lodge in Vermont. As Broadway revives Rodgers and Hammerstein's fairy-tale musical, Suzanna Andrews tunes in to the discordant legacy of a guitar-playing novice named Maria.

THE BOYS OF SUMMER | 176

With four new movies firing into theaters this summer, Hollywood's top action filmmakers show Sam Jones and James Wolcott who's boss.

SOPHISTICATED LADIES | 178

The eternally smoldering style of cabaret divas Eartha Kitt, Lena Horne, Julie Wilson, and Hildegarde is captured by Annie Leibovitz, while Richard Merkin reserves a table.

A TREE GROWS IN SOHO | 186

Gary Hallgren gives an updated twist to Miguel Covarrubias's 1933 "Tree of Modern Art," and Bradley Collins examines the roots of today's masters.

HAS GABHAN GONE GAGA? | 188

Rival decorators screech with horror at Gabhan O'Keeffe's work, so why have São Schlumberger, Nan Kempner, and Gloria von Thurn und Taxis put their houses in his hands? At the Knightsbridge home of the decade's most talked-about interior designer, Bob Colacello discovers what sends this controversial dandy completely over the top. Photographs by Todd Eberle.

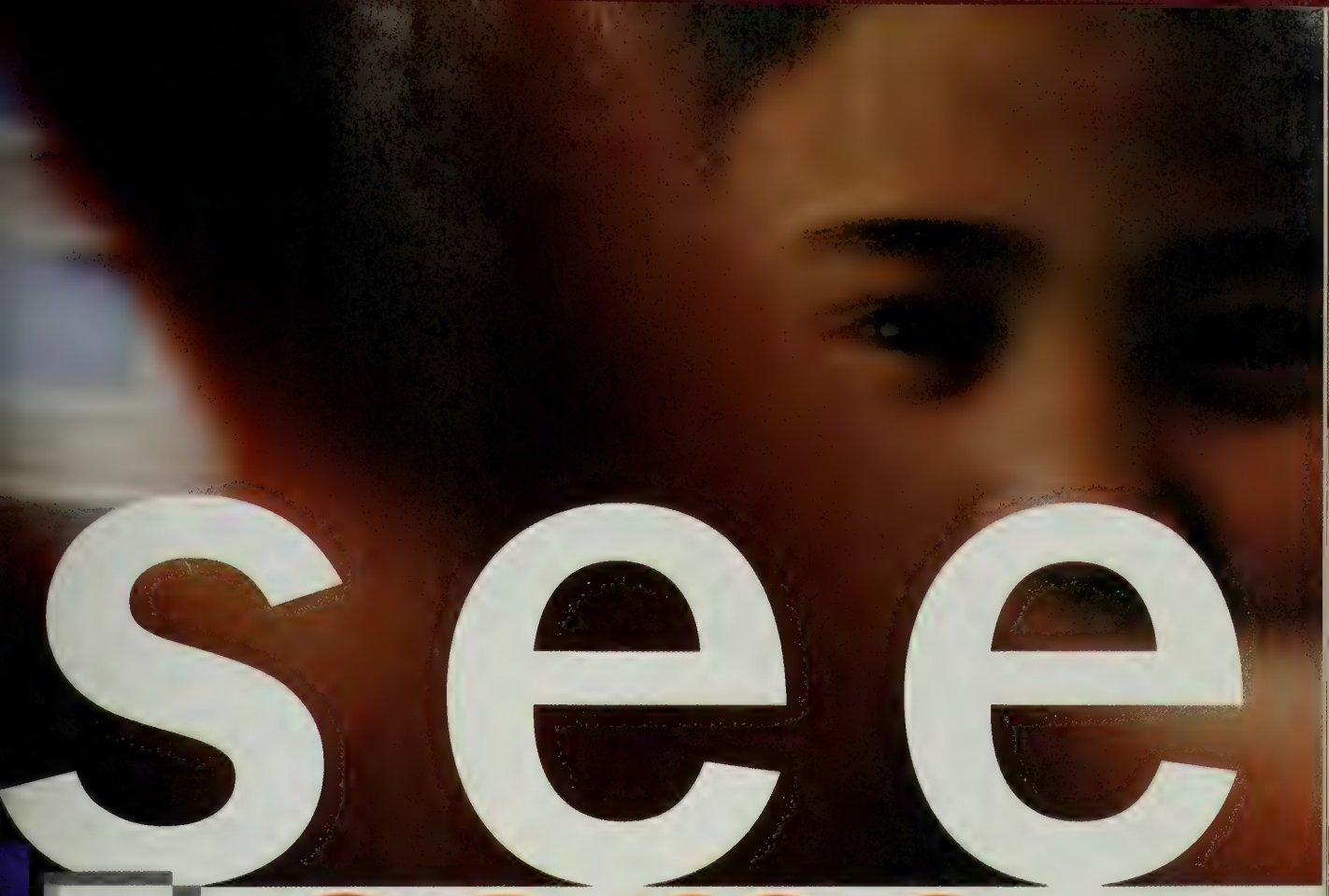
GOLDIE CHILD | 194

Firooz Zahedi and Kevin Sessums spotlight 19-year-old actress Kate Hudson, who takes the hip cue from Mom, Goldie Hawn, in two new films, *200 Cigarettes* and *Desert Blue.*

A BEAUTIFUL MIND | 196

John Forbes Nash Jr.'s remarkable, impetuous mind took him to M.I.T., Princeton, and Albert Einstein's office, then trapped him in schizophrenic limbo for three decades. In an excerpt from her new book, Sylvia Nasar charts Nash's mathematical breakthroughs, his brilliant madness, and the miracle of his recovery.

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'S WONDERFUL, 'S MERVELOUS! | 202

For his third act, Merv Griffin has built an empire of production companies, hotels, and racing stables. But, Matt Tyrnauer finds, wherever Griffin goes—from Palm Springs to Miami—the former talk-show host is as entertaining as ever. Photographs by Harry Benson.

Columns

THE CHILDREN OF '68 | 92

It was a year of violence and revolution, and, for 19-year-old Christopher Hitchens, 1968 marked America as the land of the free.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER | 106

Vintage glamour met newly minted stardom at *Vanity Fair*'s fifth and biggest-ever Oscar bash at Mortons.

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Laura Jacobs checks out the moves of dance genius Paul Taylor, whose tango is heating up the stage. Photograph by Michael O'Neill.

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Since 1985, the $2 billion von Holtzbrinck media empire has acquired three of America's top publishing houses. As its rival Bertelsmann takes over Random House, David Margolick investigates the von Holtzbrinck family's troubling past and uncertain future. Portraits by Nigel Parry.

HALL OF FAME | 146

James Wolcott nominates Manny Farber, whose crackling film criticism is being reissued in an expanded edition of *Negative Space*.

Vanities

YOUNG BLOOD | 149

Kevyn Aucoin puts a new face on Speed Dial;
Ingrid Seward receives a royal inquisition from George Wayne;
back to school for CAA's stars.

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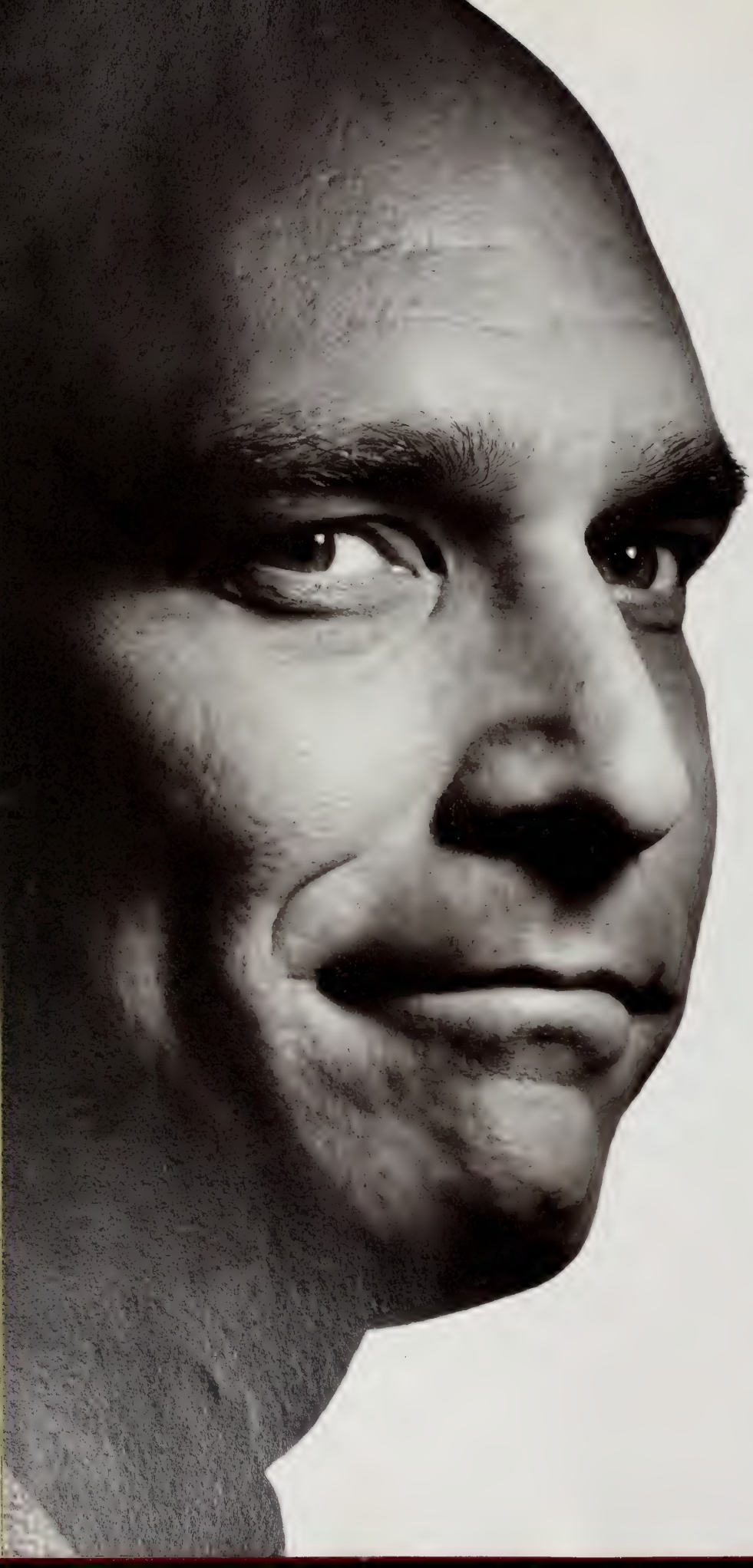
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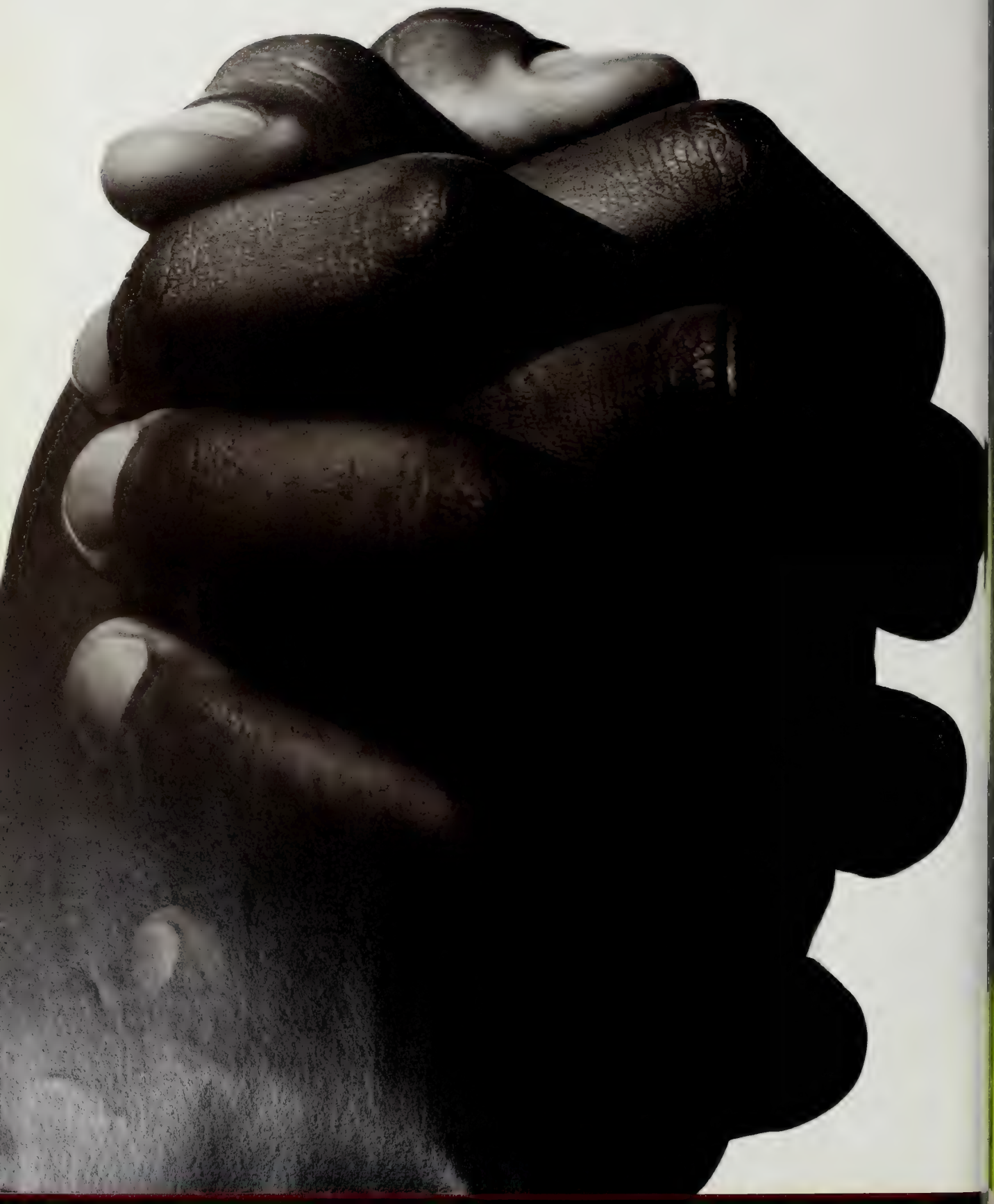


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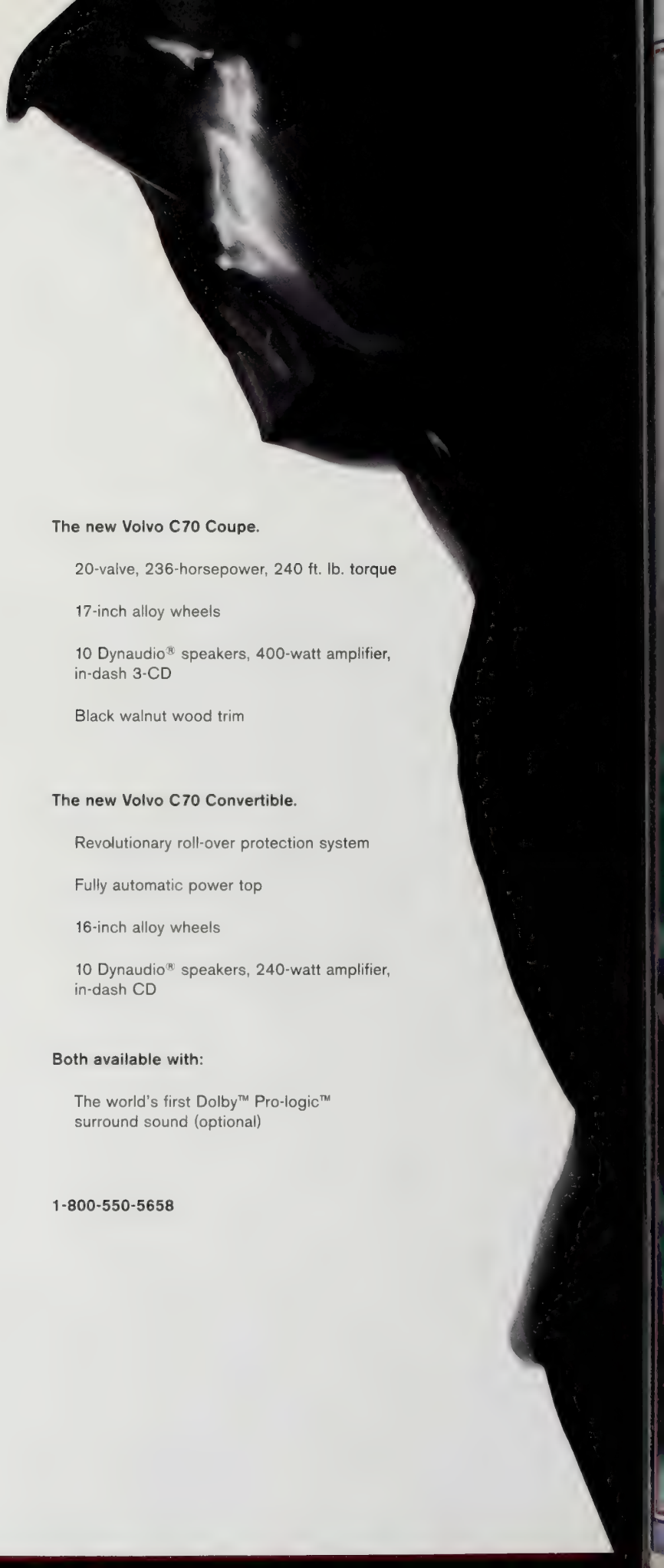
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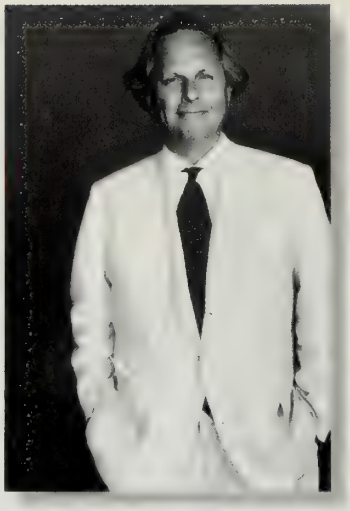


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Second Acts



In this, an issue rich with second acts, none is more unfortunate than the melodrama surrounding the von Trapps, the winning Austrian family immortalized in Rodgers and Hammerstein's Broadway warhorse *The Sound of Music.* Everyone knows the impossibly sweet story of the seven children in pre–World War II Austria who were taught to sing again by their stepmother, Maria, and became a stageworthy phalanx of lederhosen and strong teeth.

Alas, as Suzanna Andrews reports in "The Sound of Money," on page 168, Act II finds the family members who are clustered near Stowe, Vermont, locked in an unseemly feud. They are fighting over the value of the Trapp Family Lodge, their 2,200-acre faux-Bavarian resort built some years after Maria and her husband, Georg, brought the family to the U.S. in 1938.

Less dispiriting is the life of John Forbes Nash Jr., the laconic M.I.T. professor who in 1958 was hailed as one of America's most brilliant young mathematicians, thanks largely to his work in "game theory," which defined logical and mathematical rules about rivalries. At the height of his powers, Nash fell victim to paranoid schizophrenia, an affliction which tortured him for three decades—and relegated him to personal and academic obscurity. But as Sylvia Nasar points out in an excerpt from *A Beautiful Mind,* her stunning biography of Nash, his story takes an unexpected turn. During the 1980s, while living in relative seclusion in New Jersey, Nash gradually went into remission. He began to function normally and even went back to work—a physiological miracle that returned a bona fide genius to academia. "[Nasar's book] is deeply interesting and extraordinarily moving," says neurologist and writer Oliver Sacks. "It's remarkable for its insights into genius and schizophrenia."

Then there's the spectacular rebirth of Merv Griffin, who by the early 1980s seemed destined to be remembered as the blandly likable talk-show host forever oohing over the burnished bons mots of Totie Fields, Myron Cohen, and Dr. Joyce Brothers. But as *V.F.* editor-at-large Matt Tyrnauer reports in "'S Wonderful, 'S Mervelous!," on page 202, Griffin didn't retire to the Malibu Colony after selling his $250 million game-show empire to Coca-Cola in 1986. Instead, at age 63, he founded the Griffin Group, a conglomerate made up of enviable assets, including a stud farm, the production company that stages the Golden Globe Awards, and his beloved 700-room Beverly Hilton hotel. Today, Griffin is worth more than a billion dollars, travels in his own Challenger jet, and spends his days laughing at those who once wondered what retired talk-show hosts do with their time.

When *V.F.* first published Miguel Covarrubias's famous "Tree of Modern Art" in 1933, the illustration assessed modern art's Act I: the tree was rooted in Delacroix and Daumier and blossomed into Miró and Picasso. In this issue, Gary Hallgren and Bradley Collins have produced a follow-up tree, on which Miró and Picasso have given root to Basquiat and Pollock.

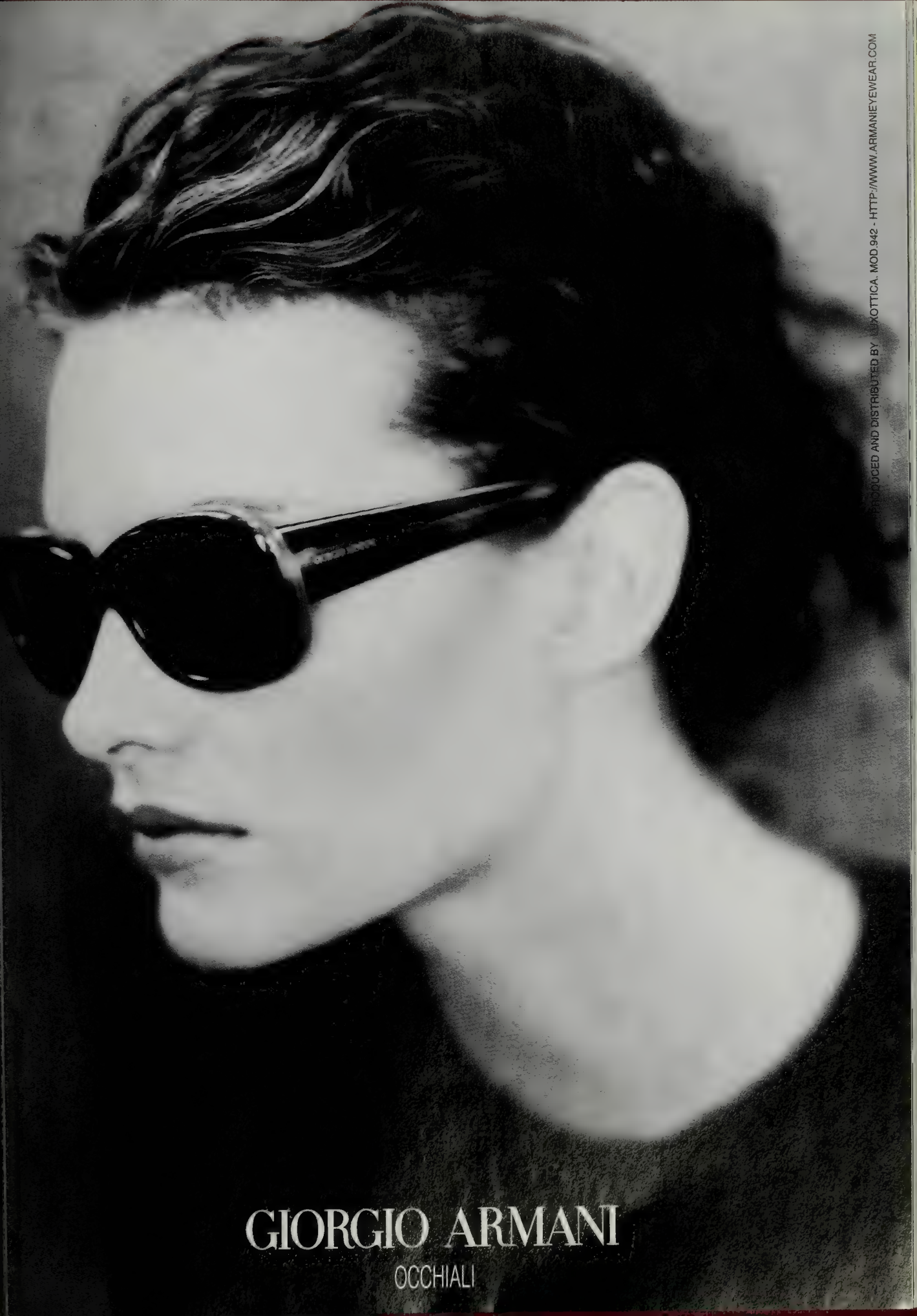
And finally, on page 194, Kevin Sessums and Firooz Zahedi spotlight a doe-eyed ingenue named Kate Hudson, who is nothing if not Act II personified: her mother, after all, is Goldie Hawn.

Graydon Carter

On the Cover: Fly Boy

David Duchovny in Point Mugu, Calif., March 1998. Shirt by Calvin Klein. Hair by Sally Hershberger. Grooming by Catherine Furniss. Grooming products from Clinique Skin Supplies for Men. Prop styling and set design by Rick Floyd. Styled by Bill Mullen. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.




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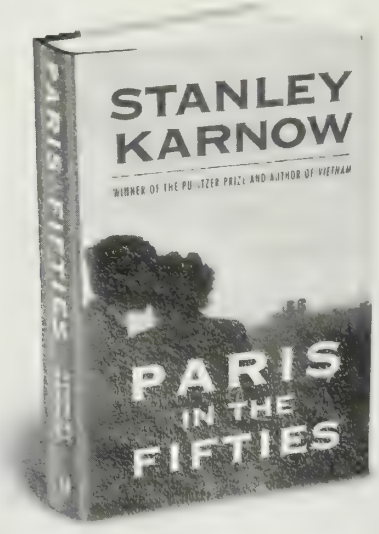
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Contributors



"No one envisioned *this* on V-E Day," contributing editor **David Margolick** says of the German influence on American publishing. This month, Margolick assesses the von Holtzbrinck publishing family, whose American interests include St. Martin's Press and Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Although questions have been raised about the von Holtzbrincks' connections to the Nazi Party during World War II, Margolick says the issue has been downplayed in the States. "There was a time when Jews wouldn't buy Volkswagens," he says. "But now things have changed."



"Everybody who studies economics learns about John Forbes Nash's theories their first week of grad school," says **Sylvia Nasar.** Her new book, *A Beautiful Mind* (excerpted on page 196), assesses the life of the brilliant mathematician, who battled schizophrenia for 30 years. "I couldn't believe Nash was still alive," says Nasar, a reporter for *The New York Times.* "I learned more about him and thought, What an amazing story."



Editor-at-large **Matt Tyrnauer** was inspired to write about Merv Griffin, whom he profiles on page 202, when he entered the Beverly Hilton lobby and saw "photographs of Merv with every celebrity known to man: Eastwood, Fonda, Sinatra." Tyrnauer became enamored of the TV host at an early age. "I watched seven billion hours of TV as a child," he says. "I have a home-school Ph.D. in the talk shows of the 70s."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

ALL BY GASPER TRINGALE; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS, PAGE



the active ingredient

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Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56



Though **Richard Merkin** started attending cabaret when he was first allowed to drink, "and possibly a little before," it was his friendship with Bobby Short that drew him to New York's cabaret clubs. A writer and artist, Merkin is currently illustrating a book based on Short's experiences; he is also finishing a book of his own essays and illustrations entitled *The Dear Departed Past.* Meantime, a collection of his paintings is now on exhibit at Roger Williams University in Rhode Island.



GASPER TRINGALE

Like his subject this month, David Duchovny, contributing editor **Michael Shnayerson** attended Collegiate, the exclusive Manhattan prep school. Although they never knew each other, Shnayerson clearly remembers Duchovny's best friend, Jason Beghe—"a mop-haired boy with an untucked shirt." Duchovny and Beghe are still tight. "David has a nice capacity for friendship," says Shnayerson, "and that old Collegiate tie is completely unaffected by his commercial success."

Growing up in rural Washington State, **Gary Hallgren** worked as a signwriter's assistant. After graduating from college and forming a sign shop in Seattle, Hallgren moved to California, where he became an underground cartoonist. He spent summers in Provincetown doing caricatures on the street, and in 1979 moved to Manhattan to become a full-time illustrator. These days Hallgren prefers to draw "humorous subjects," such as the "Art Tree" he created on page 187.



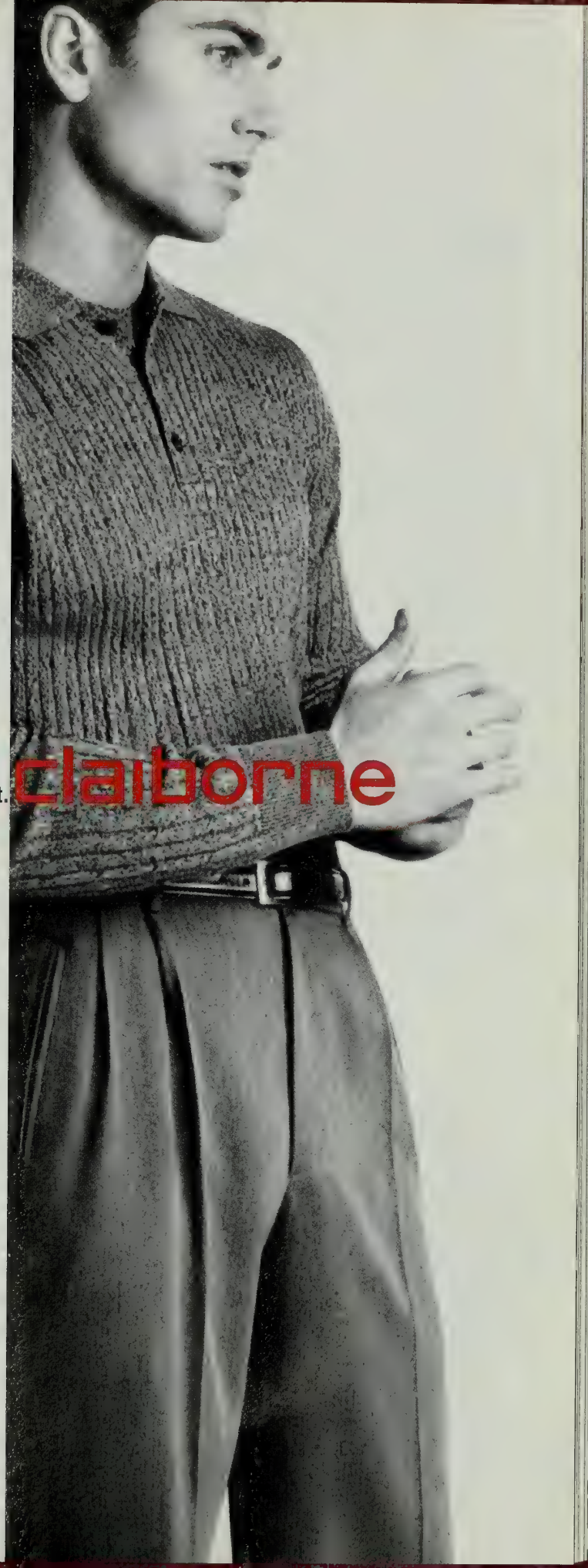
GARY HALLGREN



RICHARD J. BURBRIDGE

"Shooting interiors happened by accident," says **Todd Eberle.** As a child in tiny Howey-in-the-Hills, Florida, Eberle wanted to be a rock photographer; by the age of 19, he was shooting for *Spin.* But Eberle changed direction after a friend persuaded him to photograph the home of art dealer Robert Miller for *American Home.* This month Eberle, who recently photographed the new Getty Center, takes aim at homes decorated by the extravagant Gabhan O'Keeffe.

y's
l&Taylor
:on's



Casual at work is optional. Looking good is not.

A MONTH IN HOLLYWOOD

What a superb documentary issue on the recent and past state of affairs in filmdom [April]. The writers, photographers, and designers created a *Vanity Fair* novella that's a true keeper. How can you top this one? I can't wait to find out!

ELLEN GREENLEAF
Charlottesville, Virginia

I HAD TO STOP in the middle of this year's Hollywood issue to write this note about how much I am enjoying it. I feared it might be more of the same "Oscar mania," but I was wrong to worry. This is a fabulous issue—full of Hollywood history.

JANET FOSTER
Houston, Texas

I OPENED my mailbox today and spied the April issue of *Vanity Fair*. When I saw how gigantic it was I was happy. When I read the table of contents I was overjoyed. When I thumbed through the magazine I was elated. The Hollywood issues are always good, but this one is exceptional.

LINDA HIGGINS
Metairie, Louisiana

WAIT A MINUTE. Chris Tucker in *Vanity Fair*? How did this hip, gorgeous, funny-as-can-be man get into your pages? And then, a few pages later, the man of my dreams appears . . . Viggo Mortensen. All I can say is thank you, thank you, thank you.

DEE DEE SOLIS
Yonkers, New York

I'VE SEARCHED for his name in the credits of every production he has appeared in. Finally I've got it: Rufus Sewell! Will he marry me? I'm 66, but real rich.

PEGGY FASANO
Northbrook, Illinois

I HAVE BEEN a subscriber to *Vanity Fair* for about 15 years. Of all those issues, I found April's the most fascinating. I read it from cover to cover.

SAUL ZEHRING
Dayton, Ohio

The Goddess Who Fell to Earth

MARIE BRENNER'S article "The Last Goddess" [April] was superb. The thing that I admire most about the great actress Luise Rainer is that despite her painful past she has managed to retain her sense of humor. Asked about her success in America, the aging Rainer replied, "Your assertion that I mesmerized the nation by holding a firm grip on the American imagination is like saying Marshall Applewhite had a firm grip on reality."

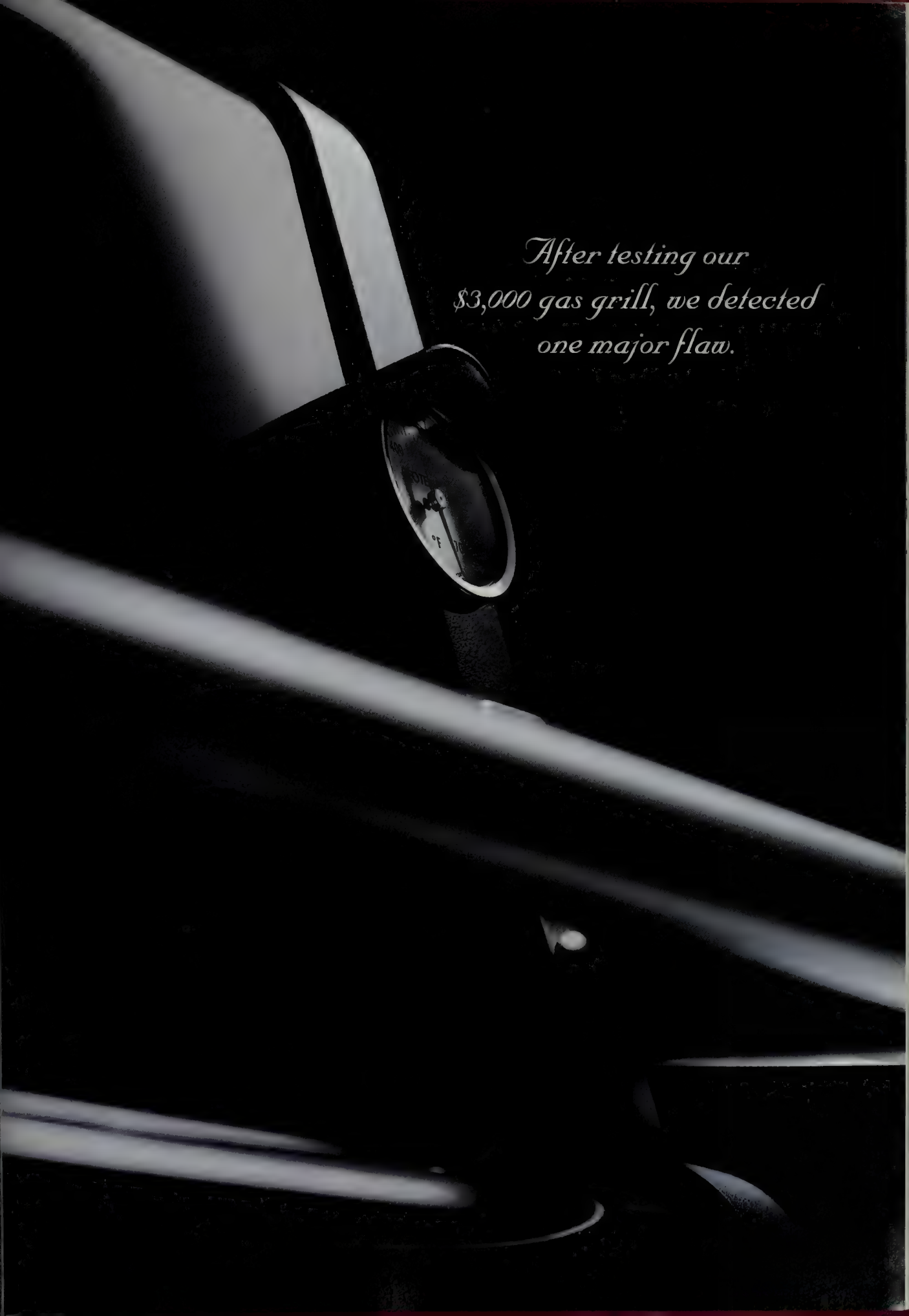
CLARENCE EVAN DALE SANTOS
Adelanto, California

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85



Chris-cross: Chris Tucker (left) and Chris Rock, photographed in Los Angeles on January 24, 1998, for Vanity Fair*'s Hollywood portfolio.*

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ


After testing our
$3,000 gas grill, we detected
one major flaw.

Presenting the Summit™ Series.

Shop around for a new grill this year and you'll find one thing is certain. Stainless steel is in. In fact, it's so popular, other gas grill makers are hurriedly re-wrapping their grills in it.

At Weber,® we gave our engineers a more difficult challenge: Construct a series of gas grills that exceeds the performance of our legendary Genesis® Series Gas Grills. And add the unmatched durability of stainless steel.

The result? You're looking at one example of it. The Weber Summit™ 650. The most refined gas grill ever built.

How did we accomplish such a feat? We began by conferring with the people whose engineering and construction opinions matter the most. Yours.

Our engineers have a good eye. And good ears.

Over the years, we have talked to hundreds of thousands of people on our grilling tips hotline (1-800-GRILLOUT®), usually giving grilling tips and advice. Perhaps even more remarkable, we spoke to tens of thousands of people who don't even own a Weber Grill.

And we listened. Some of their most common complaints? Gourmet steaks that were burnt to a crisp by uncontrollable flare-ups. Chicken breasts that were cooked for the same amount of time with embarrassingly uneven results. Pricey grills that either corroded or broke down after only one or two seasons of use.

Just like our top-rated Genesis Series Grills, the Summit Series puts the joy and excitement back into cooking out.

Flavor. Not flare-ups.

For starters, we have virtually eliminated flare-ups. (That's when fats collect, reach a flash point, ignite and ultimately burn out of control.) How? By discarding outdated lava rocks, flat metal plates and pumice stone. Our patented cooking system uses bars made of heavy-gauge stainless steel.

When juices and fats hit our angled Flavorizer® Bars, they don't pool. Instead, they sizzle, smoke and impart a delicious outdoor flavor to your meal.

Even heat. Every time.

When we designed our top-of-the-line gas grills, a larger cooking surface was a necessity. But to equal the performance current Weber Grill owners rave about, we had to start with a clean sheet of paper and design a new burner system.

We moved the burner controls to the front of the grill, allowing us to add more burners, so every square inch of cooking space heats evenly. Which means our Summit Series doesn't just accommodate a multitude of guests, it also eliminates the uncertainty of when you should serve them.

Complementing Weber's patented cooking design and expanded cooking capacity are special restaurant-grade enhancements. Like cooking grates made from large-diameter stainless steel rods,



robot-welded for extraordinary strength. What's more, the distinctive hood houses a thermometer, precisely calibrated for the Summit's expansive cooking surface. So that you will easily be able to cook an entire prime rib roast to medium rare and no more.

Better materials. A better grill.

Finally, we raised the notion of quality workmanship to a level that's delighted,



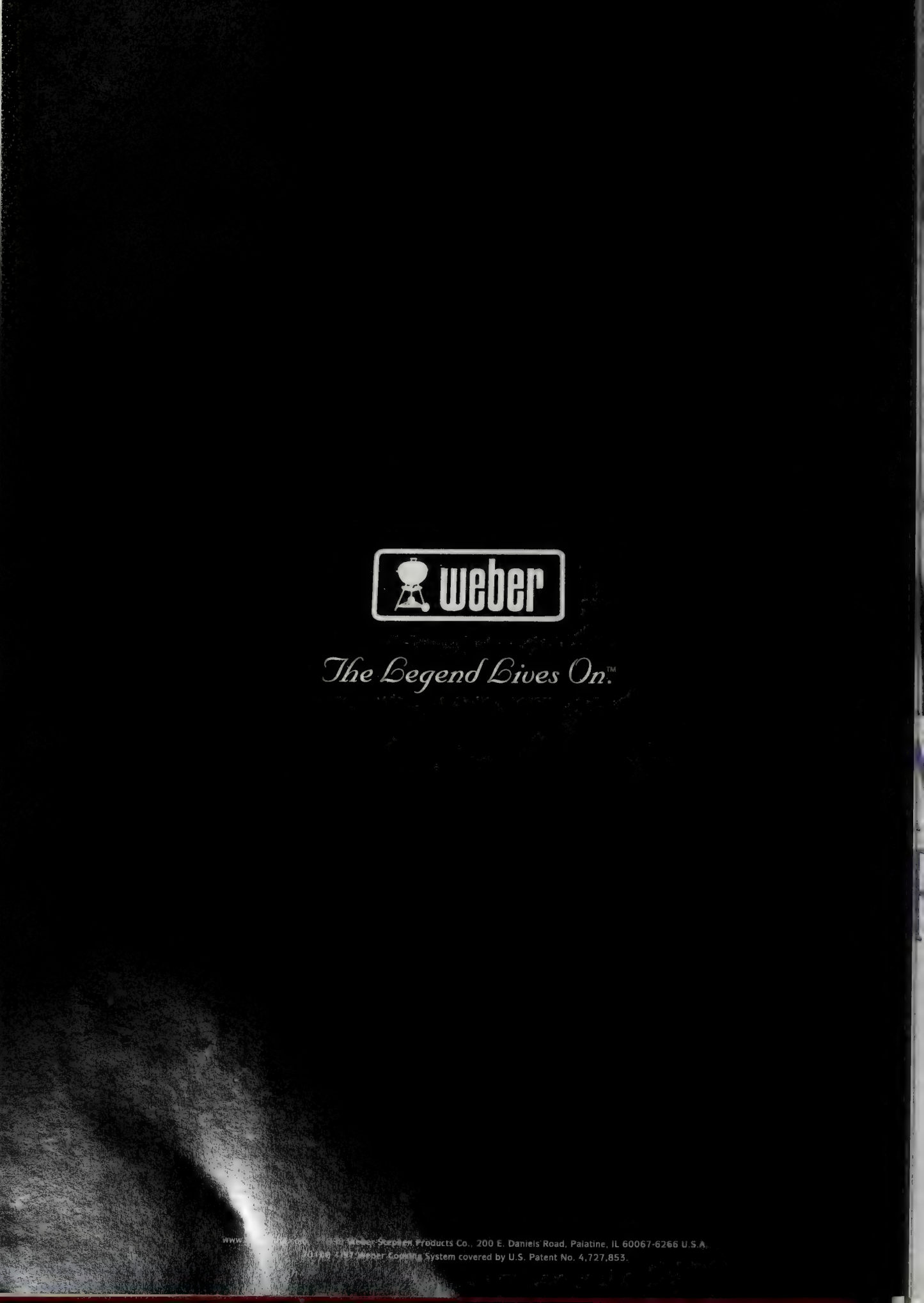
Suddenly the word grill seems inadequate.

and even surprised, current Weber Grill owners. Our heavy-duty carts have been redesigned for added strength. The stainless steel work surfaces will endure for years and never need refinishing. Two stainless steel condiment holders keep sauces and spices close at hand. And a rugged, yet elegant, brushed stainless steel hood handle stays cool to the touch. But perhaps even most impressive of all, the Summit Series Grills are backed by our unprecedented 45-day money-back guarantee and a 25-year limited warranty.

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We know it's difficult to fully appreciate the Summit Series Grill simply by reading about it. And a picture can be worth 1,000 words. That's why we've created a comprehensive video. To order your complimentary copy, call 1-888-33-SUMMIT (1-888-337-8664) in the U.S. or Canada. Or visit our World Wide Web site at www.weberbbq.com.



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NANTUCKET FILM FESTIVAL



For six days in June, screenwriters become stars, as their work is honored and explored by actors, writers, directors, and film buffs at a unique cultural event, the Nantucket Film Festival. It's an occasion that works its own sort of cinematic magic, transforming a peaceful island community into a vibrant center of the film world.

Through a series of film screenings, staged readings, panel discussions, and morning coffee conversations with the artists, the Festival celebrates filmmaking's inventive storytellers, and reminds the world of their vital importance to cinema today.

June 16-21, 1998

Pictured at left, the Brant Point Lighthouse, originally built in 1746.

stargazer

A life can be guided by many things. What is fleeting and artificial, or what is eternal and natural.



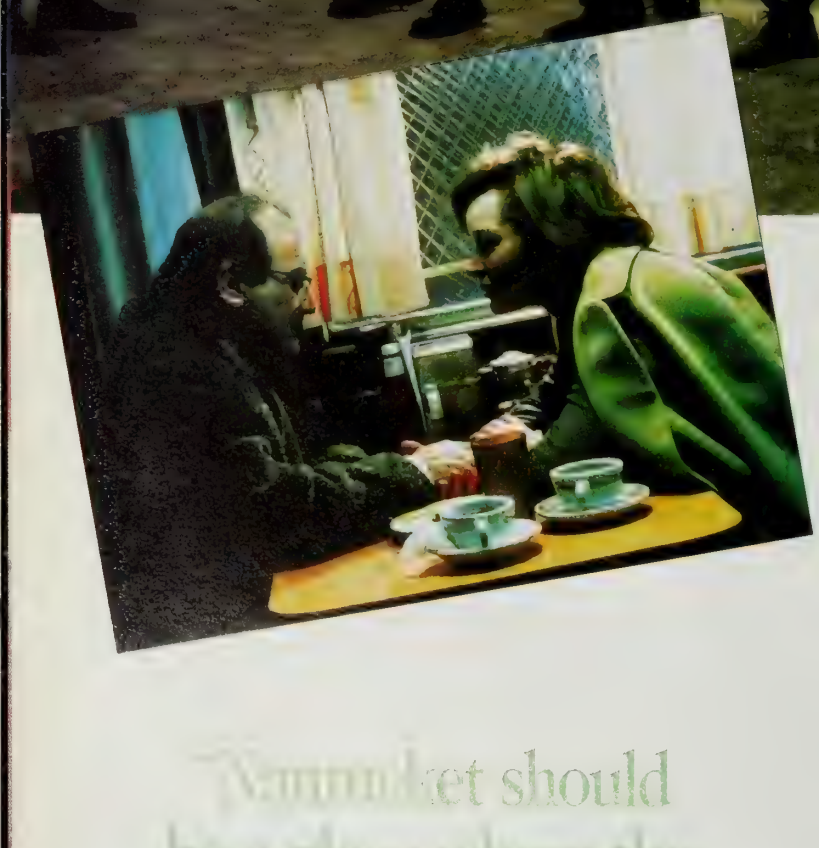


heaven

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SCREENINGS





Each year, the Nantucket Film Festiva screens more than 40 feature-length an short films, all selected with an eye towar original and captivating ideas.

Nearly two-thirds of the movies are n yet backed by distributors, so Nantucket may b the only place to experience these screen gem Since 1996, the Festival has established an impre sive list of screenings, including such hits a *Emma*, *Lone Star*, and *The Full Monty*, a 199 Academy Award best picture nominee and the fir feature film credit of screenwriter Simon Beaufoy

Most screenings are attended by a filmmake who answers questions in an informal session aft the show. Explains Jill Goode, Festival co-founde and artistic director, "It's an intimate, person atmosphere that fosters the creative spirit."

"Nantucket should be a place where the writer is king."

Top, *from* The Full Monty, *a Festival screening in 1997 (from left), Tom Wilkinson, William Snape, Robert Carlyle, Steve Huison, Hugo Speer, Paul Barber and Mark Addy. Bottom, 1996 showing of* Stanley, *starring David Suchet and Lisa Harrow.*

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forced to wear fuchsia.



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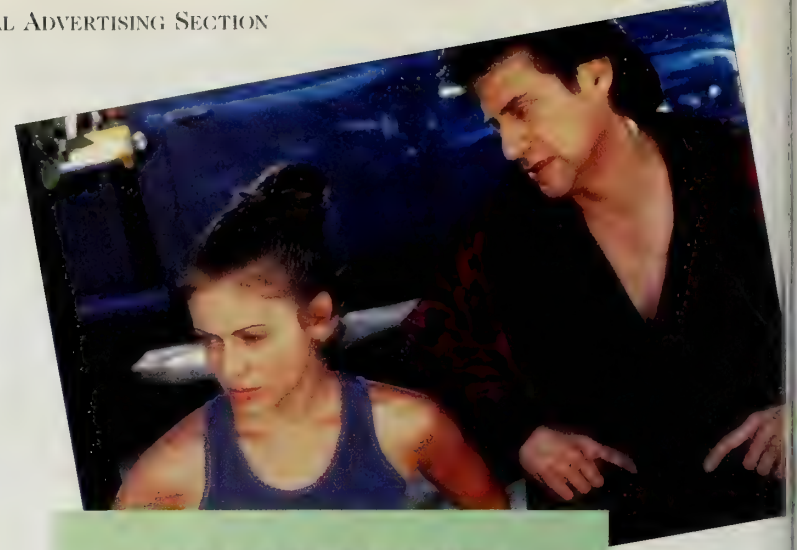
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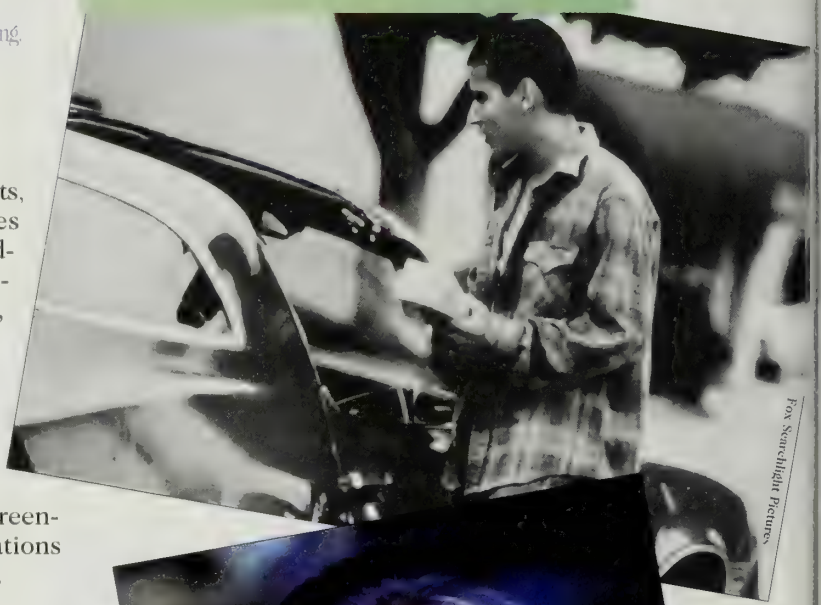
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"Writing for film lets you paint with more brushes, more colors, and on a bigger canvas than a stage play."

-Fred Rendina, winner, 1997 Tony Cox Award for Screenwriting.



HIGHLIGHTS



Fox Searchlight Pictures

Panel Discussions
Varying in size from 4 to 10 participants, panel discussions explore issues pertinent to the film industry. A moderator hosts these lively conversations, in which experienced actors, writers, directors, and producers gather onstage to trade stories, ideas, and insights.

Topics to be explored in 1998 range from screenplays stuck in the studio system to the blacklist era in Hollywood. Through these informative dialogues, attendees will gain a real insider's look at the challenges and realities that screenwriters face today, and the long-term ramifications of issues from Hollywood's not-so-distant past.

Morning Coffee With ...
In this idyllic island setting–a year-round magnet for creative types–writers, filmmakers, and fans converge each morning of the Festival for casual film discussions.

The site of this Festival ritual is the Cambridge Street Restaurant, where all seats are filled by 10 A.M. as the host, Jace Alexander, begins the daily fare. Over coffee and bagels, prominent film professionals and buffs ease into the day by sharing questions and swapping stories.

The Tony Cox Award
The Tony Cox Award for Screenwriting is sponsored by Showtime Networks Inc.

The Nantucket Film Festival encourages screenwriters to have their work read and evaluated by film experts. The winner, who is announced at a special celebratory ceremony, is awarded the Tony Cox Award for Screenwriting, which includes a prize package to help further his or her career.

The winning screenplay will be performed as the final staged reading of the 1998 Festival.



Nineteen ninety-seven was a very good year. From top, *Alyssa Milano and Richard Lewis in* Hugo Pool, *Douglas Spain stars in Miguel Arteta's* Star Maps, *Martha Plimpton in* Eye of God.

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STAGED READINGS



Staged readings provide an inside look at the screenplay in its purest form–before directors, producers, and editors take over. Performed in the historic Bennett Hall, noted actors gather onstage, scripts in hand, and read an original screenplay from beginning to end.

A series of four staged readings is planned this year. The focus is on "scripts stuck in turnaround," film-industry jargon for a property purchased by a studio but perennially unproduced.

Ed Sherin, an executive producer of the award-winning drama series *Law & Order* and director of the 1998 Staged Readings series, has devised a format to "illuminate the quality of the writing."

"It is more physically defined," he explains. "It's not just reading text."

Sherin plans to have the actors performing multiple parts, using small props to help identify characters. Stage directions will be communicated to the audience, and the actors will actually get up and interact as their roles permit. The fact that they may be playing as many as six characters, promises to add significant excitement to the stagings–for the audience as well as the directo

Yet Sherin is undaunted. "By giving actors the challenge of impersonating so many characters," he says, "I think we'll have more fu

"Without the writer's original idea, there'd be no actors, no directors, no agents, no managers, no publicists, no Hollywood ... without the writer, they are impotent."

–John Shea, actor, director, and screenwriter.


SKYY
VODKA



SCREENWRITER TRIBUTE

The story of Ring Lardner Jr., the recipient of the Nantucket Film Festival's first screenwriter tribute and two-time Academy Award winner, follows the evolution of Hollywood, and touches on some of the industry's most important characters and volatile times.

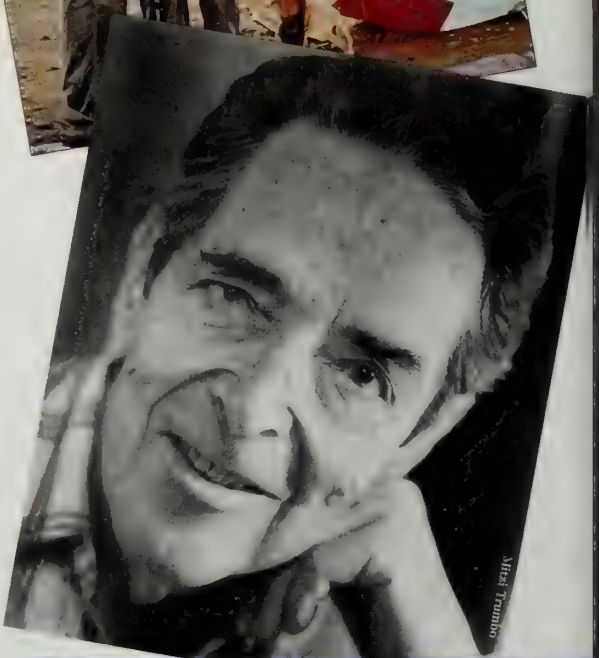
The son of Ring Lardner, the famed humorist and short-story writer, Ring Lardner Jr. began his Hollywood career in 1935, when he was recruited by David O. Selznick to work in the publicity department of his new film company. Soon after, he and Budd Schulberg, then a reader in the story department, were asked to create a new ending for *A Star Is Born,* starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. By 1943, Lardner had accepted his first Academy Award, for best original screenplay for *Woman of the Year,* which he co-wrote with Michael Kanin.

But in 1947, Lardner's flourishing career was brought to a sudden standstill when he became one of 10 summoned to testify before the House of Representatives' Committee on Un-American Activities about alleged involvement in the Communist Party. The group became known as the "Hollywood 10," and was eventually convicted of contempt for its unanimous refusal to answer questions about its members' union and political associations.

As a result, Lardner was officially blacklisted in Hollywood. It wasn't until 1965 that he received his next screen credit, for *The Cincinnati Kid*. This was soon followed by *M*A*S*H,* for which he received his second Academy Award.

Ring Lardner Jr.'s first novel, *The Ecstasy of Owen Muir,* was recently republished by Prometheus Books in its Literary Classics series, which includes works by Mark Twain, Herman Melville, Anton Chekhov, Sinclair Lewis, Edgar Allan Poe, and Henry James.





"Good screenplays depend on the originality and power of the basic idea .... They don't require special effects, production values, ghosts, or people from other galaxies."

Ring Lardner Jr.'s body of work includes (from top) The Cincinnati Kid, *1965, featuring Karl Malden and Steve McQueen, and* M*A*S*H, *1970, starring Elliot Gould, Robert Duvall, and Donald Sutherland.* (Bottom) *The Academy Award-winning screenwriter in 1983.*


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The Founders
As the Nantucket Film Festival continues to generate interest in screenwriters and their craft, the founders, brother-sister team Jonathan Burkhart and Jill Goode, refuse to slow down.

It is no small task to "bring screenwriting to the forefront of today's film community," explains Goode, the Festival's artistic director. "A great screenplay is the hottest and most sought-after commodity in Hollywood," she muses, "yet the writer gets very little of the acclaim."

And for Burkhart, the Festival's executive director, after years of running the Festival a new curiosity enflames his enthusiasm. "I've been around a lot of writers. I watch their films, dine with them, meet their families ... but I still have one question. When do they write?"

From June 16 to 21 in Nantucket, the quest for answers will continue.



FESTIVAL VENUES



Festival Favorites
The Boarding House, 12 Federal Street
508-228-9622

Chancellor's Restaurant, Point Breeze Hotel
71 Easton Street, 508-228-8674

The Galley Restaurant, 28 Jefferson Avenue
Cliffside Beach, 508-228-9641

21 Federal, 21 Federal Street, 508-228-2121

The White Dog Café, One North Union Street
508-228-4479

Festival Venues
Point Breeze Hotel
As the headquarters for the 1998 Festival, the Point Breeze Hotel will be the place to experience the Festival's other main attraction–the mingling of film celebrities and fans that will make these six days in June unforgettable. A whirl of social activity is expected in this charming historic hotel.
Point Breeze Hotel, 71 Easton Street
508-228-0313

Screenings
The Gaslight Theatre, One North Union Street
508-228-4435

Dreamland Theatre, 19 South Water Street
508-228-5356

Staged Readings and Panel Discussions
Bennett Hall, First Congregational Church
508-228-9749

Morning Coffee With ...
Cambridge Street Restaurant, 12 Cambridge Street
508-228-7109

"The attitude that permeates there is of surpris and people looking to be surprised. It's not just the cynical stuff."

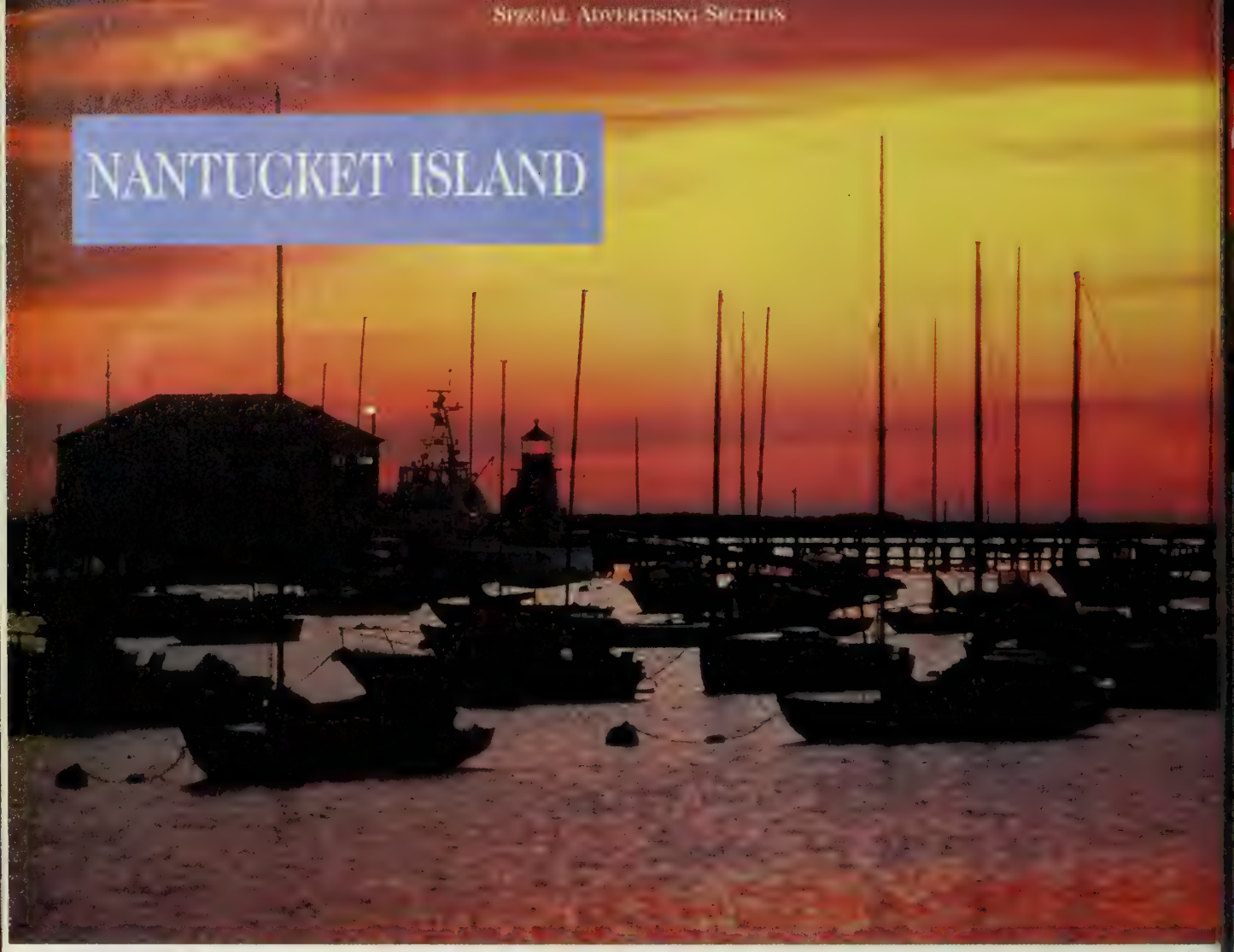
--Robert Downey Sr., director and screenwriter.

From top, sibling ribaldry, Nantucket Film Festival co-founders Jonathan Burkhart and Jill Goode; Nantucket harbor.



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NANTUCKET ISLAND



Beaches, bikes, and quaint New England charm attract visitors from around the globe to the shores of Nantucket Island. Poised gracefully in the Atlantic Ocean, the island offers a quiet escape from busy lives. Travelers revel in their Nantucket "responsibilities"–absorbing breathtaking views, browsing for antiques, and enjoying the excellent island cuisine.

Nantucket Notes

•In 1659, Thomas Mayhew sold his interests in the island to nine original purchasers, for "thirty pounds and two beaver hats–one for myself and one for my wife."

•Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* was based on the true story of the *Essex,* a Nantucket whaling ship struck by a whale off the coast of South America in 1820.

•Nantucket is the only place in the United States that is an island, a county, and a town.

"Another exciting perk of the Nantucket Film Festival is the ever-present opportunity to feel the sand between your toes."

Top, sunset over Nantucket Harbor.

The Nantucket Film Festival thanks the following Festival sponsors: Altoids, American Express, Audi, Cuervo 1800, Evian, Neutrogena, Ray-Ban, Showtime, Skyy, Weber Grill.

The Nantucket Film Festival, a nonprofit organization, wishes to thank its staff, volunteers, sponsors, and attendees for all their support

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Comeback kid: Luise Rainer photographed in London's Eaton Square, January 15, 1998.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

YOUR INTERVIEW with Luise Rainer was absolutely fabulous. To my surprise, she's still with us and remains as wonderful and talented as ever. What a shame she didn't do more films, but I am grateful for the ones she did do. Thank you for showing your readers what a true movie star is!

JON R. ANTON JR.
Milford, Connecticut

THE ARTICLE on Luise Rainer has the best quote about age ("I am a freak of nature. I am 87! And I am proud of it!"). Your spectacular "Hollywood 1998" is not just an issue to keep but also a book we must have in our private libraries if we are real movie fans.

LUIS CASTANEDO ACEVES
Mexico City, Mexico

An Affair to Remember

THANKS FOR the memories of "*le scandale*" ["When Liz Met Dick," by David Kamp, April]. I was one of the shivering crowd who waited on the sidewalk for Richard Burton to arrive at the Lunt-Fontanne Theater to perform in *Hamlet,* and for Elizabeth Taylor, who was coming to watch. I saw the famous gift on her exquisite shoulder—the emerald-and-diamond brooch worth several years' pay.

Liz and Dick swept into the lobby through the mob and went up a staircase to a balcony. Liz quickly disappeared inside, but Richard hung back, turned, and went to the edge of the balcony. Seemingly unaware that he was not alone and that a camera was on him, he looked down at the crowd and suddenly his face lit up like Christmas morning, eyes ablaze, grinning, and he threw back his incomparable head. In that voice of his he boomed like a great Welsh church bell, "E-lizabeth! E-lizabeth! E-lizabeth!" The crowd swooned, screamed, and fell about. And so did I.

MELODY SUPPES
Palos Verdes, California

Sex, Sadism, and Spareribs

THANK YOU FOR the long-overdue article "Live Fast, Die Young, and Leave a Big Stain," by James Wolcott [April]. I agree with Wolcott. Movies such as *Pulp Fiction* and *Natural Born Killers* are "scuzz cinema" and deserve to "die young." What happened to classic cinema, when movies had excellent scripts and directors? I'm afraid we will not see the likes of Martin Scorsese or Steven Spielberg for a long time to come.

TRICIA MARRAPODI
Tucson, Arizona

JAMES WOLCOTT discredits himself in an otherwise interesting piece by using the phrase "a white Negro's—wigger's," in reference to Quentin Tarantino. Why does Wolcott find it necessary to use a crude, racist remark such as "wigger"? He is not doing a very good job of distancing himself from the "scuzz" he's attacking, and he belittles Tarantino's amazing ability to cross the color barrier.

CONNIE NEWMAN
Washington, D.C.

ANYONE WHO RENTS *It's My Party* on James Wolcott's "scuzz guarantee" will be

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STEPHANIE A. JONES
Bedminster, New Jersey

Our Miss Brooks

THE SUBJECT of Tom Dardis's "What Lulu Wanted" [April], Louise Brooks, is so fascinating that a whole magazine could be devoted to her. Dardis should do a book on this brilliant, bold, beautiful woman.

RICHARD LYNDE
Aromas, California

THANK YOU SO MUCH for your enthralling article on Louise Brooks. I found her critiques and insights on the social and sexual aspects of early Hollywood life intriguing and utterly charming.

ALEXIS VAUGHN
Oakland, California

FOR ME, Louise Brooks did, and always will, epitomize superlative style. She was determined to maintain her own personality regardless of the consequences.

SIMONE SUTER-BLANCHETTE
Geneva, Switzerland

Studio 54, Where Are You?

I AM 28, and having grown up in Oklahoma I never experienced the energy of Studio 54 in New York ["Scenes from a Studio," by Bob Colacello, April]. However, upon hearing of the recent "reopening" of the club at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas, I traveled there, hoping to find the chapter of time which I had missed. Unfortunately, the place was not even equal to a redneck bar on a bad night. Perhaps *54* will provide some enlightenment.

JAY WEST
Los Angeles, California

A Fan's Notes

I VITELLONI may or may not have been Fellini's favorite among his own films, as Patricia Bosworth writes in her Larry Quirk article ["That Old Star Magic," April], but the one in which he immortalized "the world of comics, of romance books and adventure" was in fact *The White Sheik*. Otherwise, fabulous article, fabulous issue.

RICHARD SCHAUBECK
New York, New York

Bulls Fight

I WAS AGHAST (but not amused) at "Aging Bulls" [by Kim Masters, April]. How impoverished the personal vocabulary of Hollywood's producers and directors. When they open their mouths to speak, toads drop out! No wonder so many current films contain such crude and vulgar language.

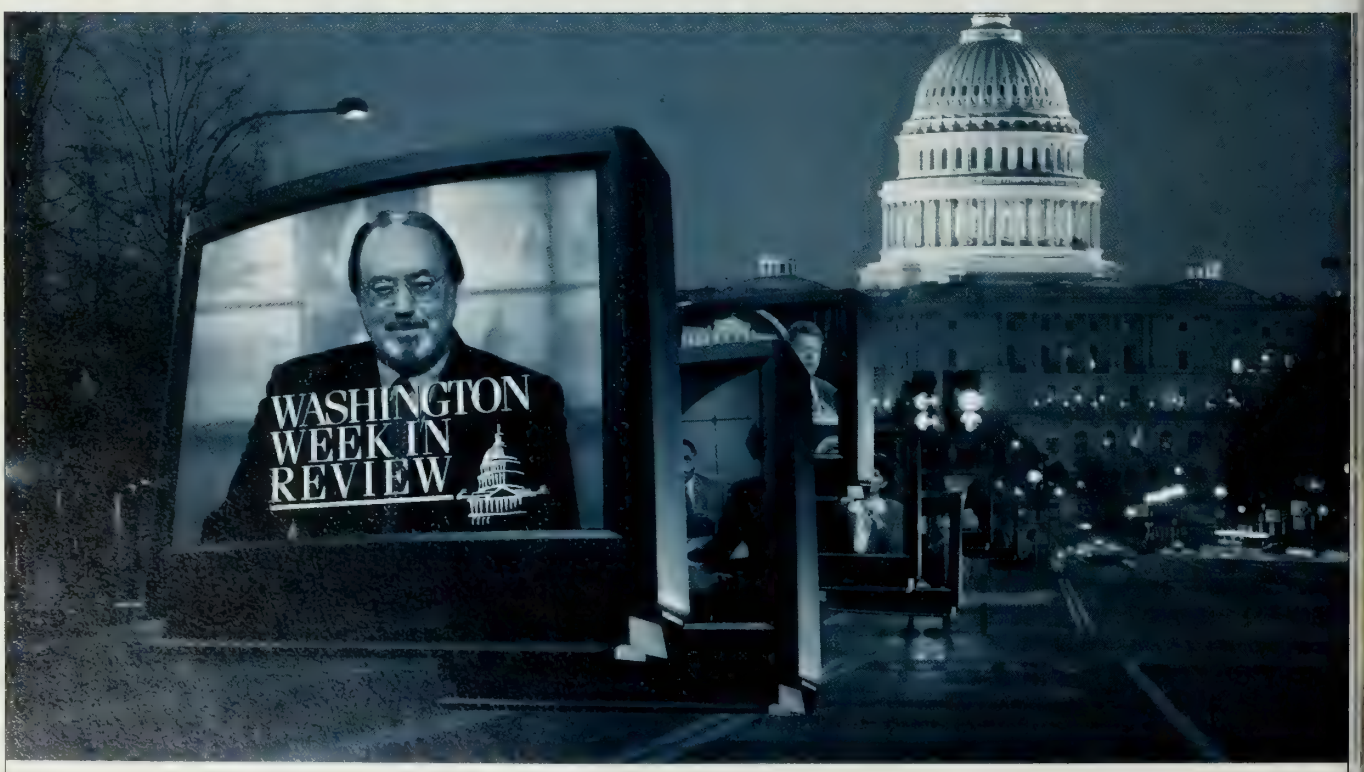
ELIZABETH THALHOFER
Denver, Colorado

IN HER ARTICLE for this year's Hollywood issue, Kim Masters mentions the near demise of the Planet Hollywood restaurant chain, a poignant symbol for the Hollywood that many of us non–Los Angeles residents experience: all glitz and costumes, little substance.

DR. ALAN CHENEY
St. Louis, Missouri

Change of Dates

ON PAGE 264 of "Life Begins at 8:30" [by Sheila Weller, April], the photograph at the bottom of the page shows Clark Gable with his arm around a



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On the town: Frank Sinatra and Anita Ekberg hold court at Ciro's, surrounded by performer Will Mastin, Sammy Davis Jr. (Mastin's nephew), and restaurateur Mike Romanoff, circa 1955.

lovely female. However, I believe an error has been made in stating that she is his fifth wife, Kay Spreckels. The woman shown was the famous Powers model Anita Colby, known as "The Face."

Living long enough to remember this kind of "trivia" has its own rewards.

I enjoy your publication very much.

MAE FISLER
Brigantine, New Jersey

Gates Crashing

I THOUGHT OF the self-serving letter from the Gates Empire which you published in your February issue when I was watching Bill Gates on TV denying his monopoly and saying that everyone wished for a universal operating system such as Windows 95. But he did not say how difficult it is for older people to learn 95, nor how hard it is to drag a mouse and click with a cursor that is unforgiving if it is a millimeter off the mark.

Microsoft programs are littered with icons, most of which are meaningless to the average Joe, and if his eyes are slightly off he has to have at least a 17-inch monitor to see all those symbols.

It is time for this monopoly to be controlled so user-friendly material can make its way to the marketplace.

ALLEN Y. DELANEY
Gainesville, Florida

FOUR WORDS SUM UP my opinion of your magazine: I can't get enough. It's not just the excesses exposed, the pathology of some, the enviable talents of others whom you profile, but the intelligent insight and analysis that come through.

I especially liked the way you kicked the ass of Bill Gates's spokesperson, who wrote a weakling of a letter.

RITA OLIVIA LEE
New York, New York

CORRECTIONS: In James Wolcott's article "Live Fast, Die Young, and Leave a Big Stain" (April), a caption misstated the director of City on Fire. *It was, in fact, Ringo Lam.*

In "Hot Type" (April), the publisher of Pulp Culture, *by Frank M. Robinson and Lawrence Davidson, was incorrectly given. It is published by Collectors Press.*

On page 325 of our April issue, the name of Sigourney Weaver's character in the Alien *series was misspelled. It is Ellen Ripley.*

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: *Vanity Fair*, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Address electronic mail to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.

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Christopher Hitchens

THE CHILDREN OF '68

Forget "the 60s," that sloppy, self-indulgent evocation of a decade, and hold tight to the diamond-hard legacy of 1968. In that year of assassination, invasion, massacre, and revolution, even a callow 19-year-old on the fringe knew the world had been turned upside down



TANGLED UP IN BLUE
Christopher Hitchens, then 19 years old, having taken part in an anti-apartheid demonstration, is escorted out of Oxford's University Parks by British authorities.

"Get up! Get up *now!* The Red Army has invaded Czechoslovakia!" On my humid bunk, I gave a galvanic twitch. I was in a camp in the mountains of Pinar del Río, at the western end of that great green *caimán*—the alligator-shaped silhouette of revolutionary Cuba—and not even the spartan demands of a supposedly idealist environment had been enough to break my petit bourgeois custom of a late levee. The scheme was to wake at dawn's early light and to plant the seedlings of a future coffee crop, the better to help insurgent Cuba terminate its dependence on sugar, rum, tobacco, and other colonial poisons. (This also gave me a lofty justification for my reluctance to perform anything in the nature of cane-cutting duties.) The material reality, an early education for me in the harsh distinction between theory and practice, was to retire somewhat late after much too much rum and tobacco, and then upon arising to discover that if I wanted coffee I would have to grow it myself. From each according to his ability, I would mutter—but what about my needs? Yet this was serious.

The day was August 21, 1968, with Cuba many time zones behind Prague, and here is how I spent it. First, an intense ideological shouting match. There were those in the camp who felt they should "know more" before condemning the Soviet "intervention." And there were also those, many of them Cuban, who felt that they knew enough already about the great Soviet "experiment." Only a few days earlier, I myself had been denounced as counterrevolutionary, for a public disagreement with the great Cuban director Santiago Alvarez. His agitprop film *LBJ* anticipated Oliver Stone by several decades in blaming the droop-faced Texan bully for the murders of "Luther, Bobby, and Jack." Che Guevara had been in his unmarked grave for only a few months, and hoarse and tearful were the voices of those who said he would never have condoned such superpower thuggery as the Russians were now committing. (He's a myth today, an "icon" even, but in those days he might have just left the room.) Castro himself wasn't going to pronounce until his late-evening TV diatribe, which meant that we had the unique experience of passing a whole day in a Communist state which had adopted no official "line."

But I was pretty sure by then what the Maximum Leader was going to say. My most pressing desire was to get to the office of the Czech airline in Havana, because I had an invitation to visit the "Prague Spring," and indeed a free ticket to ride, and it suddenly looked as if winter had set in early. When I got to that sad, hushed office near Malecón, the main boulevard, it was to be told, by a young woman not very far from helpless weeping, that the tanks of the Warsaw Pact had plowed up the tarmac at the Prague airport. The flight and the invitation were canceled. Outside, a group of Cuban students—where are they now?—tried a spontaneous rally for Czechoslovakia, but were dispersed without undue difficulty. The only chance was a charter plane to Canada. *Aha!* From there it might at least be possible to get quickly across the border—the frontier, as I then thought of it—to Chicago. Some friends

BILLETT POTTER



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"Billy clubs rose and fell and tear gas erupted."

of mine were planning to catch the attention of the Democratic convention, which chanced to be opening that week to a packed international house. Back in the lobby of the Havana Libre hotel, Black Panthers and American draft resisters, and some of the future leadership of South Africa, Angola, and Mozambique, held impromptu seminars. The North Vietnamese, we learned at midday, had endorsed the Soviet invasion. The Chinese had anathematized it. Later, in grainy shots transmitted from Illinois, billy clubs rose and fell and tear gas erupted as young Americans chanted, "The whole world is watching."

Reflecting on it all now, I am astonished mainly by how little astonished I was. I was 19 years old. It didn't seem at all abnormal to be involved in about three dramas a day. One had become accustomed to registering the extraordinary. The magnetic polarities had, it seemed, gone wild. The compass needle was doing its own thing. And yet, precisely as things fell apart, they appeared to exhibit a fearful symmetry, or synchronicity.

Please understand: I am not trying to channel "the 60s," that large and fuzzy and baggy conceit which is capacious enough to hold any free-floating cultural "concept." I am talking about 1968, or '68: that diamond-hard and definable 12 months which intervened between the croons of "The Summer of Love" and the moans of Woodstock. In Berkeley (then known as Berserkeley), where I happen to be teaching this year, the old hands have a standing joke that if you claim to remember the 60s, then you weren't really there. Of some of them, I can well believe it. But if you were a '68-er, you would cheerfully forget much of the decade just to keep alive the pure, crystalline pleasure of the gift that keeps on giving—a memory of revolution.





HOPE SPRINGS INFERNAL
***Top,* U.S. Marines burn a Vietcong base somewhere in the jungle in April 1968. *Above,* in Prague, young Czechs carry their nation's flag past a burning Soviet tank on August 21, 1968, the day the Red Army invaded the country.**

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Dustin G. Ratliff
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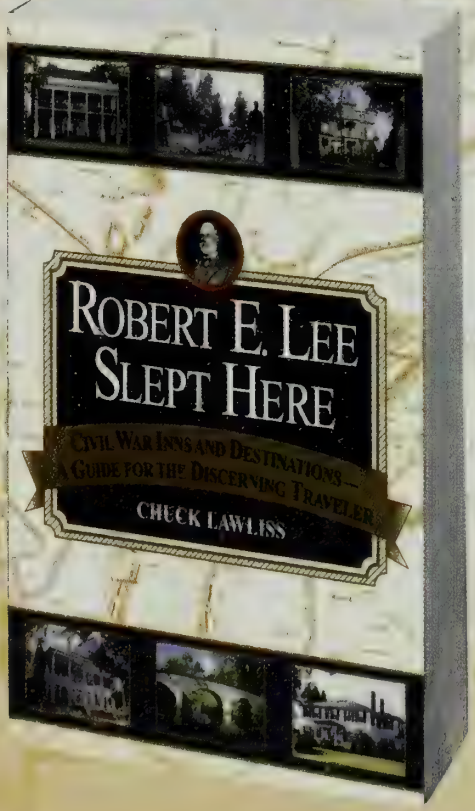


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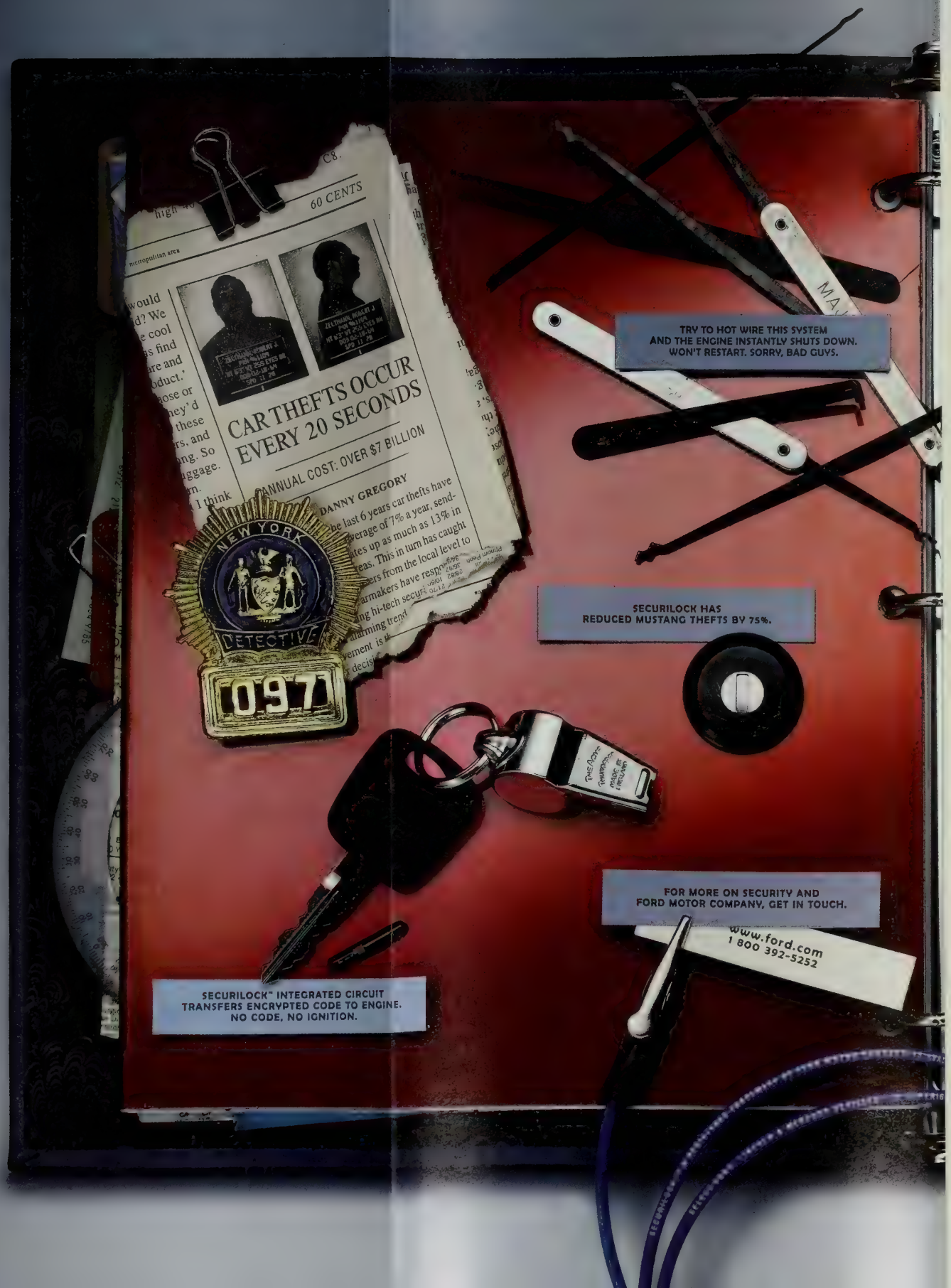
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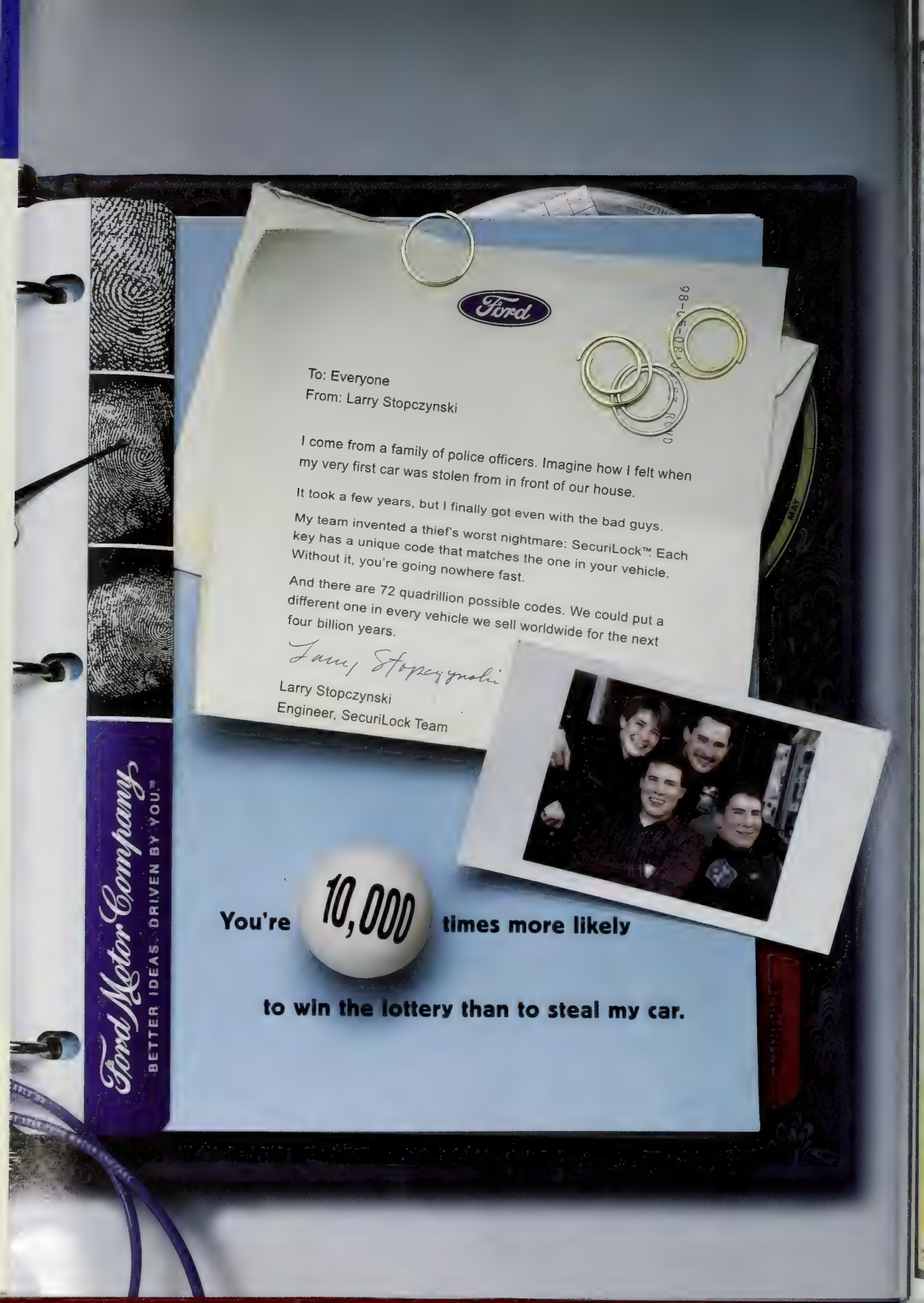
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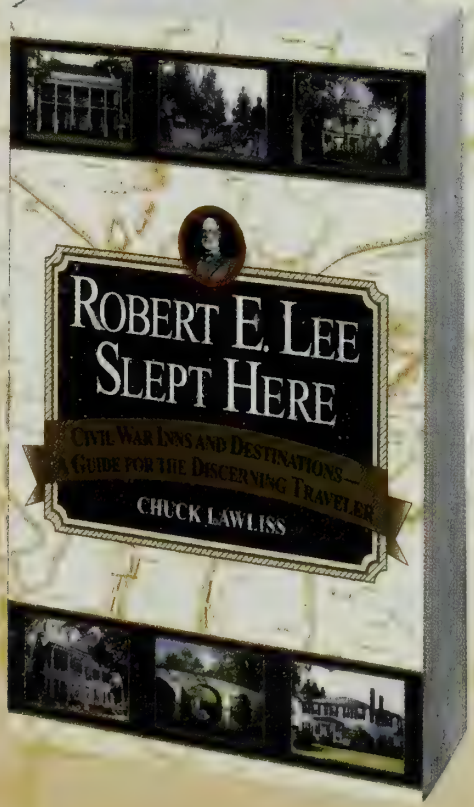
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"Just to blink in 1968 was to risk missing something."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

and emotional transformation. Everywhere I have been, from Bosnia to Bombay, you have to check in with the members of Club '68 if you desire to be elucidated.

What was it like? I can speak only as a bit player. Aside from my formative crunch moments with the Cubans and the Czechs, I first had my collar pulled by a cop that year. It was a small matter in historical terms, just a mediocre Oxford store that thought it was too good to serve black customers. Yet the tussle on that picket line, I sincerely thought, was part of a global battle against racism that was on the verge of a complete moral victory.

Outside the United States Embassy on Saint Patrick's Day, I was nearly trampled by an angry police horse while attempting to make what I thought was a simple point about the American presence in Vietnam. (Give it up! Go home!) The next day the papers were full of angst about how my generation was sullen and violent: nobody was to discover for more than a year that the My Lai massacre had taken place the day before. Mick Jagger gave the scrawled original of his song "Street Fighting Man" to my friend Tariq Ali—co-author of this year's *1968: Marching in the Streets* to be printed in *Black Dwarf,* his subversive publication, because, in a fit of nerves, the BBC had banned the song. I helped organize a meeting for Danny Cohn-Bendit, whose fox-colored hair made it easy for the tabloids to style him "Danny La Rouge," whose "Movement of 22 March" had almost succeeded in inverting General de Gaulle's Fifth Republic, and who was slandered by both the French Stalinists and the French chauvinists as a sinister German-Jewish conspirator. (He is now a much-respected figure, who among other things has the not ignoble task of supervising multiculturalism in the once monochrome city of Frankfurt.) That year in France, when nine million workers went on strike and occupied their factories, the workers at the Berliet plant re-arranged the big company sign over the gates so that the letters spelled LIBERTE.



DEFY AND CONQUER
At the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City, Tommie Smith and John Carlos raise gloved fists in a Black Power salute after receiving their medals for the men's 200-meter sprint.

Apocalypse "Then"? I admit to some such folly. Before that Vietnam demonstration, I had seriously discussed the possibility of people being killed in a London square. Not by our side, of course, but still—what was I thinking? I utterly neglected the studies that I was being subsidized by the taxpayers to pursue, at a great university which many less fortunate people would have given a limb to attend. I may have used my limited gifts as a public speaker in order to make loud and simplistic statements and even, on at least one occasion, to get a member of the audience to disrobe. (No, you fool, not at the meeting itself.) However, it remains the only time in my life when I was consistently thinking and acting with relative unselfishness. Of a bitter nearby strike by some shockingly underpaid women factory workers—where yet again I was to have my collar felt by cops and by scabs—I quite distinctly remember deciding that I would sacrifice my midterm-exam results to see the damned thing through. And these were thoughts, thanks very much, not just feelings.

I wasn't to know it, but I was among the last postwar 19-year-olds to be denied the vote. "Old enough to kill, but not for voting," as Barry McGuire phrased it in his gritty version of P. F. Sloan's "Eve of Destruction." It's impossible to exaggerate this forgotten element—we were in politics but not allowed to be "of" it, and it was the Democrats and the Labour Party, not the Republicans and the Tories, who held power. (Votes at 18 didn't come until Nixon, and until I was just out of my teens.) But that year, let it never be forgotten, young people, who were denied the franchise yet were subjected to a capricious draft, actually *cut* their hair and went to work selflessly in democratic politics. In my cohort, too, narcissism was frowned upon. Sex—yes. Rock 'n' roll—by all means. Drugs—no. Drugs rot the brain, and give opportunities to the forces of law and order, and are self-indulgent. I have the perfect control experiment at hand, since I was a contemporary of Bill Clinton's at Oxford. He did indeed refuse to inhale—he's famously allergic to smoke, in any case—but he didn't need to. Instead, he crammed down mass quantities of hash-laden brownies. His pseudo-clever cover story about that, and his mess of similar evasions about the draft and everything else, make him my exemplar of a spoiled 60s person who wasn't a '68-er.

Rationalist though we tried to be, it was sometimes hard not to believe that an engine of history was pounding away on its own. There were political and cultural convergences that could make you superstitious. At the Lincoln Memorial in 1963, Mahalia Jackson had sung "Take My Hand, Precious Lord" and Martin Luther King, waiting to deliver a famous speech, had said to her, "If I go before you do, I want you to sing that at my funeral." Which, in April 1968, in Atlanta, and very much to her distress, she did. On his last night on earth, June 4, 1968, Bobby Kennedy stayed at the Malibu home of John Frankenheimer, director of *The Manchurian Candidate.* And, suffused with optimism about the California primary, Frankenheimer invited some stars over for dinner, including Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate. (*Rosemary's Baby* was big that year—"A Bun in the Coven," as a



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"Don't ever say 1968 was a frivolous year."

friend of mine said in an attempt to dispel the New Age before it could get started.) As Andy Warhol lay punctured and crippled and near to death in New York after a fusillade from a banshee who had wanted him to "make her a star," he was distantly aware of a Kennedy murder on the news, stealing his 15 minutes in the limelight, but thought with vague irritation that the networks must be showing a replay of Dallas. And as Bobby's funeral was in progress, the assassin of Martin Luther King was apprehended at the London airport and upstaged those obsequies in their turn. Just to blink in 1968, a year in which I always kept a transistor radio by my bed, was to risk missing something that would have kept a "normal" news cycle going for a month.



A MOMENT OF SILENCE
Shortly before he announced his withdrawal from the presidential race, President Lyndon Johnson attended the swearing-in of C.R. Smith as secretary of commerce on March 7, 1968.

An exhilarating thing was the obvious confounding of all the "experts" and fixers and consultants and pundits and tame intellectuals, none of whom had the smallest idea of what was breaking loose. I have never since been impressed by any kind of academic or professional authority—there's nothing like seeing those pants well and truly down, and hearing the heartening crash of collapsing scenery. Walter Cronkite threw up his hands on CBS, jolting the president himself by his conclusion that the Vietnam War was "immoral" as well as a lost cause. Later in the year, live on prime time at the Chicago convention, William Buckley and Gore Vidal almost traded punches and did trade raw, unfaked ideological hatred, leaving the presenter slack-jawed on airwaves where the usual "bipartisan" script had been mislaid. (That's a thing, I tell my envious students now, that you will never see allowed to happen again.) Even the Academy took leave of its usual senses and nominated, for best picture, *The Graduate, Bonnie and Clyde, In the Heat of the Night, Cool Hand Luke,* and *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner.* Don't ever say this was a frivolous year.

The Joint Chiefs, the planners, the economists, the polltakers—their abject failure to guess who might be coming to dinner was the least of it.

January. Dr. Benjamin Spock goes on trial for inciting American youth to refuse the military draft. In Saigon, the yard of the American Embassy is seized by a Vietcong assault that "intelligence" never saw coming.

February. Vietnam burns from end to end in the Tet offensive, and the expression "light at the end of the tunnel" enters the lexicon of official fatuity.

March. Student and worker protests in Poland are repressed by a Communist regime using bare-knuckle anti-Semitic tactics. The My Lai massacre occurs, to be reported 18 months later. L.B.J. throws in the towel on his reelection bid.

April. Martin Luther King is assassinated, with much consequent rioting that nearly engulfs the Capitol. British politician Enoch Powell breaks consensus by attacking "colored" immigration. Rudi Dutschke, leader of the German student movement, is shot down by a neo-Nazi fanatic.

May. General rebellion in France, with barricades in Paris and a takeover of factories by workers.

June. General de Gaulle is forced to call on his armed forces to guarantee his rule.

August. Russians invade Czechoslovakia. Chicago police beat puddles of blood out of demonstrators, journalists, and some delegates at the Democratic convention.

September. Fierce female protests at the Miss America pageant, inaugurating the active phase of the women's movement. The Beatles record "Helter Skelter."

October. The civil-rights movement in Northern Ireland, modeled on the American one, begins. For the first and last time in decades, Catholic and Protestant activists march together. The moment evokes a violent response from authority. Massacre of students in Mexico City. Black Power salutes from victorious U.S. athletes at the Mexico City Olympics.

November. Richard Nixon elected after making a secret and illegal agreement with the South Vietnamese generals to continue the war they have lost.

December. Apollo 8 orbits the moon for the first time, and Captain James Lovell Jr. helps inaugurate the "one world" ethos by artlessly describing our green planetary home as "a grand oasis in the big vastness of space."

It was the world turned upside down. Never, since, has it looked quite stable to me when turned "right" side up again.

In Ed Sanders's long poem *1968: A History in Verse,* the remains of the year dissipate in a sort of free-verse meltdown, with Nixon becoming president by a whisker, Eldridge Cleaver fleeing the country, and Janis Joplin making some incautious career moves. As after every moment of surfeit or saturnalia, there was a feeling, which I remember in the pit of my own stomach, of exhaustion and even of faint embarrassment. Had it all been a huge put-on, a fiesta of bullshit? It certainly became the vogue to say so. As the years went by and I gradually got myself a "proper" life, I joined in a conventional smirk or two. In the course of a chat with Senator Eugene McCarthy, I laughed out loud when he told me what he'd always thought. He had done so well in that famously "idealistic" New Hampshire primary only because so many Granite State voters had him confused with the gruesome Senator Joe McCarthy. How we both laughed.

But, in some recess of myself, I was sneer-proof. I wasn't ashamed at all, ex-

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"It was the world turned upside down."

cept of having done so little. I met Peter Arnett of CNN in some hellhole or other, and he told me of the indelible moment when, surveying the smoking ruins of the Vietnamese town of Ben Tre, a stricken American major had blurted to him, "We had to destroy it in order to save it." In a microsecond it all came back to me, not just the atrocity itself but the way one had been prepared for it by reading *Catch-22*. I didn't feel I'd been on the wrong side of *that* argument. In Chicago, where the crowd of dissidents included Robert Lowell, Norman Mailer, Terry Southern, Allen Ginsberg, Jean Genet, and William Burroughs, a colleague recalled the remark made by Lowell earlier in the year: "I fear, if we fail, the imposition of a new reign of piety and iron." Piety and iron—a perfect precognition of the dark Nixonian years, which seemed, that winter, to begin to make nonsense of our pathetic spring.

There was indeed some seriousness in those times. Even Bobby Kennedy, who had secretly bugged Martin Luther King, and whom we saw as running to spoil the McCarthy anti-war movement, was forced to orate without notice and without a speechwriter on the night of the King murder. He surveyed a freezing crowd in Indianapolis and found himself quoting Aeschylus about the pain which cannot forget and falls drop by drop upon the heart. Has there been an election since where such a thing could even be imagined? Has there been an election since where a presidential incumbent would even consider dropping out because he couldn't look the disenfranchised and the young in the face anymore? I try to tell my students about it, and find rather absurdly that I am not all that very far from tears. "So let us not talk falsely now, / The hour is getting late." That was Bob Dylan's 1968 album, *John Wesley Harding*, the first plangent lyrics after his near-fatal motorcycle nightmare outside the then obscure town of Woodstock. Even the apparently de-



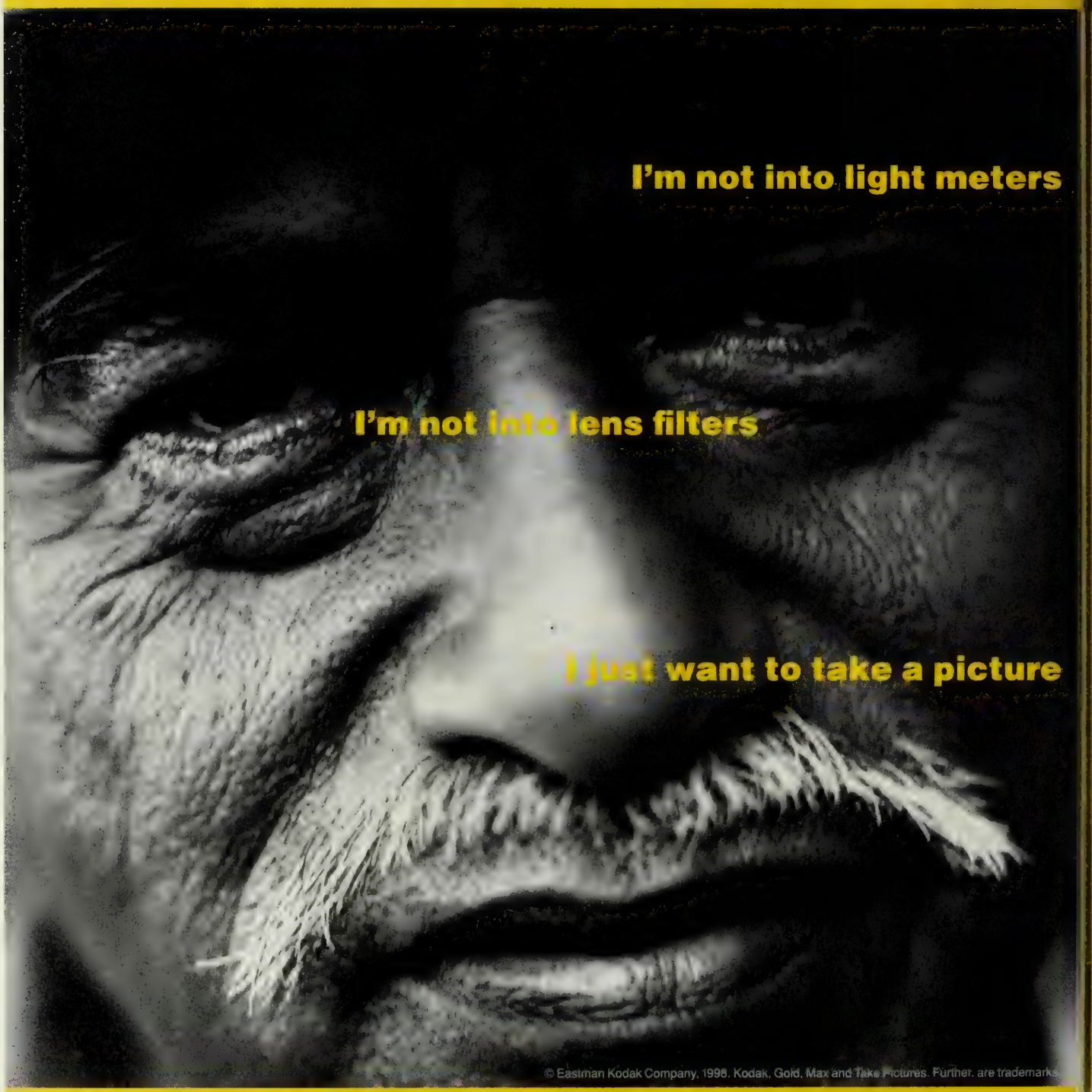
REBEL SWELL
Parisian students engage in street warfare with riot police on the Boulevard Saint-Germain (near the Sorbonne) on the Left Bank in May 1968.

bauched stuff, such as the frenzied artistry of R. Crumb (the sort of guy Terry Southern used to call "a veritable dee-ment"), had, and retains, its durable aesthetic upside.

One thing I confess to discounting in 1968 was the concept of irony. Irony is for losers. We weren't just serious. We could be solemn. (Excuse me, but this is a *revolution* we are having here.) So I slightly sat out the 1988 observances of the 20th anniversary, even though these included some brilliant retrospectives, such as Todd Gitlin's *The Sixties: Years of Hope; Days of Rage*. The irony, however, wasn't long in catching up. One year later came the magic year of 1989. If you are interested in hieroglyphs, take 68 and turn not the world but this page upside down. You are looking at 89. And in that year, there really *was* a revolution—one of the greatest moments of emancipation in human history. From Berlin to the Urals, to the sound of music, the whole wall and edifice of brute power came crashing down, or rather evaporated, before the onslaught of blue-jeaned hordes accoutred with nothing but irony and optimism, and a good bit of sex and rock 'n' roll. Czechs I had known decades before, in the leanest possible years, became deputies and even ministers overnight. So did some Poles and Germans and Hungarians. When I had that meeting with Václav Havel, in a wine cellar at the foot of Kafka's castle, he even praised the influence of Frank Zappa and the Velvet Underground. He'd invited them to help exorcise the old fortress, and one of his first acts in power was to present a Native American "pipe of peace," the gift of his American admirers, to his fellow '68 alumnus Mikhail Gorbachev. (Gorbachev, he confided, had almost ruined the moment by saying that he didn't smoke. But I knew from Clinton that power will do that to people.)

"A share in two revolutions," said Thomas Paine, "is living to some purpose." To have been a minor participating witness in 1968 and 1989, and to have seen the point of the first being vindicated however obliquely by the second, is at least to have drunk deeply. I quite understand that much of the irony is at my own expense. A few years ago, a comrade of mine—now a member of Tony Blair's government—revisited that torpid Cuban plantation and reported that our coffee-plant seedlings had utterly failed to thrive. Probably the soil hadn't been right. Never mind. Unintended consequences aren't always disastrous. The other seedlings of that time, from Cory Aquino's "people power" in the Philippines all the way through 1989 and to those still waiting to flower in Mexico and—who knows?—even in China, were and are worth waiting for.

Nineteen sixty-eight was a universal year, but it was above all an American year, and it was what determined me that America was the territory of liberty. A country that could convulse over an unjust war, engage in the most profound election of the century, become embattled over civil rights, *and* give birth to a women's movement all at the same time was, I decided there and then, for me. BE REALISTIC, said the gallant Paris wall posters in 1968. DEMAND THE IMPOSSIBLE. There was and is only one place where that slogan could be made to make sense. Man cannot live on Utopias alone. But as Oscar Wilde so shrewdly remarked, a map of the world that does not include Utopia is not even worth glancing at. I once had a glimpse of that map in real time. □



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Hollywood

Outside Mortons, guests greet the 100 members of the media who covered the party.

Christopher Ciccone and Madonna

Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Shriver

Matt Da

A NIGHT TO

Mortons pulsed with glamour—young and old, East Coast and West Coast, lon

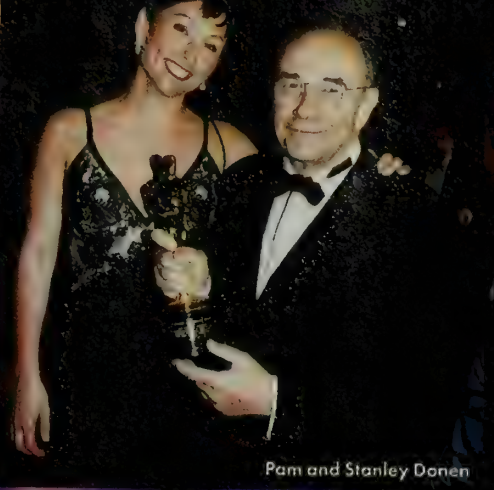
Kim Basinger

The 24-foot-high V.I.P. topiary outside the restaurant.

Marsha and Robin Williams



The party in motion.



Pam and Stanley Donen



Jim Threapleton and Kate Winslet

Douglas greets Gretchen Mol.





Brad Pitt

REMEMBER

tablished and just-discovered—as *V.F.* hosted its fifth annual Oscar-night party

Two mighty topiary letters stood near the entryway of Mortons the night of March 23, proclaiming, in socialist-triumphal style, "Veee effff!"—an indication, not so subtle, that inside was taking place the fifth annual *Vanity Fair* Oscar party. Outside, paparazzi and TV reporters shouted the usual requests of "Just one more, Kate!" and "Over here, Brad!" But even within the restaurant, famous guests were holding pocket cameras aloft and snapping away. And why not? In any direction awaited a tonight-only tableau: Angie Dickinson placing hands on the shoulders of a seated Jerry Seinfeld, paying homage; Cameron Crowe convivializing with Billy Wilder; Ashley, Wynonna, and Naomi, the Judds in full force, surrounding Joni Mitchell; Robert De Niro and Jon Bon Jovi conversing barside; Madonna and Brad Pitt, Madonna and k. d. lang, Madonna and Cher; and Sean "Puff Daddy" Combs just inches from the Nancy Reagan circle (Betsy Bloomingdale, Lynn Wyatt, Marvin and Barbara Davis).

The evening belonged to *Titanic*, but at the pre-party dinner (where guests such as Kirk and Anne Douglas, Jay and Mavis Leno, Barry Sonnenfeld, and Diane Von Furstenberg and Barry Diller watched the ceremony on wall-mounted TV screens), there was a palpable longing for the smart, acerbic talkies that Hollywood used to churn out by the bushel. During the 70th-anniversary montage of best-picture winners, the Mortons crowd reserved its heartiest applause for Joseph L. Mankiewicz's *All About Eve* and Wilder's *The Apartment*.

By nine o'clock the influx of partyers was already under way—both Madonna and Martin Scorsese beamed in from presenter's roles at the Shrine Auditorium, pulling up chairs for dessert—and by midnight freshly minted Oscar winners Matt Damon, Ben Affleck, Robin Williams, Kim Basinger, and Curtis Hanson were in circulation, along with Kate Winslet, Cuba Gooding Jr., Peter Fonda, Helena Bonham Carter, Sidney Poitier, Arnold and Maria, Sigourney, Demi, two Arquettes, and three Baldwins. For old glamour's sake, you could check out Cyd Charisse, Tippi Hedren, and Celeste Holm. The kids could point to Neve Campbell, Fiona Apple, and, most memorably, Trey Parker and Matt Stone, the creators of *South Park*, a blur of ersatz glamour in lime green and electric blue. All the party lacked was Billy Barty underfoot. Perhaps he was and no one noticed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

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and Diane
Von Furstenberg
Angie Dickinson
Robert Duvall and Billy Crystal
Madonna and Jolie Hohnen
Curtis Hanson
Wynonna, Ashley, and Naomi Judd
Penny Marshall
and Eleanor Mondale
Helena Bonham Carter
Matt Dillon
and Cameron Diaz
Marilyn and
Jeffrey Katzenberg
Rip Torn
Jackie and
Jean Charles de Rayne
Robert De Niro
Shakira and Michael Caine
and daughter Natasha.
Tom Ford and Bryan Lou

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Hollywood
Halle Berry turns for the paparazzi.
Stephen Dorff and Cuba Gooding Jr.
David Hockney, Connie Wal and Betsy Bloomingda
Tom Ford and Faye Dunaway
Kirk Douglas, Michael Dougla and Ronald Perelma
Kevin Huvane and Richard Lovett
Ben Affleck and Roddy McDowall
Sydney and Sidney Poiti
Alec Baldwin
Rick Baker and David Leroy Anderson
Catherine Z Jones
Tom Freston a Kathy La
Sean "Puff Daddy" Combs and Oliver Stone
Anjelica Huston, Mitch Glazer, and Kelly Lynch
Terry Semel
Jackie Collins a Arnold Kopels
Clockwise from left, Martin Scorsese, Helen Morris, Ronald Perelman, Fran Lebowitz, Diane Von Furstenberg, Barry Diller, and Cynthia Carter
Paula Prentiss and Richard Benjamin
Julie and Roger Corma



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Jay Leno and Jerry Seinfeld

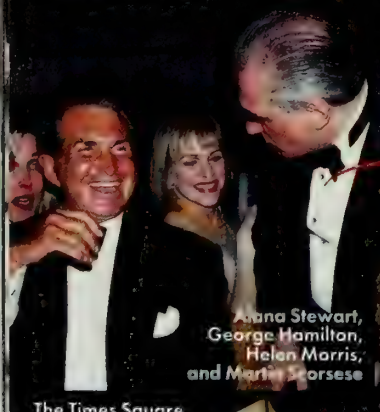


Sam Neill

Winona Ryder



Tony Curtis and Jill Vanden Berg



Diana Stewart, George Hamilton, Helen Morris, and Martin Scorsese





The Times Square billboard.



Meg Ryan, Dennis Quaid, and Sally Hershberger



Clive Davis, Babyface, and Tommy Mottola



Eric Idle, Trey Stone, and Matt Stone



Tom Hayden and Barbara Williams



Jamie and Steve Tisch



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Hollywood



Cher, k. d. lang, Madonna, and Joni Mitchell

eg Kinnear
d Helen Labdon

Jack Nicholson on the Sunset Boulevard billboard.



Jeanine Lobell and Anthony Edwards



Harvey and Eve Weinstein



len DeGeneres,
Hedlie, and Sigourney Weaver



Jon Bon Jovi and Brad Pitt



Peter Fonda



Lucie Reiner





Ben Stiller

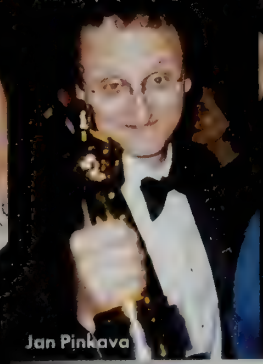


Denise Hale, Dominick Dunne, and Paige Rense

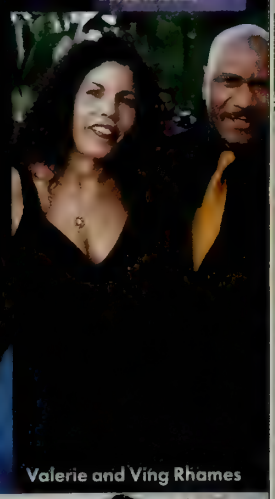


Audrey and Billy Wilder





Jan Pinkava



Valerie and Ving Rhames



Raquel Welch and Richard Palmer

Charlize Theron
Geena Davis



James Truman, Oliver Stone, and Fayed Ta



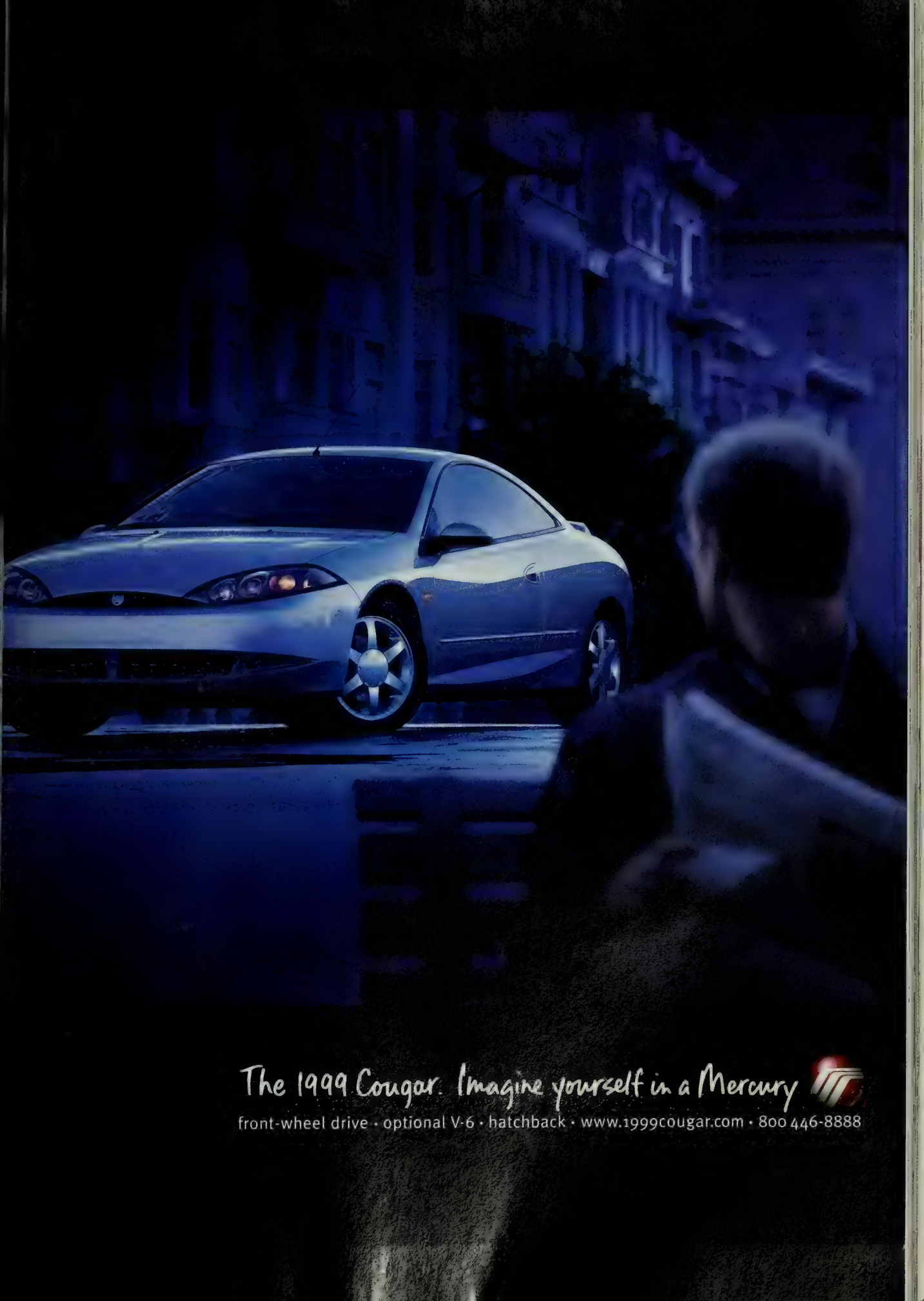
Piazzolla Caldera **performed by Richard Chen See, Patrick Corbin, Francie Huber, and Thomas Patrick, of the Paul Taylor Dance Company.**

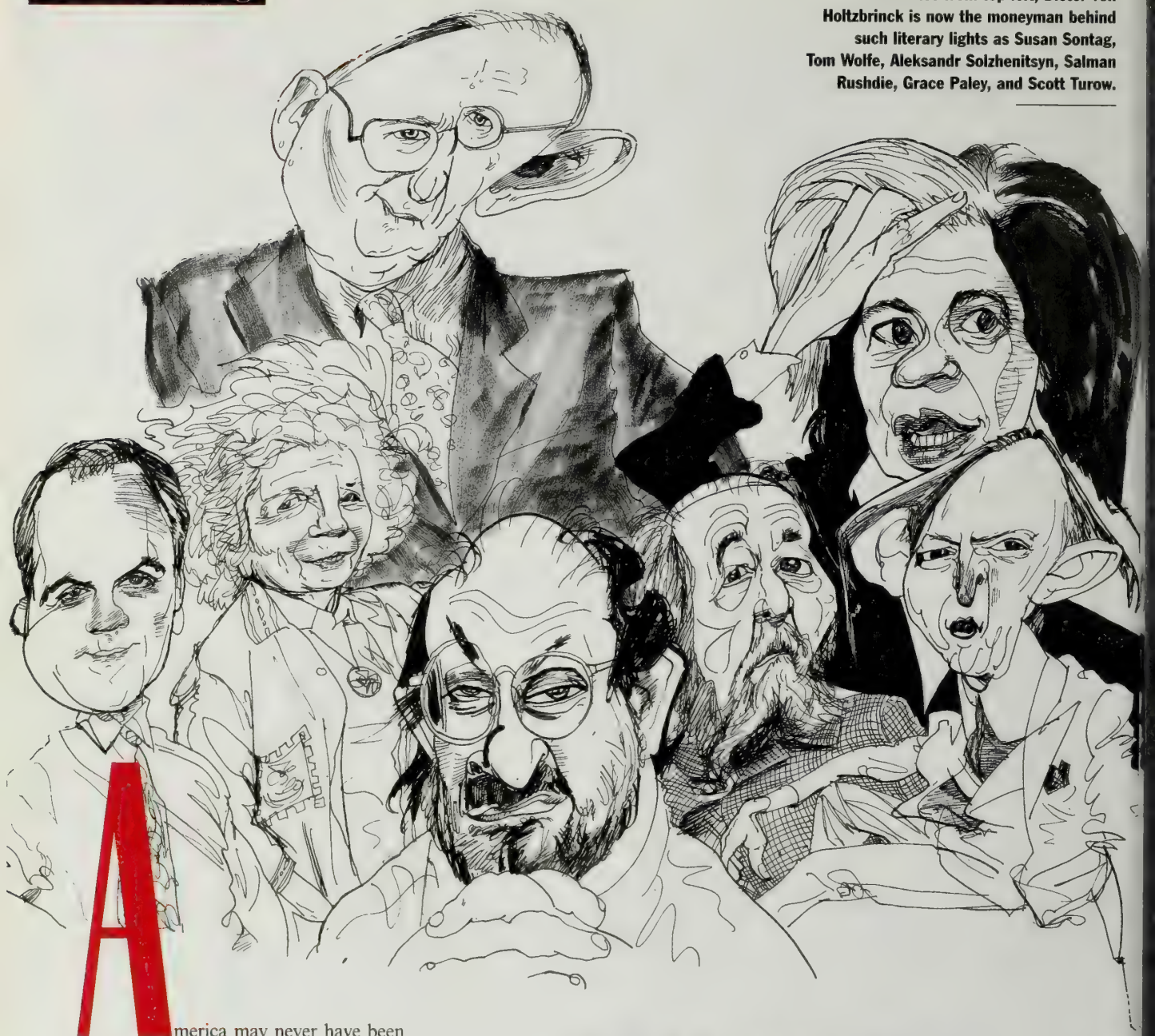
TAYLOR'S INFERNO

In Paul Taylor's *Piazzolla Caldera,* the master of modern dance looks south–and sets the stage on fire

It was only a matter of time before Paul Taylor got to the tango. Sure, we've had a slew of slinky teams on Broadway, Latin passion in stilettos and open vests. But this season America's modern-dance genius has turned his sharp eye south and come up with *Piazzolla Caldera,* a take on the tango that has left raves in its wake. The music, of course, is the red-wine and red-blood realism of Argentinean composer Astor Piazzolla. The tango, however, is pure Taylor—deepened and detonated where you least expect it. "'Caldera' in English means the rim of a volcano," explains the 67-year-old Taylor. "In Spanish it means cauldron. I was hoping people would get a hot feel." The scorcher turns up next June 30 to July 5, when Taylor's troupe plays the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival. No choreographer in the world works as brilliantly in the idioms of popular dance as Taylor does. In *Piazzolla Caldera,* he packs his airborne muscularity into a dance form distinctly à terre, grounded. The piece is taut, tense, and architecturally amazing, with intimations of flamenco, the bullring, and back-alley rites of spring. "It's a picture of primal urges. It's meat," he says. Suspend bare lightbulbs overhead, like stark old stars, and it's tango as big bang. —LAURA JACOBS

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL


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DIETER ÜBER ALLES
Clockwise from top left, Dieter von Holtzbrinck is now the moneyman behind such literary lights as Susan Sontag, Tom Wolfe, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Salman Rushdie, Grace Paley, and Scott Turow.

THE GERMAN FRONT

As Bertelsmann acquires Random House, the rival German media empire–the $2 billion Georg von Holtzbrinck Publishing Group, which since 1985 has bought Henry Holt, St. Martin's Press, and Farrar, Straus & Giroux–is contending with disillusionment, infighting, and the owners' family's dark past

BY DAVID MARGOLICK

America may never have been invaded by a foreign power. But, without many people noticing, a crucial component of American culture has fallen almost entirely into foreign hands: books. Of the big publishing companies only three are still owned by Americans—Time Warner, William Morrow, and Simon & Schuster—and the last perhaps not for long, since the company is said to be on the block. HarperCollins is owned by Rupert Murdoch's Australian-based News Corp.; Viking Penguin and Putnam by the English conglomerate Pearson. Everything else has been bought by a people who at one point in this century were more famous for burning books than for publishing them—the Germans.

Last March the conglomerate of Bertelsmann AG electrified the American literary world CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP BURKE



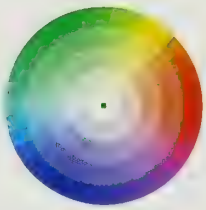
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You see. I exist," he told them. Even

ter has delegated the task of handling

It eats Pentium n





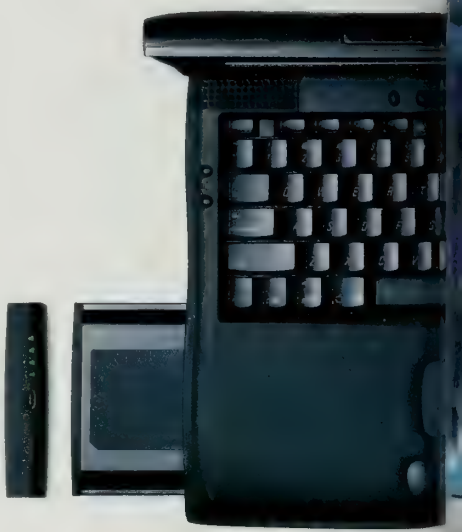
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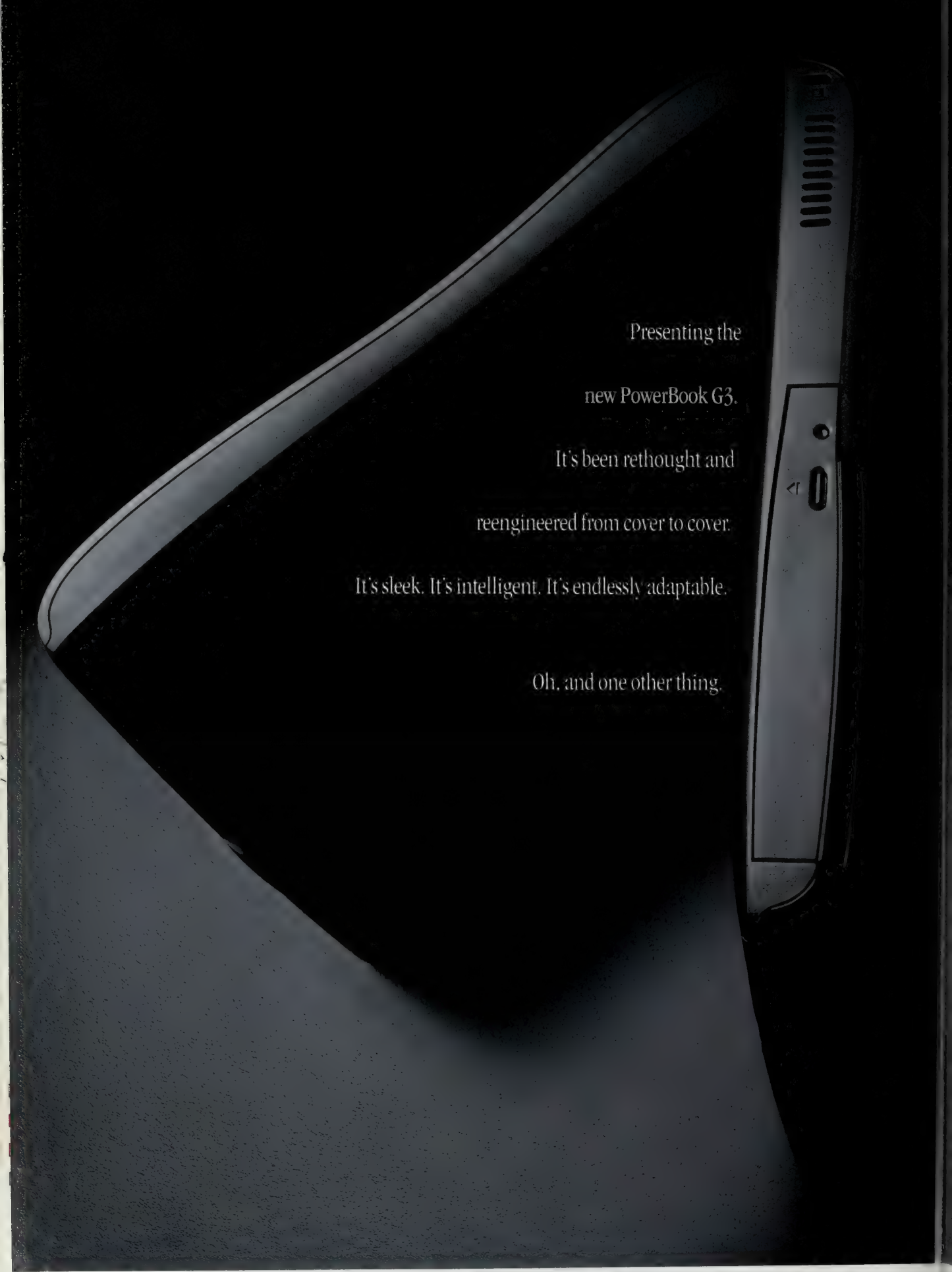


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literary world CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

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literary world CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP BURKE



ings. A few books sit haphazardly in a "You see, I exist," he told them. Even ter has delegated the task of handling

▲ *The 14.1-inch (diagonal measure) TFT active-matrix screen shown here – actual size, no less – gives you more usable space than you'd get on a 15-inch desktop monitor.* ▼

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ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP BURKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120 by buying from Advance Publications (which owns this magazine) the venerable publisher Random House (which includes Knopf, Crown, Ballantine, Fawcett, Times Books, Villard, and Pantheon), thereby vastly expanding an empire that already included the once independent houses of Bantam, Doubleday, Dell, and Delacourt. The purchase, for a reported $1.4 billion, made Bertelsmann the largest non-textbook book publisher in America. It is now the publisher of such American literary icons as Norman Mailer and John Updike, and such commercial powerhouses as Anne Rice and Michael Crichton.

But the German blitzkrieg of American book publishing doesn't end there. More quietly, but just as insistently, a second German media conglomerate has amassed its own considerable stake in the business. It is wholly owned by three siblings from Stuttgart who are nearly as mysterious in their native country as they are in the United States. They are the von Holtzbrincks. In American publishing these days, they are the *other* Germans.

A generic postwar structure of glass and concrete, the office building housing the Georg von Holtzbrinck Publishing Group sits atop a hillside in Stuttgart. It would fit unobtrusively into most German downtowns, where centuries were wiped out by a few days' worth of Allied bombs, but stands out in this quaint, old neighborhood. It is said to have been built on the site of a former Gestapo installation, and that escape tunnels radiate from underneath; supposedly, prisoners were tortured not far from where Dieter von Holtzbrinck now parks his BMW. Whether true or not, the stories are a reminder that the Nazi era still hovers over Germany and Germans of whatever generation, including the Holtzbrincks.

Producing books, magazines, and newspapers is usually a labor-intensive process, and publishing houses and newsrooms are generally bustling places. But there is a certain emptiness here at the heart of the Holtzbrinck empire; in its antiseptic stillness and elevation, the building resembles the setting of the most celebrated novel by Holtzbrinck's most illustrious author—the Alpine sanatorium in Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain.* In the lobby no doors open and close, no telephones ring, and only a handful of people mill about, looking like the ghostly characters in architects' renderings. A few books sit haphazardly in a glass case, displayed almost obligatorily. Above them, seemingly as an afterthought and easily missed, is a small portrait of the smiling old man, Georg von Holtzbrinck, who began selling books "*von* door *zu* door" (as a family chronicler put it) in the 1930s and gave the company its name, its history, and its current leadership.

This unlikeliest of locales is the center of an international publishing empire and, increasingly, a locus of the American book industry. Since 1985 the Holtzbrincks have pumped at least $300 million into the United States and quietly acquired three of New York's premier book-publishing houses: Henry Holt and Co., St. Martin's Press, and, the most glittering jewel, Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

"Almost shockingly you realize that Dieter von Holtzbrinck is smart. That will not be your first impression. But it will be your fifth impression."

Already Dieter has made waves (and raised doubts) in the U.S. by appointing a brash German publisher for Holt, Michael Naumann. Naumann's urbane style has charmed people outside the company, but his abrasiveness as a boss has driven out many in the upper echelons of Holt. Even more controversial are the huge advances he has lavished upon writers with modest sales records—including Salman Rushdie and Paul Auster.

Three of Georg's children—56-year-old Dieter, his 58-year-old sister, Monika Schoeller, and their 34-year-old half-brother, Stefan—are America's least famous media moguls. Even many of the Holtzbrincks' best-informed countrymen know little about the company, which employs 9,500 people worldwide, or the family behind it. Dieter von Holtzbrinck, who runs the operation, rarely gives interviews; when he does talk, it is mostly to extol the virtues of silence. A few years ago, Dieter met with students at the journalism school named for his family in Düsseldorf. "You see, I exist," he told them. Even in his hometown he is a cipher. "Unfortunately, Dieter von Holtzbrinck plays no role in the social life of the capital of Baden-Württemberg," Andreas Richter wrote in the *Stuttgarter Zeitung.* "The man is simply absent from Stuttgart."

Dieter's office is on the top floor of Holtzbrinck headquarters, and from his balcony unfolds a glorious view of the city. The picturesque scene—with traditional red pitched roofs in the foreground and a reconstructed downtown below, complete with the gigantic symbol of Mercedes-Benz, marking its nearby corporate headquarters—is an ideal place to ponder a few twists of fate. One is that Farrar, Straus, whose illustrious Jewish founder refused for 15 years even to set foot in postwar Germany, is now owned by a company founded by a former Nazi. Another is that one of the great heroes of Zionism, Teddy Kollek, a man whose own parents fled Hitler, has regularly attested to the character of that former Nazi. A third is that while the Holtzbrinck conglomerate is famed for swallowing up smaller companies, it is also renowned for protecting them.

For years, several media giants salivated over Farrar, Straus, one of the last great independent houses, the publisher of Tom Wolfe, Scott Turow, Mario Vargas Llosa, and 20 Nobel laureates. But when the house's legendarily colorful and outspoken owner, Roger Straus, now 81 years old, decided four years ago to sell Farrar, Straus, it was Dieter von Holtzbrinck he called. Straus felt the Holtzbrincks would give the company some financial ballast, but also leave it be. In the 1970s and 80s, several venerable German publishers—including S. Fischer Verlag, publisher of Mann and Franz Kafka—had felt the same way. So, too, three years ago, did Macmillan of London, which owned St. Martin's Press in the United States. If the Holtzbrinck Publishing Group is a shark, it is a benign one—the shark of choice for ailing or failing publishing companies. The emptiness one senses in its Stuttgart offices is, in a sense, the feel of autonomy.

"Bertelsmann has always been a very money-minded company, and I think we've always been much more gardeners who try to cultivate many sorts of plants and have a cultural interest in protecting literature," Monika Schoeller, S. Fischer's president, told me one day in her offices in Frankfurt, where Kafka's famously piercing eyes seem to stare down from every wall. Oddly, Dieter has delegated the task of handling



"There was never one thing that Dieter didn't immediately approve, from the price of the company to how I was going to run it," said Roger Straus.

THE LEGEND
Roger Straus photographed in his Union Square office at Farrar, Straus & Giroux, New York City. Straus's ancestors were German- and Swiss-Jewish immigrants who ran Macy's and built the Guggenheim Museum.

reporters to Monika, a shy and quiet woman. An unlikelier corporate spokesperson is hard to imagine. (She did persuade Dieter to see me, albeit briefly. Droll, contented, seemingly bemused by life, he danced around a couple of issues, letting me take no notes, which forced me afterward to bolt from his office and dash down the few memorable things he said.) "This has never been a company where one would say, These are the figures and everything has to be trimmed in a certain way," Monika explained. "Nobody in the family needs the money for his own glory."

But if the Holtzbrincks have historically been the folks to whom quality publishers turn, they have also apparently made money for themselves (as a private company they do not disclose profits). The company's 1997 sales were 3.5 billion marks ($2 billion), generated by book publishing, a network of German newspapers, printing plants, partial interests in radio and television stations throughout Germany, and new media.

But rapid growth, plus the acquisition of properties that either are losing money or require enormous investments, has led some to wonder whether the family-run operation is overextended. Moreover, the empire has been rocked by bitter management disputes. In Germany two top book editors were forced out, taking a host of star authors with them and raising doubts about whether the Holtzbrincks are really as sensitive and hands-off as they say. In the U.S., Michael Naumann and the longtime head of St. Martin's Press, Thomas McCormack, fell into a bitter turf war, precipitated largely, McCormack says, by mixed signals from Dieter over who had his ear. When it was finished, McCormack, one of New York's most prominent and successful publishing executives for more than three decades, was gone, and Naumann, the German newcomer, remained standing. But not for long, McCormack predicts. Holt, according to



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McCormack, has hemorrhaged money for years and continues to do so. One ominous sign for Naumann is that earlier this year Dieter chose John Sargent, a well-liked young executive who had succeeded McCormack at St. Martin's, to head the company's American operations instead of Naumann himself. (Naumann dismissed the job as largely administrative and said that on all important matters he continues to report to Dieter.)

With surprising uniformity, those who dislike Dieter von Holtzbrinck cite the title of a classic 20th-century Austrian novel by Robert Musil to describe him: *Der Mann ohne Eigenschaften,* or *The Man Without Qualities.* By their own reckoning the analogy is inaccurate, for they promptly list several. They say he is a joyless man who does what is expected of him, a man haunted by his father's lengthy shadow. He is to them what more highbrow Germans call *spiessig:* stolid, contented, determinedly respectable.

Others who have worked with him disagree. Even though his parting from the company was less than cordial, Tom McCormack still praises Dieter. "This is a decent man: very soft-spoken, extremely concerned about people's feelings," McCormack said. He described how he had grown to respect Dieter even though he lacked "the kind of fiery brains" one found in many American publishers. "Almost a little shockingly, you realize that this guy is smart," said McCormack. "That will not be your first impression. But it will be your fifth impression."

To another American in the Holtzbrinck hierarchy, Dieter also came as a pleasant surprise. "He's less ego-driven than most of these guys I'm familiar with, and very human," he said. The publishing executive's voice then faded to a conspiratorial whisper. "He's not at all what you'd expect," he told me. "Not at all stereotypically German."

I asked Josef Joffe, foreign editor of the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* in Munich, to describe Dieter's most outstanding characteristic. "None, and that is the most outstanding characteristic of them all," he said. "He is neither flamboyant nor given to dramatic public performances. . . . He does not pronounce on the issues of the day, doesn't show up on talk shows or in front of large gatherings. He is almost like a 'man without qualities,' except this one: he is an enormously successful businessman."

It wasn't always that way. When Dieter and his new wife, an artist named Richild, arrived in New York for the first time in 1968, he was an ineffectual 26-year-old with a history of underachievement. Officially, he had come to learn the publishing business from the ground up at the now defunct trade arm of McGraw-Hill. Unofficially, he had come to get away from his old man. As an adolescent Dieter had been kicked out of a couple of schools, once for passing out sneezing powder in the middle of a student play. He eventually graduated from Hochschule St. Gallen, a prestigious business school in Switzerland, but his father's expectations of him remained modest. For his part, Dieter squirmed in his father's judgmental presence. One friend recalled watching the hair on Dieter's neck rise whenever Georg spoke to him.

"Most of our friends in New York were Jewish. We had to sort of prove that we were nice persons although we were Germans," said Richild von Holtzbrinck.

During their time in New York, the Holtzbrincks fell in love with the city, its informality, open-mindedness, and vitality—which, as Dieter told me during our short chat, was "refreshing" after staid and bureaucratic West Germany. But in 1970, Georg summoned him, and he reluctantly returned to head *Handelsblatt,* a daily business journal; what made the move palatable was that the job was in newspapers, which had never been his father's forte, and it was in Düsseldorf, several hours away from him. Dieter spent four years there, fortifying himself to move to corporate headquarters in Stuttgart. Though the father-son business relationship remained tense, Dieter's role grew as Georg aged. By the mid-1970s, Dieter was running the company.

Georg's death in 1983 seemed to unleash something in Dieter. For reasons simultaneously sentimental and psychological—some part of him clearly wanted to outstrip his father, to take the company where Georg couldn't or wouldn't go—he turned his attentions to America. In 1987 he bought a stake in Hanley & Belfus, a small Philadelphia medical publisher. Then, for nearly $53 million, he bought *Scientific American,* beating out competing bids from, among others, English press lord Robert Maxwell. The Holtzbrincks' appeal was more than a matter of money. Dieter used his father's classic pitch, the one with which Georg had already charmed the aged custodians of several great German publishers: the Holtzbrincks would not only pay top dollar but also preserve and perpetuate the seller's lifework. In effect, the Holtzbrincks were promising immortality.

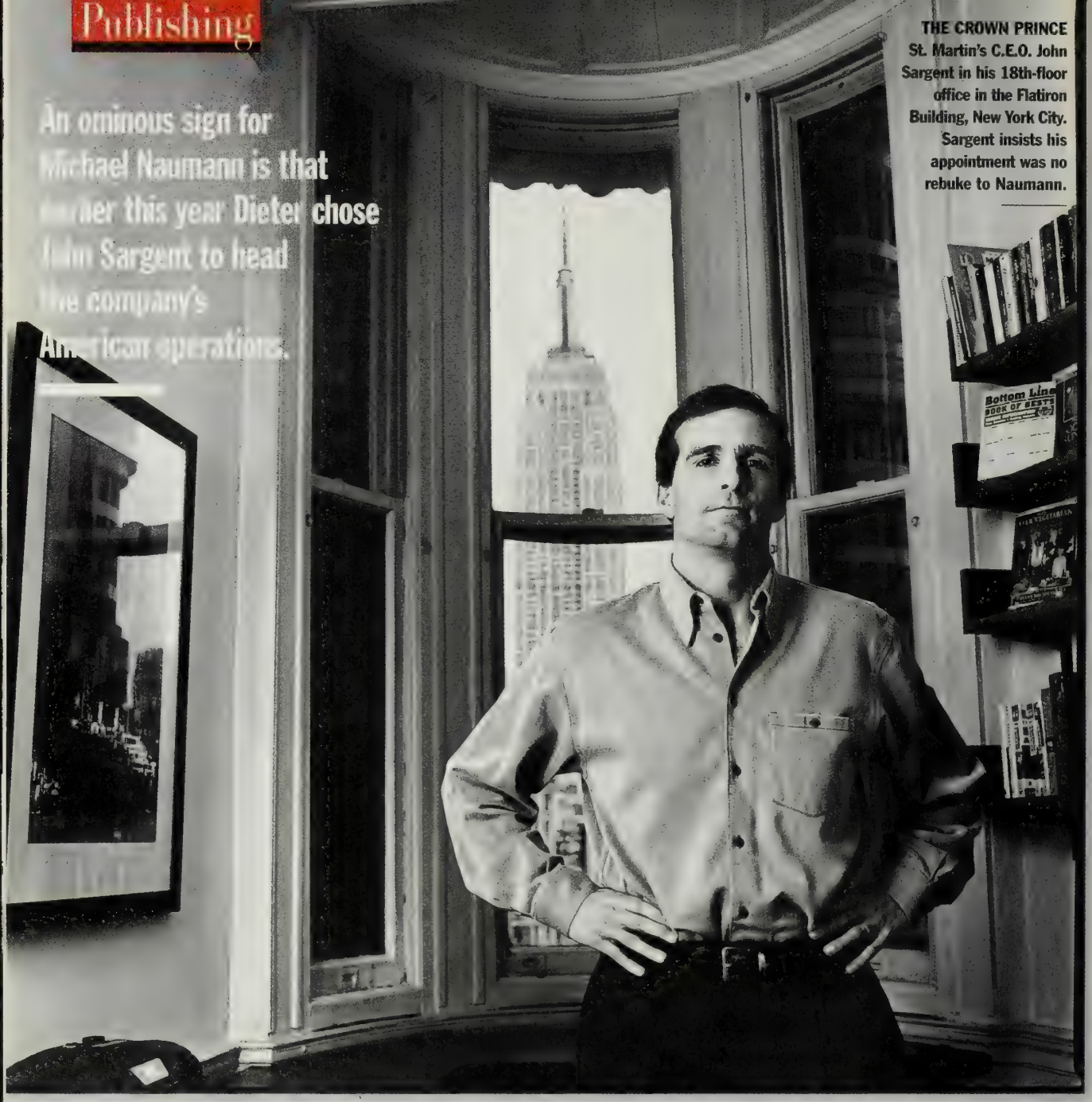
In 1987, Dieter passed up a chance to buy the distinguished book-publishing house of Harper & Row; the asking price—around $300 million—was too steep, and it went to Rupert Murdoch instead. But two years earlier Holt had proved more tempting and, with an asking price of $10 million, considerably more affordable. The long-established house had fallen upon hard times, and the then owner, CBS, was eager to unload it. Once more, Dieter talked of quality and autonomy; once more, he claimed to savor the literary tradition and quirks of the institution (he was especially impressed that Holt had published Robert Frost). "He seemed to be well educated, soft-spoken, genteel, flattering but not unctuous: a non-German German" was how Richard Seaver, then Holt's top executive, remembered him.

In 1990 the Holtzbrincks purchased another family-owned company, Worth Publishers, a college textbook firm. They entered into an alliance with Dow Jones, jointly operating, among other things, a financial wire service in Germany and a financial publishing group in the Czech Republic. They bought a 20 percent stake in Voyager, a once visionary New York producer of CD-ROMs. And in 1995, for an estimated $320 million—incurring an expense which, according to a June 1995 issue of the German magazine *Buchreport,* "makes them sweat"—they bought a 70 percent stake in the English publishing firm of Macmillan.

Most spectacularly, in 1994, Dieter landed Farrar, Straus & Giroux. The move pre-empted a number of persistent suitors, most notably Random House. "When I was sick [former Random House president Robert] Bernstein kept calling my son to see if I was going to die," Straus recalled with a laugh in his unpretentious office on New York City's Union Square (an account which Bern-


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An ominous sign for Michael Naumann is that earlier this year Dieter chose John Sargent to head the company's American operations.



THE CROWN PRINCE
St. Martin's C.E.O. John Sargent in his 18th-floor office in the Flatiron Building, New York City. Sargent insists his appointment was no rebuke to Naumann.

stein denies). But, Straus said, when his "son decided he didn't want to hang around until I die and so forth," he had to make other arrangements. His first call was to Dieter, whom he had met 22 years earlier. "Without batting an eye," Straus recalled, Dieter said he was interested. "I can't tell you how smoothly it went. . . . There was no *hondling* back and forth, no 'Who shot John?' There was never one thing that I asked for that he didn't immediately approve, from the price of the company to how I was going to run the company." And for how long? Basically, as long as Straus wanted. When word leaked of the impending deal, Straus said, Random House's chief executive, Alberto Vitale, was immediately on the phone, pleading with him not to sell, threatening him if he did. "Roger, you simply can't make a deal like this without talking to me," he said. "Please remember, we are so powerful we can do anything." Straus was unmoved. (Vitale denies the account, saying he was merely "chagrined" that Straus had selected Holtzbrinck.)

Given his background and sensitivities, one might have thought that for Straus the Holtzbrincks would have seemed the least suitable of stewards. Straus's ancestors were German- and Swiss-Jewish immigrants who ran Macy's and built the Guggenheim Museum, and the publisher does not hide his Jewishness. In fact, Farrar, Straus is known for publishing over the years such Jewish writers as Bernard Malamud, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Philip Roth, Joseph Brodsky, and Grace Paley. Long after World War II, Straus refused to go to Germany, always sending someone else to the annual Frankfurt Book Fair in his stead. "As a Jew, I felt uncomfortable," said Straus, who still calls Germans "Krauts."

Questions about Georg von Holtzbrinck's activities during the war had given him pause, Straus recalled. But he'd known Heinrich Letig-Rowohlt, who had sold his publishing house to Georg, and Rowohlt had been no Nazi. "That made me very relaxed about the situation . . . the potential situation . . . I don't know if there *was* a situation," Straus recalled. Besides, he'd heard reassuring things about the family. "I'd


GIVENCHY
AMARIGE
AMARIGE
de
GIVENCHY
PARIS
LORD & TAYLOR
HECHT'S
FOLEY'S

been told that [during the war Georg] was in a different kind of publishing [i.e., nonpolitical], and I took it at face value," he said.

From Dieter's first days in New York, he had encountered a certain wariness of his nationality in the city's liberal and often Jewish publishing circles. "Most of our friends in New York were Jewish," Richild von Holtzbrinck said. "We had to sort of prove that we were nice persons although we were Germans. Sometimes it took a little time."

When Dieter started buying up American publishing companies nearly two decades later, the issue still reared its head regularly. Sometimes, the association was almost playful. "The only thing that bothered me [about Dieter] was that he had glasses that reminded me of Himmler's," Richard Seaver said. Sometimes, it was strategic. Arthur Sackler, the New York psychiatrist and philanthropist who owned a substantial chunk of *Scientific American,* wanted to sell the magazine to Maxwell, the shady and ultimately ill-fated "Captain Crook" of British publishing, rather than to the Holtzbrincks. Sell to those Nazis, he told Gerard Piel, the magazine's longtime publisher, and they'd have a Kurt Waldheim–like scandal on their hands.

When it came to allaying Jewish concerns about their family, the Holtzbrincks' greatest defense was their connection to Israel. Thanks largely to Jerusalem's indefatigable mayor, Teddy Kollek, the Holtzbrincks' own brand of *Wiedergutmachen* (wartime restitution payments) often ended up in his city. When Georg visited there in 1972, Kollek worked him relentlessly. Driving him around town one moonlit night, propagandizing him in German, Kollek (who was born in Vienna) pointed out "the usual menu" of possible philanthropies. "I remember a feeling—how nice it was to talk to him," Kollek recalled. "He was very straightforward, very clear-thinking, down-to-earth." Kollek sold him on a project that was bound to resonate with someone whose own traditional capital of Berlin had been cut in two: a museum to commemorate Jerusalem's 20 years as a divided city. Georg donated several hundred thousand dollars to create the facility, which was built in the shell of a war-damaged building. Kollek said he never worried about where the Holtzbrincks' money had originated. "It was so obvious to me that he was anti-Nazi that the question never even came up," he said. On the day the museum was dedicated in Jerusalem in 1983, Georg died at home, at the age of 73. Kollek paid tribute to him in German—the first time he spoke his native German publicly in Israel.

Since that time, Kollek has effectively become the family's "Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval" whenever the Nazi question arises. And long after Georg died and Kollek left office, the Holtzbrincks have remained extraordinarily interested in Israel and Jewish topics. The family pays for several young editors to attend the Jerusalem International Book Fair, held every other year. Dieter and Monika help fund Beit Tamar, a facility for the disabled supported by Kollek's wife. Dieter and Richild have squired Israeli schoolchildren around Germany, including a stop at Dachau. Monika's daughter volunteers at a clinic for handicapped Jewish and Arab children, and speaks Hebrew. Stefan took a keen interest in bringing *Maus,* the cartoonist Art Spiegelman's family memoir of the Holocaust, to CD-ROM. "They not only come and exhibit and sponsor a program; they are friends," said Zev Birger, who directs the Jerusalem International Book Fair. He paused for a moment. "For me, personally, it was not easy," said Birger, who spent a year as a prisoner in Dachau. "But I feel so relaxed with them. . . . They are humane people."

"Bertelsmann has always been very money-minded, [whereas we Holtzbrincks] have a cultural interest in protecting literature."

Asked about Georg's activities during the Nazi years, the family grows even more reticent than usual. The Holtzbrincks usually depict the paterfamilias almost as a member of the Resistance, noting how in 1938 the Reichspressekammer, or Nazi Press Bureau, had found him "unreliable" and stripped him of his license. One executive at *Scientific American* recalled how Dieter reduced his family's wartime experiences to the fact that an Allied bomb had destroyed the family home. Monika Schoeller, to her credit, is more candid, saying that her father joined the Nazi Party—but she insists it was a matter of survival rather than of conviction, and something he later rued.

Even some high officials in the Holtzbrinck hierarchy, such as Michael Naumann, apparently don't feel the whole story has been told, however. Naumann encapsulates the tortured history of 20th-century Germany: his grandfather was Jewish, while his father was a German soldier killed at Stalingrad. When I mentioned Georg and the Third Reich, Naumann suddenly sat bolt upright, an expression of intense curiosity on his face. "Tell me, do you have anything on the old man?" he asked urgently. "I'd like to know."

The Holtzbrincks are proud of their history, or at least the first 400 years of it. For Georg's 70th birthday, in 1979, the family published an elaborate family album, filled with pictures of illustrious ancestors, castles, and palaces. It reveals that the first reference to a Holtzbrinck—the name comes from an old German word for "wooded hill"—appears in 1486, and that through influential patrons and strategic marriages the family came to amass wealth, property, titles, and a role in the German iron industry. In 1694, Georg Hermann von Holtzbrinck was granted hereditary aristocracy and, in 1698, became postmaster for the Polish crown. The family remained entrepreneurs, gentlemen farmers, and government officials for the next 200 years, their assets gradually dwindling.

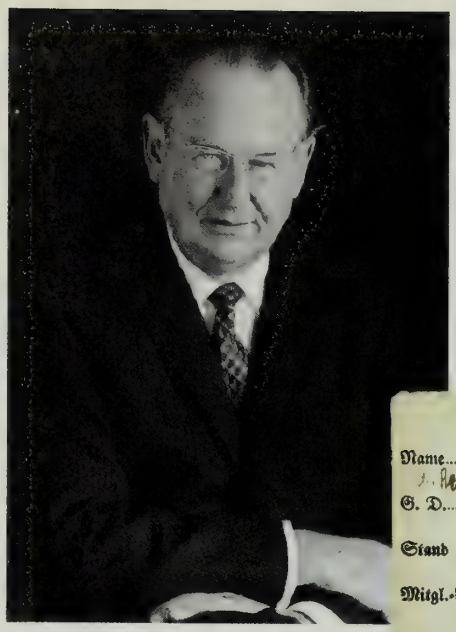
Georg von Holtzbrinck, the son of a lumber dealer, was born in 1909. In the late 1920s he studied law in Bonn and Cologne, hoping to become a civil servant—"when I was feeling ambitious, the ambassador to Afghanistan," he once said as a joke. But his family, like the rest of Germany, had fallen on hard times; when people carried around reichsmarks in wheelbarrows, even the Holtzbrincks had to hock jewelry. Georg spent his college vacations peddling cheap serialized books containing fiction, nonfiction, riddles, and puzzles, with life insurance thrown in for good measure. Overcoming his childhood shyness, Georg made himself especially charming to women customers. Soon he dropped out of school and sold books full-time.

It is only in the 1930s that the family history grows CONTINUED ON PAGE 139

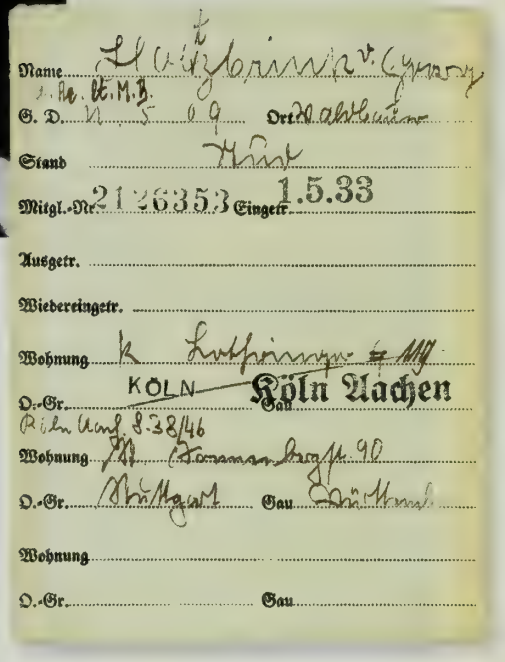
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136 murky. Always, accounts return to how the Nazi Press Bureau deemed Georg "unreliable," thereby crippling his business. Despite several requests, no one at the company could produce the reason for that denunciation; Holtzbrinck officials and family members suggest the action stemmed from Georg's anti-Nazi political views or ethnic origins, for his paternal grandmother, they now say, may have been a Jew. In 1943, Georg became a soldier himself, serving as a *Flakhelfer,* or grunt, in an anti-aircraft battalion. By this point he had three children: Monika, born in 1939; Dieter, born in 1941; and Karin, an infant (who later suffered a misdiagnosed case of meningitis and plays no role in the company). Toward the end of the war Georg moved his family out of Stuttgart, both to protect them from the bombing and because, family members say, Georg's wife refused to join the local Nazi women's club. His children depict Georg as a reluctant, indifferent soldier, who let superiors beat him at cards and feigned forgetfulness, the better never to be promoted. Some accounts say he deserted two months before the war's end.

Nazi Party records show, however, that Georg joined a Nazi student group in 1931, two years before Hitler came to power, and, according to the Bundes Archiv, joined the Nazi Party itself in May 1933, only two months after the Nazi takeover and before there was great pressure to do so. He remained in it for all of the 1,000-year Reich—that is, 12 years. His "unreliability" stemmed not from opposition to the regime, it seems, but from his wish to run his business free from government interference. Far from being blackballed, Georg managed to operate or own several publishing companies throughout the Nazi years, including one that produced books for German soldiers, a profitable enterprise with nine million men in uniform. His company also published four Nazi-sanctioned magazines, with titles neatly capturing the distinctive Nazi argot: *Freude der Arbeit* (The Joy of Labor), *Schonheit der Arbeit* (The Beauty of Labor), *Kolonie und Heimat* (Colony and Homeland), and *Berlin-Rom-Tokio,* a publication officially approved by the German Foreign Ministry.

Georg's party ties were serious enough to be scrutinized after the war by a German "denazification" court. A prosecutor accused him of being "a convinced follower of the National Socialist authoritarian dictatorship," and produced two witnesses from the book business, one of whom stated, "As far as I can judge, von Holtzbrinck was a good Nazi and above all a profiteer who made a lot of money through sole management of various Nazi periodicals."



"Holtzbrinck was not a Nazi war criminal . . . but he cleverly took advantage of a favorable economic situation."


Name Holtzbrinck v. Cyprian
G. D. 11 5 09 Ort Dahlheim
Stand Kfm
Mitgl.-Nr. 2126353 Eingetr. 1.5.33
Ausgetr.
Wiedereingetr.
Wohnung k Lothringer Str 117
O.-Gr. KOLN Gau Köln Aachen
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LIFE OF THE PARTY
***Above,* Georg von Holtzbrinck, circa 1970. *Right,* his Nazi Party government listing. His children depict him almost as a member of the Resistance.**

For two years Holtzbrinck and his lawyers fought off the charges. He told the court he had joined the Nazi student group both because of its economic program—"The people there made a lot of big promises that appealed to me"—and because it was cheaper than a fraternity. But he said he went to only eight meetings—"beer evenings," he called them—and then quit because he objected to the "*Führer* worship." Further distancing himself, he either told prosecutors he joined the party in 1935 or did not correct their erroneous information to that effect. Holtzbrinck's lawyer stressed that, unlike so many Germans, Georg never sought to capitalize on his early party ties, and spurned invitations to join the official press when the Nazis came to power. "I never made a big deal out of entering the party and the whole thing never interested me very much," Holtzbrinck testified. As for the Nazi magazines, his partner had arranged to print them; he had no control over their content; they were innocuous and apolitical (*Berlin-Rom-Tokio* was "a culture-oriented journal with good art prints"); and they actually lost money, he claimed.

Georg produced several character witnesses—a social democrat, a man imprisoned by the Nazis, a half-Jewish man, a woman married to a Jew—who said he'd hired them when it was dangerous to do so. These people testified that Holtzbrinck rarely wore Nazi insignia, ignored orders from the Nazi propaganda office, grumbled about Nazi newspapers—"You can't read that stuff without getting sick"—and even flirted with the Resistance. In the end, the five-member tribunal held that Georg was merely a *Mitläufer*—someone who ran with the pack. He was fined a nominal amount.

Siegfried Lokatis, a historian at the Center for Contemporary History and Research in Potsdam, called the legal procedure "unfortunately, entirely typical of the denazification history" of early postwar West Germany. "Holtzbrinck was not a Nazi war criminal, but . . . he cleverly took advantage of a favorable economic situation," he wrote in a letter to me. "Compared to that, the fact that he didn't give the Hitler salute seems to



Scott and Loraine are happily married,

with one little exception.

They never agree on anything.

He says "modern." She says "colonial." She likes regular. He wants extra-crispy.

So imagine the reaction when they announced it was time for a new car.

"Smooth and comfortable," said Loraine.

"A real driving machine," remarked Scott.

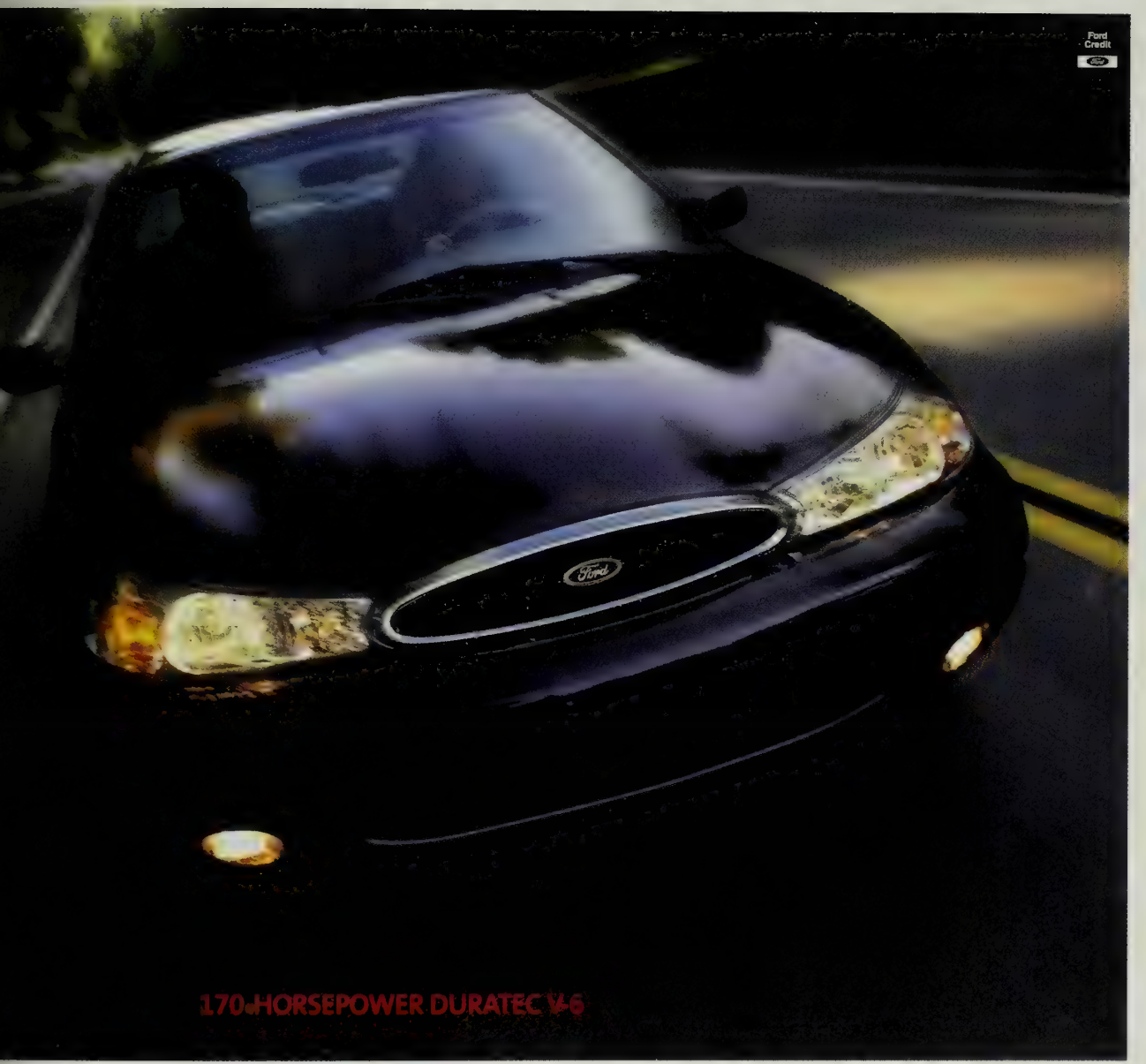
And when they arrived in a new Ford Contour SE Sport days later,

people were amazed. Finally, common ground.

Then they got up to leave. **"I'll drive,"** she said. Shaking his head

he replied, "I don't think so." Oh, well, here we go again.

*Under normal driving conditions with routine fluid and filter changes.



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me almost meaningless." German publisher Klaus Waganbach believes that Holtzbrinck subsequently filled his sales force with former Nazis who, because they were ostensibly barred from the book industry, could be had cheap—a charge that Holtzbrinck spokesperson Arno Mahlert denies. Moreover, the man in charge of one of Georg's postwar magazines was a notorious former SS storm trooper who had once worked for Joseph Goebbels.

With his countrymen starving for good literature after 12 years of intellectual privation, and helped by several precious tons of paper he'd stashed away, Georg came to embody the *Wirtschaftswunder,* or the West German postwar economic miracle. He relaunched his populist book clubs and sold from stores, making enough money to buy *Handelsblatt,* the country's largest business and finance newspaper. And *Wirtschaftswoche,* its largest weekly business journal. And local newspapers, in Saarbrücken, Trier, Konstanz, Würzburg, and elsewhere, several of which became cash cows. And a whole set of family-owned publishing houses.

The first and most sensational acquisition was S. Fischer Verlag, the German-Jewish company miraculously reborn after the war. The sale horrified veteran Fischer employees with leftist sympathies and long memories. "From my political point of view, it was a catastrophe to sell to this man," recalled Klaus Wagenbach, who was an editor at Fischer at the time. "I said to them, 'He's a Fascist.' But the Fischers were a little bit resigned. They were exhausted after these years." Wagenbach quickly learned that Holtzbrinck's real politics were pragmatism and profit, and after flirting with bankruptcy, Fischer was rejuvenated by Georg. His emerging reputation as a hands-off, benevolent bankroller encouraged other elite German houses to follow Fischer's lead: Droemer Knaur and Kindler of Munich, and Rowohlt of Hamburg.

Georg von Holtzbrinck sold books, but did not often read them. Instead, he was an earthy, pleasure-loving man, who enjoyed good wine, hearty peasant food, cards, and practical jokes. He drove an Opel (himself); liked to garden, hike, and swim; and enjoyed a succession of beautiful women and coveted still more. (One colleague returned home once to find him, bouquet of roses in his hand, ardently proposing marriage to the man's wife.) In fact, Georg had a longtime mistress, a younger woman who worked in one of his bookstores. In 1963 they had a son, Stefan, whom Georg formally adopted 12 years later. For years, Georg awkwardly led two lives with two families, visiting them on alternate weekends, buying two sets of furniture and housewares, sight-seeing in the same places twice. After some discussion between his two sons, it was agreed that at Georg's funeral his wife and their three children would sit in the front row, while his mistress and her child would sit directly behind them. (Georg's wife had agreed to meet Stefan for the first time only a few weeks earlier.)

"Some people buy private airplanes," says literary agent Andrew Wylie. "What the Holtzbrincks have done is acquire a few writers of quality."

Not all of those swallowed up by the Holtzbrincks have found them to be so benign. At Holt, Dieter fired Richard Seaver and, at one point, threatened to remove him bodily from his office. "He came on as being much more interested in culture than in commerce, and in my view deep in their hearts it was the reverse," said Seaver, now the head of Arcade Publishing.

At *Scientific American,* too, there is deep disillusionment with the family. Some longtime readers—including Jeremy Bernstein, who wrote a screed on the subject in *Commentary*—believe the Holtzbrincks have dumbed down the magazine disastrously. John J. Hanley, the magazine's current chairman and C.E.O., says he had no choice but to adjust to changing times and audiences. "It remained a challenging read at a time when young people—what is it? the X Generation?—wanted a faster, easier read, so we decided to redirect it a little bit," he said.

When Dieter bought Farrar, Straus, he declared that the only thing he would change there was the linoleum. And here at least Dieter has kept his promise of noninterference. Despite a recent redecoration, the place remains as ratty as ever, and nothing is likely to change until, as one editor put it, "Roger [Straus] is carried out feet first." In fact, Dieter told me his aim was never to turn Farrar, Straus into something big—he spread his arms wide—but to keep it a narrow, high-quality house. He also declared once that Straus spends more on his clothes than on his book advances. That has begun to change now that authors such as Scott Turow know that Straus's finely tailored pants suddenly have substantially deeper pockets.

In the German operations, however, things have not been so hands-off in recent years. In 1993, Monika Schoeller fired Arnulf Conradi, the editor in chief at Fischer, allegedly for resisting her order that all Fischer book jackets be designed by Raphie Etgar, an Israeli artist with whom she was friendly. Conradi subsequently opened his own publishing house in Berlin. Accompanying him were some of his top authors, including Nadine Gordimer and Margaret Atwood.

Then, three years ago, an internal struggle at Droemer led to the shocking departure of Karl Blessing, one of Germany's most respected and successful editors. A temperamental and moody man with a famed instinct for sensing big books and pampering their authors, Blessing had doubled Droemer's sales between 1982 and 1995. But when he feuded with Droemer's chief moneyman, Peter Schaper, Dieter turned on him; in a fax read to Droemer salesmen at a meeting in November 1995, Dieter claimed Blessing's "mental problems" made him unfit for the job. (Dieter's spokesperson Arno Mahlert denies this.) Blessing promptly started his own imprint at Bertelsmann, taking with him Michael Crichton and Scott Turow (despite a personal entreaty to stay from Dieter).

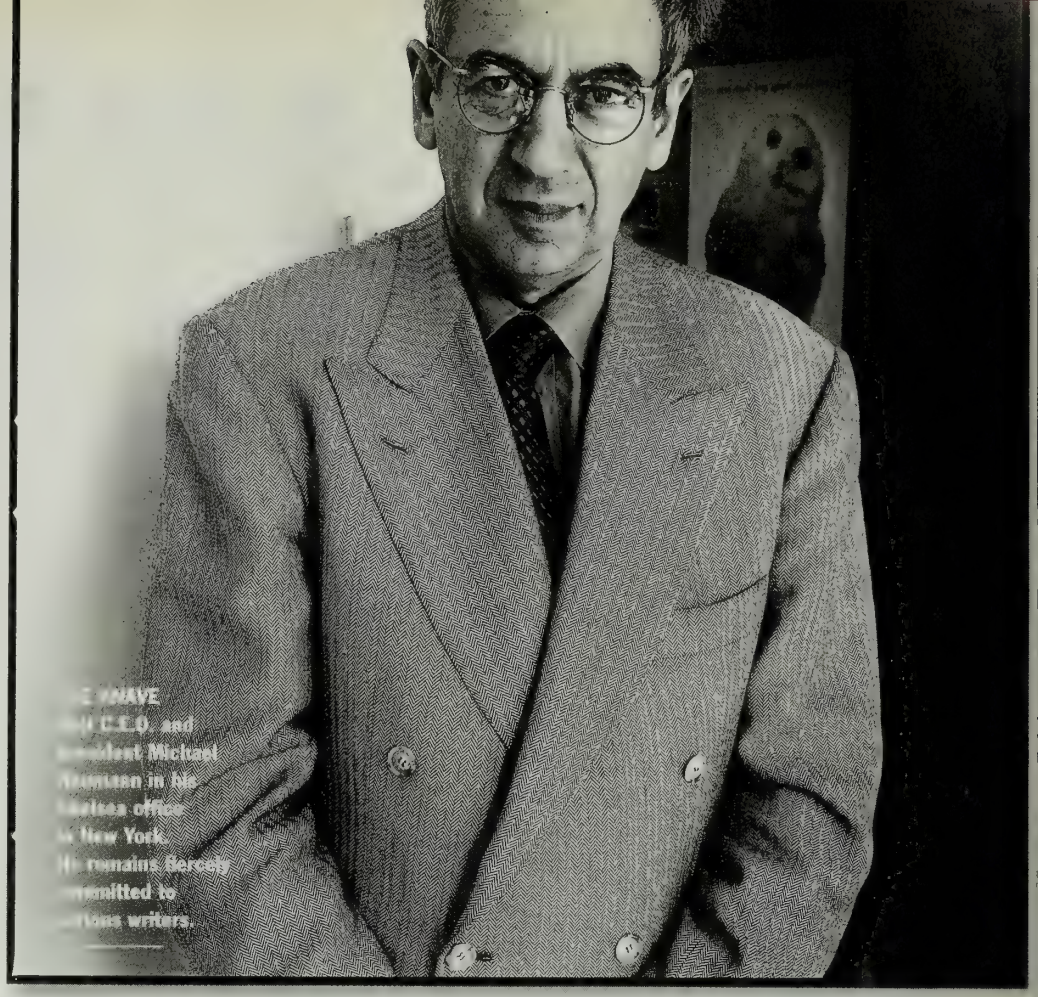
Both Blessing and Conradi declined to comment. Monika Schoeller said that both men were let go for mistakes, which she left unspecified. In any case, it took many months to find replacements for each, and neither house has yet gotten its wind back.

The Conradi and Blessing episodes have led people to wonder whether the Holtzbrincks really understand creative people, author loyalty, or the subtleties of book publishing. "Before Blessing, the image we all had was that they were so savvy," said an editor at a rival German house. "This image is gone." Another publishing executive was more harsh. "They

have this reputation of being sort of like the Esterhazys, great supporters of the arts, and it's all bullshit," he said.

Why did Dieter countenance these changes? Some say that now, long after he became a magnate, he has finally started to act as imperiously and capriciously as one. Some say he was unable to control his sister—while Dieter runs the empire, Fischer is Monika's domain. And some see the influence of a new woman in Dieter's life. For while Dieter loathes comparisons to his father (he gets offended when told he has increasingly come to resemble him physically), he left his wife (who was battling cancer and severe depression) two years ago and, like his father, took a mistress. But again, like his father, Dieter does not want a divorce.

Dieter's estranged wife, Richild, still lives in the family homestead, where Georg's name remains on the mailbox. A vital and opinionated woman who has fought back from her illnesses, she learned of the affair by discovering two airline tickets for a sailing trip her husband was ostensibly taking by himself off the coast of Turkey—to be, as he put it, "alone with the wind and waves." She is in a kind of limbo, much as her mother-in-law was at the hands of another Holtzbrinck.



HAVE
C.E.O. and
president Michael
Naumann in his
Chelsea office
in New York.
He remains fiercely
committed to
serious writers.

With "Naumann's arrogance, faulty judgment, abusive style, and devious tactics, I'll be surprised if he's there at the end of 1998."

At Holt, Naumann has tugged aggressively at the long leash Dieter gives his employees, paying $2 million for the next novel (and the rights to several previous books) by Salman Rushdie, and another $2 million for the next three books by the New York novelist Paul Auster. The price tag for Auster, whose writing is far more popular in Europe than in the United States, has raised some eyebrows. Even more controversial is the deal for Rushdie, whose abstruse works have never sold well without a *fatwa* from an ayatollah. The consensus is that Naumann will take a bath on both, but that he saw the purchases as a quick way to put himself on the map, a need that Rushdie's literary agent, Andrew Wylie, spotted and exploited. "Michael Naumann wants to be a big shot in America," said one rival publisher, who called the Rushdie deal "a way of saying, 'See, my balls are as big as anyone's here. I outbid [Rushdie's former publisher] Sonny Mehta at Knopf.'"

Wylie, not surprisingly, sees things differently. "Some people buy private airplanes, some people hire a fleet of limos, some people throw parties," he said. "What they've done is acquire a few writers of quality. I think that's interesting, frankly." Naumann called the deal "a very sound investment" and said that acquiring Rushdie's old books was akin to "buying the backlist of Thomas Mann." Naumann admitted that Rushdie's most recent book, *The Moor's Last Sigh,* sold only 60,000 copies (justifying an advance of, say, $200,000), and pointed out that even that figure was less discouraging when one considered the book would be "on Holt's backlist for the next 40 years." "If Rushdie wins the Nobel Prize like Thomas Mann, [signing him] will be a financially profitable acquisition," he said. "The chances for that are high, incidentally." New York publishers were foolishly shelling out vast sums for books with far bleaker prospects, he said, noting that one company had paid $1.3 million for a book on dyslexia. "Those people who need that book desperately can't read that book, or won't read it," he said.

Naumann said the Rushdie deal had Dieter's "total and unmitigated support," and Dieter suggested to me that that was true. Either way, Naumann doesn't appear concerned. "I've worked for [Dieter] for 10 years, and I've never once had a phone call from him saying, 'You fucked up!'" he said. "On the other hand, in 10 years I have never fucked up, so what do I know?"

To some, Naumann's self-confidence bleeds into arrogance, and it has made the "synergies" the Holtzbrincks seek among their three American publishing houses difficult to pull off. Just ask Tom McCormack, who had made St. Martin's Press one of the most profitable publishing operations in New York for

years by buying lots of books for peanuts and figuring that a few—James Herriot, for instance—would pay off big.

McCormack says that shortly after the Holtzbrincks bought their stake in Macmillan and St. Martin's in 1995, Dieter named him head of the family's entire English-language trade-publishing operation. When McCormack began looking for a successor to Holt's then publisher, Bruno Quinson, Dieter ambushed him by naming Naumann, who had become the golden boy by turning around Rowohlt. McCormack checked Naumann out with a friend in German publishing circles. "I said, 'Michael Naumann,' and he said, 'Poison. He's the most destructive man,'" McCormack recalled. "I got an unrelieved black report about this charming German guy."

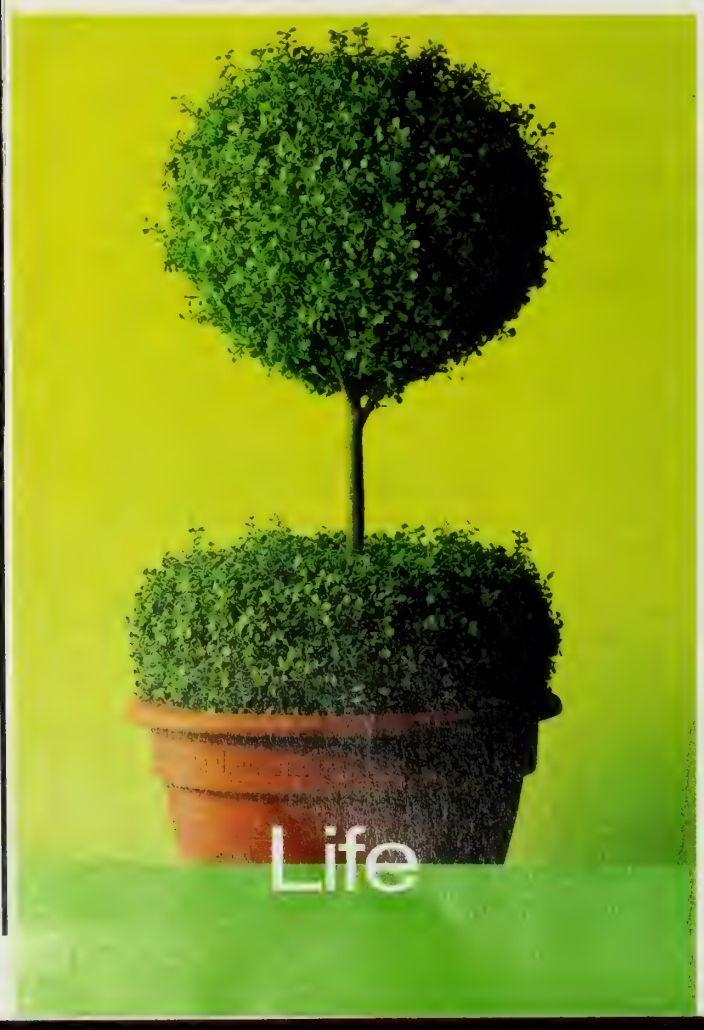
When the two men first met, at McCormack's dramatic office in the Flatiron Building, whose keyhole window frames the Empire State Building, Naumann informed the St. Martin's chief that he had no intention of reporting to him. Later, at a Holt board meeting in June 1996, Naumann threatened to walk out when McCormack, frustrated over Naumann's unwillingness to cough up numbers, raised his voice with him. When Dieter failed to rebuke Naumann for insubordination, McCormack knew his authority, so recently bestowed and something he insists he never sought, was nonexistent. "I didn't want to run it, but I sure wanted to be listened to if you were going to give me the assignment, so that was disappointing," McCormack said.

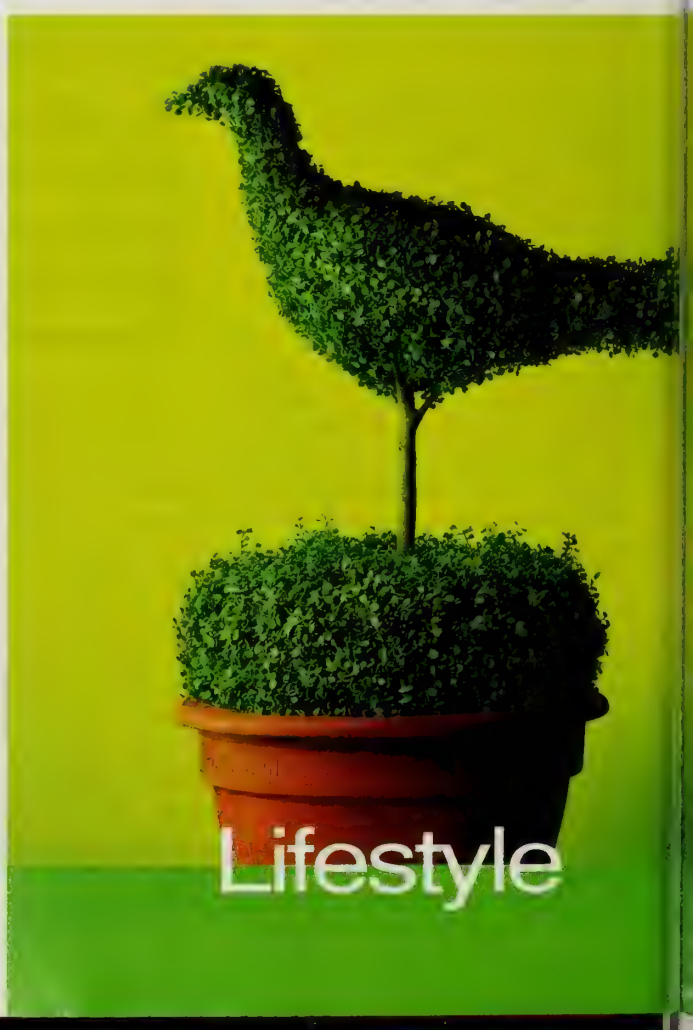
"Dieter is like a German officer, doing his duty. He's more the heart and the soul of the company than his father was."

McCormack is gone—he retired in late 1996—but Naumann's difficulties have mounted. A number of top Holt executives have either left or been shoved out. "Michael thinks he knows everything about everything and he doesn't know anything about anything," grumbled one company source. Sales of some big books, such as Thomas Pynchon's *Mason & Dixon,* have been disappointing, which led Naumann to launch into an embittered—and, to some Holt employees, embarrassing—tirade last September at a publishing forum sponsored by *The New Yorker* at the New York Public Library. (When *Mason & Dixon* failed to be nominated for a National Book Award, Naumann boycotted the ceremony.) According to an insider, morale at Holt is so low it "is simply not measurable."

McCormack now believes that Naumann's stock has declined even in Stuttgart. "Michael's arrogance, coupled with his limited understanding and faulty judgment, his abusive style when crossed, and what I can only call his devious corporate tactics—all combine to make me say I'll be surprised if he's still there at the end of 1998."

Naumann disputes McCormack's charge that Holt's finances were out of order—"I didn't know that he was an accountant"—and that Holtzbrinck had sunk $70 million into the operation. The money he was paying out for book advances, he said, was well within the industry average, and the house had actual-





ly held costs down for the past two years.

Naumann conceded that 1997 was a disastrous year for Holt, but he insisted that 1998 was shaping up nicely, with sales 50 percent above projections. He said there had been no bloodletting at Holt, just that the staff had been reconstituted with "people who share my vision." And morale? "Any company that has gone through the cycles that Holt has will have some tense nerves, no doubt. I think people here realize that our programs are falling into place. That immediately improves the mood."

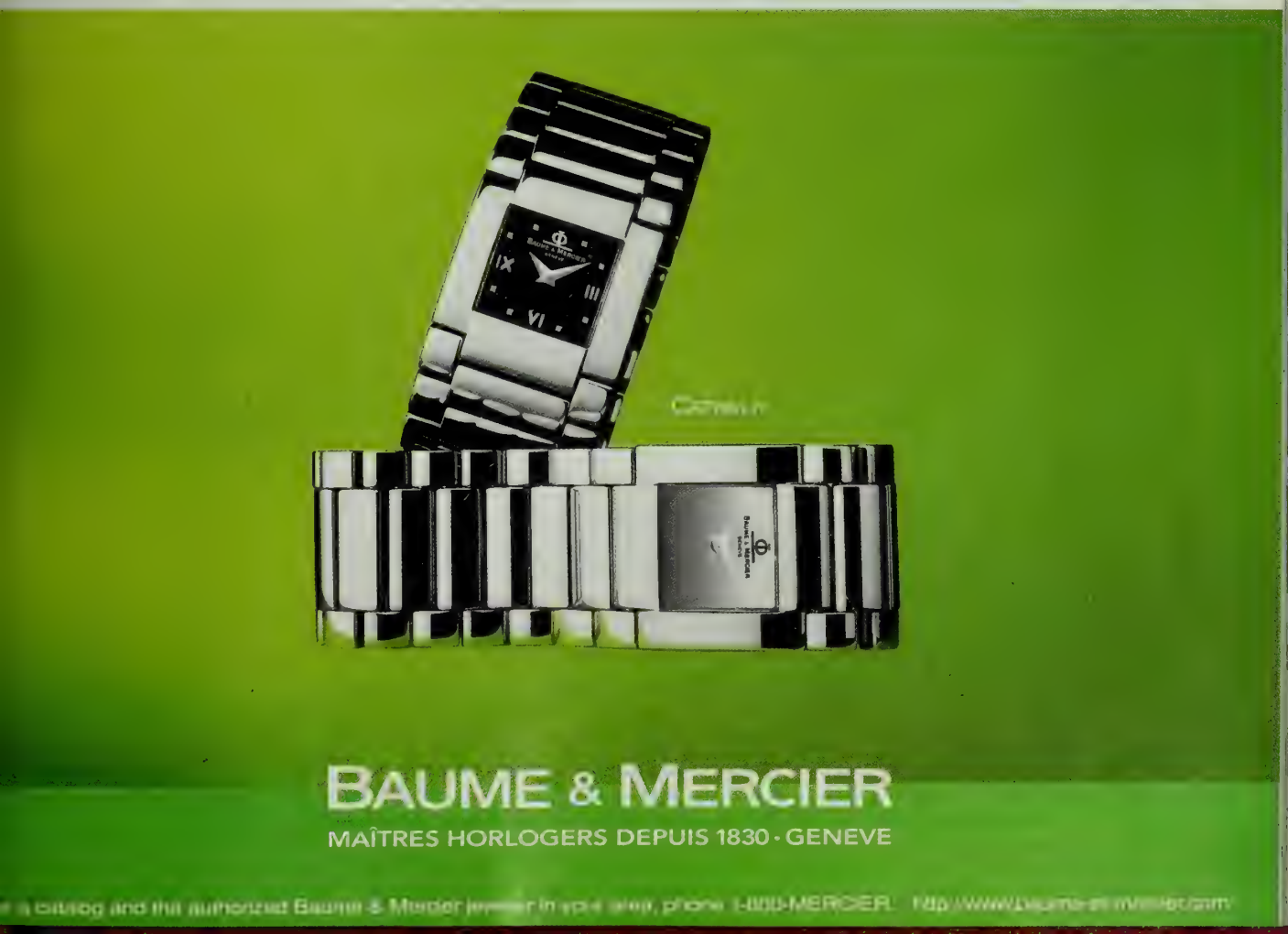
John Sargent said that Naumann continued to enjoy the support of Stuttgart. In Germany, Arno Mahlert concurred. "Michael's star didn't fall here," he said with a laugh. "We don't judge these publishers from the short-term performance of a company."

"I worked like hell." It is a phrase Dieter often uses, and it is true. As his empire has spread, his life has become an endless round of board meetings in Stuttgart, Hamburg, Frankfurt, London, New York. Aside from jogging and making brief sojourns to Lake Constance, where he has a couple of cottages and a small yacht, he does little to relax. "He's like a German officer, doing his duty," said Johannes Kunsemüller, one of his executives, with a salute. I asked Kunsemüller what would happen to the company if Dieter were hit by a truck. "It would create . . . " he began, only to stop and exhale portentously, "incredible problems. He's more the heart and the soul of the company than his father was. . . . We would be in trouble."

Even the Holtzbrincks concede that until fairly recently they were not making money. Worth Publishing has lost several million dollars in the past few years. And with Voyager defunct, the $6.75 million the Holtzbrincks paid for their piece of it is probably worthless. (New media were to have been the baby of the most invisible of the Holtzbrincks, Stefan, who recently married a Spanish television star and now works for *Nature* magazine, owned by Macmillan, in London.)

Arno Mahlert says the company's American operations now turn a profit. But Holtzbrinck executives say they won't be making any more major American purchases anytime soon. "The company is in what is euphemistically called a 'consolidating phase,'" Naumann said. For most of its history, according to Claus Grossner, an investment banker in Hamburg, the Holtzbrincks followed an old Stuttgartian adage: "*Schaffe, schaffe, Häusle baue*"—"Work, work, build a little house." That is to say, their company grew incrementally, ploddingly, carefully, just as stolid burghers always do things. Now it has gone international and into debt without all of its houses in order.

Even if some people recoil at the German takeover of American publishing—and some do not especially understand the Holtzbrincks, or like them, or trust them—the outward signs at least are promising. In the view of U.S. booksellers and book critics, the Holtzbrinck companies are some of the brighter spots in American publishing. For all its financial woes, Holt seems committed to putting out fine literature, St. Martin's profits increased 20 percent last year, and Farrar, Straus remains Farrar, Straus, with a widely admired heir apparent, Jonathan Galassi. In an era of sizing down and dumbing down, the Holtzbrincks—these mysterious, elusive Germans—are quietly bidding to become America's best publishers. □



VANITY FAIR NOMINATES

Manny Farber



FARBER SHOP Critic Manny Farber in his studio in Leucadia, Calif. This month he releases an updated version of his selected movie criticism, *Negative Space*.

BECAUSE as a movie critic and art maven (he was an early spotter of Jackson Pollock's volcanic force), Manny Farber is the last great survivor of a generation of word-spritzing critics that included James Agee, Otis Ferguson, and Clement Greenberg (who once slugged him at a party). BECAUSE, having staked out the B movie as the Underground Railroad of American energy and rigor, he wrote the jazziest appreciations of action directors like Don Siegel, Howard Hawks, and Samuel Fuller, and composed the definitive tribute to Preston Sturges (co-written with W. S. Poster). BECAUSE he came up with his own alternative to the Oscar, the Emanuel—"a life-size drip-celluloid statue of Kirk Douglas, ranting and disintegrating in the vengeful throes of death." BECAUSE, instead of staying in the ring and repeating himself as the champion of the tough-guy genre, he challenged his own aesthetic range, analyzing the alienation effects of art-film directors such as Werner Herzog and R. W. Fassbinder (these later meditations co-written with his wife, Patricia Patterson—they also collaborated on a brilliant critique of *Taxi Driver*). BECAUSE he has deployed movie imagery in his big, subdivided paintings, which suggest aerial shots of a mind's loose ends deposited on a desk or table. (He has had retrospectives at Los Angeles's Museum of Contemporary Art and elsewhere.) BECAUSE, with the reissue of *Negative Space,* his legendary volume of movie criticism, in an expanded edition from Da Capo Press, Manny Farber's wise-guy humor and impassioned fireworks will reach and provoke a virgin audience of film freaks. BECAUSE he has always gone his own way.

—JAMES WOLCOTT

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER



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VERSACE
EYEWEAR

Vanities



YOUNG BLOOD

Name and occupation: Aden Young, actor. **Age:** 25. **Provenance:** Australia. **Previously seen in:** Bruce Beresford's *Black Robe* and *Paradise Road; Love in Limbo*, with Russell Crowe; and numerous Australian indie hits. **Soon to portray a fetching Svengali in:** *Cousin Bette*, co-starring Jessica Lange, and *Under Heaven*, alongside Joely Richardson. **In *Cousin Bette*, you play the object of Jessica Lange's obsession and scorn:** "There was a great heat between us. I would love to do *A Streetcar Named Desire* with her. We had a talk about it, so who knows?" **As you've been compared to Marlon Brando, you probably would do well with the role of Stanley:** "Oh, no, I'd play Stella. I didn't get the role in *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*, so I've got to go for it sometime." **Why, despite your Johnny Depp–crossed-with–Ethan Hawke looks, do you want to avoid clichéd Gen X projects?** "I get bored shitless watching actors my age. Knowing that the majority of people also get bored, why would I want to go out and do six films a year?"

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES


GUCCI

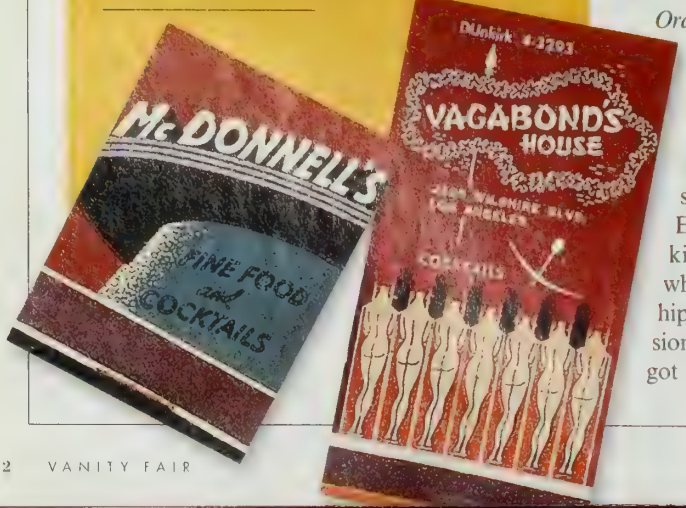


florence milan new york paris london berlin tokyo hong kong





From top: *Joi Lansing, sultry Mormon turned B-movie bombshell, in a provocative pose, circa 1964; epitomizing modern British graphic design, a 1928 poster heralds the year-round durability of "232" flannels;* Understanding Men's Passages *author Gail Sheehy; decorative matchbooks from McDonnell's and Vagabond's, two of the hip accoutrements featured in* Atomic Cocktails; *a children's menu from the North Shore Line's Tavern Lounge Car, circa 1955.*



Hot Type

No summer share? Take solace in the paradox that "the rich are the neediest at heart," a truism borne out in **ROBERT LACEY'S** delightfully scandalous *Sotheby's—Bidding for Class* (Little, Brown), in which the appetites and egos of high-stakes bidders and sellers are witnessed along with the history of the grande dame of auction houses and its highbrow catfight with Christie's.

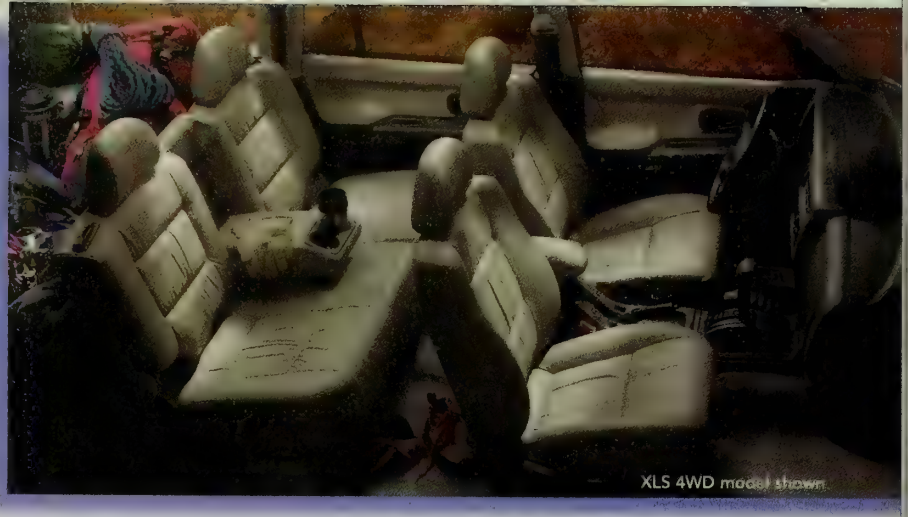
Also this month: *Cities of the Plain* (Knopf) is the concluding volume of **CORMAC McCARTHY'S** astonishing border trilogy. **GAIL SHEEHY'S** long-awaited *Understanding Men's Passages* (Random House) tackles manly taboos such as wife envy and slackening sex drive, and offers his-and-hers retirement fantasies. The double life of drag king *extraordinaire* Billy Tipton, a female jazz musician who lived as a man for nearly 50 years, is unsheathed in **DIANE WOOD MIDDLEBROOK'S** *Suits Me* (Houghton Mifflin). A young New England family relocates to Papua New Guinea and finds their fragile bonds splintered in **SAMANTHA GILLISON'S** debut, *The Undiscovered Country* (Grove). A Manhattan TV producer plumbs the murky soup of four centuries of Jewish family history in **DAVID BLACK'S** hilarious novel, *An Impossible Life* (Moyer Bell). **DEBORAH ROTHSCHILD, ELLEN LUPTON,** and **DARRA GOLDSTEIN** plunder the spectacular Merrill Berman Collection of avant-garde graphic ephemera for *Graphic Design in the Mechanical Age* (Yale). **STEPHANIE GOLDEN'S** *Slaying the Mermaid* (Harmony) examines why women are compelled to enslave themselves to the needs of others. *Gin Lane* (St. Martin's) is son-of-the-Hamptons **JAMES BRADY'S** novel in which the cushy community is beset by a barb-witted radio legend who quickly becomes a marked man. In **RICHARD PRICE'S** *Freedomland* (Broadway Books), a city's melting pot threatens to boil over when a white woman claims she was carjacked by a black man. *Bomb: Speak Fiction and Poetry!* (G&B Arts International), edited by **BETSY SUSSLER,** amasses 17 years of the influential magazine's intimate interviews. A playboy masquerades as a single father to lure the ladies in **NICK HORNBY'S** very charming novel, *About a Boy* (Riverhead). Pinups are a-poppin' in **STEVE SULLIVAN'S** bodacious *Bombshells: Glamour Girls of a Lifetime* (Griffin). Three exquisite beauties from the design divas at Chronicle Books: **JIM HEIMANN'S** *May I Take Your Order?* is a delectable spread of classic restaurant menus; **STEVEN HELLER** and **LOUISE FILI'S** *British Modern* collects a spectrum of Art Deco designs from cigarette packs to magazine covers; and Stardust Martini and Cognac Zoom are just two space-age libations concocted in **KAREN BROOKS, GIDEON BOSKER,** and **REED DARMON'S** *Atomic Cocktails.* And, finally, scream yourself into a state of bliss with **DAVID KONOW'S** *Schlock-O-Rama* (Lone Eagle), a tribute to the life and mysterious death of the king of the drive-in movie, director Al Adamson, who helped father the exploitation-flick formula of hippies, monsters, LSD, musical numbers, and occasionally dolphins. Throw in a dry martini and you've got Nirvana.

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL





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Above, *Kevyn Aucoin at the Industria studio in New York. Among the entries on his Ericsson GA318's speed dial are,* from top, *Winona Ryder, Courtney Love, and skin-care mecca Kiehl's.*

Speed Dial

Dial M for makeup. You'll probably get a busy signal if you're trying to reach Kevyn Aucoin—the most in-demand makeup artist working today. Either that or his cell phone will ring unanswered, in which case it probably means he's lost it again. "Like umbrellas, sunglasses, and my mind, I lose my phone," he says, "usually on a table in a restaurant or in the back of a taxi." But it's never long before he gets a new one. How else would he reach Cher (04) with an emergency "Deep Thought" by Jack Handey? "We just sit on the phone and read them to each other and cry laughing," he explains. Because Aucoin spends so much time with his clients, he says, he uses his cell phone mostly to keep in touch with friends and family: "It's not about work. It's about who brings joy and laughter into my life." But he also needs to talk politics, which is where Courtney Love (05) comes in. Other hot lines are assigned to venerable skin-care institution Kiehl's (10), long-lost "birth sisters" Gwyneth Paltrow (06) and Winona Ryder (07), friend and chanteuse Tori Amos (03), mother Thelma Aucoin (02), and best friend and spiritual guru Todd Littleton (09). Whom does he call the most? His boyfriend, Eric Sakas (01). One more question: What ever happened to Indian Earth? Kevyn? —DAVID SAVAGE

Night-Table Reading



Eddie Izzard,
comedian-actor, Dress to Kill

A Brief History of Time: From the Big Bang to Black Holes, *by Stephen Hawking (Bantam). "Because it talks about string theory, and I like string."*

Edie Beale,
star of Grey Gardens

The Iliad, *by Homer (Penguin). "I'm insane about the Greek classics. And I'm still in love with that guy who they dragged around the city wall of Troy."*





Terry George,
director of HBO's A Bright Shining Lie

The Ends of the Earth, *by Robert D. Kaplan (Vintage). "From Sierra Leone to Cambodia—a vicarious trip to places I haven't mustered enough nerve to visit."*

Michael Racanelli,
playwright, maître d' at Elaine's

Cold Mountain, *by Charles Frazier (Atlantic Monthly Press). "I appreciated both Frazier's writing style and the conscious feeling of everyday moments he conveyed."*





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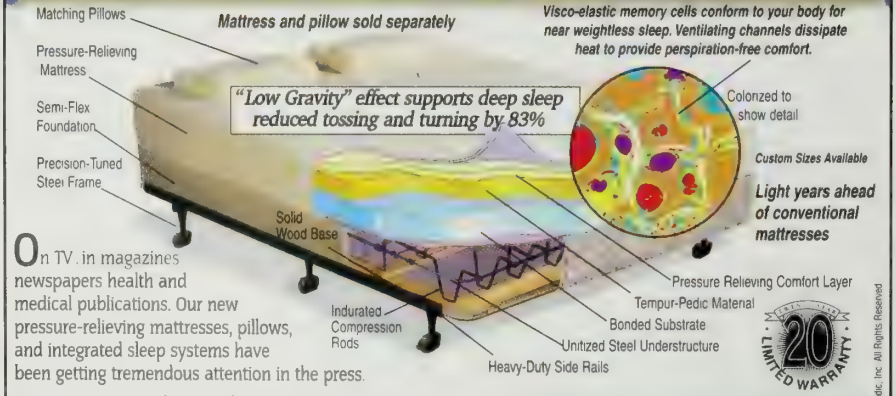


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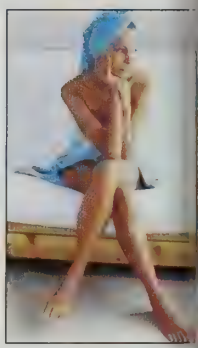
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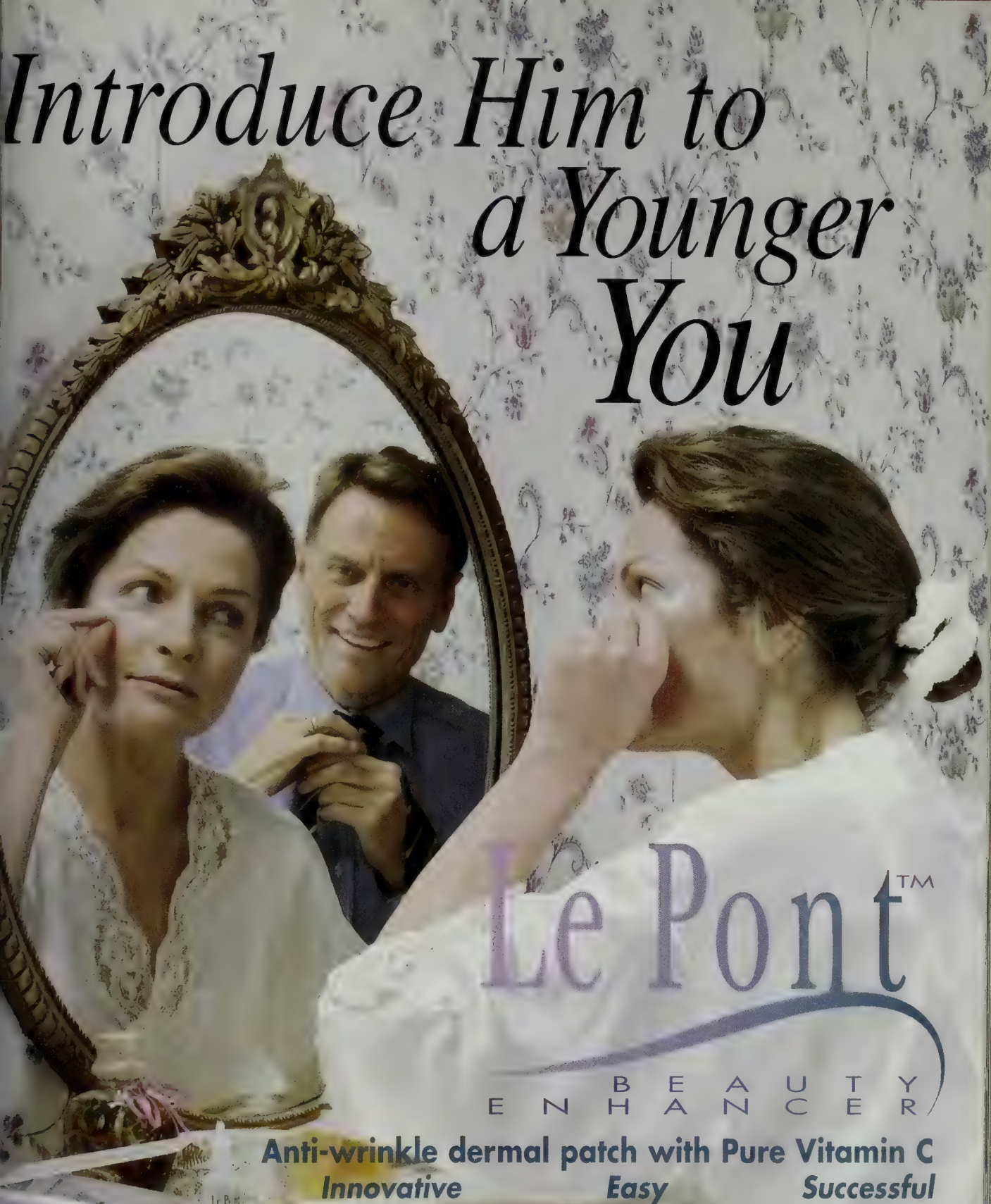


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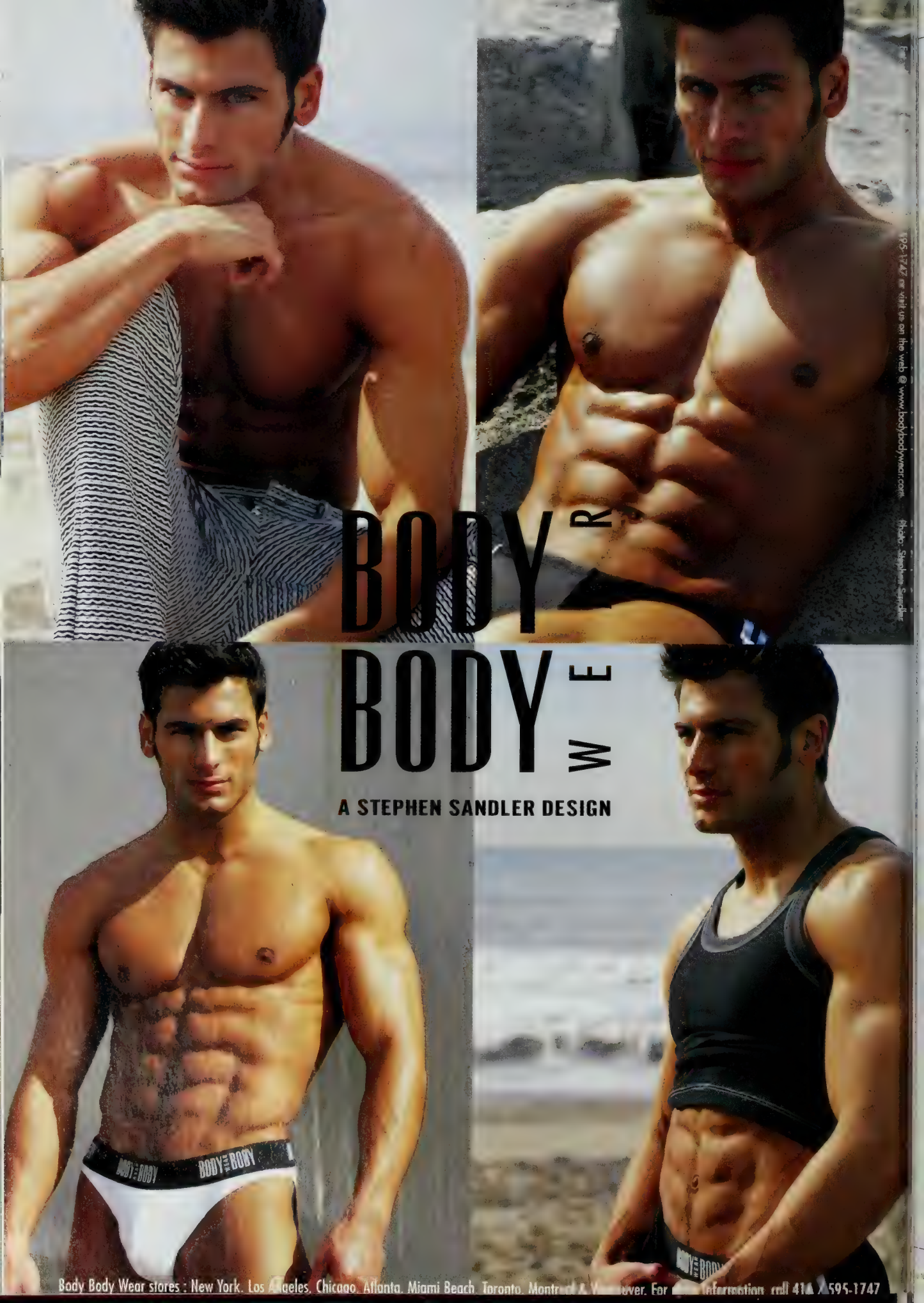


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Her Majesty's Not-So-Secret Service

Ingrid Seward is England's Queen Mother of royal-watching

While the Fleet Street reporters have chased one scandal after another, Ingrid Seward, editor of *Majesty* magazine, has covered the dignified pomp and circumstance of the House of Windsor since 1983. This month, GEORGE WAYNE chats with Seward to see if she won't shed just a bit of light on royal skeletons in the palace closet.

George Wayne: *Miss Seward, where were you when you heard that Princess Diana was dead?*

Ingrid Seward: I was in bed at our house in East Sussex. The phone rang and it was Sky News. They said to me, "Dodi has died in a car accident, but Diana's walked away." I thought, Crikey! I just couldn't believe it. My first thought was: This poor girl had just found someone she loved, and it was taken away from her. Then, at six A.M., I woke up again and heard that she was dead. And the rest is history, isn't it?

G.W. *G.W. is sure that Charles and Camilla must be having sex again, so why don't they just move in together?*

I.S. Because Camilla has a really amazing, beautiful country mansion which is quite near Highgrove. And she has her London clothes hanging in his closet.

G.W. *And who is Prince Andrew bonking these days?*

I.S. [*Catches her breath.*] Oh, dear. . . . Recently he was seeing a P.R. lady. Very pretty. She handles the Armani account.

G.W. *And who does poofy Edward think he's kidding?*

I.S. [*Gasps.*] Oh, gosh.

G.W. *C'mon, Madame Seward. Prince Edward won't be getting married anytime soon. Will he?*

I.S. I don't really care if he's gay or not. I think the gay community would love the idea of having a gay royal. When you meet him, he's not a bit gay. He just likes hanging out with theatrical people.



G.W. *Well, simply put, the "gaydar" goes through the roof whenever Edward makes an appearance.*

I.S. Edward could never come out of the closet. And I don't think he's gay. But maybe it would be better for him if he were. I think his girlfriend, Sophie. . . . Well, she is very gutsy, a positive girl.

G.W. *Margaret is my favorite royal. She is such a diva. And she's sort of eccentric.*

I.S. Life is not brilliant for her at the moment. She's at home, but since the stroke I don't think she's in brilliant shape.

G.W. *And how does it feel being called a royal sycophant?*

I.S. No one has ever called me that.

G.W. *Never? What about that time on* Larry King Live *when you were thoroughly rattled by our Christopher Hitchens?*

I.S. Oh, you saw that, did you? Well, I just thought he was gratuitously nasty.

G.W. *You called him "appalling"! And said he was one of the rudest men you'd ever heard.*

I.S. Something like that. I just don't think there is any point in getting gratuitously nasty. It never gets you anywhere.

G.W. *He proceeded to say, "You've been around," implying that you were some common—*

I.S. That doesn't bother me at all. I just get the feeling he is one of those men who don't like women.

G.W. *So you think he's a misogynist?*

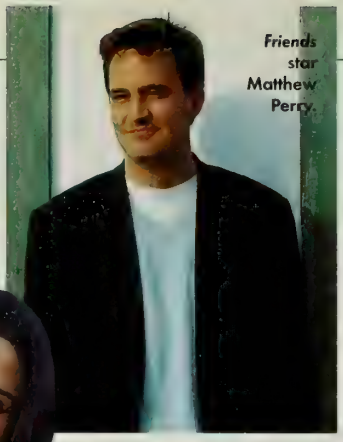
I.S. Yes. I just thought I'm not going to be spoken to like that by some *git.*

G.W. *What's a* git?

I.S. It's an English expression for idiot. You can certainly print that.

Vanities

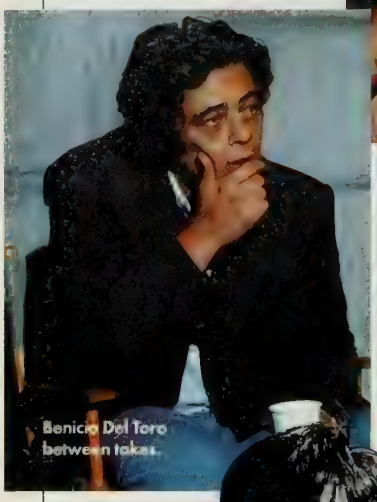




Friends star Matthew Perry.



Urban cowboy and *Sling Blade* bad guy Dwight Yoakam.



Benicio Del Toro between takes.

MTV siren Daisy Fuentes.

Neve Campbell



Good Will Hugging: Oscar buddies Matt Damon and Ben Affleck.

Mike Myers



Randy Travis

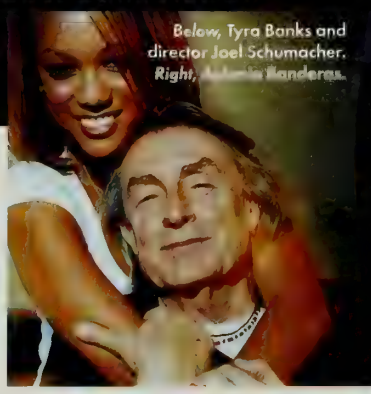
V.E. Camera

CAUSE CÉLÈBRE

When Kevin Huvane, Bryan Lourd, Richard Lovett, and David O'Connor assumed control of the Creative Artists Agency in 1996, one of their first big steps was the creation of the CAA Foundation, which focuses primarily on education issues. The foundation works with schools in both Los Angeles and Nashville (where CAA also has an office), and many of the agents give of their time, teaching classes and mentoring students. Donations of other kinds range from state-of-the-art technology to props and sets for school plays. Last year the CAA Foundation broadened its scope by helping to create the Entertainment Coalition for Education and launched a national campaign in support of schools. The result is to be six slick public-service announcements that will be shown in movie houses and on TV. Joel Schumacher (a CAA client) signed on to direct the announcements, and on March 21 at Culver Studios, 18 young stars gathered to film the second short film in the series. (The first premiered last December.) "The entertainment industry is overpaid and overpampered," Schumacher says. "We have to work overtime to give back for two reasons: first of all it's the right thing to do, and secondly it's a reminder that we aren't the center of the universe." – KRISTA SMITH



Vivica A. Fox



Below, Tyra Banks and director Joel Schumacher. Right, Antonio Banderas.



Starring Song Hye Kyo

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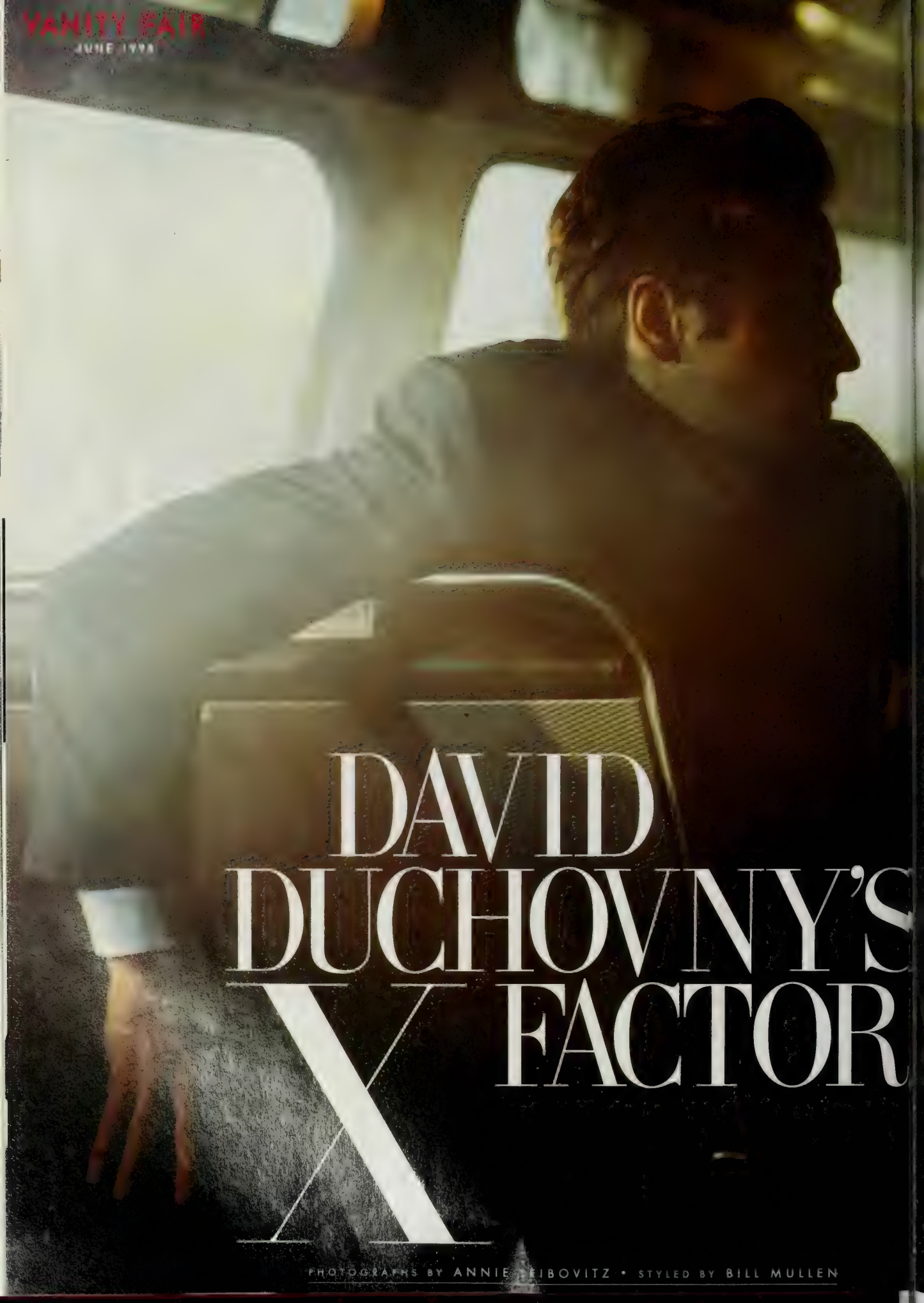
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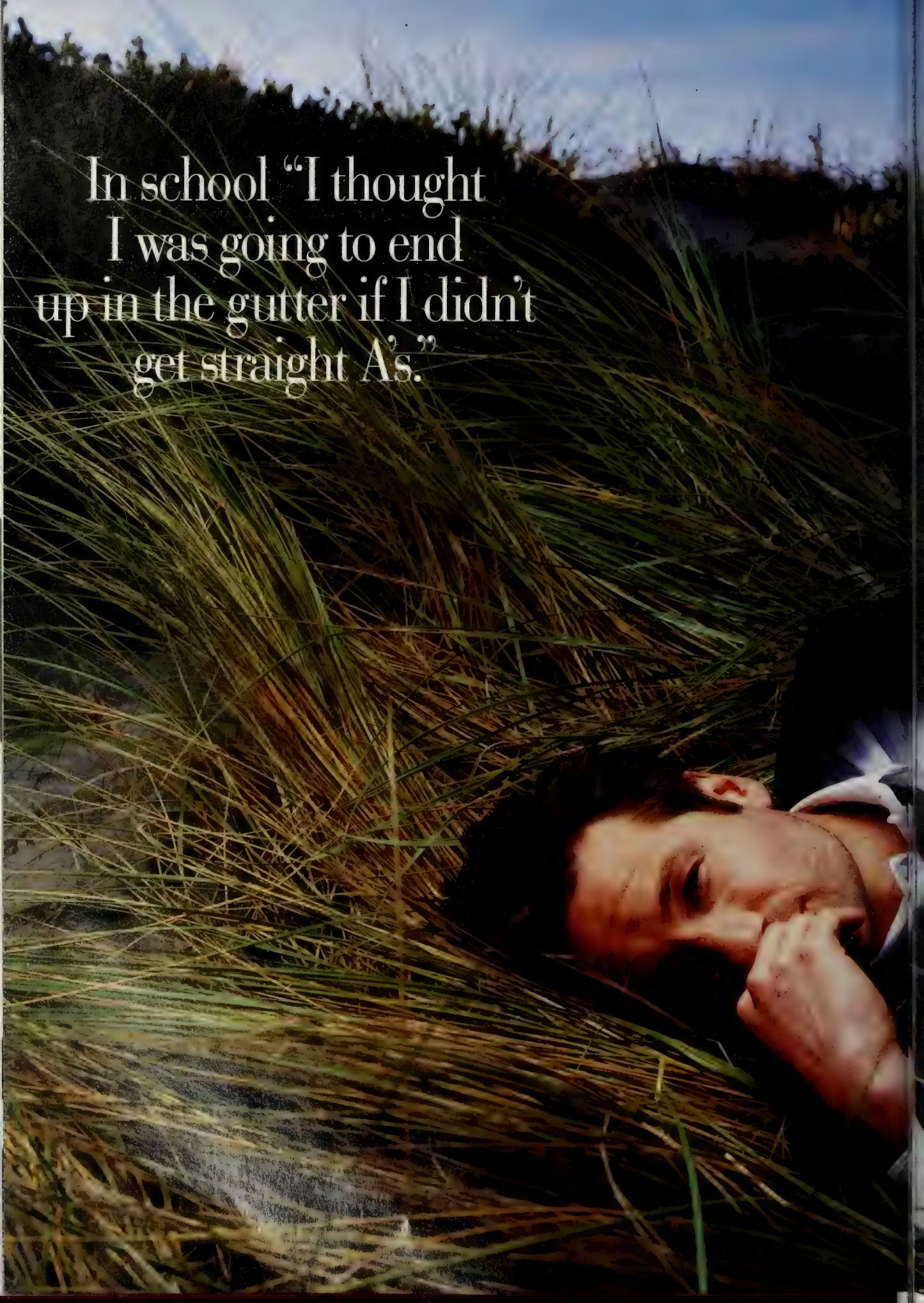
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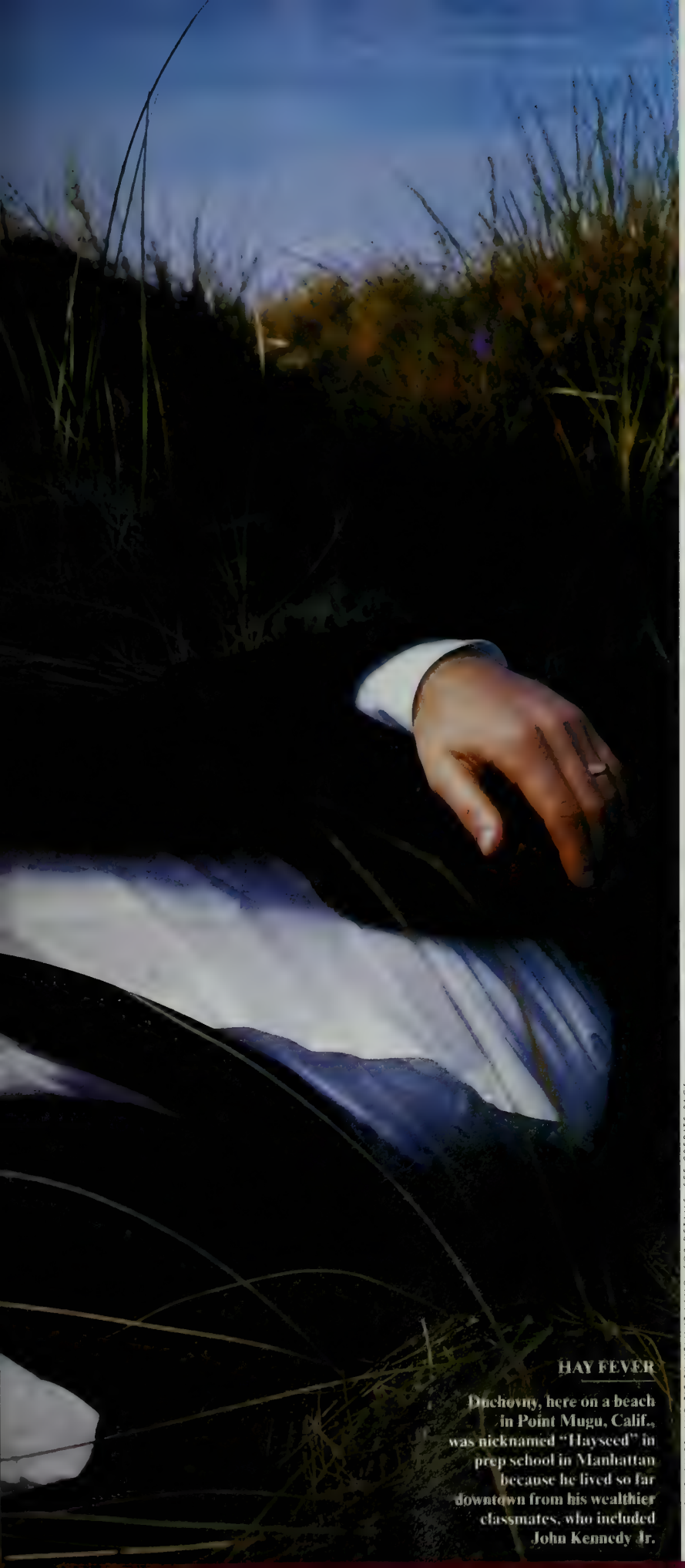


UNEASY RIDER

David Duchovny on a bus near Los Angeles, March 22, 1998. The *X Files* set moves from Canada to Southern California next season so the star can spend more time with his wife in their antique-filled Malibu house.

What's a former Yale doctoral candidate doing in a place like this? After 125 episodes as Fox Mulder, the world's most paranoid F.B.I. agent, in the Fox hit *The X Files*, David Duchovny has 30 million fans and a brand-new marriage to actress Téa Leoni, and earns more than $100,000 an episode. This month he stars in the *X Files* movie, the top-secret, $60 million, special-effects-packed feature that addresses five years of *X Files* mysteries. MICHAEL SHNAYERSON talks to the man who is—and isn't—Mulder


In school "I thought
I was going to end
up in the gutter if I didn't
get straight A's."



HAY FEVER

Duchovny, here on a beach in Point Mugu, Calif., was nicknamed "Haysced" in prep school in Manhattan because he lived so far downtown from his wealthier classmates, who included John Kennedy Jr.

SUIT, SHIRT, AND TIE BY HELMUT LANG. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

He's with Scully at the end of a dark, dusty hallway. No hint of expression crosses his face as she speaks. "You want to hear the latest?" she says, deadpan herself. "Detective Pennock ran the gloves for blood-typing and found two different samples. One type matching Marty Glenn's."

A flicker of curiosity appears, like a breeze on a glassy sea. Then his lips move, though just barely, as he replies in a voice so soft I strain to hear from 10 feet away. "She was examined. There were no cuts or wounds on her." Never flustered, rarely shocked, he has the quiet cool of passions contained: a haiku in human form. To give so little away, yet be so intriguing—is it acting? Or is he just lucky enough to play a character as laconic as himself?

"Cut and print!"

Released again, the world's most paranoid F.B.I. agent, Fox Mulder, alias David Duchovny, gives me a "Let's get out of here" look and heads down the stairs of what is, in fact, an old bank building in downtown Vancouver, Canada. Outside, he slips into a chauffeured four-by-four, past a claque of autograph hunters, to ride the two blocks back to the alley where his double-wide trailer is parked.

In the back of the car, Duchovny looks boyishly fresh, his face unlined at 37 and unembellished by stage makeup, his full head of dark hair unsullied, as far as I can see, by a single strand of gray. He's very handsome, though in a winsomely flawed way, his nose a bit too large, his grin slightly geeky: not by chance does Mulder almost never smile. The key to his enormous television appeal, and to Mulder's, is the mind behind the looks. Any other doctoral candidate in English literature at Yale who dropped out to be an actor would probably come

across as smart. Duchovny is *quick.*

Which is why, after nearly 125 episodes of *The X Files,* he's also frustrated. "Doing the same part for five years, no matter how great the part is, gets kind of boring," he admits. Over the course of a 12-hour workday, the man who is Mulder will shuttle from set to trailer and back no fewer than 20 times—sometimes to do a single line in a scene. At the end of two such days, I will feel something I never expected to feel for a television star who earns a reported $110,000 an episode: sympathy. This is a really dreary way to spend the week.

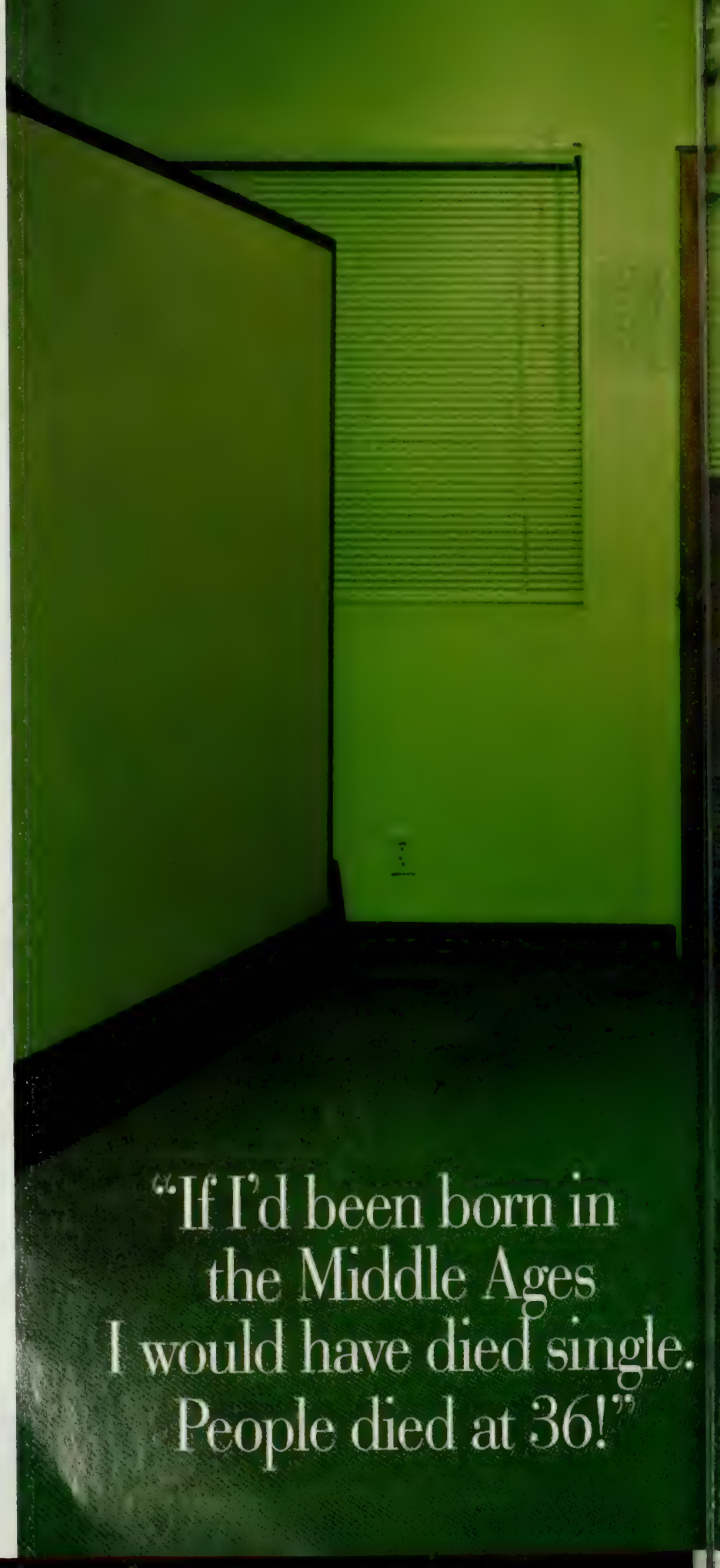
Also, since this is Vancouver, it's raining. But Duchovny knows he can't complain about the weather any more than he can about his schedule. As we enter his trailer, he points to a color snapshot of a local strip club. The marquee in the photo reads: DAVID DUCHOVNY IS BARRED. GO HOME. It's a reminder of the citywide indignation he stirred last fall with an idle gibe on a late-night talk show about Vancouver's "400 inches of rain a day."

Stripping off his suit jacket and button-down oxford to reveal a white T-shirt, Duchovny slides into the 60s-style lounge chair where he waits out the breaks, reading poetry (John Berryman, John Ashbery, and Wallace Stevens are favorites), novels (he's currently enmeshed in Don DeLillo's *Underworld*), perhaps some film criticism (a Pauline Kael omnibus is on the kitchen counter), or just contemplating his lava lamp (even cerebral stars space out). In repose, he's as low-key as Mulder. But as droll as comic Steven Wright.

"I used to think that if you ran through the rain you wouldn't get as wet," he says with a sigh. "But it's not true. It's a matter of how much ground you cover. In fact, if you go faster, you're actually running into raindrops that you would miss."

"So you actually get wetter?"

Duchovny gives me a look. "Well, no, you don't get wetter, because you're out less time, but you're hitting more rain. You get the same amount overall. You'd be the same amount of wet either way. I was CONTINUED ON PAGE 212



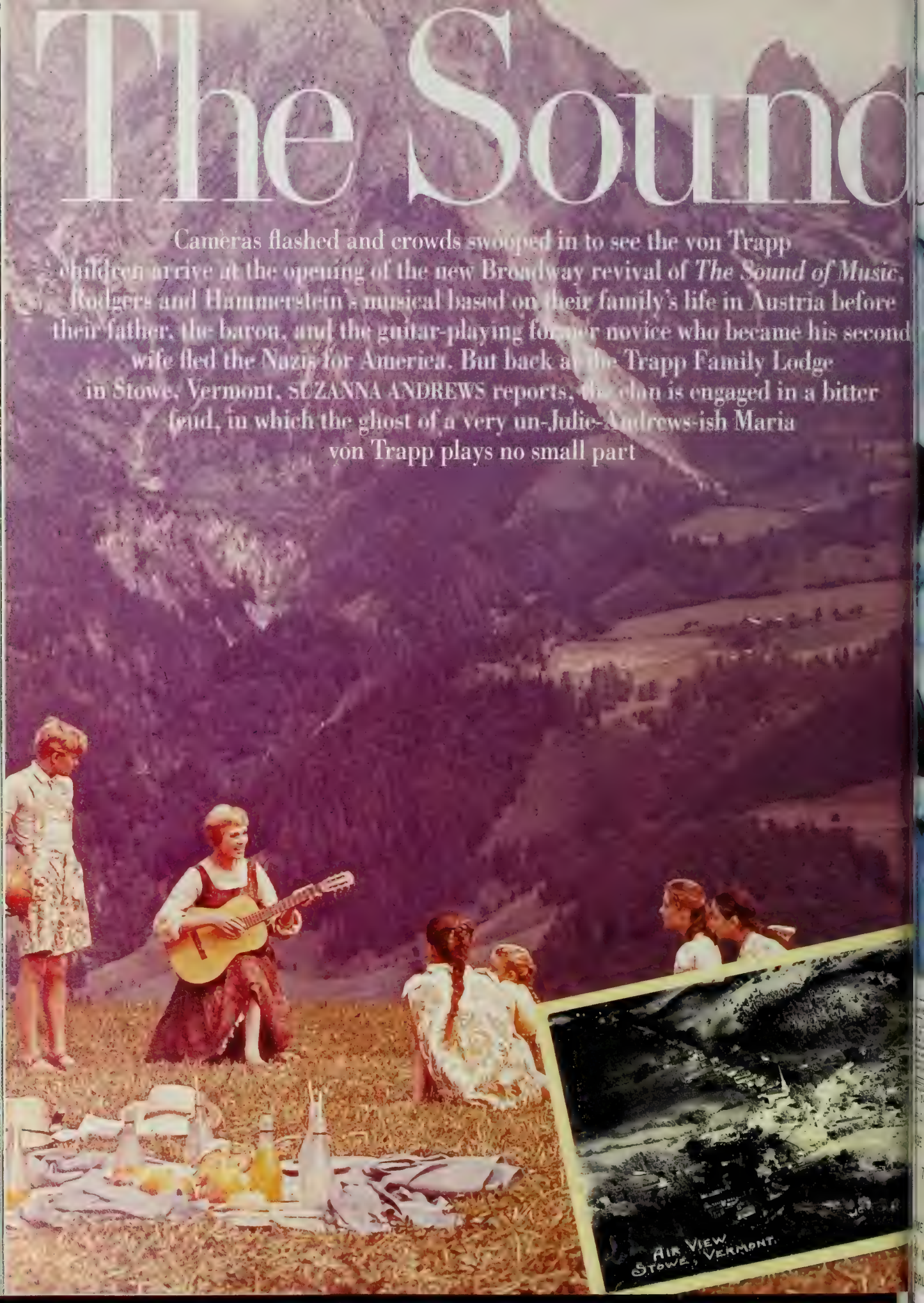


A ROOM OF HIS OWN

Of Duchovny's reserved performance on *The X Files* his co-star, Gillian Anderson, says, "We're dealing with so much all the time—aliens and maniacs and psychotics—that if we responded big every time, it would be incredibly melodramatic and boring."

The Sound

Cameras flashed and crowds swooped in to see the von Trapp children arrive at the opening of the new Broadway revival of *The Sound of Music*, Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical based on their family's life in Austria before their father, the baron, and the guitar-playing former novice who became his second wife fled the Nazis for America. But back at the Trapp Family Lodge in Stowe, Vermont, SUZANNA ANDREWS reports, the clan is engaged in a bitter feud, in which the ghost of a very un-Julie-Andrews-ish Maria von Trapp plays no small part



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THE VON TRAPPS GIVE ALTITUDE

Opposite, Julie Andrews in Robert Wise's 1965 movie of *The Sound of Music. Insets, far left,* Stowe, Vt., circa 1942, where the von Trapps bought a run-down farm; *near left,* the 1939 telegram granting permission to stay in the U.S.A. *Above,* a concert date in San Francisco, 1946. The Captain and the family with their tutor, Father Wasner (standing), and the baby, who was born [illegible]

The curtain was going up early last March 12—at 6:30—and by 5:45 the crowd outside the Martin Beck Theatre was already spilling onto West 45th Street. The paparazzi and television reporters were pressed against the police barricades, craning their necks to see who was emerging from the long line of limousines to attend the opening of the Broadway revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's celebrated musical *The Sound of Music.* At 6:20 a black stretch slowed to a stop in front of the theater and, suddenly, flashbulbs lit up the night and TV reporters with cameramen in tow began to push their way through the crowd toward the car.

"There's Liesl," a woman whispered to her companion as 85-year-old Agathe von Trapp was helped out of the car by her 59-year-old brother, Johannes von Trapp. "Maria! Over here," a reporter shouted to their 83-year-old sister, Maria von Trapp, who was the inspiration for the character Louisa in the play. "Rosmarie," another yelled, waving a microphone at their 69-year-old sister. If the von Trapps were overwhelmed by the jostling and the shouting, they didn't show it. Rosmarie smiled gamely as she told three different interviewers that she'd seen the show "many times." Agathe posed with children from the cast, who were dressed in the famous matching sailor suits. Johannes and Maria played their parts, too, wearing traditional Austrian clothing.

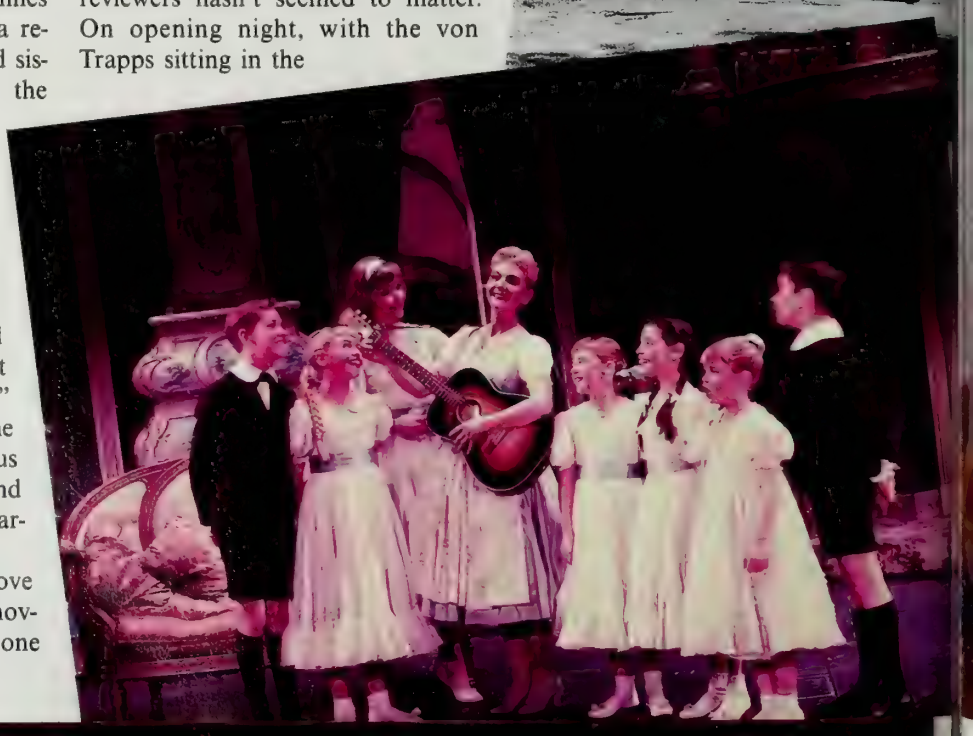
The four von Trapp siblings wove through the crowd with ease, moving from microphone to microphone to be interviewed and posing patiently for the photographers before they entered the theater to watch, once again, the wildly successful and much-beloved show based on their family's life. Of the 10 stepchildren and children of Georg and Maria von Trapp, who passed away respectively in 1947 and in 1987, 4 are dead: Martina passed away in 1951, Hedwig in 1972, Rupert in 1992, and Johanna in 1994. The two other surviving children—Werner, 82, and Eleonore, 67—couldn't make it to the premiere.

The Sound of Music first opened on Broadway in 1959. It starred Mary Martin as Maria von Trapp, the young Austrian novitiate who became the governess to the tribe of motherless children of an Austrian naval hero and then married him. The last collaboration of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, it elicited mixed reviews, but ran on Broadway for four years and won seven Tony Awards, including best musical. The 1965 movie, starring Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, won the Academy Award for best picture of the year and was for several years the all-time top money earner, even beating out *Gone with the Wind.* By some estimates, more than 600,000 people around the world still see *The Sound of Music* onstage every year.

This year, too, despite the superb production, the reviews were lukewarm—"the same old cup of treacle," *The New York Times* called it—but, once again, the jadedness of the reviewers hasn't seemed to matter. On opening night, with the von Trapps sitting in the fifth row, the audience did what audiences usually do at *The Sound of Music:* they thrilled to the glorious score, clapping along with "Do-Re-Mi," weeping openly at "Edelweiss," and swaying in time to "My Favorite Things." At the end, they stood and cheered.

"It was lovely," says Rosmarie of the opening. Gathered for breakfast in the coffee shop of the Doubletree Guest Suites hotel the morning after, the von Trapps look exhausted. All of them, including Agathe, had been up until one in the morning at the show's opening-night party at Central Park's cavernous Tavern on the







"Maria was a tough old cookie. Even if you didn't like her, you would have liked to have known her."

MOMMIE, DIRNDL

Baroness Maria von Trapp, circa 1960. *Inset, top,* the von Trapps' first home in Stowe, which burned in 1980; the youngest son, Johannes, raised the $11.8 million needed to rebuild and expand. *Inset, bottom,* Mary Martin in the original, 1959 Broadway production of *The Sound of Music.* The star prepared by going to Vermont to study Maria's mannerisms and style.

Green. They still have press interviews to do and a luncheon given by the Austrian National Tourist Office. Then it's back to reality for the von Trapps—a reality that is far different from the Broadway rendition of a close-knit, loving family which overcomes great adversity through their faith in God and their loyalty to one another.

In February, barely three weeks before *The Sound of Music* opened, lawyers representing two factions of the von Trapp family stood before the justices of the Vermont Supreme Court in Montpelier and presented their arguments in what has become an increasingly bitter family fight. On the surface, the feud, which first went to trial in 1996, is about money and control of the family's business, the Trapp Family Lodge, a luxurious, 93-room, Austrian-style resort with 100 time-share units on 2,200 acres in Stowe, Vermont. The property is valued at $12 million, according to the tax assessment. It has pitted Johannes, the president of the business and the youngest of the von Trapp children—joined by his sisters Maria and Rosmarie and their brother Werner—against the youngest sister, Eleonore von Trapp Campbell, their nephew George (who is the elder son of Rupert), and 15 other grandchildren. The crux of the court dispute is this: Johannes and his faction bought out the other group for $2.56 million in 1995; now Eleonore, George, and the rest of the dispossessed say their shares were worth almost twice that. However, if the hundreds of pages of testimony, motions, and evidentiary documents on file in the Vermont court are filled with discussions of share prices, occupancy rates, depreciation, and land values, the real roots of the battle go back many years, into the layers of sibling rivalries and resentments and stresses that have built up in the once tightly knit family.

The Sound of Music leaves off 60 years ago, when, in March 1938, the Nazis occupied Austria and Baron von Trapp, rather than accept a commission in the German navy, fled with his family. In those six decades, the family's story has been at least as dramatic as the tale popularized by Rodgers and Hammerstein. When the von Trapps

SIBLING REVELRY

When their iron-willed mother died, family tensions explod



MARIA THE YOUNGER
Born in 1914, the third-eldest offspring. Became a missionary. Now retired in Vermont. Supports Johannes.



MARIA THE BARONESS
Forceful and resilient, she kept her family together at all costs. Died in 1987.



ROSMARIE
Born in 1923, [illegible] Most trained [illegible] ran [illegible] missionary. Now retired in Vermont.

WERNER
Born in 1915, the fourth-eldest. Had six children and ran a dairy farm in Waitsfield, Vt. Now retired.



HANNES
n in 1939,
youngest by eight years.
ame president of
family business in 1969.
sted in 1993, then staged
n successful coup
994. Heads faction
posing his
hew George.





ELEONORE (LORLI)
Born in 1931,
Maria's second child.
Remained in
Vermont and is helping
Rupert's son
George to oppose
Johannes.

GEORG THE BARON
Married Maria
when she was 22 and
he 47. Had seven
children from first
marriage.
Died in 1947.





MARTINA
Born in 1922,
the youngest of the
stepchildren.
Died in childbirth
at age 29.



AGATHE
Born in 1913,
the second-eldest.
Became a
kindergarten
teacher. Now retired
in Maryland.

RUPERT
Born in 1911, the eldest.
Became a doctor
and married a French
Canadian. Son George
heads faction
opposing Johannes.
Died in 1992.



JOHANNA
Born in 1919, the sixth
child. Became an artist and
moved back to Austria.
Died in 1994.

HEDWIG
Born in 19
the fifth-eld
Became a
and mo
to Austria.
Died in 19



arrived in the United States in 1938, they had no money and spoke no English. Led by their formidable mother, Maria, they overcame monumental hardships to achieve fame and the wealth they are fighting over today.

Back in Stowe after the opening, the younger Maria von Trapp, sitting in the cozy second-floor living room of her chalet down the road from the lodge, says she still has trouble comprehending how it is that the members of one of the world's most beloved families are today so at odds. She is a beautiful woman, whose black eyebrows contrast with snow-white hair that is braided and fastened into a crown on her head. "It is awful," she says. "You cannot believe how this mushroom could grow in our family."

People in Stowe still vividly remember the stepmother who shares her name. "Maria drove like a maniac, this little Karmann Ghia—you'd hear the tires squealing when she came up the road," says Elizabeth Campbell, a Stowe justice of the peace, who first met the baroness in 1972. "She was a big woman. She was loud and forceful. Her presence was always known." "She was a tough old cookie," recalls retired excavation worker Harlan Slayton, who has known the von Trapps since the 40s. "Even if you didn't like her, you would have liked to have known her." "She was a bitch," says another family friend, laughing. "Maria used to threaten the town manager when it snowed that if they didn't plow her road immediately she would donate her land to the Catholic Church and Stowe wouldn't get her taxes. She didn't care if anyone liked her; she was here to do her business and take care of her family." "Oh, the baroness was an imperious lady," recalls Arthur Kreizel, a co-founder of Stowe's Topnotch Resort, who sits on the board of the von Trapp corporation. "I remember we were standing in the lodge and a man said to her, 'I've been in love with you for years.' Now, of course, he'd been in love with Julie Andrews, not Maria. And Maria turned to me and said, 'Arthur, do I know this man?' and I said, 'No, ma'am.' And so she turned her back and walked away."

In reality, Maria von Trapp, who lived until the age of 82, was nothing like the sweet, cheerful version of herself immortalized b Mary Martin and Julie Andrews. "Sh was an elegant and a very powerf woman," says an acquaintance. "Mari was way ahead of her time," say Elizabeth Campbell. "She took the rein and drove the horse."

The real Maria von Trapp was bor Maria Augusta Kutschera in Januar 1905, on a train bound for Vienna. B the time she was three, her mothe had died and her father had aban doned her. She grew up in Vienna, th ward of a socialist, anti-Catholic judg who, according to her 1972 autobio raphy, *Maria,* beat her. Angry and re bellious, Maria left home after finishin high school and took a series of job to put herself through Vienna's prest gious State Teachers' College for Pro gressive Education. *The Sound of Musi* picks up her story when Maria is nun-in-training at a Salzburg convent in real life, it was the Benedictine Abbe of Nonnberg, one of the strictest con vents of the day. Lonely and troubled Maria had joined the abbey in 1924 having experienced a religious conver sion after she had begun attendin Mass just for the sake of the music.

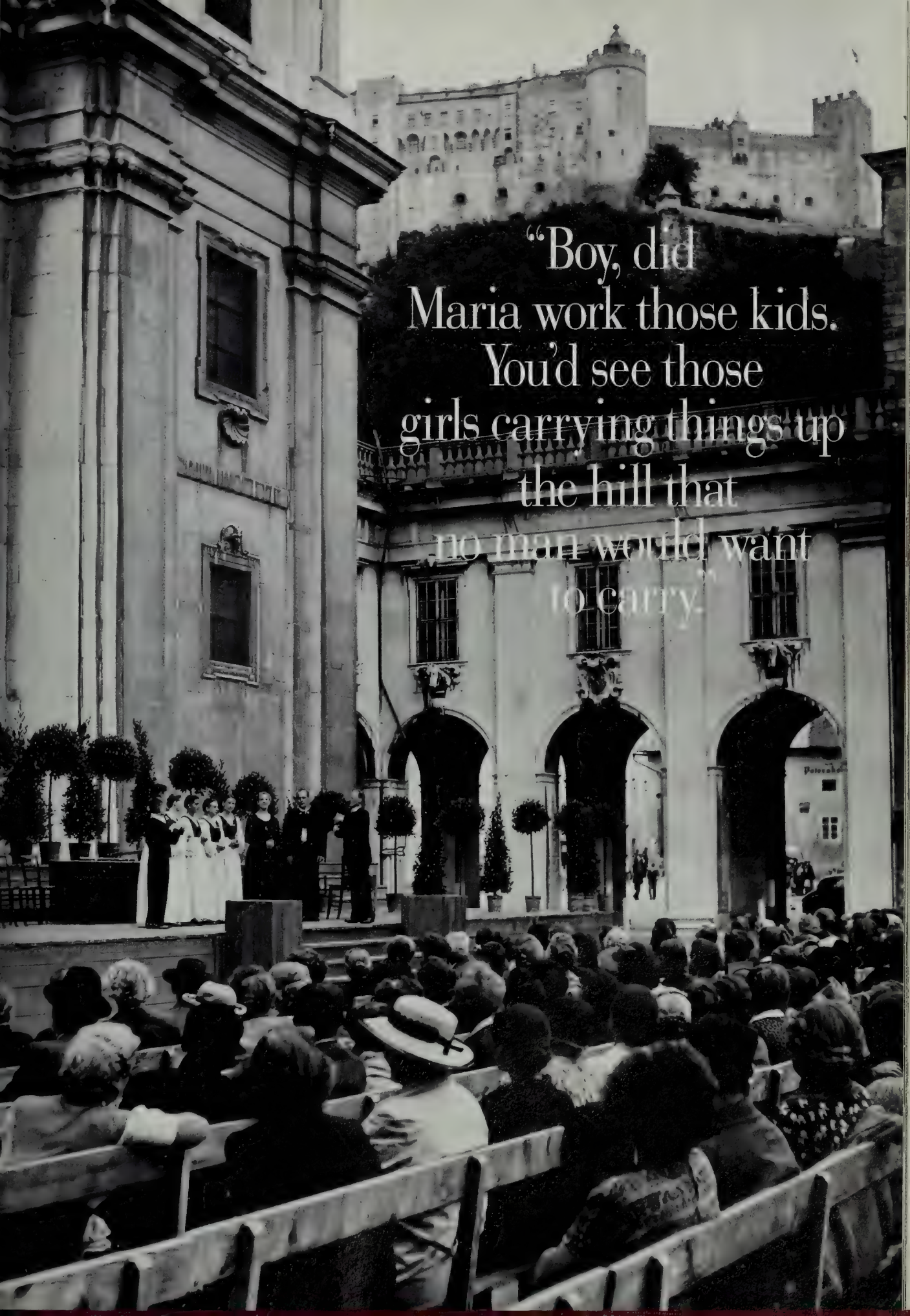
Two years later, Maria Kutscheri was sent, against her will, to the hom of Baron Georg von Trapp, outsid Salzburg, to be a tutor for his secon daughter, Maria, who was ill at th time. Georg was a much-decorated wa hero, a submarine commander in th Austro-Hungarian navy. He had wo his aristocratic title for heroism durin World War I, CONTINUED ON PAGE 22





GLOCKENSPIEL ROCK

Opposite, the von Trapps made their first return to Austria in 1950, to sing at the Salzburg Festival. *Inset, above,* the family tour bus. *Inset, right,* the children enjoyed "maple sugar on snow" parties during the syruping season in Stowe to relax after hard work: running a music camp, singing, and making crafts.


"Boy, did
Maria work those kids.
You'd see those
girls carrying things up
the hill that
no man would want
to carry."

THE BOYS OF SUMMER

Meet the bombardiers of modern Hollywood, the elite squadron of producers and directors who practice maximum-feasible destruction. Their summer movies go boom. Igniting orange fireballs, plumbing the depths of Dolby sound, scattering stuntpeople like tenpins, their action epics are exercises in controlled chaos, cutting a blitzkrieg swath through cars, planes, buildings, walls of glass, and doomed vegetable stands (conveniently placed for every chase scene). Their failures are flamboyant; their successes are the despair of "whither cinema?" critics who long for a nice, huggable indie movie to adopt.

Director Roland Emmerich and producer Dean Devlin, flush from that clambake known as *Independence Day*, will soon

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES



...OF
...UCTION

...Campbell (director, *The Mask of Zorro*), Dean Devlin (producer, *Godzilla*), Michael Bay (director-producer, *Armageddon*), Richard Donner (director-producer, *Lethal Weapon 4*), Joel Silver (producer, *Lethal Weapon 4*), Roland Emmerich (director, *Godzilla*), and Jerry Bruckheimer (producer, *Armageddon*) photographed at the Paramount Pictures backlot in Hollywood on March 22, 1998.

...leash *Godzilla* (which they co-wrote), turning ol' flamethrower ...eath loose on America. Director-producer Michael Bay and ...oducer Jerry Bruckheimer (making movies solo, now that part-...r Don Simpson has gone to that big cabana in the sky), the ...am responsible for *The Rock*, again prove masters of overstate-...ent with the apocalyptic *Armageddon*. For those who missed ...thal Weapon 3, Richard Donner and Joel Silver have thought-fully provided *Lethal Weapon 4*, where Mel Gibson runs the risk of being outquipped by co-star Chris Rock. Amid all this heavy metal, echo the hoofbeats of *The Mask of Zorro*, starring Antonio Banderas as the masked avenger who initials his work with a sword tip, and directed by Martin Campbell, who put Pierce Brosnan's James Bond through his cologne-ad paces in *GoldenEye*. It's a man's man's man's man's world. —JAMES WOLCOTT



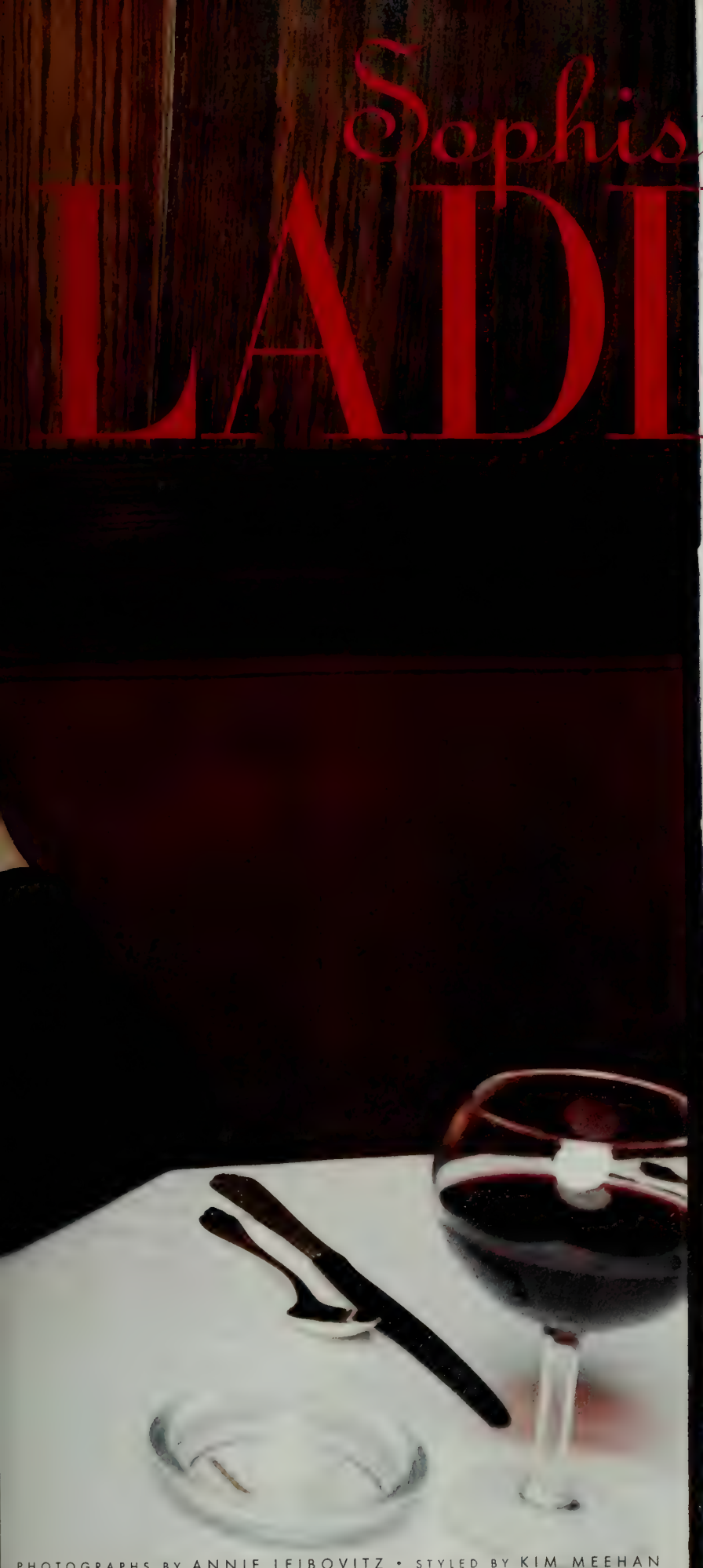
Julie Wilson

Surely no singer personifies the enduring elegance of cabaret better than Julie Wilson, who, like Hildegarde, emerged from Middle America to become the toast of Gotham. To list the nightclubs that have featured her talents would be tantamount to compiling a directory of the Most Chic. After a near-mythic stay at the St. Regis Maisonette in the 1950s and 60s she retired to become a full-time mother, but in the 80s she resumed her career, to the delight of longtime believers and new aficionados. Today she is recognized as one of the most convincing, and touching, interpreters of the Cole Porter songbook, which to some folks is right up there with the Gershwins and the Old Testament.

Photographed in the Oak Room at the Algonquin in New York City on December 2, 1997

Sophisticated LADIES

Epitomizing the glamorous heyday of the Café Carlyle, the Starlight Roof, and Reno Sweeney's, four legendary cabaret stars have defied time and age to light the New York night. Julie Wilson, Lena Horne, Hildegarde, and Eartha Kitt smolder for ANNIE LEIBOVITZ'S camera, while RICHARD MERKIN finds his table waiting

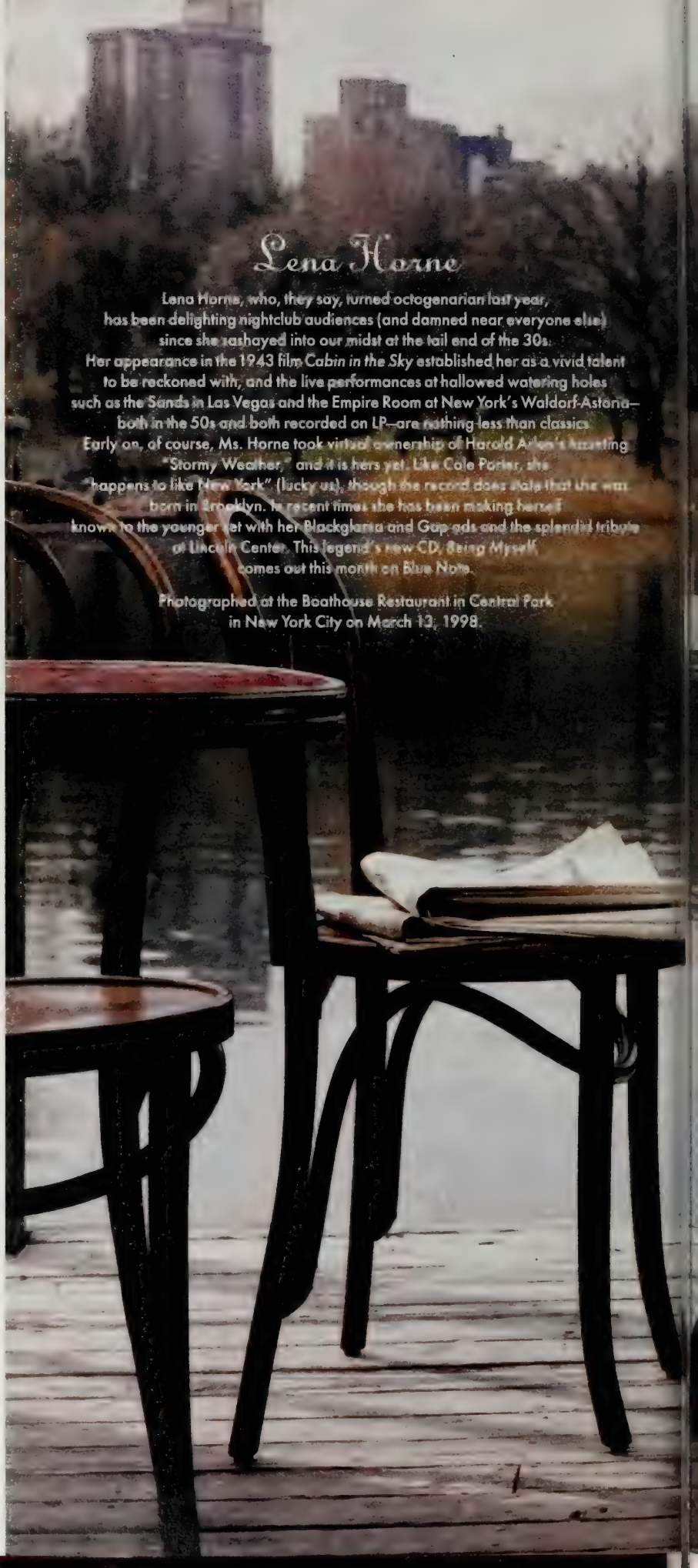


PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • STYLED BY KIM MEEHAN

The very names evoke an intimate and fragrant moment, touched by love and dry martinis, tipped Parliaments and, often, regret: the Persian Room, the Starlight Roof, Tony's, the Savoy Plaza, Upstairs at the Downstairs, the Café Carlyle, Spivy's Roof, Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, the Algonquin's Oak Room, Leon and Eddie's, the Blue Angel—and, of course, Reno Sweeney's. All of these, and many, many more, were once fixed points in the gorgeous galaxy of New York nightlife, and all, or very nearly all, are gone. How sad to peruse a *Cue* magazine "Guide to Dining and Dancing" from, say, 1941, and compare it with our impoverished state. The good news is that new names do replace the vanished, even if the pace is diminished. And, it is said, that the Café Carlyle is accepting reservations for fall weekends into the next century.

Better news yet, by far, is that a bounty of singing ladies, responsible for much of the glamour of those bygone days and saloons, are with us still: mature, poised, chic, sound of tonsil, goddamned legendary, and merely seeking the right room and a trio that wasn't weaned on Pearl Jam. Age, these dames suggest, is simply an issue of mind over matter—if you don't mind, it don't matter. Like the gospel they have been preaching for umpteen years, written by prophets such as Kern, Gershwin, Porter, Rodgers and Hart, and Sondheim (and let us not forget Billy Roy and Charles DeForest and Murray Grand), their patina has been enriched with the passage of time, and they are now, simply, inevitable.

No offense to Cole, but these ladies are not bells that now and then ring—they are belles that always ring, loud and clear, night and day, even in stormy weather.



Lena Horne

Lena Horne, who, they say, turned octogenarian last year, has been delighting nightclub audiences (and damned near everyone else) since she sashayed into our midst at the tail end of the 30s. Her appearance in the 1943 film *Cabin in the Sky* established her as a vivid talent to be reckoned with, and the live performances at hallowed watering holes such as the Sands in Las Vegas and the Empire Room at New York's Waldorf-Astoria—both in the 50s and both recorded on LP—are nothing less than classics. Early on, of course, Ms. Horne took virtual ownership of Harold Arlen's haunting "Stormy Weather," and it is hers yet. Like Cole Porter, she "happens to like New York" (lucky us), though the record does state that she was born in Brooklyn. In recent times she has been making herself known to the younger set with her Blackglama and Gap ads and the splendid tribute at Lincoln Center. This legend's new CD, *Being Myself*, comes out this month on Blue Note.

Photographed at the Boathouse Restaurant in Central Park in New York City on March 13, 1998.





Hildegarde

The Incomparable Hildegarde has been the quintessential cabaret performer since shortly after the piano was invented. She was a great favorite of Sweden's King Gustav V, and Eleanor Roosevelt dubbed her the "First Lady of Supper Clubs." Born in Adell, Wisconsin, in 1906, Hildegarde has made the world her pied-à-terre (with New York City her cozy room, to be sure). In the 40s she could often be found holding forth at the Persian Room of the Plaza, but, since it has been estimated that she has given more than 100,000 performances, she obviously touched other bases. Any Hildegarde devotee is infinitely more familiar with the lyrics of "Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup" than with, say, "The Star-Spangled Banner." (And why not? It's so much lovelier.)

Photographed at her Turtle Bay home in New York City on December 3, 1997.







Eartha Kitt

It is difficult to say which came first, the Cat Woman or Eartha Kitt, but certainly an easier bit of casting never existed. Chanteuse, dancer, and actress, the part-feline Ms. Kitt first mesmerized audiences with her amazing rendition of "Monotonous" in Leonard Sillman's Broadway hit *New Faces of 1952*, and when it comes to signature songs, she has a bushelful, including "Santa Baby," "C'est Si Bon," and "I Wanna Be Evil." In the late 80s she appeared at the Ballroom, but recently the Café Carlyle has been Eartha Kitt's home away from home. And, by the way, she still purrs, ferociously, on tape in many a Big Apple taxicab and onstage as the Wicked Witch in the touring production of *The Wizard of Oz*.

Photographed at the Carlyle Hotel in New York City on March 16, 1998.

A Tree Grows...



In 1933, Covarrubias's "Tree of Modern Art" was only one part of *Vanity Fair*'s "Simplified Guide to the Modern Movement—For the Uninitiated." An overwrought R. H. Wilenski provided an explanatory text that swooned over the Impressionists' "gaiety of light," patriotically located the inspiration for Cubism in the American skyscraper, and described Modigliani as marrying "Botticelli to the Negro art of Central Africa." Hence the tribal sculpture next to the de Chirico–esque classical bust at the foot of the tree. Wilenski also lamented that "modern painting cannot very well be squeezed into a narrow mechanical scheme." But the very "narrowness" of the tree is its own justification. How else can one argue about who is in and who is out, who is large and who is small?

ILLUSTRATION BY COVARRUBIAS

...IN SOHO

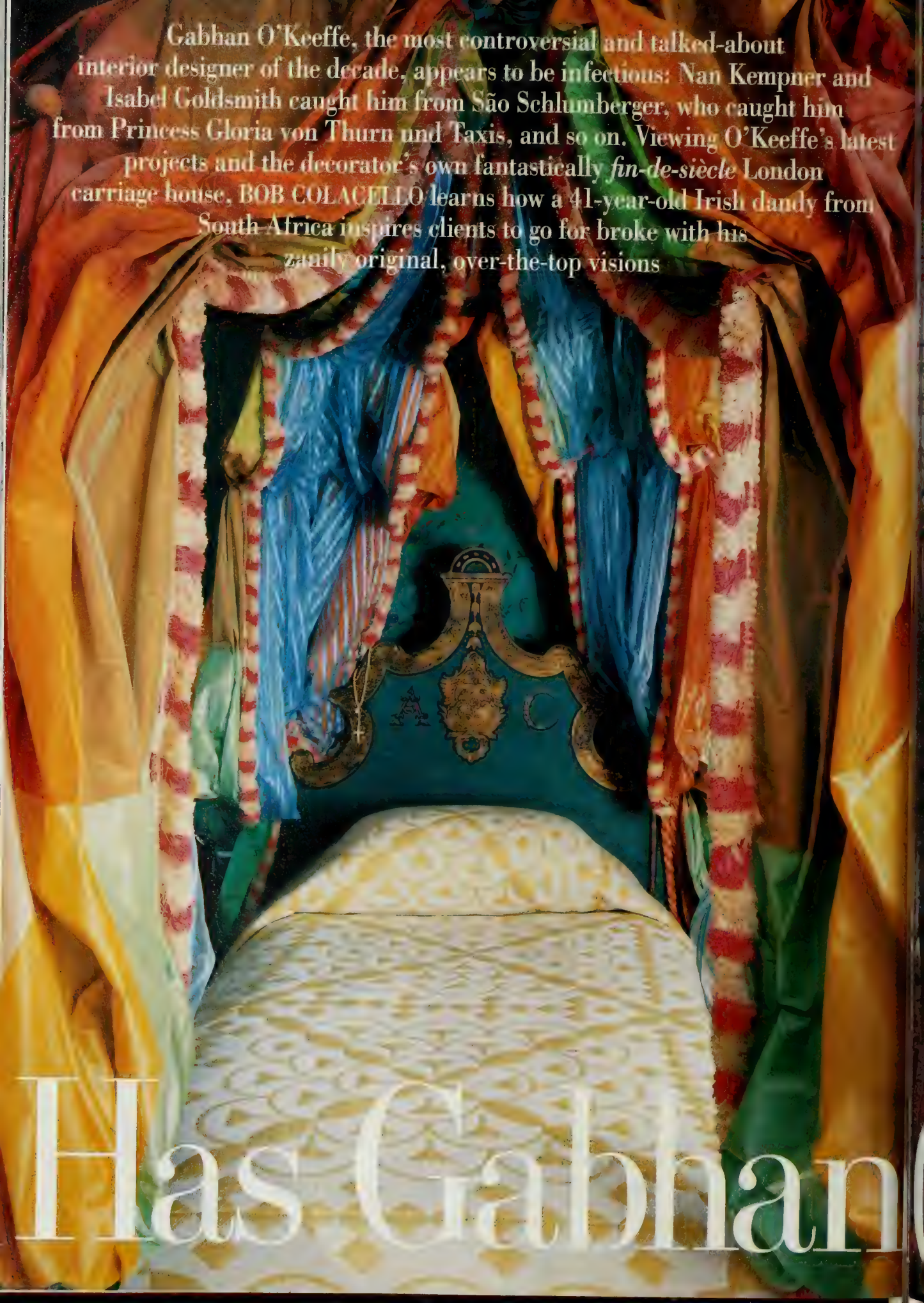


In today's art world, an updating of Covarrubias's tree might consist simply of a thick "Duchamp" trunk sprouting branches labeled "Conceptual," "Pop," "Mixed Media," "Appropriation," "Installation," "Performance," "Gender Play," etc. In the original, Duchamp is represented merely by a small leaf tucked behind Picasso on the "Cubists" branch (not even with his fellow Dadaists Tzara and Picabia). Now the charming provocateur who disdained "retinal" art looms as large as Matisse. Not so lucky was Covarrubias's School of Paris, with its gallery of mysterious little-knowns such as Lurçat, Segonzac, de la Fresnaye, and Survage. Who in the School of New York will be forgotten in 2063? Koons? Nauman? Rauschenberg?

—BRADLEY COLLINS

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY HALLGREN

Gabhan O'Keeffe, the most controversial and talked-about interior designer of the decade, appears to be infectious: Nan Kempner and Isabel Goldsmith caught him from São Schlumberger, who caught him from Princess Gloria von Thurn und Taxis, and so on. Viewing O'Keeffe's latest projects and the decorator's own fantastically *fin-de-siècle* London carriage house, BOB COLACELLO learns how a 41-year-old Irish dandy from South Africa inspires clients to go for broke with his zanily original, over-the-top visions



Has Gabhan



CHARMS AND THE MAN

O'Keeffe, who works spells on his clients, photographed in March in his London apartment. The living room has a pewter-foiled fireplace, copper-leafed walls, and cushions and fabrics designed by him. *Opposite*, a candy-colored taffeta-canopied bed created for the young daughter of a New York businessman.

Gone Gaga?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE


"People look for life
on Mars or the moon,
but, my God, there's
another life all around us,"
says O'Keeffe.

"One of the nice things about this house is that the central courtyard is just big enough to hold a symphonic orchestra," says Gabhan O'Keeffe, the 41-year-old, pop-eyed, wild-haired Irish dandy from Lesotho who is possibly the most important, probably the most original, and certainly one of the most talked-about decorators of the 1990s. O'Keeffe took the chichi world of international interior design by storm five years ago with his beyond-Baroque apartment for Paris grande dame São Schlumberger and has since attracted such high-profile clients as Venezuelan media tycoon Gustavo Cisneros and his arts-patroness wife, Patricia Phelps de Cisneros; New York social icon Nan Kempner; Isabel Goldsmith, the eldest daughter of the late Anglo-French billionaire Sir James Goldsmith; and film director David Rocksavage, the seventh Marquess of Cholmondeley. O'Keeffe is giving me a site tour of his latest project in progress, a four-story, 12,000-square-foot town house on Montpelier Square in the Knightsbridge section of London. This is the first house he has designed and built from the ground up. It is also London's first prominent "teardown," to use a term coined in Los Angeles in the 1980s, when Candy and Aaron Spelling started the trend, now common in that city's wealthy neighborhoods, of buying a property for its location, tearing down the existing mansion on it, and putting up a bigger house in its place. In this case, the existing building was the four-story embassy of Oman. "It was a very tough nut to crack, in terms of pulling it down,"



GARDEN OF PLENTY

For a starkly modern SoHo apartment, O'Keeffe and his partner, George Warrington, have used plant designs: a nine-foot lamb's-wool leaf sofa and chair and a tiger-lily chair on steel-bar frames, a linen-velvet sunflower ottoman, and daisy stools with broderie anglaise covers. *Opposite,* a water-lily dining table of silvered copper with green and blue glass enamel, and polished aluminum chairs.





O'Keeffe notes, "because it was built as a bombproof stru ture." As he often does, he ends his sentence with a lon loud, almost maniacal burst of laughter.

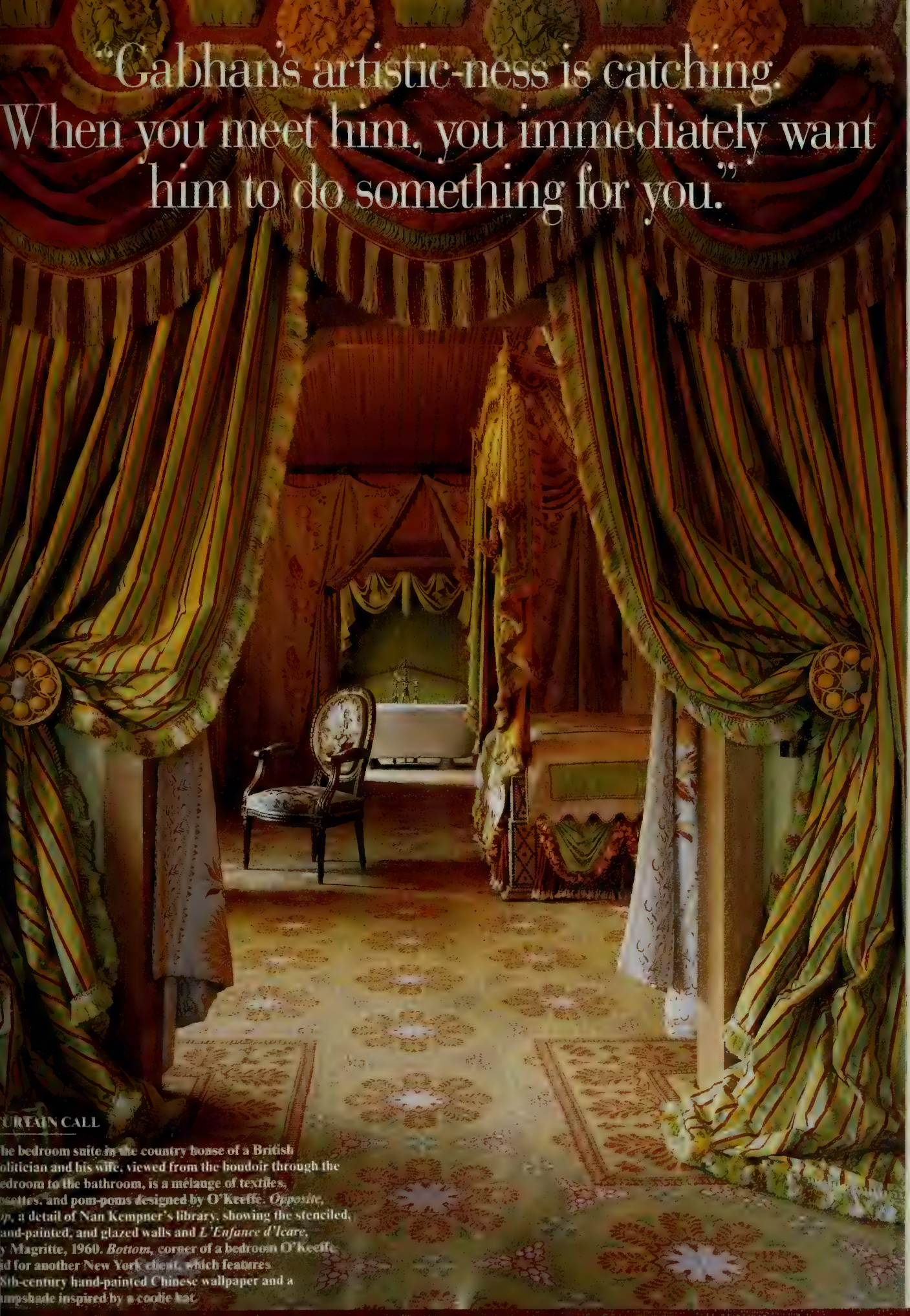
"Let's sort of skedaddle around here," he continues. "Th is the entrance. The doorway itself is about 16 feet high—th whole door casing, with the oeil-de-boeuf and everythin And then the real surprise is that when you come into th room, which is the dining hall, you have a view of this fa tastic inner courtyard, which is a very, very unusual featu for a London house. The floor here is an ivory-buttermi stone, inset with red porphyry and a deep-, deep-, dee chocolate stone, in these little patterns. There's a simil floor in the courtyard, so you'll read this room and th courtyard together, and you'll have this incredible sense space. When you're in here, you're in a completely diffe ent world. It's totally private, private, private—very muc the way an Italian Renaissance family would have lived."

While the antique-yellow brick exterior of the house w "beautifully match" those of its Georgian neighbors on Mor pelier Square, O'Keeffe says, "the interior's another story with its main rooms looking out onto the Palladio-inspire courtyard through "diaphanous" walls of pale-ocher beveled glass. "Can you imagine the glass twinkling about when a the lights are on at night? It's going to be magic." He lead me up a ladder to a second-floor drawing room, one eight reception rooms in the house, which will also hav eight bedrooms, a chess room, a room O'Keeffe calls th "decadent space," and a four-car underground garag "Whooh! This room is 48 feet long," he announces. "The are going to play and play and *play* here. I always thin it's so nice to have a house where you can actually prom enade—you know, where you don't feel desperate to get ou and go sit in a café."

O'Keeffe is building the house for Sandra Ballantine, young fashion stylist and art collector from New Jerse and her companion, an English financier. "She was in tially looking at terrace houses to buy," he says. "And said, 'Listen, baby, forget it. You're not going to get wha I think you want in a terrace house.' So I started lookin and found this embassy building. My client came to se it, thinking we were going to renovate it. I sat her dow and said, 'Well, actually, we're going to pull it down.' was just a matter of getting her over that very small, li tle moment in time of fear." He pauses and adds, "Th fear that what you've just bought is going to disappear Then he lets out a gale of rollicking laughter.

O'Keeffe seems to have a knack for gettin his clients to go all the way, or at least lot further than they had planned. "M original brief was for more cupboards an a garden pavilion," says Isabel Goldsmith "And I ended up having the whole hous redone. So he does get one enthused. Goldsmith's South Kensington row house had been hand somely decorated by the late Geoffrey Bennison shortl before she dined at Schlumberger's apartment and was s impressed by the bedroom closets, which have velvet cu tains in lieu of doors, and an armoire crowned with

"Gabhan's artistic-ness is catching. When you meet him, you immediately want him to do something for you."



URTAIN CALL

he bedroom suite in the country house of a British olitician and his wife, viewed from the boudoir through the edroom to the bathroom, is a mélange of textiles, ssettes, and pom-poms designed by O'Keeffe. *Opposite, op,* a detail of Nan Kempner's library, showing the stenciled, and-painted, and glazed walls and *L'Enfance d'Icare,* y Magritte, 1960. *Bottom,* corner of a bedroom O'Keeffe id for another New York client, which features 8th-century hand-painted Chinese wallpaper and a ampshade inspired by a cookie hat.

cupola "large enough to hold a man," as O'Keeffe puts it, that she asked him to find equally amusing ways to increase *her* closet space, and to replace a trellised structure in her garden with an enclosed *folie* for rainy-day reading and tête-à-tête entertaining.

"I thought what he had done for São was incredibly original," Goldsmith says. "I loved the fact that so many things were made specifically for her, that he had commissioned those mad Murano-glass doorknobs in Venice, for example. I didn't want a decorator who just goes to Braquenié in Paris or Clarence House in New York and buys the same expensive fabrics everyone else has. Gabhan weaves all his own fabrics." O'Keeffe persuaded her to enlarge her dining room, have the walls muraled, the ceiling carved, and the beams and columns gilded. One Arts and Crafts–style room led to another, and Goldsmith, after living with friends for nearly two years, finally reoccupied her house this spring.

"His artistic-ness is catching," says Nan Kempner, who had O'Keeffe "update" the library in her Park Avenue duplex this year. "When you meet him, you immediately want him to do something for you." Kempner "wasn't really" planning on having her classic, brown-and-white-lacquered library, done by the late Michael Taylor in the 1970s, redecorated. "But Gabhan came for lunch, and [the late decorator] Chessy Rayner came in wearing a saffron-yellow shawl and a red dress. And I said, 'If I were to redo my room, I'd do it just like that.' The next thing I knew, I had swatches from Gabhan. As I say, he's contagious." Now she's got a tomato-red-and-yellow wool sofa, red-yellow-and-cream curtains with straw and beige trim, and ocher walls stenciled with burnt-sienna artichoke leaves. "Two very nice guys from England painted in there all day and all night for 10 days," she says. "The walls just sing." Amazingly, the Kempners' Magrittes stand out more than they did against a solid background. Even more amazingly, the notoriously conservative Thomas Kempner, a Wall Street investment banker, "adores this library. We're both thrilled to death with it. It could be busy, but it isn't."

Like Isabel Goldsmith, Nan Kempner "caught" O'Keeffe from São Schlumberger, who is still happily ensconced in the Seventh Arrondissement apartment that so divided Paris society when she moved in that Loulou de la Falaise almost came to blows with Béatrice de Rothschild while debating its merits at a dinner party. After photographs of it were published in this magazine in October 1993, rival decorators denounced it in print, even though most of them hadn't actually seen it. Renzo Mongiardino, the late Italian master of over-the-top opulence, declared it "terrible" in *W* and went on to accuse O'Keeffe of copying him. Robert Couturier, the young French architect and decorator whose principal client was Sir James Goldsmith, told the *New York Post:* "It is about the most atrocious thing I've come across. This is a design that has no balance, no restraint and no respect for architecture. It looks like the house of Bozo the Clown."

"I find it as pleasant and as exciting as it was in the beginning," Schlumberger says. "Even though I've had some personal problems, I cannot be CONTINUED ON PAGE 216

GOLDIE CHILD

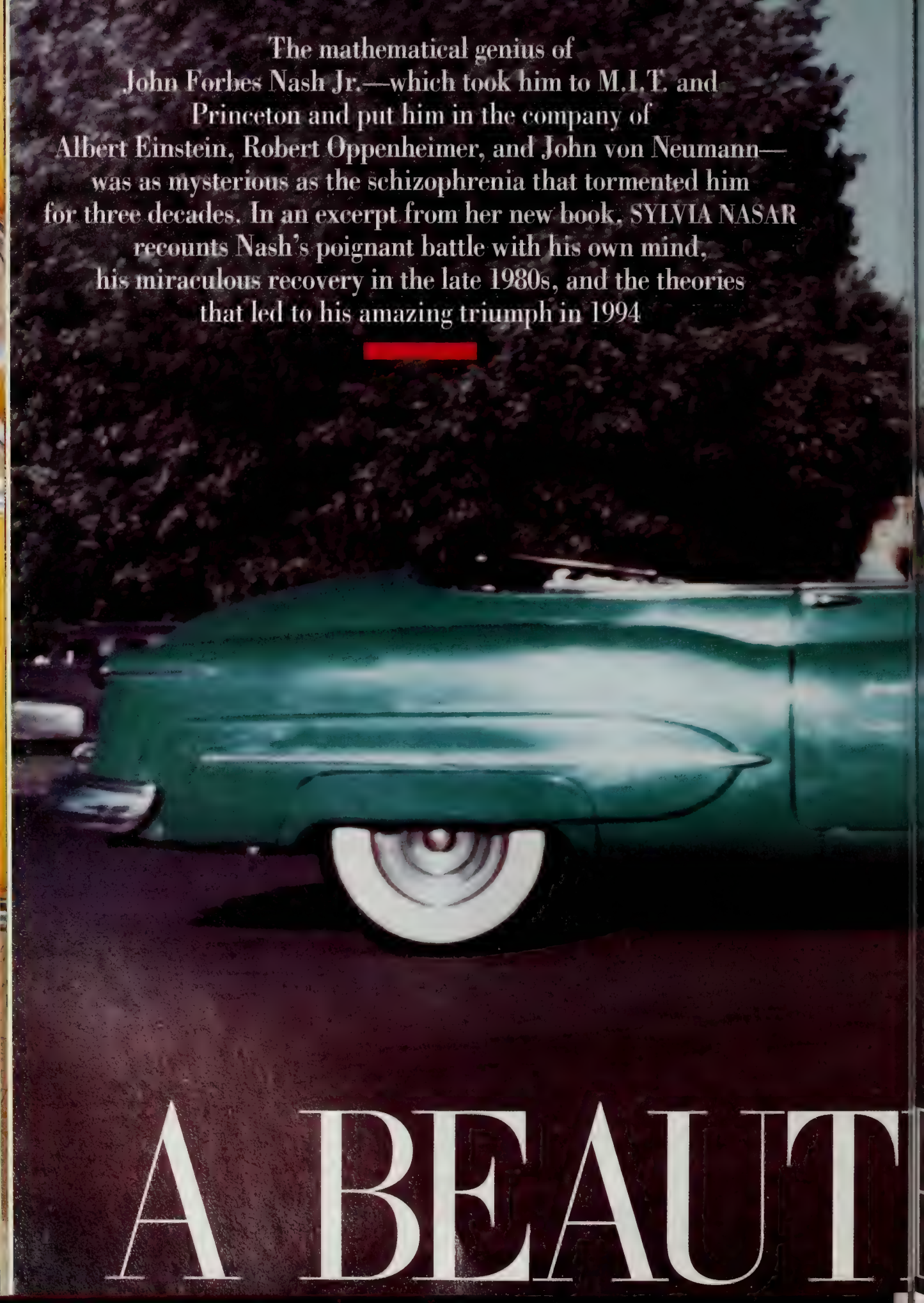
"My mom says I've been a performer since I was in her womb. I shot out of her belly like a little fireball, ready to conquer," says Kate Hudson, the latest showbiz baby to follow in her parents' glamorously worn path. Kate, 19, is the daughter of Goldie Hawn, who won an Oscar in 1969 for *Cactus Flower,* and Bill Hudson, a member of the 1970s television phenomenon the Hudson Brothers, musical comedians who were a kind of marked-down Marx Brothers act. "Kurt raised me, though—Kurt is my *dad,*" Hudson says, referring to Hawn's longtime companion, Kurt Russell. "I know Bill. He is a very cool guy, but he was never in my life enough to be the father figure I needed." Born almost a decade after her mother hung up her "sock it to me" bikini, Hudson has recently landed roles in two films with the hippest casts to be assembled since, well, *Laugh-In. 200 Cigarettes,* directed by Risa Bramon Garcia, is a coming-of-age comedy set in New York's East Village on New Year's Eve 1981, co-starring Courtney Love, Ben and Casey Affleck, Christina Ricci, Dave Chappelle, Nicole Parker, Paul Rudd, Jay Mohr, and Martha Plimpton. *Desert Blue,* a romance directed by Morgan J. Freeman, takes place during what might be a western town's last weekend. Again, Hudson co-stars with Ricci and Casey Affleck, as well as John Heard, Sara Gilbert, and Brendan Sexton III. Can Kate Hudson meet the Goldie standard? "I don't feel that pressure. If I crash and fall, I say, 'Wow! That hurt!' and I just *get up,*" she declares. —KEVIN SESSUMS

PHOTOGRAPH BY FIROOZ ZAHEDI



HEAVEN'S KATE

"I shot out of my mom's belly like a little fireball, ready to conquer," says Kate Hudson, photographed at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, April 8, 1998.



The mathematical genius of John Forbes Nash Jr.—which took him to M.I.T. and Princeton and put him in the company of Albert Einstein, Robert Oppenheimer, and John von Neumann—was as mysterious as the schizophrenia that tormented him for three decades. In an excerpt from her new book, SYLVIA NASAR recounts Nash's poignant battle with his own mind, his miraculous recovery in the late 1980s, and the theories that led to his amazing triumph in 1994

A BEAUT



THE TRANSIT OF GENIUS

John Nash, who is seen here in his 1951 Oldsmobile convertible in the summer of 1953, drove people to extremes. His brilliance—intuitive, almost supernatural—turned mathematical mysteries into games and took him places where few would ever venture.

FUL MIND

Genius, said Jean-Paul Sartre, is the brilliant invention of someone looking for a way out. This is a story of the mystery of the mind.

John Forbes Nash Jr. sat with his visitor, Professor George Mackey, on a warmer than usual May afternoon in 1959. Recently diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic, Nash was slumped in an armchair in a carefully secured lounge at McLean Hospital. His shirt hung limply over his unbelted trousers. He was 30 years old, a legend with a vast, distorted universe whispering in his head.

A year earlier, *Fortune* magazine had singled out the iconoclast from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M.I.T.) for his revolutionary thinking. The recognition was prescient. Nash's intelligence was startling; he routinely exploded conventional approaches, always taking fresh, unexpected paths. His contributions to the study of economics would reshape the field as Isaac Newton's did in physics. Nash turned the beguiling concept of game theory into a powerful tool used to analyze everything from business competition to trade negotiation. His insights into the rivalries that drive human transactions from games to global economic activity would, in fact, be numbered among the most influential scientific ideas of the 20th century.

Nash's genius was of the sort usually associated with music and art. It wasn't just that his mind worked faster, or that his memory or concentration was more powerful. It was more magical; his flashes of intuition seemed to come from out of the blue. Like other great mathematical intuitionists—Georg Friedrich Bernhard Riemann, Jules-Henri Poincaré, Srinivasa Ramanujan—Nash saw the vision first and constructed the difficult proofs afterward. "He was not one of us," observers commented constantly.

In April, Nash had been involuntarily committed to McLean, a genteel asylum in Belmont, Massachusetts, at the behest of M.I.T.'s psychiatric service and his 26-year-old wife, Alicia, whom he was threatening to divorce.

In her days as an aspiring scientist at M.I.T., Alicia had worn her hair like Elizabeth Taylor's in *Butterfield 8* and carried herself like a queen. She dismissed her suitors as "little boys" before falling for Nash, whom she met in an M.I.T. class. She had been sitting, her best friend, Joyce Davis, beside her, in a class called Advanced Calculus for Engineers. Professor Nash had arrived late, wearing a haughty expression. Without so much as a glance or a word, he closed all the windows, flipped open his copy of Hildebrand, and embarked on an exposition of the properties of differential equations.

It was mid-September, Indian-summer weather, and the room got quite hot. First one, then several students complained and asked that they be allowed to open the windows. Nash, who had obviously shut the windows to prevent any distractions, ignored them. "He was so wrapped up in himself that he wouldn't pay attention," Davis recalled.

At some point, Alicia jumped up, ran over to the windows in her high heels, and opened them one after another, each time with a toss of her head. On her way back to her seat, she looked straight at Nash, daring him to speak. He did not.

Now everything had changed. Alicia was a woman short on funds, about to give birth to the couple's first child, and nearly frantic with worry. She was very concerned with preserving the mind of her husband, who, before his hospitalization, had threatened to take all their money and flee to Europe. Alicia, vivacious and beautiful, the treasured daughter of an aristocratic and cultured Central American family, worked in an office on the M.I.T. campus. After Nash's symptoms began, she was able

Excerpted from *A Beautiful Mind*, by Sylvia Nasar, to be published in June by Simon & Schuster; © 1998 by the author.

NUMBER OUR DAYS

John Nash (standing) and his wife, Alicia (to his left), on a summer day in 1957, in Berkeley, Calif., with Felix and Eva Browder (right) and an unidentified acquaintance (left). In a year and a half, Alicia would be frantic with worry about her husband, who believed that he was in contact with distant galaxies.





John Nash was "handsome as a god," remarked a student. Others saw magic inside him. "He was not one of us," went the constant refrain.

to watch him all the time, sticking close, keeping him more to herself, picking him up at his office every day.

Nash's illness had started to surface after New Year's, when he had arrived at a party wearing nothing but a smirky smile, a sash labeled 1959, and a diaper. Most of the evening he spent curled up in Alicia's lap. His recollections of the weeks that followed focused on a feeling of heightened intellectual activity, recurring and increasingly pervasive delusions and auditory hallucinations, and revelations of a secret world unknowable to others. He started noticing men in red neckties signaling him and concluded that the ties had some relation to "a crypto-Communist party." At some point, he turned down a coveted University of Chicago professorship, saying he was slated to become Emperor of Antarctica.

Eugen Bleuler, who coined the term schizophrenia in 1908, described "a dislocation of every faculty—of time, space, and body." The condition, which one psychiatrist has explained as an immersion in a "deep, underlying reality," has no cure and occurs mysteriously, sometimes in the wake of severe environmental stress, often in those with some genetic predisposition. Alicia Nash compared her husband to a man who is conversing normally at a party but who suddenly starts arguing loudly and then has an all-out temper tantrum.

Particularly memorable was the day Nash slouched into one of the M.I.T. common rooms holding *The New York Times* and pointing to a story on the upper left-hand corner of the front page. Nash told his listeners that powers from outer space were communicating with him through the *Times*. The messages, meant only for him, were encrypted; others couldn't decode them. Nash believed he was on the brink of cosmic insights.

As the days passed, his madness grew steadily. In the car he shifted the radio from station to station, seeking special communications. He presented a student with his own expired driver's license, saying it was an "intergalactic driver's license." He told a friend that he felt he was the left foot of God and that God was walking on the earth. He was obsessed with secret numbers. "Do you know the secret number?" he'd ask, trying to discover other initiates. Strange letters that Nash had written showed up in the math department's mail, returned for lack of postage. Addressed to embassies of foreign governments in Washington, D.C., they said that Nash was forming a world government.

Although he said that his head was still filled with uncontrollable ideas, Nash appeared calmer after his admission to McLean, where his fellow patients included the manic-depressive poet Robert Lowell. "Thrown together like a bundle of kindling," as Lowell's wife, the writer Elizabeth Hardwick, would put it, the famous Boston Brahmin and the mathematician spent a good deal of time together, with Lowell holding forth and Nash hunched silently beside him. A family friend, Isadore Singer, recalled Nash at McLean as "very quiet, almost not moving. He wasn't even listening. He was totally withdrawn. . . . Mrs. Nash was there, pregnant as hell. I focused mostly on his wife and the coming child. I've had that picture in my mind for years. It's all over for him, I thought."

Perhaps it was medication, or his desire for freedom, but Nash's psychosis receded, temporarily, several weeks into his stay. He readily admitted that he had written crazy letters and had behaved bizarrely. His doctors agreed that his symptoms had all but "disappeared," although they noted privately that it was likely he was concealing them.

Nash was considered to be in partial remission, but he remained expressionless, as slack as a rag doll, on that hot, altogether uncomfortable afternoon when Professor Mackey, a colleague from Harvard, paid his call. Nash stared at a spot in front of Mackey's foot, hardly moving except to repeatedly brush his long hair from his forehead.

Mackey, oppressed by the silence and the locked door, finally spoke, straining to be gentle. "How could you," he began, "how could you, a mathematician devoted to reason and logical proof . . . how could you believe that extraterrestrials are sending you messages? *How could you believe you are being recruited by aliens?*"

"Because," Nash drawled, his stare as cool as a snake's, "the ideas abc supernatural beings came to me t same way that my mathematical ide did. So I took them seriously."

On May 28, just over a week aft the birth of his son John Charles, t doctors released John Nash followi 50 days of incarceration. But the tu moil inside his head would contin for three decades, devastating his ab ity to work. His illuminations becar obscure, filled with purely private mea ings. Some of the time, his grandic ity insulated him from the painful reali of all he had lost. But there were te rible flashes of awareness.

On one occasion, in the 1970s, I was sitting at a table in a Princetc dining hall, alone as usual. Then, a observer recalled, Nash walked over a wall and stood for many minute slowly banging his head against the su face, over and over, eyes tightly shu fists clenched, face contorted in anguis

Among John Nash's ea liest memories is one which, as a very your child, he is listenir to his maternal gran mother play the pian in her front parlor. He house on Tazewell Street sat high o a breezy hill overlooking Bluefield, We Virginia, a town created by coal an railroad money and American dream of prosperity.

His parents had been married i this parlor at eight in the morning o September 6, 1924, to the chords c a Protestant hymn amid basketfuls c blue hydrangeas, goldenrod, black-eye Susans, and white and gold marguerite The 32-year-old groom was gravel handsome. The bride—five years hi junior—wore a brown cut-velvet dres which emphasized her slender waist an long, graceful back.

She carried a bouquet of the olc fashioned flowers that filled the roon and wore more blooms woven throug her thick, chestnut hair. The vibran browns and golds embellished he rich coloring.

John Forbes Nash Sr., an electrica engineer employed by the Appalachia Power Company, was "proper, painstak ing, and very serious," according t his daughter, Martha Nash Legg. Th oldest of three children, he came fron pious, frugal Puritans and Scottisl

"Rationality," wrote Nash, limits a person's concept of his relation to the cosmos."

Baptists and had been born on his grandparents' plantation on the Red River n Texas. His father, Alexander, was unstable, a philanderer who abandoned his family and instilled an ever present hunger for respectability in his son. "He was very concerned with appearances," his daughter said.

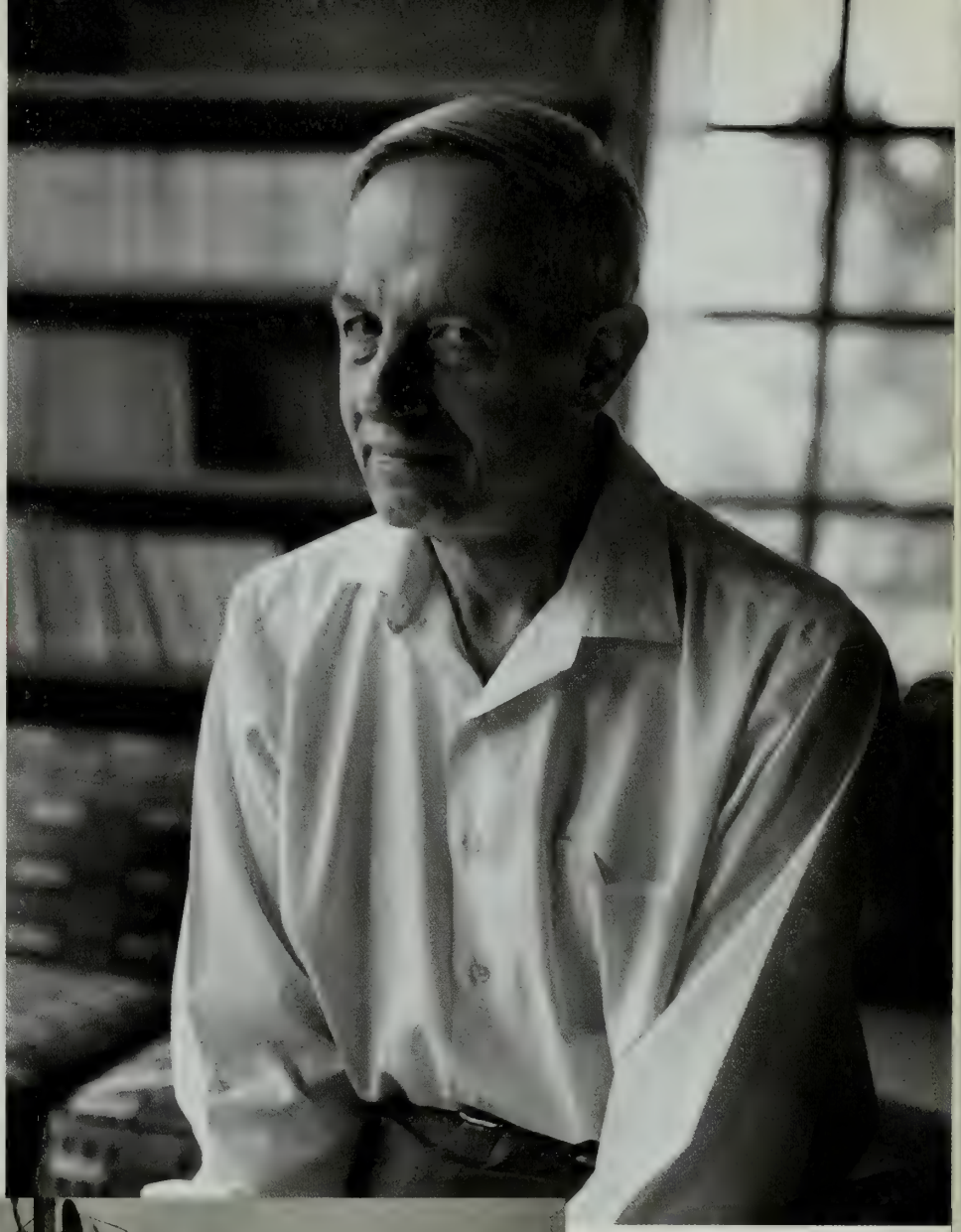
Photographs of Margaret Virginia Martin—known as Virginia—at the time of her engagement reveal an animated and stylish woman. Virginia was a teacher with a freer, less rigid spirit than her husband's. But she shared his desire for success. The Nashes, like their town, wanted progress.

After the honeymoon trip, John senior went back to his job, which consisted largely of designing power-line systems, which he traveled the state to inspect. Virginia, however, did not return to work.

John Forbes Nash Jr. was born on June 13, 1928, in Bluefield Sanitarium, a hospital on Bland Street. The big, healthy baby was given his father's name. Everyone, however, called him Johnny. In 1930 his sister, Martha, arrived.

By the time Johnny was seven or so, his relatives considered him slightly odd. While Martha played house, he buried his nose in books. Despite Virginia's urgings, he ignored other children, preferring to play by himself indoors.

Johnny's mother made the education of her son one of her primary concerns. By the time he was four she had taught him to read. Later she sent him to a CONTINUED ON PAGE 224

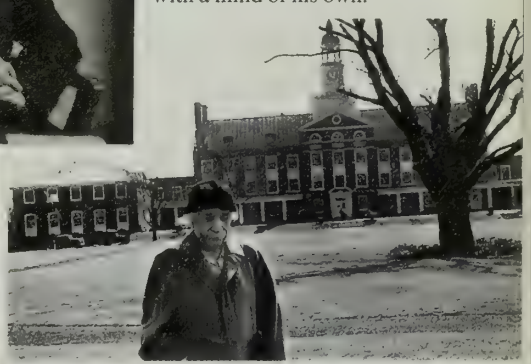




SLIDE RULER

Above, by 1994, John Nash was in remission from schizophrenia; he referred to such returns to sanity as "interludes of enforced rationality." *Left,* Nash at M.I.T. in 1958—already he was a legend with a mind of his own.





INTELLECTUAL CAPITAL

Above, Albert Einstein, around 1950, at the Plato's Academy of his era, the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, N.J. *Left,* the Nashes celebrate New Year's Eve, 1959. Soon after, he announced that he would become Emperor of Antarctica

'S Wonderful



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY BENSON

SMervelous!

At 72, onetime crooner Merv Griffin has parlayed the $250 million sale of his game shows *Jeopardy* and *Wheel of Fortune* in 1986 into a billion-dollar empire that encompasses two production companies, a cosmetics business, racing stables, a $20 million Challenger jet, a 127-foot yacht, and eight hotels, including his beloved Beverly Hilton. Visiting the former talk-show host in Miami and L.A. and on his Palm Springs ranch and talking with friends such as Nancy Reagan, Johnny Carson, and Rosie O'Donnell, MATT TYRNAUER finds that the tycoon, with a new album out this year, is still an entertainer at heart



LET THERE BE MERV
Merv Griffin, with his dogs, Lobo and Patrick, at the billionaire's 240-acre La Quinta ranch in the Coachella Valley near Palm Springs, Calif. The estate includes eight guesthouses, an enormous tile-roofed stable where 52 racehorses and Arabians are boarded, and its own body of water—Lake Merveilleux.

Dawn to Sundown at La Quinta: 9:30 A.M.

The enormous, vaulted-ceilinged guest suite at Merv Griffin's La Quinta ranch in the Coachella Valley near Palm Springs is decorated with antique Moroccan rifles made of silver and ivory, and its floors are inlaid with purple and white marble. White linen draperies flow from the 12-foot-high French windows, which offer a commanding view of a 50-foot-high geyser spouting from the green waters of Lake Merveilleux.

In the morning, desert sunlight floods this room, but by the time I am awakened by it my host has been up for several hours. Each day, at seven A.M., a tray with oatmeal, coffee, and three newspapers is delivered to the 72-year-old Griffin's white-on-white bedroom by his devoted housekeeper, Marylou Martinez. When she arrives, El Capitán—as she calls her boss—is watching *Live! With Regis & Kathie Lee* on a vast Mitsubishi television and doing the crossword with a black Pentel pen. Then, at around nine, the talk-show icon, horse breeder, hotelier, gentleman rancher, and billionaire moves to a swivel chair beside his lake, where he begins his business calls on a cordless phone.

As I walk across a hibiscus-covered lanai to join Griffin at a glass-topped table shaded by canvas umbrellas painted with pink flamingos and yellow butterflies, Merv fills in the last squares of the *Los Angeles Times* puzzle. (The clue—10 Across—"The Georgia Peach.") He inks in C-O-B-B. "Ty Cobb!" he says in his smooth baritone, igniting a Benson & Hedges cigarette with a cheap butane lighter. White smoke surrounds his big, handsome head, slightly obscuring the clear, intense blue eyes which for 23 years were as familiar as any celebrity peepers in TV Land.

Griffin's eponymous talk show (which began in 1962) has been off the air for 12 years, but he has not, by any means, drifted away into retirement. Indeed, Merv has managed to engineer a kind of encore virtually unheard of in Hollywood. Perhaps never before in the history of show business has so successful a performer transformed himself into such a powerful and diversified mogul. Worth more than a billion dollars today, Griffin ranks just below David Geffen and George Lucas in the unofficial Hall of Fame of Greater Hollywood Wealth. While his peers—Johnny Carson, Mike Douglas, and Jack Paar—have retreated silently (if very comfortably) into private life, Merv, conspicuously and intrepidly, marches on.

"Retirement to me means death," Griffin tells me the next day during a conversation high above the San Gabr Mountains aboard his $20 million Challenger 601-3A j (tail number: 333MG). Our topic is the famous $250 m lion deal Griffin made in 1986 whereby *Jeopardy* a *Wheel of Fortune,* the extremely popular game shows l had created and produced, were sold to Columbia P tures, which was then owned by the Coca-Cola Compan At the time of the deal, Griffin was already a wealt man, having made millions from the ownership of h show and investments including radio stations and real e tate. But after Coca-Cola gave him what he likes to c "an American fortune," Merv found himself among an e tirely different class of entrepreneurs.

"When Coca-Cola came to me and asked, 'Do you wa [the money] in cash?,' I said, 'Sure.' Then you are pr sented with two choices: you can put it into bonds a live like a maniac—which would probably have killed m by now—or [you can] put it back into the economy."

On September 12, 1988, Griffin established the Griff Group, a conglomerate of seven different companies. Me Griffin Hotels, the largest entity, operates eight luxu properties, including the Scottsdale (Arizona) Hilton, t Wickenburg (Arizona) dude ranch, the Blue Moon hotel Miami Beach, the Givenchy spa in Palm Springs, and t famed Beverly Hilton, where Merv occupies a large pen house suite which overlooks his newly inaugurated, retr 40s Coconut Club. Merv Griffin Productions, his secon biggest company, is the event-planning organization behin the Golden Globes, the Council of Fashion Designers America (C.F.D.A.) awards, and many movie premiere Merv Griffin Entertainment currently has four movies an 10 TV shows in development. The smaller businesses i clude the Merv Griffin Ranch Company—which breeds an trains racing and Thoroughbred horses and develops re estate—and La Merveille Cie L.L.C., a joint cosmetics ve ture with his friend Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia.

Of all the various enterprises that he controls, howeve it is quite clear that Griffin enjoys the hotel business mos "Hotels are talk shows with beds," he explains blithely a Marylou crosses the lanai bearing his midmorning snac toasted wedges of pita bread slathered with margarine an honey and a mug of coffee. (He consumes about 10 cup a day.) "It's the same principle. It's the variety of peop passing through the doors. It's marketing, the supply an demand, the set design of it all."

As almost any guest at the Beverly Hilto can attest, Griffin runs the sprawling 700 room property like a staged production *Grand Hotel.* His presence in the lobby- where he is sometimes spotted with celeb rity chums such as Nancy Reagan, Ton Danza, and Robert Loggia—brings exube ant salutes from desk clerks and porters, and, on some oc casions, standing ovations from the clientele. He personall designs the doormen's uniforms (black and white stripe with gendarme hats); the carpeting in the ballrooms (a giar rose pattern fabricated in Ireland) is his new passion. H chooses the art (hundreds of framed stills from *The Mer*

"At a party," says Nancy Reagan, "Mery makes a party!"

rmer talk-show titan
s a familiar pose
rd his yacht, *The Griff*,
rincess Elizabeth
oslavia.

Mery at La Quinta,
[illegible] with Patrick
and Lobo (foreground).

right) and
y Martin, whose
he once crooned
at a recording
n around 1950.

Mery, who is now worth more than a billion dollars, steps from his $20 million Challenger 601-3A jet in Monterey, Calif., February 1998.

Broadcasting from Caesars Palace with two late, great comics—Totie Fields (left) and Myron Cohen.

with the late Eva Gabor
he says he came close to
ing) in 1973.

Mery makes waves (and bubbles) in *The Griff*'s tub, which has a view of the South seas.

Griffin Show, in which the Beverly Hilton's owner is seen with everyone from Henry Aaron to Zsa Zsa Gabor). On weekends, Merv can be found singing at the Coconut Club, an elaborate homage to L.A.'s old Cocoanut Grove, where, in the late 1940s, Griffin got his big break as a crooner with the Freddy Martin Orchestra. And when President Clinton or Vice President Gore stays at the Beverly Hilton, the proprietor always offers a personal greeting—much like the ones he extended to Presidents Nixon, Ford, Carter, and Reagan and Vice President Agnew on his show.

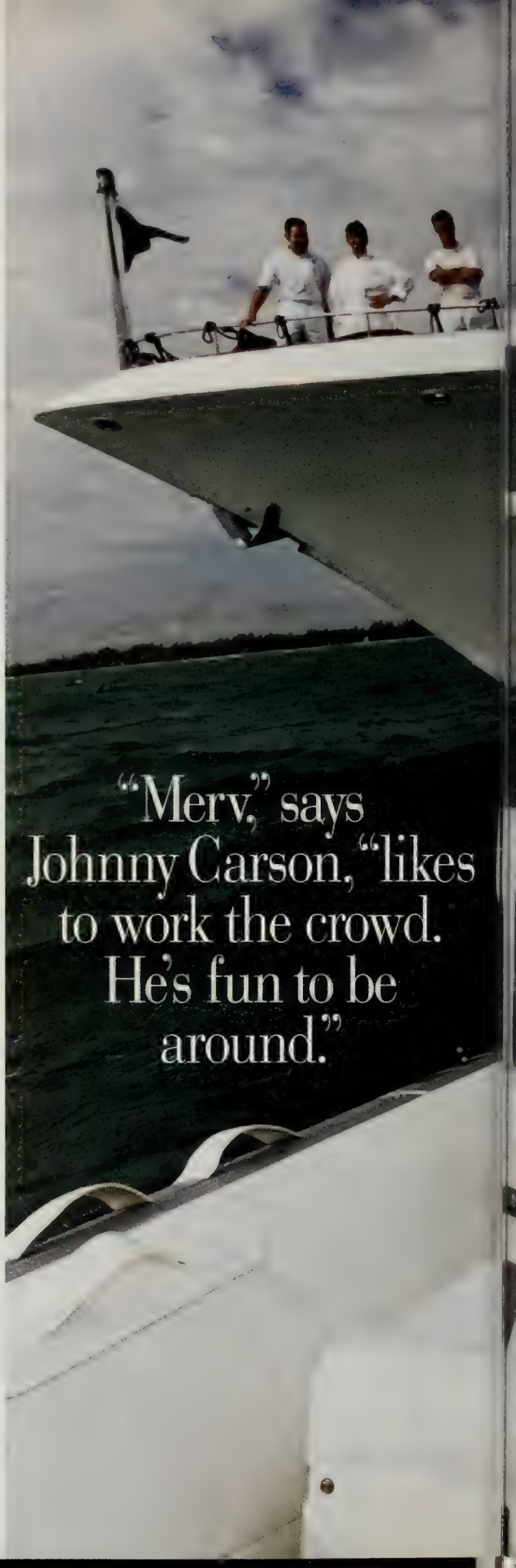
"You know, when I bought the Beverly Hilton the *National Enquirer* said, 'Merv Griffin bought the Beverly Hilton hotel so he would have a place to work for the rest of his life,'" Griffin says. "And I thought, I've never heard such a rude thing in my life! But a few months later I was singing there and I thought, Hey! They were right—I bought the Beverly Hilton so I would have a stage for myself to perform on!"

Old friends say that Griffin's reincarnation as a hotelier was simply meant to be: "Merv, I think, genuinely loves the social atmosphere that goes with the business he runs, and he mixes well with the people," observes Johnny Carson, who consented to a rare interview for this profile of his former competitor—only the second he has given since leaving *The Tonight Show.* "The last time I saw Merv was, I think, at his hotel. I was in there having lunch at Trader Vic's and Merv was in there schmoozin' the people. He likes to work the crowd. He's a good socializer, a good host; he's fun to be around, tells good stories, and I think he also likes the competition that goes with running hotels."

I ask Carson if he thinks Merv's role as a high-profile hotel owner is fitting sublimation for a former talk-show host. "I think so," he says, breaking into a laugh. "I wish I was as smart as Merv. I wish I had the business acumen Merv has. He really knows what he's doing. I've never had that interest in business that Merv does. . . . Most entertainers don't have a natural bent for business; I think we channel our energies to the performing end. A lot of entertainers I know, you know, who have been involved in business haven't been very successful at it . . . but he really knows what he's doing, and he has an incredible amount of energy . . . and a very positive attitude."

Another talk-show personality who thinks Merv knows what he's doing—in both the entertainment and the business worlds—is Rosie O'Donnell, who says that her extremely successful *Rosie O'Donnell Show* is "totally Merv-inspired."

"[Merv] is somebody to aspire to be like in terms of business sense and the way he has orchestrated his career," O'Donnell says. "You know, people have credited me with what I have created. Well, I didn't create anything. I just copied Merv Griffin. It's that afternoon sit-down-with-your-grandmother kind of programming, where you always felt like after the show they were all going out to dinner at someone's house. *The Merv Griffin Show* wasn't really about talking over serious issues; there was





THE GRIFFTER
Merv Griffin takes a spin on his Novurania inflatable off Miami's Biscayne Bay while the crew of *The Griff* (three decks, five staterooms, a Jacuzzi, and a crew of seven) pay homage.

nothing gut-wrenching, aside from when Totie Fields [O'Donnell's hero] came on after her leg amputation. On the whole, it was just a lighthearted, fun entertainment hour."

O'Donnell also says that Griffin has been a kind of father figure to her. "He has given me a lot of financial advice in terms of investments and how long he thinks I should stay on the air. Merv is a very savvy businessman. I mean, not in a kind of showy way, but you know he knows what he's doing. . . . I mean, he just has thought it through. . . .

"There is a limit to how much you can perform and people will take of you," O'Donnell continues. "There is a saturation point, and to have the insight to plan for what it's going to be like when [the performing part of your career] is done, few people have that, you know. People ride the wave of success, and they don't really think what's going to happen after that. And not only did he think it, he made a plan and did the whole thing."

It is one of show business's great ironies that Mervyn Griffin Jr. has ended up as the richest ex–TV personality on earth. After all, for three decades, the Hollywood press devoted endless column inches to a collective obsession with Johnny Carson's salary ($30 million in 1992, his final season). Griffin was always a syndicated sidebar: less noteworthy because he was not—aside from two and a half years on CBS in the late 60s and early 70s—a network star. And yet it was almost always the case that Griffin was more prosperous than Carson. "You see, I never publicized my money," he tells me. "But I always *owned* my show. That was the difference. Johnny came to me once and asked me how he could make the kind of money I was getting. [Carson denies that he ever went to Griffin for advice.] I said, 'Own your own show, buddy.' Johnny was basically an employee of NBC. He couldn't own *Tonight,* because NBC created it with Steve Allen. So, today, I'd say Johnny has about $10 million. Remember, in California you give half of your money away in a divorce, and he's had three and the last one got him *good.* I'd say Johnny's house out in Malibu is probably his main asset."

12:00 Noon

"Hey, did the carpet ever arrive for the check-in? Did you see it? Ain't it gonna look nice? It's my famous leopard-skin!" Merv is on the phone with Ronnie Ward, his personal aide, who functions as a driver, traveling companion, telephonist, and equerry—what used to be known as a man Friday. A dry desert breeze ruffles the fronds of the palm trees that surround Lake Merveilleux, and a Judy Garland album plays over stereo speakers concealed by fiberglass "rocks." Ducks float by, and Merv's dogs, Patrick (an Irish setter) and Lobo (half malamute, half wolf), frolic near the water.

Ronnie and Merv go over the morning phone messages: "Oh, Garry Shandling called?" He has invited Merv to appear on his HBO show. Barbara Davis, the Beverly Hills hostess, has telephoned. "She wants me to M.C. this year's Carousel Ball at the Beverly Hilton." (Merv accepts, as he does every year.) Suzanne Somers (just saying "Hi"), Bill Blass (a luncheon invitation), and Larry King, who wants Merv to be on CNN for his Ronald Reagan birthday tribute. (Merv agrees, but later, due to a scheduling conflict, he is unable to make the appearance.)

For the past two years, Griffin has served, along with former secretary of state George Shultz, Rupert Murdoch, Lew Wasserman, and other éminences grises, on the board of the Ronald Reagan library. And in the 10 years since the Reagans returned to the West Coast, Griffin has become a prominent member of what L.A. society calls "the Nancy Set."

"I'd say Nancy and I talk about every day," Griffin confides. "Maybe it wouldn't be like this if it wasn't for the president's illness, but sometimes her spirits get so low. She's locked in that house with him, and she's the only one he knows!"

Frequently, Mrs. Reagan appears at the Beverly Hilton to have lunch with Griffin at his jungle-themed poolside restaurant, called Griff's, and it has become a tradition for them to celebrate their mutual birthday together.

"I'm *sure* Merv told you we share a birthday," Nancy Reagan says, her voice full of affection, when I call her up to talk about Merv. "We are both July 6 [Cancerians], so we feel like we're blood brothers. You couldn't ask for a better friend. . . . We've celebrated together at his place. And, of course, for the last four years I haven't been celebrating, but we will have lunch, just the two of us."

On other occasions when they are together—especially at the musical evenings that Marge Everett holds at her Holmby Hills mansion—Merv and Nancy sing duets at a piano, where sometimes they are joined by Johnny Mathis and Tony Danza. Their favorite number is "Our Love Is Here to Stay." "Of course, at a party Merv makes a party!" Mrs. Reagan reports. "He sings, plays the piano—there's one available. And we've had lo of evenings when he would play the p ano and he and I would both sing."

A few weeks later, when I visit Gri fin's penthouse suite in the Beverly H ton, he proudly shows me snapshots the Reagans taken during a trip the made to La Quinta "just before the a nouncement about the president's Al heimer's." In the photos, the presider and Mrs. Reagan are sitting in the shac of the umbrellas by Lake Merveille with books. Ronald Reagan—who a pears rosy, robust, and cheerful—reads volume entitled *A Father's Book of Wi dom,* and Nancy Reagan's paperback ha a plaid cover and a quaint title: *Life's Li tle Instruction Book.*

As Judy Garland sings "I Can't Giv You Anything but Love," Merv chef, Jamie Fibiger, serves lunch (duc salad and Snapple Kiwi Strawberry Coc tail), and Merv phones his man Ronni to arrange for his jet to take us to th Wickenburg dude ranch in Arizona fo dinner.

Lighting up another cigarette, Griffi appears somewhat transported by Ga land's voice, and suddenly he breaks int song: "I can't give you anything but love baby. / That's the only thing I've plent of, baby. / Dream awhile, scheme awhil you're sure to find / Happiness, and guess . . . "

"She had it all," he says of Garlan "She *ripped* you apart. Her voice wer through the middle of your body. It cam from her toes! Judy was expressing th desperation of her life up there on th stage. She was just out there, begging fo them to help her, help her with her life.

"I was at her Carnegie Hall concert [i 1961], and at the party afterward I showe her my hands. They were beet red. An she said, 'Merv, what happened to you hands?' And I said, 'Judy! That's ap plause!' And she said, 'You were clappin *that* hard?!' "

From the time he was a boy in San Ma teo, California, to his days touring the low er 48 states as a big-band singer, to hi television era, Judy Garland was alway Griffin's inspiration, his Platonic ideal as performer. In his 1980 autobiography *Merv,* Griffin writes, "Growing up I didn miss one Judy Garland movie. Most o them I watched several times, crying whe she cried, laughing when she laughed; always thought one day I would go to Ho lywood and marry her."

It didn't quite work out that way, bu a choirboy from San Mateo can hav

is dreams. And Griffin did, all through is youth, which was, as he describes it n *Merv,* a kaleidoscope of Depression-ra hardships (his parents, Mervyn se-ior, a tennis pro, and Rita, a house-vife, lost their home to the bank) and roto–Andy Hardy wonderment.

"I was the P. T. Barnum and Billy Rose of Eldorado Street]," Merv writes. "Every aturday I had a show, recruiting all the ids on the block as either stagehands, ac-ors, or audience, and sometimes as all hree. I was the producer, *always* the pro-ucer. . . . My shows always had lavish penings and lavish closings, with very ttle attention paid to what came in the niddle. The Barnum side of me created arnivals, complete with games, food tands, and cages made from boxes where he freakier-looking kids could be coaxed nto imitating wild animals. Peg-y Holitz was my leading lady nd chief ticket taker; if she re-orted one of the kids to me for ailing to pay the ticket, we'd tart a little fire by his house nd see that he got the blame. I lways seemed as a child to be ulling open the curtains and aving my arms to start a show."

The very young Merv was something of a piano prodi-y, though he had to keep his essons a secret from his disap-roving father. The adolescent Merv was vastly overweight (five feet ine inches and 240 pounds), and by the me he was in his late teens, Griffin's nce thriving showbiz ego was far more agile. He describes himself at 17 as a rudderless . . . hunk of blubber," work-ng as a clerk at the Crocker bank in San Mateo and occasionally playing the organ t church funerals.

Then, on July 6, 1943—his 18th birthday nd Nancy Reagan's 20th)—an extraordi-ary event shook him up.

"The country was at war," Griffin tells he as he feeds Patrick and Lobo strips of uck from his lunch plate. "I was walking own the train tracks near the house here we lived, wondering where my life as headed. I liked to feel the rush of air hen the Daylight Express blasted by on s way south, toward Los Angeles and Hollywood. Then, suddenly, a voice came o me out of nowhere and said, 'You will ever again be a private person.'

"Now, nothing was happening in my fe to explain this feeling to me, but I felt omething was going to happen. And I tarted to cry."

After this presentiment, Merv says, things started changing—almost miraculously—for the better: within a year, an audition for a job playing the piano at radio station KFRC in San Francisco led to a singing spot on a show with a 30-piece orchestra called *San Francisco Sketchbook,* which within two days was renamed *The Merv Griffin Show.* "I was making $1,100 a week, a kid with well-placed acne who they called 'America's New Romantic Singing Star.'"

Merv's acne, however, was just one of his remaining problems. He was still overweight, and whenever eager young women turned up at KFRC to seek the Romantic Singing Star's autograph, Griffin's bosses commanded him to hide. On one particularly humiliating day, when an admirer accidentally did get a glimpse of him, she turned on her heels and ran away, screeching with laughter.

> "Merv," says Rosie O'Donnell, "is somebody to aspire to be like."

Finally, in 1946, singer Joan Edwards, the host of *Your Hit Parade,* laid it on the line. "Merv, honey," she said, "you sing great, but the blubber has got to go!" Griffin went on a crash steak-and-salad diet and dropped 20 pounds a month until he hit 160. It was, he writes, "the first of one thousand two hundred forty-one diets."

4:00 P.M.

Merv's plane is in the hangar for repairs (the pilot hit a goose), so we are unable to go to Arizona for dinner. Instead, he decides to take the dogs and me on a twilight drive around Palm Springs in his white GMC Yukon.

As we set off across the 240-acre ranch, Merv drives by four circular guesthouses, which look a bit like Moroccan missile silos, each decorated in a different color scheme. Then we pass the enormous tile-roofed stable where 52 racehorses and Arabians are boarded and, next, a small house belonging to Tony Griffin. (Merv's 38-year-old son, his only child, was born during his father's 17-year marriage to Julann Griffin, which ended in 1976.) In the distance I can see Merv's new five-eighths-mile racetrack and the fanciful thatch-roofed viewing stand.

Cruising through the ranch gate onto a desert road lined with tall tamarisk trees, Griffin recalls his early trips—nearly 50 years ago—to the Palm Springs area, where he is now among the largest landowners. "Oh, in my day, Palm Springs was *won*derful!" he says. "There was Charlie Farrell's Racquet Club, and you'd see stars like Dinah Shore, Marilyn Monroe, and Elizabeth Taylor. Today the area is being revitalized. There are a lot of gay people—not wildness or anything, except on the night of their White Party, but they come in and fix up the houses and straighten the furniture."

When he first came here, in his 20s, Griffin was already a well-known singer who had headlined at the Cocoanut Grove. In 1950 a song he recorded called "I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Cocoanuts" shot to No. 1 on the Hit Parade, and he became a bona fide sensation. One night, during an engagement at the Palladium in Hollywood, 6,000 people rushed the stage while he was singing, shouting, "We want 'Cocoanuts'!" There was even a Merv Griffin Fan Club, whose president, Merv writes in his book, was "a large-toothed girl with pigtails [named] Carol Burnett."

After his days with the Freddy Martin Orchestra, Griffin was briefly put under contract at Warner Bros., where he made a few forgettable pictures, including *The Boy from Oklahoma,* directed by Michael Curtiz, and *So This Is Love,* with Kathryn Grayson, but, because of his skills on the tennis court, he managed to ingratiate himself with the studio boss, Jack L. Warner. Once, the Colonel—as Warner liked to be called—invited "Griff" (as he liked to call Griffin) to the Beverly Hills Tennis Club to take part in a game of doubles in which the King of Thailand was playing. In one match, as a hard volley headed toward Merv, he was shocked to hear the famously profane Warner instruct him to "hit it to the Chink!"

"Oh, old Hollywood was so great," Merv says, steering the white Yukon down the desolate desert roads. "You felt like you were in the middle of something. It had *style,* a great look—and you could tell who the stars were. Not to quote Gloria Swanson, but 'they had faces then!' Boy, now you go out and you say, 'Is that Winona Ryder or is that

Merv Griffin

Janeane Garofalo?' You can't tell who it is! But you know what my philosophy is? Turn the page. It's over. Move on."

Perhaps the most winning quality of *The Merv Griffin Show* was its deadpan, "pre-ironic" respect for—or, perhaps more accurately, unhealthy worship of—movie stars, TV stars, singers, authors, animal trainers, royalty. Anyone who had a good, or halfway decent, act. A long, long time before there was a *People* magazine or *Hello!* magazine or E! or Rosie O'Donnell, there was Merv, drilling deep into the bottomless well of America's Celebrity-Lust Reserve. Even into the MTV era, while David Letterman tore apart ingenues by late night, Griffin was still enthusiastically hosting Orson Welles (who met his maker two hours after an appearance), Bob Hope, George Burns, Sophia Loren, Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda, Steve and Eydie, Burt Reynolds, and on and on. Day after day—for 7,000 shows—Merv stared intently into the eyes of Celebrity X and uttered his signature "Oooooh!"—which, for the record, he says was actually "Ahhhhh!" It was, he says, "a wonderful way to let your interview know he was being successful."

"It was so fun doing a television show in those days, because the characters were so great and there was all that bizarreness," Griffin says with a certain wistfulness as he hangs a right onto posh Frank Sinatra Drive. "We had Andy Warhol, Ultra Violet, Abbie Hoffman, Genevieve—remember Genevieve?—Salvador Dalí, Tallulah Bankhead. Oh, *Tallulah!* She was a great friend of mine. She used to say, 'Darling Merv, I only do your show because you laugh *with* me, not at me.' She wouldn't do Carson, because he laughed *at* her. She was *sooo* quick—someone once asked her, 'Tallulah, do you think Johnnie Ray [a heartthrob singer of the 50s] was queer?' And she said, 'How should I know? He never sucked my dick!'

"Then, once, I had on Zsa Zsa Gabor and Pamela Mason, and the final guest was Hermione Gingold, who brought a dog with her. Well, I said, 'Hermione, you've never brought a dog on before!' And she said in her great English accent, 'Well, darling, I thought one more bitch wouldn't matter.'"

As we drive past Bob Hope's extraordinary flying-saucer-like house, high up on a hill, I ask why Merv stopped the show when he did. "The interviews just started to bore me," he says. "I couldn't bear facing another soap-opera star. Music was a no-no on TV—no ratings. And all the great guests had died. It was like Jack Paar said when he quit *The Tonight Show:* 'There was no one left to talk to.'"

As for today's talk-show hosts, Griffin says, "I laugh, 'Ha ha ha,' at Jay Leno and go 'Hmmmm' at David Letterman. Too much grimacing. Letterman is better when he's got someone on to do battle with. Rosie O'Donnell was born for talk shows. She's like a European movie star; she just says what's on her mind and lets the chips fall where they may."

On the rare occasion when he sees one of his own shows on videotape, he says, "It's like a different person. I almost never think about it unless someone else brings it up. And if I do see a clip, I look at myself on the screen and I really don't recognize the person up there."

Aboard Merv's Boat The Griff, *Biscayne Bay: 2:00 P.M.*

Merv's $7 million yacht, *The Griff,* which is 127 feet long (three decks, five staterooms, a Jacuzzi, and a crew of seven), is docked in Biscayne Bay off Miami Beach. On board with him are Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia; Kevin Deverich, the president of Merv Griffin Hotels; Warren Cowan, his publicist; and Ronnie Ward.

Last night Merv paid a visit to the Blue Moon hotel on Collins Avenue, which is about to undergo a renovation. Several people in the lobby asked for his autograph. Today he is being photographed for this article and meeting with his team of interior decorators to approve the Blue Moon's fabrics and finishes—the tasks quite obviously are among his favorite aspects of being a hotel baron.

In the dining room of the yacht, sitting at a huge snakeskin table (which is positioned in front of a giant painting of a leopard), Cowan, a bespectacled man with gray hair, is on the phone dictating a press release (intended for Liz Smith) about Merv's various businesses. "Everything Merv Griffin . . . the Singing Billionaire . . . touches these days turns to gold *period* His new Coconut Club, a supper-dance club in the Beverly Hilton, opened last month *period* As Merv predicted it has Californians back on their feet and dancing *period* The Coconut Club is the talk of Southern California *parenthesis* how come we don't have places to dance in New York *question mark, parenthesis, paragraph* Then there's Princess Elizabeth perfumes *period* Eight months ago Merv backed H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia with her new line of fragrances to be sold on QVC *period* Today Princess Elizabeth's fragrance are QVC's top seller *exclamation point*"

In the teakwood-lined sunroom, Merv reclines on a lemon-lime striped sofa, sipping a glass of his private-label Mont Merveilleux 1996 Sauvignon Blanc and talking on the phone to the C.E.O. of the Griffin Group, Larry Cohen, about his latest purchase: the St. Clerans manor house, a 18th-century Georgian estate in Galway, Ireland, that once belonged to John Huston (Merv reportedly paid $3 million for it). Across the room, on a rattan card table, the interior decorators Bob Rang and Dane Winovitch have carefully laid out dozens of swatches for Merv's inspection.

Soon, everyone—except Princess Elizabeth, who is curled up on a sectional sofa in the leopard room, listening to a Yugoslavian pop album—gathers around to watch Merv as he picks over every last thread that the designers have chosen for the hotel. Rang and Winovitch hover nervously as Merv focuses in on their selections: "No! I hate that—it's that ball again with the grapes," Merv says with some amount of passion as he flips through the swatches. "I just don't like mixtures of dark greens, blues, and reds. It just skews too old to me. I'm thinking less decadent, looking modern Art Deco. I'm thinking checkerboards, stripes. There's a heavyness about this fabric that dwarfs the rooms." Suddenly, he sees something he likes: "Ooooh, that's Key West casual!" he exclaims, causing looks of apparent relief to spread across the decorators' faces.

Next, Rang shows colors for the walls and floors. "Now, Merv, I know you like white bleached things—"

"Love it! Love it! Love it! Is that bleached? I love that," Merv says as, abruptly, his interest wanes. Backing off, he calls for a cigarette, which Ronnie lights, and another glass of Mont Merveilleux.

Settling into the lemon-lime couch, Griffin scans the travertine coffee table for his crossword puzzle. "Whenever I used to start into a puzzle," he says, "Eva and Ronnie used to look at each other and say, 'Wheeew! Let's go!' And they'd run out of the room."

Eva is the late Eva Gabor, his companion—on and off—for 15 years before she died of respiratory failure in 1995.

When Merv mentions Gabor, his face becomes slightly melancholy—an unusual countenance for him. Several days later, en route to Los Angeles on his jet, I ask him about Gabor and again he gets emotional. "Those years had great ups and downs," he tells me. "We really loved each other a lot, but sometimes we would

Merv Griffin

ave each other and go to different peo-
e. She would go to someone else and I
ould go to [Princess] Elizabeth. We had
oken up just before her death, but when
e were together, we traveled everywhere:
lorocco, all the islands. She sat every
ip right where you are sitting now. Herb
aen [the late *San Francisco Chronicle*
olumnist] once said, 'If Merv and Eva
er stopped laughing they'd get married.'
nd now everyone says, 'God, we really
iss the two of you.' We were like anoth-
version of Lucy and Desi."

Ronnie Ward feels that Merv and Eva
ight well have reunited. "It wouldn't have
ken long, I don't think, if Eva hadn't
assed away," he says. "The yacht would
ave brought them back together. She
ved the water."

The reason for their split has long
een unclear, and Merv says that at one
me they had planned to be married.
've never revealed this to anyone be-
re," he confides, "but Nancy Reagan
as going to be matron of honor. There
as a pre-marital agreement," he contin-
es. "But we could never agree which
ouse we'd live in and I couldn't agree
hich of her staff she would bring with
er and that really drove us apart. It's
vful, because there is so much more I
n't tell you. It was a monstrous prob-
m and it wasn't mine—but I will never
ag Eva's name through the mud."

00 P.M.

Warren Cowan grows agitated as Merv prepares to be photographed in his
cuzzi-at-sea. The venerable public-relations
oneer doesn't think that his client should
t into a hot tub for a photographer. In a
st-ditch effort to prevent this from taking
ace, the publicist writes an urgent note
Merv on a pink tablet: NO JACUZZI!!
hrice underlined). However, Merv ig-
ores the entreaty, which is held in front
his face, and heads downstairs. Having
st the battle, Cowan now scrawls another
ote on the pink tablet. This new missive
intended for me—a suggested headline
r this article. Removing the piece of pa-
er from the pad, he crosses the sunroom
nd discreetly slips it into my palm. It
ads: IT'S A MERVELOUS WORLD!

he Beverly Hilton, Merv's Mother Ship:
00 P.M.

Merv's apartment is on the eighth floor of the Beverly Hilton, a blocky, chalk-
hite concrete leviathan at the corner of
ilshire and Santa Monica Boulevards—the busiest intersection in the world. We are standing on the living-room terrace with all of Los Angeles spread before us. It is breezy. Dusk. The sky is unusually clear, and the clustered skyscrapers of downtown stand out like Emerald City on the horizon.

"I want to show you something," Merv says, pointing northward, toward Benedict Canyon. "That's my hilltop that I just sold to Mark Hughes of Herbalife [the nutritional-supplement company] for eight or nine million. One hundred and fifty-seven acres. I bought it from the Shah of Iran's sister Princess Shams," who had intended it to be the site of the Peacock Throne in exile. Griffin's dream for the hilltop had been to build a 60,000-square-foot Palladian villa—along with stables, a helicopter pad, and three lakes. But the project never got off the drawing board. "I was swatched to death, so I called it off," Merv says, moving toward his bright-yellow living room and taking a seat at his piano. He plays a soft, slow medley of songs he has composed—the themes to *The Merv Griffin Show, Wheel of Fortune,* and *Jeopardy.*

This year marks Griffin's 11th anniversary as owner of the Beverly Hilton, his first big acquisition after the windfall sale of 1986.

About a year later, Griffin entered a bidding war against Donald Trump for Resorts International Hotels and Casinos "because I wanted to try to build a chain of hotels quickly."

Griffin won the bidding war, but had to restructure the debt of Resorts International twice in order to keep the giant company afloat. (Donald Trump called it "Chapter 22.") Griffin was forced into a kind of indentured servitude to the Resorts chain—which includes the flagship in Atlantic City and the popular Paradise Island resorts in the Bahamas—"using my public persona to move the company along.

"I tried everything from live game shows to celebrity appearances, even giving away $1,500 bags of money in the casinos," he says. "People turned around and spent it on blackjack!"

A *Saturday Night Live* sketch at the time summed it up, depicting Merv starring in a Resorts International floor show while waiting tables, parking cars, taking reservations, and doing hotel laundry.

In December 1996, after pulling the company into the black, Griffin merged Resorts with Sol Kerzner's Sun International Hotels. The deal made Griffin a major stockholder of Sun International, a $1.5 billion company, which trades on the New York Stock Exchange at around $47 a share.

7:00 P.M.

Marguerita, Merv's Beverly Hilton maid, tidies up around the already immaculate apartment as Merv sips coffee in his small bleached-wood-paneled den. The sun is about to set over the Pacific, and the lighting is burnt orange. We are listening to some tunes from 50 years ago: Merv singing "Cotton Candy and a Toy Balloon" (co-written by Steve Allen) with the Freddy Martin Orchestra. "This is Merv Griffin and the Martin Men!" says an NBC announcer on the scratchy recording. Then the young Merv comes on, singing in a voice pitched higher than his current one. "I don't bottom out, but it's a similar voice," he observes.

Later tonight, Griffin will sing "Just in Time" at the Coconut Club in a trio with Jerry Vale and Steve Guttenberg. Later this year, he will release his first album in 20 years, which is being produced in part by David Foster, the man behind many Whitney Houston and Barbra Streisand ventures. "It's music for very late at night, and it's all personal, all mood," Merv says, clearly excited, as he gets up to pop in his favorite track.

On the tape, his voice is smooth and clear and sounds very youthful. According to Mort Lindsey, musical director of *The Merv Griffin Show* for 20 years, "Merv is singing better than he's ever sung before. This may be due to the fact that he's got a little more weight on his frame. You know, Pavarotti's no sylph!"

As the love song continues, Griffin lights a cigarette and sinks into his pink plaid easy chair. The lyrics to "Like Someone in Love," by Johnny Burke, make his blue eyes grow misty. Biting his right thumbnail, he cradles his chin in his left hand and looks out the window toward the Emerald City. Wisps of cigarette smoke eddy around his head.

As I watch him here, in the umber twilight of 90210, something that his very close friend Robert Loggia told me comes to mind: "On a moment when Merv is unaware—let's say he might be sitting looking out at the sunset and you come upon him—he is unaware of your arrival, and the face seems to be sad. Not morose, but a deep sadness, which, of course, inclines you to say, 'What's the matter?'

"Then, when Merv knows you're there, that changes, and he's right back on it. I think he's lonely. I think Merv is very, very lonely.

"I think he wants to be in love." □

Duchovny

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166 depressed when I heard that. I thought running through the rain really worked." A beat. "Science really spoils your fun."

Science keeps trying to spoil Mulder's fun, too, but after five seasons it hasn't begun to explain away the visiting aliens, vampires, mutants, and other creatures that he and Scully, played by Gillian Anderson, encounter as fellow agents checking out the F.B.I.'s "X Files"—those dealing with paranormal activity. This month, science takes more of a battering as the first big-screen version of *The X Files* opens to generate new fears of extraterrestrial invasion and government cover-up. *Star Trek* seems the obvious precedent, especially given the show's cultlike following of "X-philes," who trade arcane details, trinkets, and heartthrob gossip at *X Files* conventions. But Duchovny sets me straight. "There is no precedent," he says. *Star Trek* was actually canceled after three years, became a cult hit in reruns, then spawned the movies.

The X Files, by comparison, reaches 20 million viewers—and that's just on prime time Sunday night. As of last fall, its reruns also appear seven days a week, and have consistently ranked first among hour-long shows in syndication, thereby reaching another 10 million viewers. So the show may be powered into orbit as a big-screen serial, each installment appearing every three or four years like a brilliant, unexplained sighting in the night sky. Or so Duchovny hopes. Then the show might end after one more season—even though the contract he signed back when he was relatively unknown binds him for two more seasons, the mention of which makes him wince. He would be free at last to have a movie career, yet also keep the franchise alive. If reaction to the *X Files* trailer is any indication, the movie may indeed be big: at the first mention of Mulder, audiences at two theaters I happened to be at erupted in spontaneous applause.

Duchovny's more immediate goal has just been realized. As of next season the show will move to Los Angeles. Its creator, Chris Carter, made the decision reluctantly, since the Canadian exchange rate and lower costs mean higher profits. But both Duchovny and Anderson keenly wanted to bring the Vancouver years to an end. "I could've kept the show there," Carter says. "There was never an ultimatum." The movie just seemed to cap an era, and as Carter concedes, "You want to keep the actors in a good environment." For Duchovny, L.A. was home well before May 1997, when he married Téa Leoni, the lithe, fine-boned actress who starred in 1996's *Flirting with Disaster* and the recently released *Deep Impact.* Now the pull is that much greater.

From the kitchen counter, the two-way radio squawks. "David, you're on in five. Tom's asking what's this new line and how do you want to say it?"

"I want to say, 'Even if the gloves fit, you must still acquit.'"

A pause of obvious incomprehension from the other end. "O.K. . . . "

Duchovny rolls his eyes. "Canadians . . . They don't *get* O.J. around here."

As a star who likes to write, Duchovny weighs in with more than line changes and the occasional plot. Early on, he decided that a guy on a lonely quest to learn if his sister had been abducted by aliens had better be cool, buttoned-down, well spoken—sane in every respect but the one in which he wasn't. Hence the laconic style. "A lot of the style has come from David," acknowledges Anderson, who plays Scully with similar understatement, "because that's the way he works. But also, we're dealing with so much all the time—aliens and maniacs and psychotics—that if we responded big every time, it would be incredibly melodramatic and boring."

As the show took off, Duchovny helped imbue what might have been a mere sci-fi drama with what he refers to, a bit self-consciously, as its mythology—a creative contribution that reportedly earns him a higher-than-scale piece of syndication revenues, which seem likely to reach $1.5 million per episode. A seminal influence was—and still is—Joseph Campbell. "It isn't Campbell specifically, but Campbell is a structural anthropologist he's like Lévi-Strauss, boiling down all stories into archetypes," Duchovny says. "I wanted Mulder to go through an archetypal journey: starting from a position of innocence, which is one of trusting his father—the elders, in mythology—being a good boy and a good son, to being an outcast, feeling like his father is Darth Vader, then going to almost as innocent a phase, in which he believes that everyone's a liar, and everyone's out to get him, then maturing to a kind of enlightened cynicism."

As the movie opens, Mulder is in the last of those stages. He's come to believe that all the U.F.O.'s and extraterrestrials he's seen may be nothing more than hoaxes planned by government agents who are using him as a guinea pig. Whereas Scully, the skeptic, thinks they may be real. Since the movie has a budget of $60 million, much of it for special effects, it's a sure bet that Mulder will rediscover his faith in the great beyond. "Part of that is, you know, when you pay your eight dollars you want to see something," Duchovny says. "It's, like, 'Show me some aliens, man.'"

The season's last episode sets up the plot, ending with a cliff-hanger as tantalizing as that of any 1920s radio serial. "There seems to be some sort of colonization plan by an alien force that certain shadow members of governments across the world have been in cahoots with," Duchovny allows. The human collaborators will get to oversee their soon-to-be-enslaved fellows; like the French Vichy government, they justify their duplicity as pragmatism. Meanwhile, there's dissension among the aliens: some are against colonizing Earth. "Like anti-imperialists in America," Duchovny says. "So they've come to Earth to warn certain people that the aliens aren't actually going to hold to their bargain, even with the collaborators. They're going to exterminate or enslave everybody." Mulder has to figure out what's true, and whom to trust—those archetypal issues. And if the aliens do intend to conquer by means of a virus that turns people into lizards, where's the antidote? ("I'm on a roll," Duchovny says of his plot summation. "Usually I don't understand it.") Before the film is over many of the mysteries Mulder has pondered on *The X Files* will be reconsidered, starting with his sister's disappearance. "It's the culmination, really, of five years of questions."

One question it won't answer is what Duchovny's range is as a movie star. Before *The X Files,* he landed leads in quirky, low-budget films (*Kalifornia, The Rapture, Julia Has Two Lovers*), modest roles in two of Henry Jaglom's chatty, home-movie-style films (*Venice/Venice, New Year's Day*), and one line in a smash hit (in *Working Girl,* he says "Surprise!" to Melanie Griffith at a birthday party). In all of them, the physical appeal is palpable (aided by ample exposure of his yoga-hard body), as is the intelligence behind those dark, brooding eyes. But his presence is pretty much the same from role to role. Not wooden, no stiff, just restrained.

If *The X Files* were an L.A.-based ensemble TV show that left its stars enough

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time to do films, Duchovny might have managed to break the stereotype by now. But with those 12-hour days in Vancouver, and a window of only six weeks between seasons, he's been stymied. Last year he let a half-baked script and the right schedule lure him into a disappointment called *Playing God,* about a doctor who lost his license for malpractice and ends up on call for the Mob. Though the movie had other problems, Duchovny did little to alleviate them: most critics saw him as Mulder in a medical smock. Now the *X Files* movie will give him his greatest Hollywood exposure by far—while typecasting him all the more. "At first we worried a lot about how to make the film better than the show," Anderson says of their roles. "Soon enough, we found that wasn't appropriate: it was about doing what we had been doing."

Why some TV actors can make the leap to film and others fail is one of those eternal riddles Duchovny professes not to ponder. "We can talk ourselves blue in the face about the differences between TV actors and movie actors," he says, "and it's all bullshit, because I'm an actor on TV or film, depending on the form. It's all voodoo." Still, there must be some reason Woody Harrelson and Bruce Willis have made it and David Caruso and Luke Perry haven't so far. Something about emotional range? "It's the material," Duchovny says a bit testily. "[Caruso's] a good actor. He deserves success as much as anybody."

A mobile phone rings: Duchovny's wife is on the line. The call is local. With *Deep Impact* wrapped, Leoni is up in Vancouver for the week. "This reporter wants to know how I become a movie actor," he says. "Can you tell me?" He listens, interested. "Uh-huh . . . uh-huh . . . Right. O.K." Then he looks over at me. "She says you take everything you do on television and then you make it slower and longer," he says.

So much for that.

It was a year ago January that Duchovny and Leoni began dating. They'd met once before, when both were starting out, at a pre-interview for *The Tonight Show,* in which, as relative unknowns, they had to prove they were charming enough to be on-air guests. Leoni dominated the interview, while Duchovny grew silent and sullen. She got on the show; he didn't. One fall day in 1996, Leoni was in the office of her agent, Risa Shapiro of International Creative Management, when Duchovny called. Shapiro is his agent, too.

"I said to him that I was talking to Téa Leoni," Shapiro recalls, "and then they both spoke at the same time. 'Oh, he must be so annoyed with me because I talked so much at the pre-interview,' Téa said. And David said, 'Is she still talking so much?' I was like the translator. I got off the phone and said, 'This is a match made in heaven.' Not only were they both funny and talented, they were both from New York." Both, that is, from prestigious New York private schools, he from Collegiate, she from its sister school, Brearley—though not, as it happened, from the same social worlds.

Leoni was wary of dating Duchovny, who'd managed to gain a reputation in L.A. as a ladies' man. But Shapiro nudged matters along. She urged Duchovny to go to a party Leoni would be attending in L.A. He arrived just as Leoni was leaving. "That went well," he said to Shapiro. A few weeks later, the two had dinner in L.A. Things went better. Three months after that, Duchovny asked her to marry him. "I still ask her," he says. "It's our little thing."

The idea of marriage hadn't exactly spooked Duchovny. "I just couldn't function successfully in a relationship," he says. "If I'd been born in the Middle Ages I would have died single. People died at 36!" Certainly his own parents' bitter divorce, when he was 11, had left its scars. Leoni has parents who have been married happily for more than 40 years. So, as Duchovny observes, "she's made happy by simple things in life, like family, things that I was never made happy by. She's teaching me that." He pauses. "Well, by example. It's not like we study every night."

The newlyweds chose to forgo a honeymoon; just living together was an exotic enough prospect. Duchovny moved into Leoni's rental house in L.A. with his dog, Blue, a "Border/Jersey-collie mix" who got along well enough with George, Leoni's larger mutt. The problem was a dog somewhere in the neighborhood who barked incessantly through the night every night. "We got in the car at night and tried to locate it aurally, like by sonar," Duchovny relates. With Leoni at the wheel of her BMW sedan (Duchovny, car-wary, didn't learn to drive until he was 27), they found the dog, and then confronted the owner. "Oh, you'll get used to it," the owner said. "I did."

Instead, they bought their own house north of Malibu—high enough in the hills not to have been swept away by El Niño. Leoni set about filling it with antiques many from her brother, Tom, a dealer. Duchovny isn't sure quite what style they are. "We like green, comfortable things," he says, trying to be helpful. "Green and yellow." By then *The X Files* had resumed; the first time he flew down from Vancouver to visit Leoni in their new home, he felt like a stranger in it. "I didn't want to touch anything," he says. "But then you spill that first cup of coffee, and you're in . . . " Soon, the schedule, which allowed him to get home only every other week—"there were a couple of stretches of, like, 17 days; those were bad"—began to seem intolerable. "I had to become fairly active in getting the show moved," Duchovny says. In the end, diplomacy worked. But if it hadn't? "If I'd had to force it, I would have found a way to make it happen."

"It's raining—yeah!"

Leoni enters the trailer with a large white plastic bag in either hand. Inside is food enough for six, courtesy of the local spa where she has just undergone hours of rejuvenation that culminated in being slathered, naked, with warm seaweed. "It was great," she reports. For the food, she gets no takers: lunch was already served on the set. Undeterred, she stands at the kitchen counter and digs into half a dozen plastic containers full of whole-grain salads and other spa food. This is a woman who loves to eat—and clearly has the metabolism to do it without adding an ounce to her lean five-foot-eight-inch frame.

"Téa loves the rain," Duchovny says. And Duchovny, it's very clear, loves his wife. "What's that moment you love in the W. C. Fields movie?"

"Oh yeah," she says. "I may have dreamt it. But he was in the hospital and he was going to die; it was very sad. His girlfriend or wife or whatever says goodbye and leaves—and oh, the thing is, we know he loves the rain. So he's sort of sleeping, and we're crying because we know he's going to die. And then he hears the sound of rain on the hospital roof. The camera pulls back and we're outside, and here's this woman—with a hose."

"Michael just said we have a 19th-century relationship because we got married without knowing each other," Duchovny teases.

Leoni pauses, her fork in midair. "David and I both tend to be sort of . . . heady individuals," she says, serious for a moment. "To have put that aside and gone with an instinct, and had it turn out to

so brilliantly right—I now applaud it."

Eighteen months ago, divorced after a rriage of three years from a director of commercials, Leoni couldn't have agined she'd marry again. "I didn't e a good reason the first time, and k how that ended," she says. "And I ln't come up with one since. I even l in my head, I think, the ideal man, l I still wasn't sure *he* could get me to altar. But I didn't meet my ideal n—I met better. At that point it was so cific. Would I ever get married again? . Would I marry David? Yes. And the ed with which we got married . . . I n't know . . . "

'I was always a little embarrassed en people would bring it up," Du- vny says, smiling. "I'm glad we've n married almost a year now, because t feels . . . substantial."

'I kind of like the method of 'Hide l watch, we'll see you in 25,'" says ni.

'We like that method about every- ng," says Duchovny.

Hide and watch?

'Don't defend yourself, just hide and tch," Duchovny explains.

'It's a Texas thing," says Leoni. "My ther used to say that all the time. 'd say that particularly when you were trouble: 'Hide and watch.' Meaning, get out of sight and don't mess . . . "

After a short stretch of banter that nages to cover rats, regurgitation, ex- tion, and sutured penises—these are vlyweds who like grossing each other —Leoni polishes off the second of chocolate crullers and gathers up empty containers. "All right, I'm go- home to nap," she declares. "And n I'm probably going to drink! It'll be a perfect day!" She nods over to chovny. "What time are you going to home?"

Duchovny sighs. "Maybe eight? Tell how hard I work. Because it doesn't nd good when I say it."

'No, it doesn't," Leoni agrees. "But true. I don't work one-fifth as hard as does."

Much of the last year Leoni spent film- ing episodes of her own TV show, a om called *The Naked Truth,* which un- tunately was just canceled. Her sched- was lighter than Duchovny's, especial- when a day's script had lousy jokes l had to be scrapped. The next day, ugh, she might have had to memorize new pages.

'She's pretty photogenic," Duchovny s, then hears his mistake and cracks up. "No, I mean, she's got a photographic memory."

"Go with the first one," Leoni says.

"She has a photogenic mammary," Duchovny amends.

"Are you going to want dinner?" Leoni asks.

"I'll just have some of that soup you made when I come home."

Leoni pauses. "Did that give you gas?"

"Not more than usual."

"I made this soup," Leoni explains, "and I didn't soak the beans overnight . . . "

"Actually, it did."

"But I didn't tell him that."

"It did, it did give me gas."

Fond embrace, kiss; Leoni exits trailer door, right.

For both Duchovny and Leoni, one of the worst parts of long-distance marriage is the flying. It makes both of them nervous. Once a month, as written into his contract, Duchovny gets a private plane for the weekend round-trip to L.A. But that's almost worse.

"I feel safer on the big ones," he says. "Because I have this feeling that it's a cooperative act to keep the plane aloft. Everybody has to concentrate. And if it's just me back there, it's exhausting. Like, if I don't keep vigilant, it will all go to hell."

In that respect, life was easier before *The X Files.* "Whenever I used to get on a plane in L.A. that had a celebrity on it, I was happy," Duchovny recalls. "Because I thought that was the charm. Then I realized I had become the charm—for other people. I wasn't as happy about that. Because if the plane started to go down, they'd all give me looks of 'You're not even enough!'"

Jokes tell: that fear, of not being enough, is what drove a boy who hadn't yet grown into his handsome looks to be an academic overachiever. It's what drives him as an actor now, too.

Duchovny's father, Amram, was a publicist who wrote gimmicky books for money (*The Wisdom of Spiro T. Agnew*) and an Off Broadway play (*The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald*). The gambits apparently failed: David and his siblings—a brother, Danny, and a sister, Lori—grew up in what was then a pretty scruffy Manhattan neighborhood, on 11th Street off Second Avenue. When David entered Collegiate in ninth grade on a scholarship, he was christened "Hayseed" because he lived so far from his wealthy uptown classmates (including John F. Kennedy Jr.). When he went to his first party, he was astounded to see the elevator door open directly into a classmate's opulent apartment; he'd never seen anything like it. Leoni, six years younger, wouldn't have been at the party, but this was her world. She lived on Park Avenue; her father was a partner in a New York law firm.

By then, Duchovny's parents had divorced, and times were tougher. To earn the $600 needed every year to supplement his scholarship, Duchovny worked as a lifeguard on Fire Island, where his grandparents had a summer house in Ocean Beach. During the school year, he studied hard. "I always felt, If I go out tonight, I'll get a C in math," he recalls. "I was nervous. I thought I was going to end up in the gutter if I didn't get straight A's." Much of this was the influence of his mother, a teacher and administrator at Manhattan's Grace Church School. She had, as Duchovny puts it, "that Depression-era, lower-middle-class fantasy of the educated life, the life of a professor." Even the basketball he excelled at was a means to the end of getting into an Ivy League college.

Surely, I ask, he did one reckless thing in his Collegiate years. Duchovny pauses. "My best friend, Jason Beghe, and I, used to think that we had a chance with the lower-school teachers because they were always relatively young," he says. "So we used to sit in the lounge area of the cafeteria, and Jason used to take his down jacket off, the kind you could crush into a pretty small shape, and he used to stuff it down his pants, so it looked like his penis went down to his ankle, and was the size of an elephant cock. We'd sit there as they went by. And his expression when he was doing it was: 'It's not a coat.'"

As his class valedictorian, with board scores of 690 in both math and English, Duchovny got into Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Brown. Harvard was out because his father had moved to Boston, and the proximity would have upset his mother. (Duchovny's father has since moved to Paris.) Yale he nixed because New Haven looked even worse than East 11th Street. Brown at the time was seen as less good than the other three. That left Princeton, where Duchovny studied English and roomed with a student who, to Duchovny's amazement, wanted to act. "I used to tease him relentlessly. 'You got into Princeton to study acting? What are you, an idiot?'"

Working hard—a nervous boy still—Duchovny graduated summa cum laude and went on to earn a graduate degree in contemporary literature at Yale. He was a second-year teaching assistant, starting

Duchovny

classes for his doctorate, when Jason Beghe made a fateful suggestion. Duchovny needed to earn $2,000 during the summer of 1987 for school-year expenses, and was bartending. Beghe, an actor who has since appeared in *Thelma & Louise* and *G.I. Jane,* pointed out that if Duchovny landed a single commercial he could make that much money in a day. "I'd known him already 12 years," Beghe says. "Everything he set out to do, he did. And if I loved him, why wouldn't everyone else?"

With an agent, and some acting lessons, Duchovny landed a Löwenbräu commercial. Before long, to his mother's lasting regret, he let Yale, and academia, go.

The radio squawks: "David in five." A change of clothes is needed, so Duchovny strips down in his trailer bedroom. He favors dusty-rose Jockey shorts—a factoid for the fans who swooned at the sight of him, in one episode, in a tight red Speedo bathing suit, and crowded various David Duchovny Web sites with feverish speculation about what might lie underneath. It's strange to be a sex symbol, and Duchovny's wariness of it seems genuine. In the recent Milan Kundera novel *Slowness,* Duchovny recalls, "there was a question one of the characters posed: 'Who would want to drag the pots and pans of celebrity behind him?' I feel that way when I walk down the street, like I've got these pots and pans."

The Internet groups are easier to avoid than paparazzi or autograph hunters: Duchovny is Internet-oblivious. Once, though, he admits, "I was at my manager's office, and I said, 'Let's go visit some site about me.' I forget which one it was, some chat room. I logged on and said, 'Hi, it's David Duchovny. Anybody want to talk?' First of all they just ignored me, because I guess they get people like that all the time. So I typed, 'It really is David—please ask me a question so I can prove it's me.' They were, like, 'Get out of here, asshole.' And I realized I could never convince them it was me. If I came up with something they already knew, they'd think I was just another fan who'd learned it like they had. And if I came up with something they didn't know, they would think it was a lie anyway."

In a sense, the same Catch-22 dogs Duchovny as an actor. His work as Mulder is, to his mind, proof of his talent. But so well has he done Mulder that until he plays an utterly different character few will believe he isn't Mulder, even when he's David Duchovny. And with the kind of acting he does, he admits, the gradations are always going to be subtle.

"If I have a morality about performance, it's kind of a Protestant one," Duchovny says. "It's not celebratory; sometimes I wish it was more that way. When I look at my wife I see a physical expression of acting that is fun. Or when I look at an actor like Al Pacino or Nicolas Cage or John Travolta. And given the chance, I'd like to try that, because I recognize the joy in the performance. But my natural inclination is to keep it real, and to try at all costs to hide, which is what people do [in real life]."

Some people get it. A lot still don't. "When I got the success of this show, I thought that people would start to appreciate what I was doing," says Duchovny. "Instead of being called 'flat,' I'd be called 'subtle.' Instead of being called 'low-energy,' I'd be called 'real.' But every time you try to move out, you're going to be attacked again. That's where my battle is: in either listening to them and deciding, 'Gee, they're right, there's something I have to do here that I'm not doing,' or sticking to my guns."

"David, we need you," the radio squawks.

Duchovny slips on his shirt and jacket, opens an umbrella at the door, and heads out to his waiting car. It's been a long day, and where he'd like to be is with Leon, eating a quiet dinner. But the alien forces are gathering even now, out there beyond the rain-gray Vancouver skies. And who, if not Mulder, is to stop them? □

Gabhan O'Keeffe

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194 depressed for long in this background—the colors are so joyful."

As he clambers about the Montpelier Square construction site—wearing a dark-blue Bavarian-style suede jacket, a khaki linen vest, a Turnbull & Asser checked shirt with amethyst cuff links, a bright-orange silk tie, gray corduroy trousers, work boots, and a white hard hat—O'Keeffe recalls that the Schlumberger project was also a teardown of sorts. Schlumberger had already spent more than a year working with a minimalist architect when she visited the late Prince Johannes von Thurn und Taxis at his 500-room palace in Regensburg, Germany, and was so swept away by the wing O'Keeffe had reconstructed and decorated for the prince's uproarious young wife, Princess Gloria, that she decided to go for Baroque, too. "São's project was almost complete when we tore it out," O'Keeffe says. "There again, she had the guts to do it. She confronted *fear in its face. Boom! Pah!* Away you go. And off we went."

"Let me just pop a little cardamom into your rose water," says Gabhan O'Keeffe before handing me a crystal goblet filled with pink liquid specked with floating black seeds. We are having drinks before dinner in the downstairs sitting room of the three-bedroom carriage house in Knightsbridge he shares with his design partner of 10 years, George Warrington, a scion of one of England's most aristocratic Catholic families. The fireplace is pewter-foiled and some of the walls are copper-leafed; the other walls are hung with vermilion-and-azure silk damask designed by O'Keeffe. An 18th-century pastel portrait of Mozart hangs over a gracefully curved sofa, also designed by O'Keeffe, as was the handwoven crimson-and-gold fabric in which it's upholstered. There are 17th-century side chairs from Old Richmond Palace, 18th-century Russian gilt-and-ivory stools, and a pair of 19th-century carved temple guards from India. The decorator puts what looks like a piece of bark into a silver filigreed incense burner, saying, "It's the most amazing thing I've been sent from Cambodia. I'm a totally addictive person, but my thing is incense." Then he slips a CD into a hidden player. "I want you to hear the sexiest thing," he says, "the only cello sonata Chopin wrote."

Sitting in O'Keeffe's out-of-this-world *fin de siècle* lair, I suddenly realize that he is a 20th-century reincarnation of Des Esseintes, the hyper-aesthetic hero of Joris-Karl Huysmans's novel *Against the Grain,* published late in the last century. "The five senses—the five gifts that you're given—are the most important thing," O'Keeffe says. "And that's what makes life work for one, really. To me, the great thing about life is that it's got endless possibilities. I love to go where there's an incredibly vivid sense of life. I recently went deep-sea diving among coral reefs in Mauritius. I love diving because you see shells and shells and shells, *thousands* of

. People are always looking for life up Mars or the moon, but, my God, it's ady here. There's another life all ınd us, actually, on this earth.

I've always had a great passion for ıt I do now, basically," O'Keeffe says. n still continually referring to imagery really struck me as a child. Textures. ors. Shapes. Structures. Light. Land- ɒe—where I was brought up, in fact, it completely wild. And decorations. l the sounds of different languages— u, Swahili, Swazi. The one house that ed in was set against a very, very dra- ic backdrop. I remember an enormous of rock going up hundreds of meters. ave this image of once being struck lightning. It was the most extraordi- y event."

ccording to the brief biographical note distributed by Eleanor Lambert, Keeffe's New York publicist, he "was n in the Drakensburg Mountains in ica, of Irish parentage." It's difficult et him to be much more specific than , although he has told me that he w up on his grandfather's isolated, ,000-acre estate in Lesotho, a small gdom completely surrounded by South ica, where he was educated by a tutor and studied classical music several hours a day. "Musical training," he says, "is excellent training for what I do now. Because you're dealing with something highly emotionally charged, but actually, at the end of the day, it's all facts and figures too. A quarter-note's a quarter-note, and a hemidemisemiquaver's a hemidemisemiquaver. It's never going to be anything else."

As one of his earliest clients and best friends, Lucy Ferry, the wife of British rock star Bryan Ferry, says, "Gabhan's a mysterious creature. There's no doubt about it." Apparently O'Keeffe arrived in London as a teenager in the 70s. He was enrolled at City University from September 1977 to June 1978. In 1983–84, he took Christie's one-year course in fine and decorative arts. For a time he worked as an assistant to the late O. F. "Jack" Wilson, a well-respected antiques dealer on Fulham Road in Chelsea.

"Mr. Wilson liked Gabhan's enthusiasm," recalls Peter Jackson, who now runs the O. F. Wilson shop. "But he used to drive Mr. Wilson mad half the time. 'He's not very practical,' Mr. Wilson used to say. 'He's very Irish.' He did work hard. He was not one to sit around. And he was very, very social. He was always very keen to get ahead. He met Lucy Ferry here. She came in to buy a chandelier, and he kept on with her. We didn't know he did. He didn't tell us he was seeing her, but he was. She was inviting him to parties, and she became his client. More credit to him."

During this period, several friends recall, O'Keeffe was living in the basement apartment of a house on Norland Square owned by an older South African gentleman. "He started life very simply," says Hannerle Dehn, an expert furniture restorer who worked with Wilson and who helped O'Keeffe fix up his apartment, "with bits he had and bits I gave him. Everyone heard different stories about Gabhan and his upbringing. He talked to me more about his ambitions. He was a highly intelligent person and greatly gifted. He was a larger-than-life figure even then."

Fashion editor Isabella "Izzy" Blow met O'Keeffe when he was living in the basement apartment. "It was very colorful, with lots of candles everywhere—all the Gabhan church trademarks. He dressed the same way he does now—lots of stripy things. Irish on top, Oriental underneath. He looked like a Picasso Harlequin, with



those big blue eyes popping out. And he had the same Irish lilt."

"Izzy rang me," recalls Lucy Ferry, "and said, 'You've got to meet Gabhan.' Then he found this amazing chandelier for our London house. He had done a job for William Hurt, the actor, in New York, and we had just bought a loft on East 12th Street. So we asked him to help us with that. It was basically a painting job. Because the loft had been completely designed by Max Gordon, who was very minimalist and clean. And Gabhan is very flamboyant and very much into color. Looking back on it, it was quite a bizarre mixture. Gabhan painted the dining room this very deep sea green. And he actually lacquered the vestibule himself—a Chinese-red lacquer, which was so beautiful. And then he got the job with Gloria von Thurn und Taxis soon after that.

"Gabhan's got such an incredible vision. With me, he didn't get into the whole orchestra of making the furniture and curtains and carpets and everything. He thinks everything ought to be unique to each client. He's very sensitive to women. He's wonderful company, and he's got this musical side as well, which I think is very connected to what he does visually. It's as if each part of what he does is a different instrument. When we were living in Los Angeles, he used to come over and play the piano. It was such a luxury to have someone just come in and play this wonderful classical music. And with no music books or anything. It was just in his head."

O'Keeffe has a knack for getting his clients to go all the way, or at least a lot further than they planned.



CHECKERED EXISTENCE
O'Keeffe's kitchen for a New York art-collecting couple has colorful units of plastic laminate, a black granite floor, and furniture made of sycamore and black plastic.

For the last five years, the New York art world has been awaiting the unveiling of Gabhan O'Keeffe's largest commission in this country: a loft in SoHo for European contemporary-art collectors who wish to remain anonymous, featuring some 40 pieces of furniture in botanical shapes designed by O'Keeffe and Warrington. In the recently completed main room, beneath enormous works by Gilbert and George, Sigmar Polke, and Jeff Koons, there are a nine-foot green sofa in the shape of a leaf—reminiscent of Dalí's Mae West lips sofa—a giant red tiger-lily chair, a purple-and-yellow sunflower ottoman, and several daisy stools. In the dining area are a pair of water-lily tables with Fabergé-like tops, of silvered copper enameled in glistening blues and greens. The kitchen looks like a Neo-Geo painting by Peter Halley. The loft, with its chalk-white plaster walls and curtainless windows, is shockingly avant-garde for O'Keeffe. "The project was put together like a piece of jewelry," O'Keeffe explains. "I love modern materials. I'm a great advocate of looking forward and going ahead all the time."

In England, O'Keeffe's most important new client is a major Labour Party politician who cannot be named. He and h wife hired O'Keeffe to decorate th master-bedroom suite of their countr house, which was built by the great En glish architect Sir Edwin Lutyens in th 1920s. "The first thing this client said t me was 'Everything must be British made,'" O'Keeffe says. "'Nothing mu come from anywhere else.' Then, of cours I really showed him what Britain coul do. He was quite surprised, I must say."

The politician's wife gushes, "Gabha has only to enter a room, look at the per son, and conjure up everything. H found what was in my soul, what I didn even know how to express, and create exactly what I wanted. I want to go o and on with him. He'll be doing m drawing room and my music room. I wa in his studio yesterday, and from what h showed me, I just can't wait. The color for my music room—turquoise over burnished gold and sev eral shades of pink—ar just like a Zeffirelli set which for me is th highest compliment can pay. He really find top craftsmen. Some times I can hardly be lieve they're from En gland—we used to im port craftsmen from Italy, because w thought we had to. Bu they're all here—the up holsterers and weaver and gilders and painters the woodworkers—i you know where to fin them, as Gabhan does.

For all his success at home and abroad O'Keeffe still has some highly vocal de tractors. "I think he's a horror," say Nicky Haslam, the very social Londo decorator. "I think the taste is absolutely awful. People say he does the most ma velous handmade fabrics. Who *want* handmade fabrics? We don't live i Venice in the Fortuny era. His approach is everything I don't like—miles of cur tains with swags and tassels. It's over over, over. And thank God it is."

But O'Keeffe also has plenty of poten tial new clients, including a well-know South African guitarist with nine wive and 16 children. "He's a very, very ric man, and has moved back to Zululand be cause he wants to raise his children as tra ditional Zulus," says O'Keeffe. "I'm gam for that, actually. Anywhere in the bush anywhere where there's a wonderful sun rise, anywhere in the world, basically, i exciting to me." □

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Von Trapps

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174 but his fortune had come from his first wife, Agathe Whitehead. The granddaughter of the man who, in the mid-19th century, had invented and manufactured the modern torpedo, Agathe had had seven children with Georg—Rupert, Agathe, Maria, Werner, Hedwig, Johanna, and Martina—before she died in 1922 after contracting scarlet fever.

As in the movie, Maria Kutschera appeared at the palatial von Trapp estate wearing an ugly dress and carrying her guitar. "She was very young and enthusiastic, and she loved to sing," recalls Agathe, who was only eight years younger than her future stepmother. The seven von Trapp children were extremely well bred, "very obedient," Agathe recalls, and they had never met anyone like Maria Kutschera. She came from a different class—"She was self-made," Agathe says—and she was taken aback by the regimented order of the von Trapp household; one example of it was the matching sailor suits which the children really did wear and which they loved.

Unlike the stern, often absent father portrayed in *The Sound of Music,* Georg is remembered by his children as a loving man. "He was very fatherly," says the younger Maria. "We were with him all the time." As she remembers, the novitiate her father had hired was a great deal of fun, just as she is depicted in the musical—taking the children walking in the mountains, singing with them, teaching them folk dances, and being the source of general frenetic activity. "She needed, all the time, excitement, so she created excitement," says Maria. "Sometimes it was too much for us, but she was a leader."

In November 1927, at the age of 22, Maria Kutschera married Georg, who was 25 years her senior. The wedding is one of the dramatic high points of *The Sound of Music:* the couple is madly in love, and the children are overjoyed. In real life, the children were not enthusiastic, and neither was Maria. In her autobiography she describes her shock at realizing that she was actually expected to go to bed with her new husband: "I felt betrayed—betrayed by the One to whom I had vowed my life and my future," she wrote. Whether Georg married for love—or because he needed a wife who loved his children—is something that his children say they still don't know. "This is a question that is really not fair to be asked to us," says Agathe. "I can't say I know it or I don't know it. But since he did what he did, he must have liked her. But the way I saw it, I think she was providential, to be our second mother."

It is difficult to imagine what would have happened to the von Trapp family had it not been for their second mother. In 1932 the banking house of Lammer and Company collapsed, and the von Trapps lost their fortune. While Georg went into shock, Maria took action: she let most of the servants go, rented rooms in the villa to boarders, and encouraged her stepchildren to view their newfound poverty as yet another adventure.

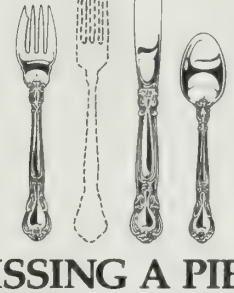
The family had been singing together at home for years—madrigals in four-part harmony, Austrian folk songs, and works by composers such as Mozart and Haydn. However, it was in order to make money that Maria put her stepchildren on the stage professionally. Georg was mortified to see his family perform in public—"The whole thing was a nightmare to him," his wife wrote—but the Trapp Family Choir, as they were called, nevertheless became a runaway success in pre-war Europe. They sang for Austria's chancellor, for Pope Pius XI, and at the Salzburg Festival.

"If we hadn't been able to sing, it would have been awfully difficult to get into the United States," says Agathe. "We had a visitor visa, a working permit. We had a manager who engaged us." In 1938, as anyone who has seen *The Sound of Music* knows, the von Trapps fled the Nazis. However, they didn't climb over the Alps to freedom; they traveled by train to Italy and then continued on to England, where they boarded the ship *The American Farmer* for New York.

The only money they had was a meager sum advanced to them by an American concert manager. For six months they performed, traveling around the U.S. in an old bus and sleeping in shabby hotels. "Touching," one newspaper wrote of this family of young men and women and their stepmother dressed in traditional Austrian clothes—the only kind they owned—singing exquisitely in German, backed up with recorders and violas da gamba.

In 1939 the von Trapps' visas expired, and the family was forced to return to Europe on the brink of war. But within six months they had new visas and were on their way back to New York, this time—despite being held for almost a week at Ellis Island—for good. During the next two years, the von Trapps lived in Philadelphia, in a house that was lent to them by a friend, one of many who came to their aid with money, clothing, and English lessons. There were now 10 children: Rosmarie had been born in 1929, Eleonore in 1931, and Johannes in 1939. Their mother put them to work making crafts to sell in New York City.

In 1942 the von Trapps scraped together enough money to buy a ramshackle farm in Stowe. Nestled in the Green Mountains, it sat on a hill overlooking a sweeping valley fringed with pine-covered peaks. The spectacular setting reminded them of Austria. Working together, they rebuilt the old farmhouse themselves. To make ends meet, they started a summer music camp down the road in an abandoned Civilian Conservation Corps work camp. The girls sewed the family's clothes and knitted their sweaters and socks. "Boy, did Maria work those kids," recalls Harlan Slayton. "You'd see those girls carrying things up the hill that no man would want to carry." In 1947, Georg died of lung cancer, and the family was devastated—his widow, then 42, had an emotional breakdown, and Rosmarie, 18 at the time, ran away from home briefly. Still


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e family stuck together. "We were a
m," says Rosmarie, who for years was
e most troubled of the children, and
o did not get along with her mother.
he regimented us, and we just did what
were told. But when I did my own
ng, I realized I couldn't do it," she re-
ls. "I was afraid of her a little bit. But
w I'm not. When I see *The Sound of*
sic I see what was really in her. She
s a person who survived and who was
ed to save a whole family."

Maria von Trapp wrote *The Trapp Family Singers*—the book on which *e Sound of Music* was based—in 1949. blished by J. B. Lippincott, the book s something of a success, going into 12 ntings in hardback. In the late 1950s, ary Martin's agent persuaded the oadway star and her friends Rodgers d Hammerstein that it could make a eat vehicle for her as a musical. Maria n Trapp threw herself into the project, ing Martin follow her around for two eks in Stowe, so she could study her stures and mannerisms. Maria posed th Martin for publicity shots. "At one int my mother fell and broke her n," Johannes recalls. "And she made go to the doctor in Stowe, and he lled on the elbow and I held her wrist d we set her arm together, and she nt right back to continue the photo oot with a cast on."

The movie was a far different experi-ce for Maria. Twentieth Century Fox d the film's director, Robert Wise, re-ed her offers to consult. "She had d in the papers that I was going to di-t the film, and she got on the phone mediately to offer her services," re-ls Wise, laughing. "I decided the *last* rson we needed around was the per-n being portrayed in the movie. Her outation had preceded her. She was rceived as a forceful and forthcoming rson, and I had understood that at the ening of the Broadway show, when curtain came down, she had stood up take her own bow. I ducked and I ve and I did everything I could to oid having her involved. She visited the later in Salzburg, and I invited her to r hotel to have tea. She turned out to very nice and very helpful. She let me ow right away her thoughts on what I s doing."

Despite the millions of dollars in rev-ues that were generated by the play d the movie, the von Trapps have seen y little of the money (the family gets out $100,000 a year in royalties)—in 55, desperate for cash, Maria had sold the rights to her story to an agent for a German film company for $9,000. "The only reason we get any royalties is because the producers of the Broadway show were very decent to us. They gave our family a cut," says Johannes. "But what would we have done with the money if we'd gotten it? We probably would have begun to fight a lot sooner."

At 59, Johannes von Trapp is a striking man. Over six feet tall and tanned, he has his mother's strong bone structure and piercing blue eyes. Today he is the president of the Trapp Family Lodge for the second time, a job he won in a bitter power struggle which ended with most of the family selling their shares in the business in 1995. The feud, says Johannes, sitting in his office, filled with carved Spanish furniture, in a bungalow across from the main lodge, is something that would "never have happened while our mother was alive." He remembers a conversation he had with a family-business psychologist the von Trapps had hired to help them with the conflicts that seemed to blow up right after Maria's death. "His theory was that many of my siblings had unresolved business with my mother—that they felt they had never confronted her and never sort of been their own person opposite her. And that on her death they transferred those feelings to me, because I was running the company. There was unrest among the family before my mother's death, but my mother never paid any attention to it. She just sort of said, 'Be quiet.'"

Johannes first became president of the business in 1969, after graduating from Dartmouth and getting a master's degree in forestry at Yale. He had wanted to pursue a Ph.D., but the lodge, which the family had opened in the early 60s, was losing money, so he stepped in. The youngest of the von Trapp children, Johannes was Maria's favorite. As a child he was precocious, pretty, intelligent, and doted on by his mother and elder siblings. Supremely confident—he was the only von Trapp child who did not experience being a refugee—he was, friends say, the only one of Maria's 10 children and stepchildren who stood up to her. Mother and son fought constantly, but "they were very close," says one friend. "Whatever they said, the others jumped." The two were a formidable pair. "Johannes is charismatic, smart, tough, and disciplined, very Maria-like," says a person who knew them. "They had the same aura. When Johannes wants something, nothing stops him. Just like Maria. Telling her to do something was like telling a stone what to do."

It was Johannes who designed and oversaw the construction of the lodge's magnificent 60 kilometers of cross-country ski trails, creating a full-service, commercial cross-country ski center—the first of its kind in the country, and still considered among the best. It helped to put the business in the black. Johannes straightened out the family finances and reorganized the management of the operation. He and his mother argued all the time about money. "She'd hear about an F.B.I. agent who had been shot and she'd call and invite his family to the lodge for Christmas," Johannes recalls. "And I'd say, 'Mother, can't we invite them in January when we have empty rooms?' And she'd say, 'No, Christmas is what's important for the children. Johannes,' she would say, 'don't think about money all the time.'"

When the lodge burned down in 1980—in a fire that killed a guest and destroyed all of Maria's belongings—it was Johannes who went from bank to bank frantically trying to get a loan to rebuild the place, finally persuading Citibank to put up $11.8 million. "He just about drove himself crazy," recalls Harlan Slayton. With the Citibank money, Johannes not only rebuilt the lodge but also tripled its size. In place of the quaint, but noisy and dark, rooms with shared bathrooms, he built a modern mountain resort, with swimming pools, tennis courts, and time-share chalets that would help pay off the debt. "If it weren't for Johannes," says one prominent Stowe businessman, "they'd all be sitting around singing 'Do-Re-Mi.' This [feud] is bullshit. It's only Maria and Johannes who kept the thing together."

Indeed, until the new lodge was almost finished, the other von Trapp children expressed little interest in it. Rupert had become a doctor and spent many years away from Stowe; Agathe was a kindergarten teacher outside of Baltimore; Werner had a dairy farm in nearby Waitsfield. Johanna had moved to Austria; Maria and Rosmarie were missionaries; and Eleonore was raising seven children. But shortly before the lodge reopened, Johannes got a phone call from his mother demanding that he come over. "My sister Eleonore was there," he recalls, "dissolved in tears. I came in and [my mother] said, 'Johannes, fix this,' with this little wave of her hand. And I said, 'What am I supposed to fix?' And Lorli [Eleonore's nickname] said that she felt left out that she didn't get a part ownership of this place when she got married, and she

felt that she had worked hard in the early years to help establish the place. And I knew that my brother Rupert had some similar feelings. [The other siblings all had shares by this point.] So I thought, Let's sit down and talk with everyone and see how to resolve this."

The solution, arrived at in 1984, was to issue stock to all the family members. "We sat down," says Johannes, "and we said, 'O.K., how many shares of stock should you get? How many shares will make you feel good?' " According to Johannes, this was when the family relationships began to sour. "Rupert and I had always gotten along until he had stock in the company, and then all of a sudden we weren't getting along so well. And the same with Lorli. We got along fine until she had stock."

As Johannes sees it, Rupert felt that his elder son, George, who was the lodge's treasurer, should have more power in the company. Eleonore, he believes, was driven more by personal anger, a theory that their sister Maria tends to believe is true. "It is partly resentment," she says. Contacted by phone, Eleonore responds sharply to her brother's version of events. "He acts as though I'm the chief instigator, and I'm not," she says. "I'm sad at the situation, which was completely unnecessary. It's my brother that is doing this. How does he know that I'm angry? I haven't talked to him." Despite the building tension, however, none of the von Trapp siblings made a move until their mother died.

On the third floor of the lodge there is a large, sun-filled sitting room for guests with an enormous stone fireplace. Its walls are covered with framed black-and-white photographs from the 30s and 40s of the family. It is the room that Elisabeth von Trapp, Maria's 43-year-old granddaughter, has chosen for our interview. One of Werner's six children, Elisabeth is a contemporary-folk singer and songwriter who has made two CDs and has a third on the way. She is the only von Trapp grandchild who has pursued a musical career. She was also, for a while, the chairwoman of the family council that was formed after Maria's death, at the recommendation of the business counselor, to deal with the increasing tensions. The family peacemaker, Elisabeth had hoped that the council would be an opportunity for healing. "The lifestyle my family lived was essential for a long time for their survival. I think my grandmother was exactly what the family needed for an important period of time. They were very loyal to her and loved her. But when it came time to separate and find their individuality, it was very difficult," she says. "I think when my grandmother passed away, people were more able to express themselves."

In early 1993 some family members did just that. In a secret ballot, the board of the family company voted Johannes out of his $115,000-a-year job as president and replaced him with George. The company had bought a Montana ranch in 1989, and Johannes, an avid outdoorsman, had been spending much of his time there, with his wife, Lynne, trying to turn the money-losing operation around. It was time, many family members believed, to give George, who was then 44 years old and had already taken on some of Johannes's responsibilities, his chance to run the business. An affable man, who bears a striking resemblance to the grandfather whose namesake he is, George had been working for his uncle since 1980. An accountant by training, he had handled the company's finances, helping Johannes pay down some of the millions of dollars of debt incurred after the fire. But he nursed bigger ambitions. "I think George just wanted to run the place," says Philip DeNormandie, a Boston real-estate mogul, who has been on the board of the company for 11 years.

George didn't just say he wanted to run the place—he touched a raw nerve by suggesting that, if he did, other family members would share in more of the decision-making. "George was for inclusion," says one von Trapp. "I don't know if George was going to run the company with Eleonore, or if he was going to give her and other family members more say," says DeNormandie, "but to get support George had to be more inclusive. There were lots of family members, particularly older ones, who wanted to run the lodge."

Some of his relatives felt that Johannes had become overbearing and arrogant and that he wanted to maintain the total control his mother had permitted him. "There are different ways of doing things, of involving the family in running things, instead of: 'I've run this for 30 years and the way we'll do it is the way I've done it,' " says one family member. "My brother Johannes," Eleonore von Trapp Campbell snaps, "doesn't ask questions to see how anyone else feels."

In the fall of 1993 the board that George had put together fired Johannes even from the largely ceremonial job of director of planning that it had given him when he'd been ousted as president. Johannes struck back like lightning. He called a full meeting of the shareholders and got them to elect an other board, which in January 1994 put Johannes back in charge of the company, this time as chairman. The acrimony within the family broke to the surface on the night before the vote at a meeting that was held at the lodge. Many family members were furious at Johannes for end-running George's board, and they let him know it. "My nephews and nieces are very forceful and very vocal," says Johannes. "Everyone yelled and shouted at me for two hours. [It was] probably the most unpleasant two hours of my life." Despite the opposition of many of his relatives, however, Johannes had two major stockholders on his side—Maria and Rosmarie. The sisters had come under intense pressure from both factions—pressure that upset Rosmarie so much that she refused to attend the shareholders' meeting the next day—but in the end, they had switched their allegiance to their brother. Within weeks of Johannes's return, George resigned from the company.

Rosmarie, Maria, and their brother Werner had initially wanted to give George more influence, but they had expected that Johannes would remain in the business. The board's decision to throw him out completely came as a surprise to them. "To a certain extent, it was 'Let's give George a chance,' but once it became clear what that really meant, I think the older generation backed off," says DeNormandie.

Maria, for one, felt that Johannes did have problems relating to the family, but she also believed that he could change. "When it comes to business, he can be very businesslike," she says, "but underneath he has a good heart, which, you know, has to be dug out. He was a bit hard to be with, but he really wanted to find out: 'What is wrong? Why can't the family relate to me?' And I think he has changed quite a bit for the better." What Maria would not tolerate was having her brother cut out of the family business altogether. "Johannes had to be in charge because he had the vision of this house. He built it. Even if George thinks he did more work, Johannes has the mind," she says. Johannes also had the feel of the family and its history, which to her was more important than having numerous

BRING US BACK TO DOUGH



Left to right: Erika (Werner's wife), Maria, Werner, Johannes, Rosmarie, Elisabeth (Werner's daughter), and Lynne (Johannes's wife) at the Trapp Family Lodge in Stowe, Vt., last April. These von Trapps hope the lodge won't have to be sold to pay off the dissident faction.

"If it weren't for Johannes," says one prominent Stowe businessman, "they'd all be sitting around singing 'Do-Re-Mi.'"

n Trapps working around the place. he carpet," she says, with a look of ck. "You should have seen the carpet orge put in! You could see that his ckground was completely different. My ther Rupert, you know, he never had e enough to really devote himself to the ily and tell George about Austria and values. He was a very busy doctor. So orge was taken over by his mother, who s half French-Canadian, half French. was sent to Canada to school. Austria esn't mean a thing to him."

or four days in November 1996, the case of *Trapp Family Lodge* v. *Trapp ily Lodge Shareholders* was heard in the moille County Superior Court in Hyde k, Vermont. Johannes and George were only von Trapps who took the stand; the other witnesses who testified were ountants, appraisers, and bankers. e issue at stake was: Did the company a fair price to 20 members of the ily, led by George and Eleonore, en it bought them out for $33.84 a re in January 1995? When he had re- en the presidency, Johannes, with the pport of his board, had proposed a se- s of changes to consolidate the owner- p of the common stock, in effect giv- him full control. Says DeNormandie, ne way the place was operating was functional." What the board did not icipate was that members of the fami- owning nearly 40 percent of the stock uld react by selling out of the compa- completely at the offered $33.84 per re and then demand to be paid $61 a re—a move permitted under the Ver- nt corporate code. "They didn't have leave," Arthur Kreizel says.

Last May the lower court ruled that the res had, in fact, been worth $63.44 h, and in September Johannes ap- led the decision to Vermont's Supreme urt. If the decision is upheld, it will an that the corporation will have to ne up with the difference, plus inter- —close to an additional $3 million—to the dissenting family members. It is ney that will not be easy to get. Rais- the $2.56 million it has already paid to George's faction was hard enough: Normandie provided the money for those shares, and today he owns close to 40 percent of the company, which he will continue to do until Johannes can find the money to buy him out.

At any time in the next few months the Supreme Court could well come up with a lower amount, or send the case back to trial. If the higher amount sticks, Johannes could be forced to sell the lodge, some say. Donald Rendall, the attorney for George's faction, insists that his clients' action "was not intended to destroy the corporation, and it doesn't have to." But if family members don't compromise—and right now it doesn't look as though they will anytime soon—that could be the final outcome of their fight.

In late March the pasture that stretches down the hill in front of the lodge is still blanketed with snow. Across the valley, the peaks of the Green Mountains are silhouetted against a clear, blue sky. One can understand why the von Trapps were drawn to this corner of Vermont. "It's so peaceful," says Elisabeth, pointing out the plot of land next to the lodge where Georg, Maria, Martina, Hedwig, and Rupert are buried, under a large birch tree. "You know what was left after the fire, in the foundation? A jar in which there was a paper on which there was a dedication by my family of their house to God," says Elisabeth. "My father says he remembers walking through the ashes with Johannes and my grandmother and that he couldn't help thinking that a chapter had closed. I wonder if some of the family didn't want it to close."

"I don't know what my grandmother would say to us now," Elisabeth says. "She had this dynamic magnetism. She was a huge figure. I realized, even when I was a little girl, that to get her attention you really had to engage her. She had done these tremendous things in her life, met presidents and kings, and I could tell that she didn't have time for a lot of details. But I think she would want us all to make better decisions. I wonder if she would wish that she'd done things differently."

"I remember the ceremony in 1983 when the lodge reopened after the fire. She got up to speak. She was in her late 70s, but she was still a very self-assured speaker, very definite in what she wanted to say. And I heard someone in the audience say, 'She did it again.' You know, she had pulled it together again. I do know that she would want this place to continue; she wouldn't want it to go under." □

A Beautiful Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 201 private kindergarten and saw to it that he skipped a grade in elementary school. During his high-school years she enrolled him in college courses.

John senior spoke to his children as if they were adults and took Johnny and Martha on Sunday drives to see the power lines he'd designed. Patiently, he answered his son's questions about electricity, geology, weather, and astronomy.

At school, Johnny daydreamed or talked incessantly and had trouble following directions. His fourth-grade report card, on which he received his lowest marks in music and math, noted that he needed "improvement in effort, study habits and respect for the rules." He gripped his pencil like a stick, and his handwriting was atrocious.

A clipping from Virginia's scrapbook shows Johnny, 9 or 10, stupefyingly bored, sitting in a penmanship class with rows of girls, his eyes rolled up in his head. Complaints about his "monopolizing the class discussion" dogged him all through school. At home it was easier to go his own way, and by the time he was 12 or so, Johnny had turned his room into a lab for experiments. At 13 or so, Johnny—who had started finding his own ways to approach arithmetic problems—read E. T. Bell's extraordinary book, *Men of Mathematics*. It was his first glimpse beyond his dull classes into a realm of symbols and mysteries that he would find more intriguing than the meetings of the John Alden Society, a civic organization where good manners were emphasized.

Making Johnny more "well rounded" became a family obsession. Virginia pushed him hard, sending him to Boy Scout camps, Sunday-school classes, and lessons at the Floyd Ward dancing school. But Johnny acquired neither friends nor social graces. Things that his peers enjoyed were tedious to the boy. Martha recalls a night when Virginia insisted that he accompany his family to a dinner given by Appalachian Power. Johnny spent the evening riding up and down in the elevator until it broke. At a dance, he pushed a stack of chairs onto the floor and made them his partners.

The Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor—on December 7, 1941—occurred during Johnny's first year in high school. The war came thundering through Bluefield in the rattling shapes of freight car after freight car heaped high with coal from the great Pocahontas field in the mountains to the west. There were troop trains, too, crowded with sailors and soldiers, round-faced farm boys from Indiana and Iowa and edgy factory hands from Pittsburgh and Chicago. The war shook and rumbled through the city, making fortunes overnight. The fear seeped into everyone. Johnny started to draw cartoons, "weird animals," said a friend. "The weirdness struck you. Classmates viewed them as bizarre and grotesque."

Adolescence wasn't easy for an intellectually precocious boy with few social skills. Boredom and simmering adolescent aggression led him to play pranks. When he was 15, Nash and a couple of other boys—Donald Reynolds and Herman Kirchner—began fooling around with explosives. In Kirchner's basement they made pipe bombs, gunpowder, and cannons.

These exploits ended in January 1944. Kirchner was alone building a pipe bomb when it exploded, severing an artery. He bled to death. In the fall, Reynolds's parents packed him off to boarding school at Fork Union Military Academy.

Johnny grew up essentially without ever making a close friend. But he armored himself against rejection by adopting a hard shell of indifference and using his intelligence to strike back. Johnny's standoffishness and sense of superiority were ways of coping with loneliness. If he could not believe himself lovable, feeling powerful was a substitute.

As the end of his high-school years approached, Johnny, who was determined to become an electrical engineer, entered the George Westinghouse science competition. After winning a full college scholarship, he was accepted at the Carnegie Institute of Technology and left for Pittsburgh in June 1945, a month after Hitler's defeat.

One of his fellow students at Carnegie would remember Nash sitting at the dormitory piano, playing a single chord over and over. Was he reaching back to Tazewell Street, one might ask, to his grandmother and the memory of safety?

Nash's engineering aspirations faded after an unhappy experience in mechanical drawing in his first semester at the college: "I reacted negatively to the regimentation," he later wrote. Chemistry, his next major, proved no better suited to his temperament. He argued with his professor, broke equipment, and, at a summer job at Westinghouse, was so bored that he spent most of his time making and polishing a brass eg

John Synge, nephew of Irish playwrigh John Millington Synge, had been hire to head the math department. Blind i one eye and wearing a filter that pr truded from one of his nostrils, he taug Nash's course in tensor calculus—on of the tools used by Albert Einstein t formulate the general theory of relativit By the middle of his second year, Nas was concentrating almost exclusively o mathematics.

While professors singled Nash ou his peers found him socially inept an rarely invited him to join them at resta rants or for concerts. "He was a countr boy, unsophisticated even by our stan dards," recalled classmate Robert Siege

Later, Nash's colleagues would be mo forgiving, but at Carnegie he was tormen ed. "He was extremely lonely," said Siege In the summer of 1945, Nash and anoth student, Paul Zweifel, were exploring maze of steam tunnels under the univers ty when, in the darkness, Nash blurte out, "Gee, if we got trapped down he we'd have to turn homo." Zweifel foun the remark odd. Then, during Thank giving break, Nash climbed into Zwe fel's bed. The boys started calling hi "Homo" and "Nash-Mo."

On another day, they took the teasin further. Zweifel and some cohorts wh knew of Nash's extreme aversion to cig rette smoke crowded around Nash's do and blew smoke under it. Nash, Zweif recalled, exploded in rage. "He rippe off Jack Wachtman's shirt and bit him the back," said Zweifel.

He was a youthful outcast with th prowess of a mature mathematician. Th disparity between his emotional maturi and intellectual development was va Already, he had a tremendous body knowledge. Many of what would b come Nash's lifelong interests—numb theory, Diophantine equations, quantu mechanics, relativity—already fascinate him. Nash doesn't recall whether h learned about the field which would b come his specialty, the theory of game at Carnegie. He did, however, take course in international trade, his one ar only course in economics.

By the spring of 1948—in his fin year at Carnegie—Nash had been a cepted by Harvard, Princeton, Chicag and Michigan, the top graduate ma programs in the country. Harvard w his first choice, but Solomon Lefschet chairman of Princeton's mathemati department, dangled a prestigious f lowship, which exceeded Harvard's fer. That did it. It seems clear that Na

erpreted the amount of the Princeton lowship as a measure of how much was wanted.

Nash arrived in Princeton, New Jersey, on Labor Day 1948, the opening day President Harry Truman's re-election mpaign. Upon arrival, the 20-year-old mpsed a sleepy village surrounded by ling woodlands, streams, and cornfields. th its Gothic buildings nestled among dly trees, stone churches, and estates, the vn had a subdued gentility. In *This Side Paradise,* F. Scott Fitzgerald had deibed Princeton circa World War I as ie pleasantest country club in America." ie western mathematician recalled, "I alys felt like my fly was open."

Princeton after the war was to mathetticians what Paris had once been to inters and novelists, Vienna to psychoalysts, and ancient Athens to philosoers. In 1936, Harald Bohr, brother of ysicist Niels Bohr, had declared it ie mathematical center of the universe." ie Hall, the mathematics department's bled fortress, was described by one Eubean researcher as "the most luxurious ilding ever devoted to mathematics." A le or so away was the Institute for Adnced Study, the modern equivalent of ato's Academy, where Einstein, Robert ppenheimer (creator of the atomic bomb), d John von Neumann (the Hungarian lymath who pioneered game theory d did a lot of early work on the comter) discoursed.

At the start of each academic year, Lefschetz rounded up the first-year id students in the Professors' Room. fschetz, a supercharged human locootive with a French accent, was there explain the facts of life, he said. "It's portant to dress well," he advised the vices. "Get rid of that thing," he said one, pointing to a leather penholder. 'ou look like a workman." And to aner: "Let a Princeton barber cut your ir." Lefschetz's philosophy, beyond sarial style, was to plunge students into search; he didn't give a damn about sses. The goal was not erudition, but portant mathematical discoveries.

Nash lived in a private room (one of perks of his fellowship) in Pine Tower the Graduate College, a faux-English ifice of dark-gray stone that sat on a st overlooking a lake. His life there s masculine, scholarly, and—as there re no female students—monastic.

Breakfast and lunch were taken on the n. Dinner, more leisurely, was served Procter Hall—a refectory in the English style—amid formal portraits of eminent Princetonians. Grace was usually led by the Graduate School's dean, Sir Hugh Taylor. There were neither candles nor wine, but jackets and ties were required. The mathematicians occupied a table by themselves.

Tea, each day's high point, was served in Fine Hall as the afternoon neared its close. On Wednesdays it was taken in the Professors' Room and was formal. Faculty wives, wearing gowns and white gloves, poured and passed cookies. Heavy silver teapots and dainty English bone china were used. Other days, the ritual moved to the Common Room, a lived-in place full of overstuffed leather armchairs.

Mathematical gossip abounded at teatime, and the professors came to get to know the students and chat with one another. The logician Alonzo Church—who looked like a cross between a panda and an owl—would head straight for the cookies, placing one between the fingers of his splayed hand, and munch away. The charismatic algebraist Emil Artin, son of a German opera singer, would fling his elegant body into one of the leather armchairs, light a Camel, and hold forth on Wittgenstein. Albert Tucker, Lefschetz's right-hand man, was the straitlaced son of a Canadian Methodist minister and would eventually become Nash's rarely consulted adviser. He would survey the room before he went in and would make fussy adjustments—such as straightening the curtain weights.

The students were as remarkable as the faculty. Poor Jews, new immigrants, wealthy foreigners, sons of the working classes, veterans in their 20s, and teenagers warily sized up one another and locked horns. One of Nash's peers admitted, "Competitiveness, it was sort of like breathing. We thrived on it. We were nasty. This guy, he's dumb, we'd say. Therefore he no longer existed."

The first-year students were extremely cocky, but Nash was a good deal cockier than anyone. At 20, he was no longer a gawky youngster who looked as if he'd just climbed off a tractor. Six feet one, he weighed nearly 170 pounds and had broad shoulders, a heavily muscled chest, and a tapered waist. He had the build, if not the bearing, of an athlete, "a very strong, very masculine body," one fellow student recalled. He was, moreover, "handsome as a god," according to another. His high forehead, somewhat protruding ears, distinctive nose, fleshy lips, and small chin gave him the look of an English aristocrat.

Eager to be noticed, he was quite visible at teatime. A classmate recalled, "He had a way of saying 'trivial' to anything you might have regarded as nontrivial." He would also, without hesitation, accuse people of burbling if they talked too much. "Algebra is burble," he scrawled on a blackboard which another student, an algebraist, pulled down during a talk.

Nash was a self-declared freethinker. (On his Princeton application, he had said that his religion was Shinto.) And he was obsessed with everything—topology, algebraic geometry, logic, and game theory. Yet no one recalls seeing him in a class. Nor does anyone remember Nash with a book. In fact, he read astonishingly little during his graduate career. "He and I were both dyslexic to some degree," said Eugenio Calabi, who entered Princeton the year before Nash. "He defended not reading," said Calabi, "saying that learning too much secondhand would stifle creativity and originality. It was a dislike of passivity and giving up control."

Nash carried a clipboard, constantly taking down little hints to himself, ideas, facts, things he wanted to do, Calabi recalled. His main mode of picking up information was quizzing others. "Nash liked to exchange ideas," said a fellow student.

But he spent most of his time simply thinking. Nash borrowed bicycles from racks at the Graduate College and rode them in tight little figure eights or ever smaller concentric circles. He paced around the interior of the quadrangle. He glided along the gloomy second-floor hallway of Fine, his shoulder pressed firmly against the wall, like a trolley, never losing contact with its dark panels. He would lie on a desk or table in the empty Common Room, or, more frequently, in the third-floor library. Almost always, he whistled Bach, often the "Little" Fugue. The whistling prompted the secretaries to complain. Years later, a colleague would describe Nash's whistling as the purest, most beautiful tone he had ever heard.

A profound dislike for merely absorbing knowledge and a compulsion to learn by doing are among the most reliable signs of genius, and at Princeton, Nash became obsessed with learning from scratch. His thinking began to take on an urgent quality. John Milnor, Nash's rival, recalled, "It was as if he wanted to rediscover 300 years of mathematics."

That first fall, Nash sometimes took a detour from his usual route to class to catch a glimpse of Princeton's most remarkable resident. Most mornings between 9 and 10, Albert Einstein walked the mile or so from his white clapboard house at 112 Mercer Street to his office at

the Institute. On several occasions, Nash managed to brush past the saintly scientist, who dressed in baggy sweaters, drooping trousers, and sandals without socks.

In 1948, Einstein had been an icon for more than a quarter of a century. His special theory of relativity had been published in 1905, and the general theory of relativity appeared in 1916. His fame was unrivaled by that of any scientist who had come before him.

Just a few weeks into his first term, Nash, with customary bravura, made an appointment to see Einstein in his office, saying he wanted to discuss an idea. Einstein's chamber, large and airy with a bay window, was as messy as his handshake, which ended with a twist, was firm. He showed Nash to a large wooden meeting table. There, in the late-morning light, the uncowed Nash explained the gist of his notion as Einstein, listening politely, twirled the curls on the back of his head with his finger, sucked on his tobaccoless pipe, and occasionally muttered.

The idea, Nash later explained, concerned "gravity, friction, and radiation," and he jumped up to scribble equations on the blackboard. Soon, Einstein was standing there, too. The discussion lasted nearly an hour, but in the end the great scientist merely smiled kindly and said, "You had better study some more physics, young man."

Nash, who did not deem it essential to immediately follow Einstein's advice, was notoriously disdainful of authority. During his years at Princeton, he conspicuously avoided attaching himself to any single mentor. His fellow students thought this evidence of just how much he needed to preserve his independence. One observed, "Nash disliked the whole idea of being intellectually beholden."

Most of those who frequented Fine Hall were slightly odd ducks themselves—beset by shyness, awkwardness, all kinds of tics—but they saw Nash, who was respected but not liked, as even odder. "He was out of the ordinary," said a graduate student from his time. "It was his bearing, his aloofness." Another recalled, "Nash was totally spooky. He wouldn't look at you. If he thought a question was foolish, he wouldn't answer at all. He had no affect. It was a mixture of pride and shyness."

Games had been a custom in Fine Hall since the 1930s, and by the 1940s the standards were kriegspiel and Go. In Nash's first year, mathematician Ralph Fox led the clique of Go players. But kriegspiel, a pastime in the Prussian army for a century, was the favorite pursuit. In *Prisoner's Dilemma,* William Poundstone describes the war game's origins as an instructional tool in German military schools of the 18th century. It was played on a board divided into 3,600 squares and consisting of a map of the French-Belgian frontier, where armies retreated and advanced. Growing up in Budapest, von Neumann had played it with his brothers. Kriegspiel turned up in the U.S. after the Civil War. The version that surfaced at Princeton in the 1930s was played with three chessboards and required an umpire to judge the legality of the players' moves.

Nash, whom fellow students recalled spending hours and hours playing both Go and kriegspiel, was by no means an expert, yet was unusually aggressive. But in the spring of 1949, Nash went the champion gamesmen one better and invented an extremely clever game. One afternoon, von Neumann, nattily dressed as always, found himself hovering near two graduate students hunched over a peculiar piece of cardboard, a rhombus which looked like a bathroom floor and which was covered with hexagons and black and white stones borrowed from a Go board.

Von Neumann did not ask what game they were playing, but later buttonholed Albert Tucker at a party and queried, with studied casualness, "Oh, by the way, what was it that they were playing?" "Nash," answered Tucker, allowing the corners of his mouth to turn up ever so slightly, "*Nash.*"

It was a beautiful example of what experts term a zero-sum, two-person game where each player has the same information and one player always has a winning strategy. Chess and tick-tack-toe are also zero-sum, two-person games with perfect information, but they can end in draws. In "Nash," there must be a victor. As John Milnor describes it, the players take turns placing stones on the hexagons, and once played, the pieces are never moved. The black player tries to construct a connected chain of black stones joining the two black boundaries. The white player tries to do similarly with white stones. The rules are actually less complex than those of chess.

Nash's game, his first bona fide invention, was the earliest hard evidence of his genius. It swept the Common Room and brought the young man many admirers, who were beguiled by its ingenuity and beauty. His next triumph would follow relatively quickly. Not only was his first paper, "The Bargaining Problem," remarkably down-to-earth, it was based on an idea that only a master mathematician could have conceived.

In the paper, Nash adopted a new, altogether different angle on the idea of exchange—one of the oldest economic problems—and offered a precise summary of the matter at hand. His essential idea was that a bargain depends on a combination of both negotiators' backup alternatives and the potential benefits of striking a deal. Quite simply, the paper, written when Nash was 21 years old, is one of the classics of modern economics.

Nash had actually conceived the basic thesis of the paper as an undergraduate at Carnegie Tech, before he went to Princeton, before he attended Tucker's game-theory seminar, and before he read von Neumann's seminal work on the subject. It had occurred to him while he was sitting in the only economics course in which he was ever enrolled.

Nash the mathematical genius had emerged, but Nash the man remained largely hidden, utterly out of touch with his peers. His interactions with most men his age seemed motivated by aggressive competitiveness and self-interest. But in 1949, at 21, John Nash finally made a friend when Lloyd Shapley moved into the Graduate College. His room was just a few doors from Nash's.

Shapley, 26, was five years and seven days older than Nash. Born and bred in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the socially cultivated aristocrat was the son of Harvard astronomer Harlow Shapley, one of the most revered scientists in America. The younger Shapley—who had studied mathematics as a Harvard undergraduate—was a war hero who had received a Bronze Star in World War II for breaking the Japanese weather code.

Shapley had spent a year after graduation at the RAND Corporation, a think tank in Santa Monica that was attempting to use game-theory applications to solve military problems. John von Neumann already considered him the brightest young star in game theory.

The best way to describe the impression Nash made on the new Princetonian is to say that he took Shapley's breath away. Shapley saw what others saw—the childishness, brattiness, obnoxiousness—but he was dazzled by Nash's "keen, beautiful, logical mind." Shapley interpreted Nash's manner as simply a sign of immaturity. "Nash was a child with a social I.Q. of 12, but Lloyd did

Von Neumann queried, What was it they were playing?" Tucker answered, "*Nash.*"

preciate talent," recalled Martin Shu-, another grad student.

As for Nash, starved for affection, how uld he not be drawn to this stranger? apley was one of the very few, per-ps the first, of Nash's peers who had r really held his attention in a mathe-tical conversation. He was able to allenge Nash and help him to pursue implications of his own reasoning. d, more astounding, he could engage sh's emotions.

Nash acted like a 13-year-old with his t crush. He pestered Shapley merci-sly, disrupting his beloved kriegspiel nes, sometimes by sweeping the pieces the floor. He rifled through Shapley's il and read the papers on his desk. He notes—"Nash was here!"—and played nks on him. Nash once tried to wake apley, who worked and slept at ex-mely odd hours, by climbing on his l and dropping water in his ear with eyedropper.

By and large, Shapley tried to play the e of mentor with Nash, yet there was ays a competitive edge. But a sudden, explained break occurred in the friend-p. In the middle of the next year, by ich time Nash had completed his the-and was on the job market, Shapley d a fellow student that he would not urn to RAND if Nash accepted the per-nent post he had been offered there. this day, Shapley makes a point of rrecting people who believe that he and sh were close friends.

cientists often look for clues to vast concerns in the familiar phenomena daily life. A 1928 article by John von umann, apostle of the new mathemati-era, had been the first successful at-npt to derive logical and mathematical es about rivalries from parlor games. wton reached insights about the heav-by juggling wooden balls. Einstein ntemplated a boat being paddled upriv-Von Neumann pondered poker.

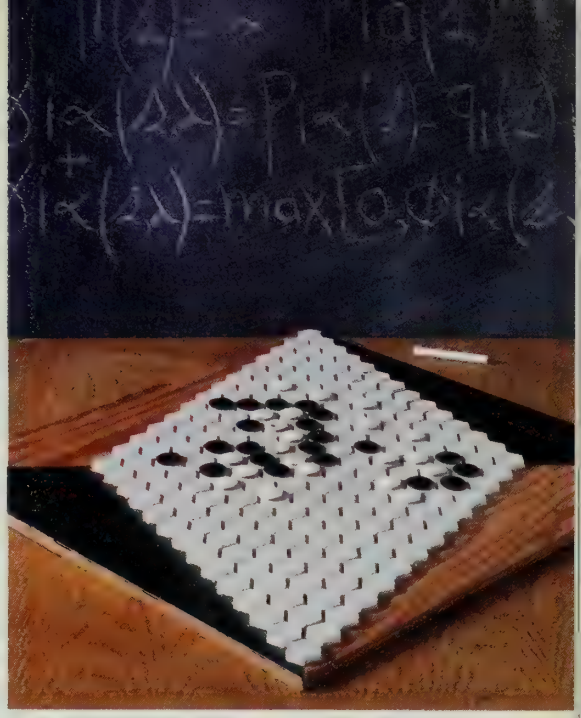
Such a seemingly trivial pursuit, he ar-ed, might hold the key to more serious nsactions for two reasons: Both poker d economic competition require a cer-n type of reasoning, namely the ration-al calculation of advantage and disadvantage, based on some internally consistent system of values. ("More is better than less.") And in both the outcome for any individual depends on his own moves and the independent actions of others.

Von Neumann's theories were based mainly on zero-sum, two-person games in which one player's gain is another's loss. But these games are the least applicable to economics. For situations with many actors and the possibility of mutual gain—the standard economic scenario—von Neumann's instincts failed him.

In his 27-page doctoral thesis, written in 1949, the 21-year-old Nash made game theory relevant to modern economics, creating a theory that applied to situations involving conflict and mutual gain. His insight was that the game would be concluded when every player independently chose his best response to the other players' best strategies. The Nash equilibrium, as advanced in the dissertation, sounds obvious, but by formulating the problem of economic competition in the way that he did, Nash gave economics an updated, far more complex version of Adam Smith's great metaphor of the invisible hand.

Von Neumann, who had come of age in European cafés and who would ultimately collaborate on projects from bombs to computers, thought of people as social, communicative beings. It was quite natural for him to emphasize coalitions and joint action. Nash tended to think of people as out of touch with one another and acting on their own. He had grown up in a town in the southern Appalachians where fortunes were made from the roaring, raw businesses of rails, coal, scrap metal, and electric power. Self-interest, not common agreement on some collective good, seemed sufficient to create a tolerable order.

The thesis, now part of the foundation of the entire edifice of game theory, was not enough to earn Nash a teaching position at a major university. He wound up at M.I.T., which, though hardly a backwater, was not the internationally respected institution that it has become. Nash, unable to couch his fiery opinions, was no Lloyd Shapley, no politician, no charmer. "Nash always said exactly what was on his mind," a colleague commented later. It had been just as true at Princeton. Even among peers who should have recognized his genius, Nash's talent failed to offset his tactlessness, social ineptitude, and inability to feign interest in trivialities.



MIND GAME

John Nash conceived this board game in 1949 as a Princeton grad student. Above it is a partial representation of a proof similar to those in Nash's work.

Today, Nash's concept of equilibrium is one of the basic paradigms in the social sciences. It is mainly the acceptance of his vision which has been responsible for the acceptance of game theory. As Reinhard Selten, the German economist and Nobel laureate, said, "Nobody would have foretold the great impact of the Nash equilibrium on economics and social science in general."

All through his childhood, adolescence, and brilliant student career, Nash—whose overriding interest was in patterns—had seemed to live inside his own head, immune to the emotional forces that bind people together. In *The Dynamics of Creation,* British psychiatrist Anthony Storr contends that an individual who "fears love almost as much as he fears hatred" may turn to creative activity not only out of an impulse to experience aesthetic pleasure, but also to defend himself against anxiety stimulated by conflicting

demands for solitude and human contact.

Nash thought of himself as a rationalist, a sort of Spock of the starship *Enterprise*. But with his appetite for companionship whetted by Shapley, this persona was shown to be partly a fiction. In five short years, between the ages of 24 and 29, Nash expressed an attraction to at least three other men. But, according to his colleagues, he did not think of himself as a homosexual. He had experienced so little emotionally that his conflicting needs must have been a mystery even to himself.

Around Labor Day of 1952, he began a secret relationship with an attractive, hardworking, and tenderhearted woman named Eleanor Stier. A friend later described her as "dark and pretty, quite shy, a good person [of] ordinary intelligence." At the beginning, she seemed almost maternal with Nash, but the relationship turned ugly rather quickly. "He was always putting me down," she recalled. "He was always making me feel inferior." Nonetheless, without the benefit of a marriage certificate, she gave Nash his first son, John David Stier, born June 19, 1953. Yet, there were no formal arrangements for the baby's financial support.

At M.I.T., Nash escaped most afternoons to the music library, where, for hours on end, he would listen to Bach and Mozart in the soundproof cubicles. One day, he was surprised to see a young woman who had been his student working behind the librarian's desk. When he left, he felt her eyes following him.

Twenty-one-year-old Alicia Larde exuded innocence and glamour and was usually seen in very full skirts cinched tightly around her tiny waist and in very, very high heels. The student newspaper, *The Tech*, once included a reference to her beautiful ankles in a feature on M.I.T. coeds. One of her friends described her as "an El Salvadoran princess with a sense of noblesse oblige."

The Lardes were, in fact, a Central American aristocratic clan with European, primarily French, origins. A photograph of Alicia's father, Carlos Larde-Arthes, and nine siblings, shot in 1911, might have been mistaken for the Romanovs. Alicia's uncle Enrique believed himself to be the bastard son of one of the Austrian Habsburgs, Archduke Rudolf.

Carlos Larde got his medical training in El Salvador and later held a number of public posts. His wife, Alicia Lopez Harrison, came from a wealthy, socially prominent family. Their daughter, Alicia—Lichi, her family called her—was born on New Year's Day 1933 in San Salvador. She grew up in a lovely villa near the center of the capital.

The idyll ended abruptly a year before the end of World War II, when Alicia was 11. In 1944, in the midst of a yearlong popular insurrection against dictator Hernandez Martinez, her family fled the country and moved first to Atlanta, Georgia, then to Biloxi, Mississippi, where Carlos obtained a position at a veterans' hospital. Not long after, they moved on to New York, where Carlos found a position at the Pollak Hospital for Chest Diseases in Jersey City. In 1948 the Lardes enrolled Alicia at the Marymount School in Manhattan. She looked, on graduation day, just like all the other girls, only more beautiful, wrapped in white tulle and cradling three dozen long-stemmed roses.

Outwardly, Alicia was charming, unruffled, and compliant, but her appearance veiled keen intelligence and what a future friend called steely determination. A woman who got to know her later remarked, "You have to keep the times in mind. Women dissembled then. Alicia behaved like a 50s ditz, but that doesn't mean she was one. She always had some agenda, some goal."

Alicia, who dreamed as a child of becoming a modern-day Madame Curie, was 12 when she and her father huddled near the radio in their apartment, listening to the broadcast about Hiroshima. Within weeks, the Japanese surrender turned anonymous men such as Oppenheimer into heroes. Instantly, the image of the "nuclear physicist" seized the popular imagination.

Alicia, already showing signs of her father's scientific aptitude, knew what she wanted: a career in science. She was accepted at M.I.T., one of only 14 women in the class of 1955. But she found that she had to struggle to maintain good grades.

In M.I.T.'s hierarchy, Nash was royalty. And his looks made Alicia's heart beat faster. Emma Duchane, a physics major, said, "Alicia thought he had beautiful legs." Joyce Davis recalled, "She set her cap for him. She had a campaign going." Alicia recognized that perhaps marriage to an illustrious man might satisfy her ambitions.

Nash had confessed to a friend that there was something that happened between people, something that he didn't experience. Now he was at a crossroads. The complexity of his existence had suddenly become devastating. Marriage was a possible answer, and he had almost persuaded himself to marry the mother of his son. But he could not bring himself to do it, and Eleanor lacked the means to instigate it.

Alicia came along at the right moment. He was in emotional turmoil, and his attachments to men may have seemed more threatening now. Nash, who had been drawn to those who understood his complexity, realized that Alicia was one of these people. Plus, he liked the fact that she set her own compass, and he was amused by her flashes of sarcasm and irreverence. At one point Alicia calmly invited Eleanor to her home for a meeting and waited with a bottle of red wine. She wasn't shocked at the idea of his having had a previous romantic existence. But Alicia did not seem to consider Eleanor a serious competition. And her assessment proved correct. Alicia and John Nash were married in February 1957.

Sometime during the spring of 1958 Nash confided that he had "an idea or an idea" about how to solve the Riemann hypothesis, the most important problem in pure mathematics. Solving it would be like finding the Holy Grail.

Nash, who would turn 30 in June, had been emotionally besieged by his complicated tangle of relationships, the events surrounding the birth of his illegitimate son, and the pressure of his extraordinary ambition. There were other complications that may have sent him back to his more controllable world. Before his marriage, Nash had received an angry call from Virginia, who had been contacted by Eleanor, who had told her about John David. "Don't say anything," Virginia had warned her son, adding that the news had been "a terrible blow" to his father. The senior Nash died not long after. Then Alicia became pregnant, which must have represented another huge emotional demand.

Nash was worried as well that his 30th birthday would mean the end of his prime as a mathematician. Despite his major successes, he began to experience gnawing self-doubts. Night after night, hour after hour, he worked on his Riemann idea. The timing of his decision to tackle what amounted to the Matterhorn of mathematics, just as he was turning 30 and licking various wounds to what he would call his "merciless superego," suggests a desperation behind his bold attempt. "He was a little on the wild side," said his colleague Eli Stein. "There

as a flamboyance in the way he talked, mething exaggerated about his ac- ons." And that was only the beginning.

According to friends, the Freudian-trained analysts at McLean theorized at Nash's schizophrenia was brought on latent homosexuality. (Isaac Newton's ychotic breakdown at the age of 51 ay have, coincidentally, been precipitat- by his unhappy attachment to a unger man.) But Nash wasn't privy to s view, and, in any case, the Freudian rspective has now been discredited. llowing his release, he resigned from .I.T. and began an attempt to renounce American citizenship. He continued suffer from severe delusions, auditory llucinations, disordered thought and eling, and a broken will. In the grip of s "cancer of the mind," as his condi- n is sometimes called, Nash eventually andoned mathematics, embraced nu- erology and religious prophecy, and be- ved himself to be, in his own words, a essianic figure of great but secret im- rtance." By the summer of 1960, he s going into restaurants with his feet re. With dark hair to his shoulders and ushy black beard, he acquired a fixed pression, a dead gaze. Women, especial- found him frightening.

During the three decades of his ill- ss, Nash fled to Europe more than ce, was hospitalized involuntarily half dozen times for periods of up to eight nths, and was subjected to all sorts of atments, including insulin-coma thera- . He experienced brief remissions and isodes of hope that lasted only a few nths. In 1962, Alicia filed for divorce. 1968, Nash was forced to take up sidence in Virginia with his mother, o had moved there. Later, after his ther's death, Nash's sister, Martha, o was faced during the years her ther now calls "the time of my irra- nality" with several difficult decisions, de the hardest choice of her life. In 69, with no other viable alternatives, e had her brother committed to a te-run institution in Virginia. By the lowing year, Alicia—who believed that sh needed care and "not too much essure"—allowed her ex-husband to n her and their son at her house in inceton. For years she worked long urs to support the three of them.

Nash became a sad phantom who haunt- the Princeton campus. He claimed he d found a solution to the Riemann pothesis and later began an effort to ewrite the foundations of quantum ysics." He claimed, in a torrent of let- ters to former colleagues, to have discovered vast conspiracies and the secret meaning of numbers and some biblical texts. Nash spent most of his time hanging around Fine Hall. He seemed, as one graduate student remembered, "to talk to the squirrels." He carried around a notebook labeled "Absolute Zero" and was fascinated by bright colors. Wearing khakis and red Keds high-tops, he left messages on blackboards—notes such as his declaration that "Mao Tse-tung's Bar Mitzvah was 13 years, 13 months, and 13 days after Brezhnev's circumcision."

He was often in the Common Room, where he liked to speculate, to watch people playing kriegspiel, and to make cryptic little remarks. On one occasion, when William Feller, a professor of probability, was standing nearby, Nash said, to no one in particular, "What should we do with an overweight Hungarian?" Nash disquieted the formidable Agnes Henry, the departmental secretary, by asking her for the sharpest pair of scissors she possessed. Henry was taken aback and consulted Al Tucker about what to do. Tucker said, "Well, give it to him and if there's trouble, I'll handle it." Nash grabbed the scissors, walked over to a phone book, and cut out the cover, a map of the Princeton area in primary colors. He pasted it in his notebook.

While Nash remained frozen in his strange and dreamlike state, fancying himself in venues including Cairo, Zēbāk, Kabul, Bangui, Thebes, Guyana, and Mongolia, his name began to surface everywhere. He turned up in economics textbooks, articles on evolutionary biology, political-science treatises, and mathematics journals. When *The New Palgrave,* a new encyclopedia of economics, appeared in 1987, its editors noted that the game-theory revolution which had swept economics "was effected with apparently no new fundamental mathematical theorems beyond those of von Neumann and Nash." But the book included no biographical sketch of Nash, as it did for comparable figures. His life was missing.

Even as Nash's ideas became more influential, the man himself remained shrouded in obscurity. Most who made use of his ideas simply assumed, given the dates of his published articles, that he was dead. Those who knew otherwise sometimes treated him as if he were. A 1989 proposal to place Nash on the ballot of the Econometric Society as a potential fellow was deemed an essentially sentimental gesture—and rejected. (The following year, he was elected by a landslide.)

Nash, at this time, still turned up at the Institute for Advanced Study almost every day at breakfast. Sometimes he would cadge cigarettes or spare change, but mostly he kept very much to himself, a silent, gaunt, and furtive figure who sat alone off in a corner, drinking coffee, smoking, spreading out a ragged pile of papers that he carried with him always.

Freeman Dyson, a giant of 20th-century theoretical physics, was one of those who saw Nash frequently. Dyson habitually greeted him, as a token of respect, without expecting any response. On one morning, sometime in the late 1980s, he did his duty—and was shocked by the response. "I see your daughter is in the news again today," Nash said to Dyson. (Esther Dyson is a frequently quoted authority on computers and high-tech industries.) Dyson, who was not used to hearing Nash speak, said later, "I had no idea he was aware of her existence. . . . It was beautiful. . . . I remember the astonishment I felt."

> "Nash was a little on the wild side. There was a flamboyance in the way he talked."

More signs of recovery followed. Around 1990, Nash began to correspond, via electronic mail, with Enrico Bombieri, a number theorist at the Institute who had been working for years on the Riemann hypothesis. His exchange with Nash focused on various mathematical conjectures and calculations which Nash had recently begun. The letters showed that Nash was once again doing real mathematical research. He also began to experiment with computers.

"He was staying very much by himself," said Bombieri. "But at some point he started talking to people. Then we talked quite a lot about number theory. Sometimes we talked in my office, sometimes over coffee in the dining hall. Then we began corresponding by E-mail. It's a

sharp mind. . . . All the suggestions have that toughness. . . . There's nothing commonplace. He looks at things from a slightly different angle."

A spontaneous recovery from schizophrenia is so rare, particularly after a course as long and severe as Nash's, that, when it occurs, psychiatrists may well question the validity of the original diagnosis. But people such as Dyson and Bombieri, who had watched Nash around Princeton for years, had no doubt that by the early 1990s he was "a walking miracle."

It is highly unlikely, however, that many people would have become privy to these developments, dramatic as they appeared to Princeton insiders, if not for another scene, which also took place on those grounds at the end of the first week of October 1994.

A mathematics seminar was just breaking up. Nash, who now regularly attended such gatherings and sometimes even asked a question or offered some conjecture, was about to duck out. Harold Kuhn, a mathematics professor at the university and Nash's closest friend, caught up with him at the door. Kuhn had telephoned Nash at home earlier that day and suggested that the two of them go for lunch after the talk. The day was so mild, the outdoors so inviting, the Institute Woods so beautiful, that the two men wound up sitting on a bench opposite the mathematics building, at the edge of a lawn, in front of a graceful Japanese fountain.

Kuhn and Nash had known each other for nearly 50 years. They had both been graduate students at Princeton in the late 1940s, shared the same professors, socialized with the same people, traveled in the same elite mathematical circles. They had not been friends as students, but Kuhn, who spent most of his career at Princeton, had never entirely lost touch with Nash and had, as Nash became more accessible, managed to establish fairly regular contact with him. They were an odd couple, connected not by temperament but by a large fund of common memories and associations.

Kuhn, who had carefully rehearsed what he was going to say, got to the point quickly. "I have something to tell you, John," he began. Nash, as usual, refused to look Kuhn in the face at first, staring instead into the middle distance. Kuhn went on. Nash was to expect an important telephone call at home the following morning, probably around six o'clock. The call would come from Stockholm. It would be made by the executive secretary of the Swedish Academy of Sciences. Kuhn's voice suddenly became hoarse with emotion. Nash now turned his head, concentrating on every word. "He's goin to tell you, John," Kuhn concluded, "tha you have won a Nobel Prize."

"He's going to tell you, John, that you have won a Nobel Prize."

After Nash accepted the Nobel fro the King of Sweden in 1994, his r covery accelerated visibly. His stoop, aver ed gaze, and frightened demeanor hav gradually faded. Characteristically, he b lieves he willed his own recovery, abou which he sometimes sounds almost r gretful. In an essay written for the Nobe Nash remarked that "rationality of thoug imposes a limit on a person's concept o his relation to the cosmos." He refers t his remissions as "interludes of enforce rationality." Thanks to Princeton, he no has an office and a modest stipend. Thes days, like any retired academic, he spend most of his time attending seminars, sur ing the Net, and delivering occasiona lectures. He also phones old friends, an has even spoken to Lloyd Shapley, who as it happened, was one of his rivals fo the Nobel. Nash has reconciled with hi sister, Martha, and is in touch with hi older son, John Stier. Stier, a nurse in th Boston area, was estranged from his fa ther for nearly 20 years.

Having one's life restored after so lon an illness is "a great thing," Nash acknowl edges. But he cannot help mourning th lost years and opportunities. His deepes sorrow is that his younger son, John Charles, a mathematician, also suffers fro schizophrenia and requires much attention

Nash and Alicia still live with John Charles in Princeton Junction in a smal Insul-Brick house surrounded by hydran geas. Despite her own struggles, Alicia ha sheltered Nash for more than two decades Her girlish infatuation has survived th disillusionments, hardships, and disap pointments. Nash tries to be sensitive an accommodating to Alicia, and there i now a sense of reciprocity between th two. It is as if regaining the respect of hi peers has made Nash believe that he ha more to offer the people in his life. Alicia also feels that he has more to give. She used to refer to him as her "boarder" more recently, however, there was talk o remarriage—which has now been deter mined irrational for tax reasons. But they are, despite the lack of legal sanction, a real couple, beyond ordinary sentiments Nash may be less than he was intellectually, he may never achieve another breakthrough But he has become a great deal more than he ever was—"a very fine person," say Alicia, who is scrupulously honest. Of the role she has played in protecting Nash she says only, "Sometimes you don't plan things. They just work out that way." □





NOBEL SAVAGE

Above, John and Alicia Nash at the Nobel ceremony. *Right,* John Nash takes a bow in Stockholm after receiving the Nobel Prize for economics from the King of Sweden in 1994.

Credits

Fashion

Cover: David Duchovny's Calvin Klein shirt from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide.
Page 28: Kate Hudson's Chanel top and shoes from selected Chanel boutiques; Tuleh skirt from Tracey Ross, West Hollywood; Van Cleef & Arpels earrings from Van Cleef & Arpels, N.Y.C.; Fendi bag from Fendi, N.Y.C.
Page 56: David Margolick styled by Kim Debus for Jam Arts. Sylvia Nasar styled by Alex Loyd. Matt Tyrnauer styled by Beth Blake.
Page 58: Michael Shnayerson styled by Nicole LePage.
Page 152: Gail Sheehy styled by Kim Debus for Jam Arts.
Page 159: Ingrid Seward styled by Desirée Lederer; dress by Tomasz Starzewski, from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; cloak from Angels & Bermans, London; shoes by Yves Saint Laurent, from Yves Saint Laurent, N.Y.C.; tiara by special order from Butler & Wilson, London; jewelry by Asprey, from Asprey, N.Y.C.
Pages 162–67: David Duchovny's Helmut Lang suit, shirt, tie, and shoes from Helmut Lang, N.Y.C.; Brooks Brothers socks from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide.
Pages 176–77: Daniel Caudill for Visages Style.
Pages 178–79: Julie Wilson's Portolano gloves from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.
Page 181: Lena Horne's Donna Karan coat, pants, and sweater from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.
Pages 184–85: Eartha Kitt's Vicky Tiel dress from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Ralph Lauren hosiery and shoes from Polo/Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.
Pages 188 and 192: Carlos Mota for Judy Casey.
Page 195: Kate Hudson's Isaac Mizrahi dress from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Capezio/Ballet Makers shoes from Capezio East, N.Y.C.; Harry Winston earrings from Harry Winston, N.Y.C.
Page 205: Merv Griffin's Ralph Lauren shirt from Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.
Page 207: Lacoste shirt and shorts from Lacoste, Bal Harbour, Fla.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Sally Hershberger for Ready to Wear John Frieda; Catherine Furniss for Célestine.
Page 28: See credits for page 195.
Page 56: David Margolick's grooming by George Kyriakos for Sally Harlor. Sylvia Nasar's hair and makeup by Barbara Camp for Laurance LaCause. Matt Tyrnauer's grooming by Manuella for Arrojo Cutler/Trilise.
Page 58: Michael Shnayerson's grooming by Assumpta Clohessy for Price, Inc.
Page 118: Grooming by Assumpta Clohessy for Price, Inc.
Page 146: Manny Farber's grooming by Maital Sabban for Visages Style.
Page 149: Aden Young's grooming by Margaret Kimura for Cloutier.
Page 152: Gail Sheehy's hair and makeup by Assumpta Clohessy for Price, Inc.
Page 159: Ingrid Seward's hair by Ken Gonkulmiraz; makeup by Patrick Swan.
Pages 176–77: Grooming by Margaret Kimura and Sylvia Viau, both for Cloutier.
Pages 178–79: James Kaliardos for the Agency.
Pages 182–83: John Caruso for 78 Grand Street; James Kaliardos for the Agency.
Pages 184–85: Mathu Andersen for DWNYC.
Page 189: Gabhan O'Keeffe's grooming by Mark Anderson for Untitled.
Page 195: Kate Hudson's hair styled with Aveda Self Control. All makeup from Chanel. On her eyes, Shadowlights in Daylight Lilac and in Daylight Rose; on her lips, Creme Lipstick in Mischief. Diane Wiedenmann and Kat James for Garren, N.Y.
Pages 202–3: Merv Griffin's grooming by Sylvia Viau for Cloutier.
Page 207: Grooming by Christina Reyna for Peggy Bremner.

Photographs and Miscellany

Cover: Rick Floyd for Smashbox; production by Stardust Visions.
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Page 28: Props styled by Stefan Beckman for Exposure.
Page 88: From MPTV.
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Page 103: From Magnum Photos.
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Page 154: Bottom, second from right, by Erik Heinila/HBO; right, by Rob Rich.
Pages 168–69: Left, from the Lester Glassner Collection/Neal Peters; right, from the Trapp Family Lodge; insets courtesy of William Anderson.
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Page 195: Stefan Beckman for Exposure.
Pages 196–97: Courtesy of Martha Nash Legg.
Pages 198–99: Courtesy of Alicia Nash.
Page 201: Top, from Princeton University; bottom right, from the Fantova Collection of Albert Einstein, Manuscripts Division, Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, Princeton University Library.
Page 205: Second from top left, from Archive Photos; bottom left, from the Michael Ochs Archives; center right, from Photofest.
Page 230: Both from Pressens Bild.

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Planetarium

Michael Lutin speaks to restless, dissatisfied Geminis

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Although you are probably feigning zest and verve, you don't have the ambition you once had. You are still dying to do something important, if only you could figure out what it is. You may even be considering going back to school in order to take up something that reflects your true intelligence. Perhaps if you sought the counsel of a wise teacher, you could sort out the tangled mass of aims and desires confounding you. With retrograde planets in your 9th house, however, goody-goody advice is sure to make you even more nuts.

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Recently the lives of many Cancers have been like those fake cans of peanut brittle—you know the ones: when you open the lid, a coiled snake jumps out at you. That's a perfect metaphor for the effect of 8th-house transits. Even if an angel were to appear, just as you took its hand in yours you'd get the old buzzer-in-the-palm trick. You've got to be sick and tired of walking on eggs and worrying about where the lightning is going to strike next. In fact, you're probably ready to throw in the towel and chuck the whole thing. Fat chance. Not this year.

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

The challenges you are facing may be spiritually enriching and very good for your personal growth as a sensitive, caring human being—at least, that's easy to say for people who are not standing in the middle of the fray, as you are. When outer planets change direction in your 7th house—which controls relationships—and people around you are either going crazy or dropping like flies, you start to feel shaky. You may do the stiff-upper-lip thing and try to show the world how brave and strong you are, but the truth is it hurts. A lot.

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Thanks to the double retrograde stations of the rulers of your 6th and 7th houses, this month marks the culmination of one great work cycle and the beginning of a new one. Although there may be tremendous confusion and chaos all around you, take a moment out from fretting over every insignificant glitch to remember to be grateful for the shot in the arm your work is getting. Your life situation may not be totally secure yet (what an understatement), but look on the bright side. At least you're not shriveling up with boredom.

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Question: Are children freaking you out? If so, you are right in tune with the universe. With Uranus and Neptune causing your solar 5th house to go spinning upside down and out of control, you need to be exposed to uncontrollable screaming. If certain unwanted—in some cases even tragic—spills are causing you emotional arrhythmia, you're sure to be able to find an equal number of thrills and chills to keep you stimulated. Although you are attempting to be loyal and true-blue, there's no way you are ever going to refrain from acting out. Naughty you.

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

Although people may not be drawn to you with the ferocious, ego-feeding intensity they were in the 80s and early 90s, you still exhibit an extremely powerful magnetic pull. It's almost funny when you think that, with Chiron in your sign, you are currently looked upon as a guru. In reality you're just limping along and doing your best to appear prosperous while struggling to survive. Your home is a wreck, you're not sleeping terribly well, and many of your best-laid plans seem to have gone awry. Strangest of all, for a Scorpio that's heaven.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Perhaps you need to be reminded that you are *not* a rat trapped in a maze. The labyrinth you've been running around in is inside your head. Your plans change at the speed of light. With the ruler of your 3rd house going retro, you must be making 40 decisions a minute, all of which you reject 60 seconds later. This is just a defense against facing the fact that the life you've been leading is coming to an end, and that something new has simply *got* to happen. What that something is, though, is still a maddening mystery. Calm down and let it unfold.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Troops of Wall Street Capricorns are being gored by the bull and mauled by the bear right now. And despite their moaning, they're loving it. Members of your sign like to think they can beat the system and pick the winning horse every time, but with Uranus and Neptune in your 2nd house, you're turning out to be more of a gambler than anyone could have imagined. When you fall into your Oh-my-God-I'm-going-to-be-a-bag-person mood, you can contract like a snail and become as cheap with yourself as you are with everyone else.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Congratulations on your noble attempt at professionalism. Here's the real deal, though: co-workers, loved ones, and friends are all going to have to come to terms with the fact that two outer planets, Uranus and Neptune, are making retrograde stations in your solar 1st house. In plain English, you are in no condition to promise them you'll be there to hold their hand and read to them at bedtime for the rest of their lives. In fact, you are in no shape to commit yourself for a period exceeding five minutes, and right now even that is iffy.

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

This may well be a valuable time for your soul to grow, as psychics and clergymen will insist on hammering into your head. When it's *your* life that seems to be falling apart, however, the old placebos are little comfort, no matter how true they may someday turn out to be. The retrograde stations of the rulers of your sun and 12th house are always signs of inner conflict and doubt. At such times it's as foolish to look for answers as it is to think you can run away. Be thankful for one thing, though. God still loves you.

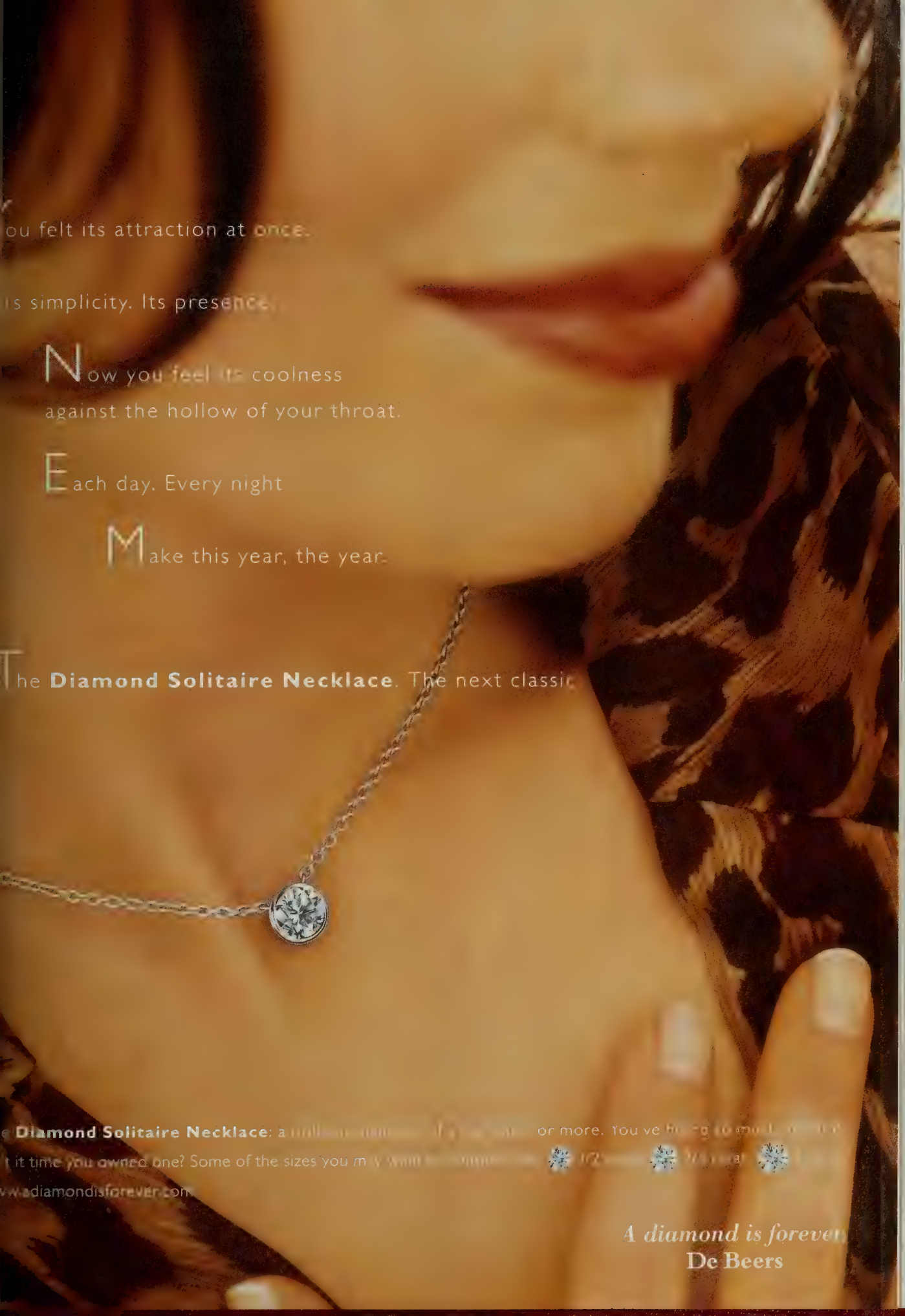
ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

When you look at how wacky the lives of your friends are becoming, you have to wonder where they get the energy to cope. Because you've been trying so hard to focus and avoid distractions and limit the craziness in your own life, it may be hard to pay much attention to their freaky existence. Although Saturn is still at the end of your sign and your spirit is not exactly brimming with generosity, your loyal support and sage, parental advice could prove to be a considerable blessing to people close to you who are currently flipping out.

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

If only you could run away to an island where you would never again have to deal with politics, business, or money, you'd be happy. Or maybe you could just curl up in bed and turn off the phone in order never to have to hear it ring, or, worse, wait for a call that is not likely to come. *If only:* that seems to be all you have going through your mind these days. With planets in your 10th and 12th houses, the pull between escape and career is tremendous. Remember, you can always regain your position—if only you would forgive yourself for all your stupid mistakes.

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After 29 records and two books, Jimmy Buffett has gone beyond pop stardom to become a cultural icon. This month, with a recently released album, *Don't Stop the Carnival*, and a new book, *A Pirate Looks at Fifty*, the mayor of Margaritaville reveals his admiration for Mark Twain, Walter Cronkite, and, of course, Jean Laffite, the pirate

Jimmy Buffett



What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Surviving in the music business for over 34 years.

What is your most treasured possession?
My first Martin guitar.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Having my own island.

Where would you like to live?
Where I do.

When and where were you happiest?
I still am.

What is your current state of mind?
Still crazy after all these years. (I wish I had written that song.)

What is your most marked characteristic?
My sense of humor.

What is your favorite occupation?
Flying.

What is your greatest extravagance?
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What is your greatest fear?
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Jerry Falwell.

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Chastity.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Greed.

What is your favorite journey?
Paris, always Paris.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Somebody stole my hair.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Curse words.

What is your greatest regret?
That I never taped or documented my grandfather's stories of his years at sea.

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I really love my life.

Who are your favorite writers?
Mark Twain, Eudora Welty, and Patrick O'Brian.

How would you like to die?
Quietly on an island.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
Osprey.

What is your motto?
"Never forget to duck."

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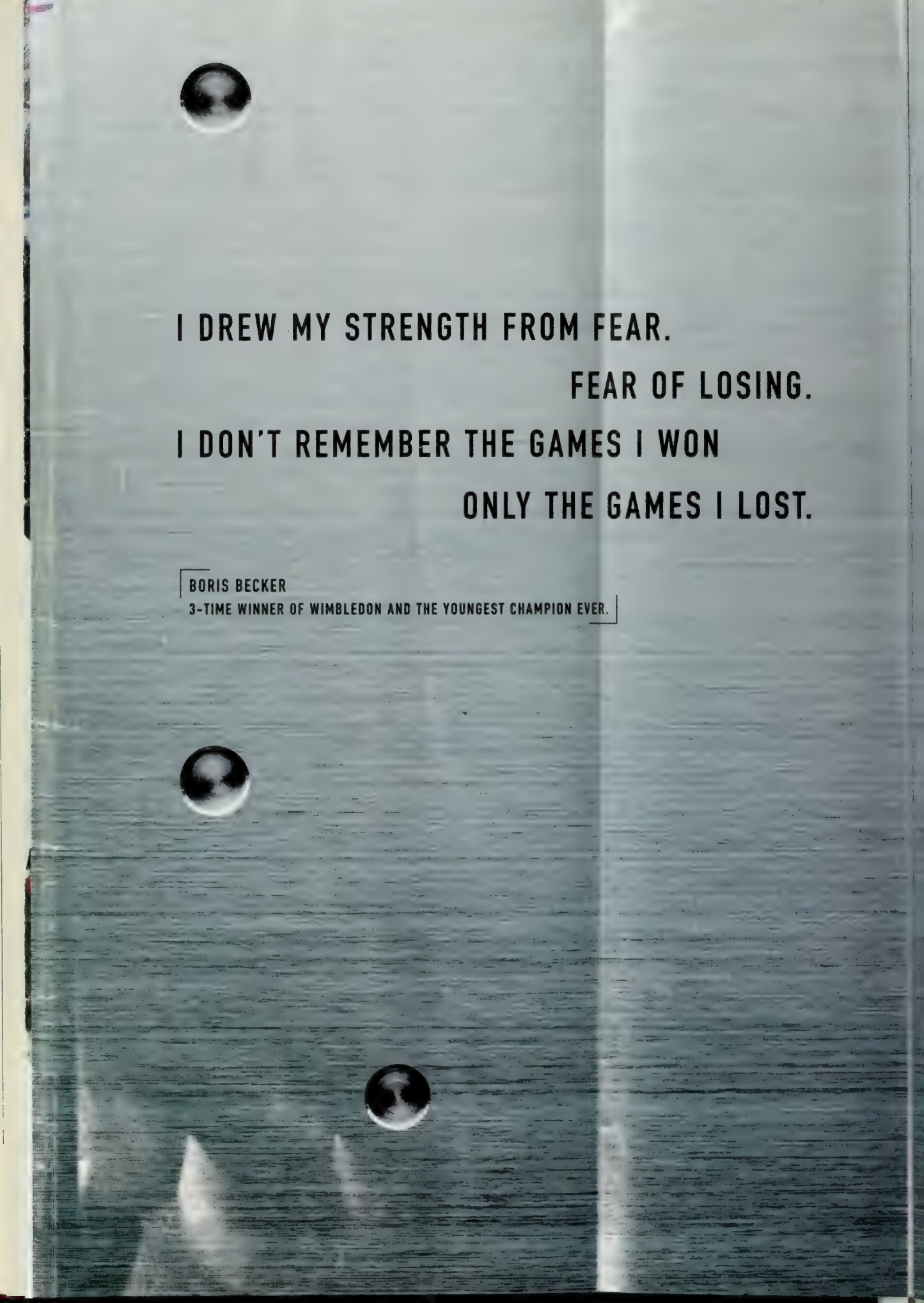
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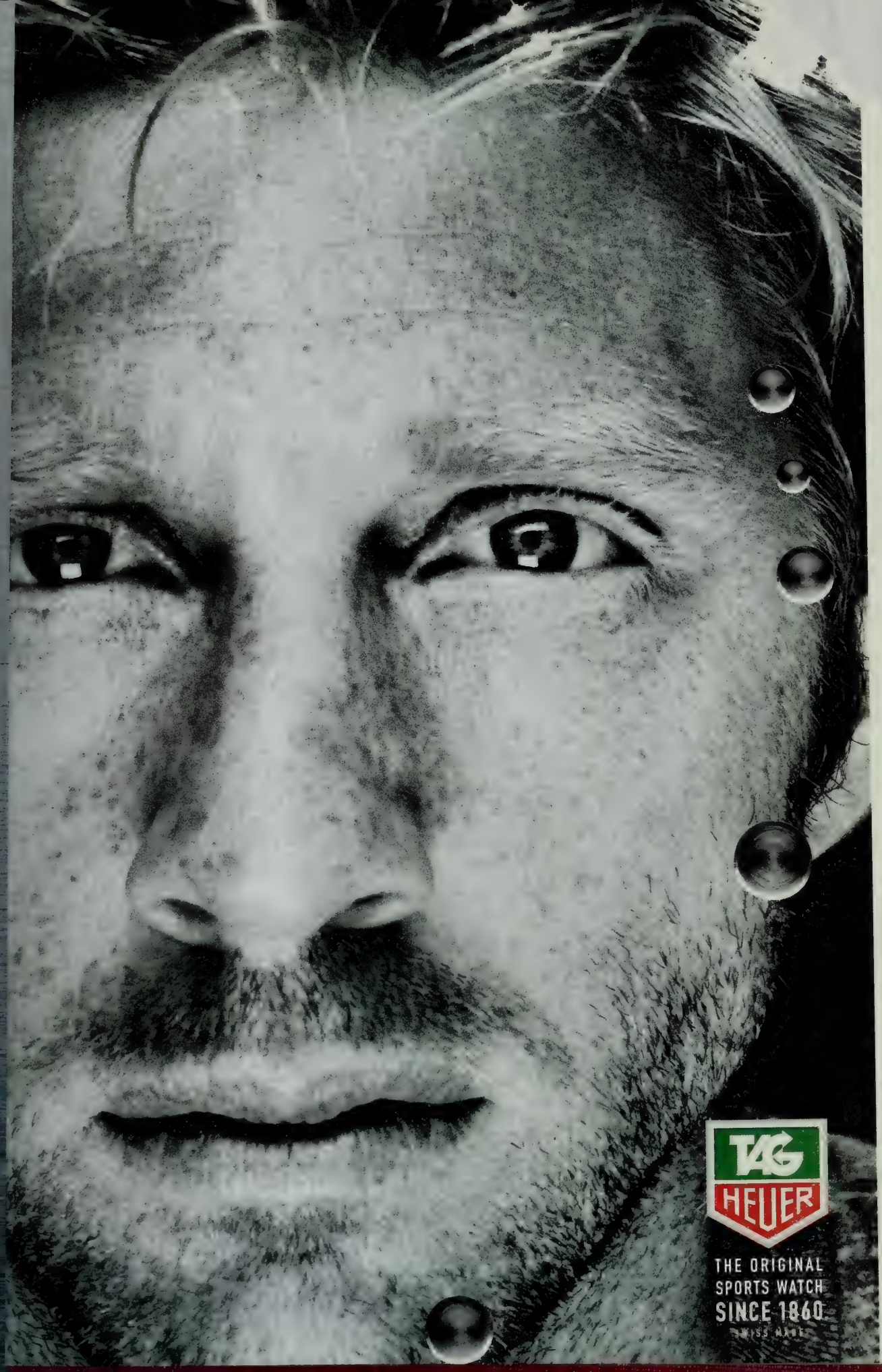
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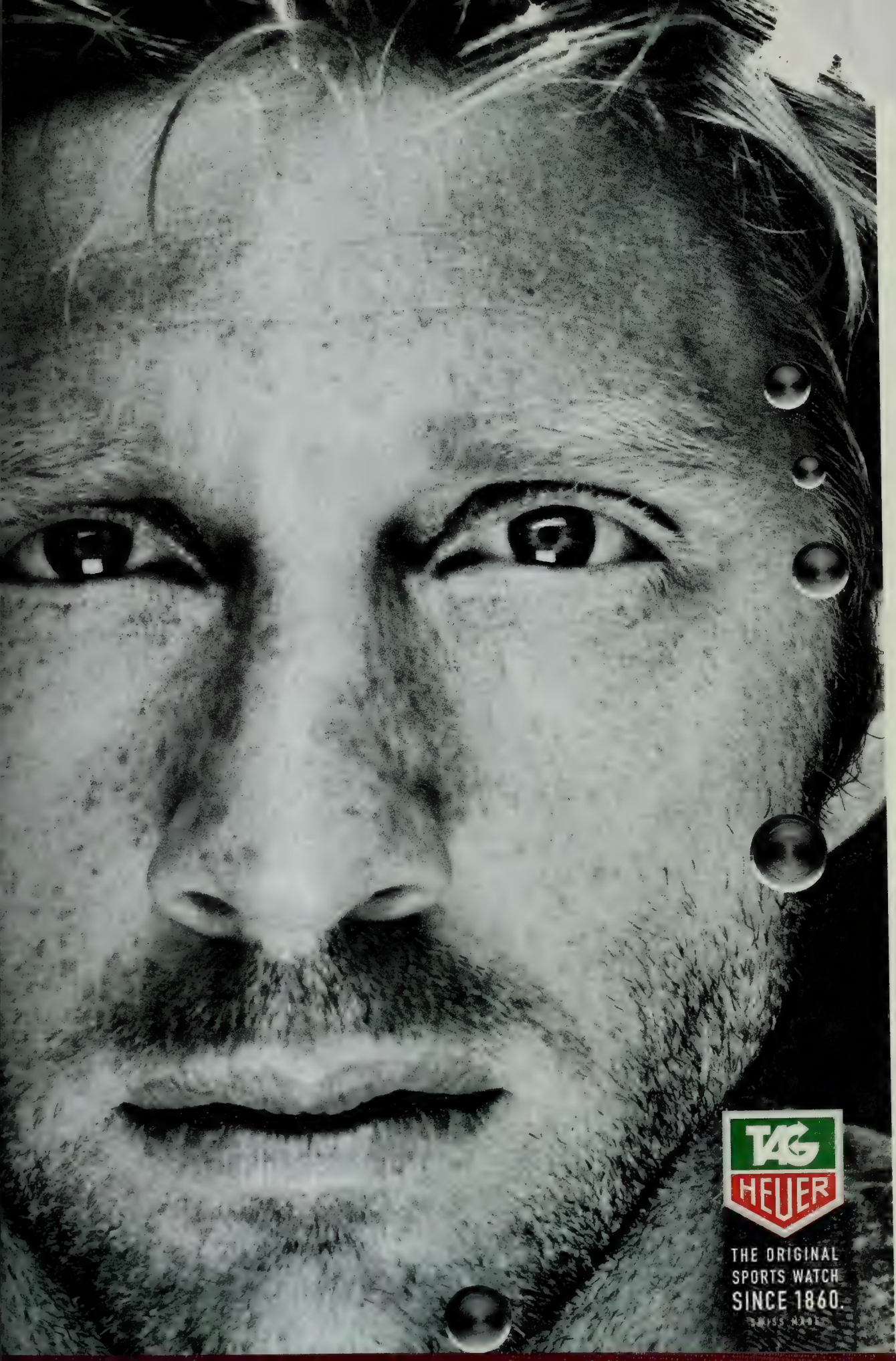
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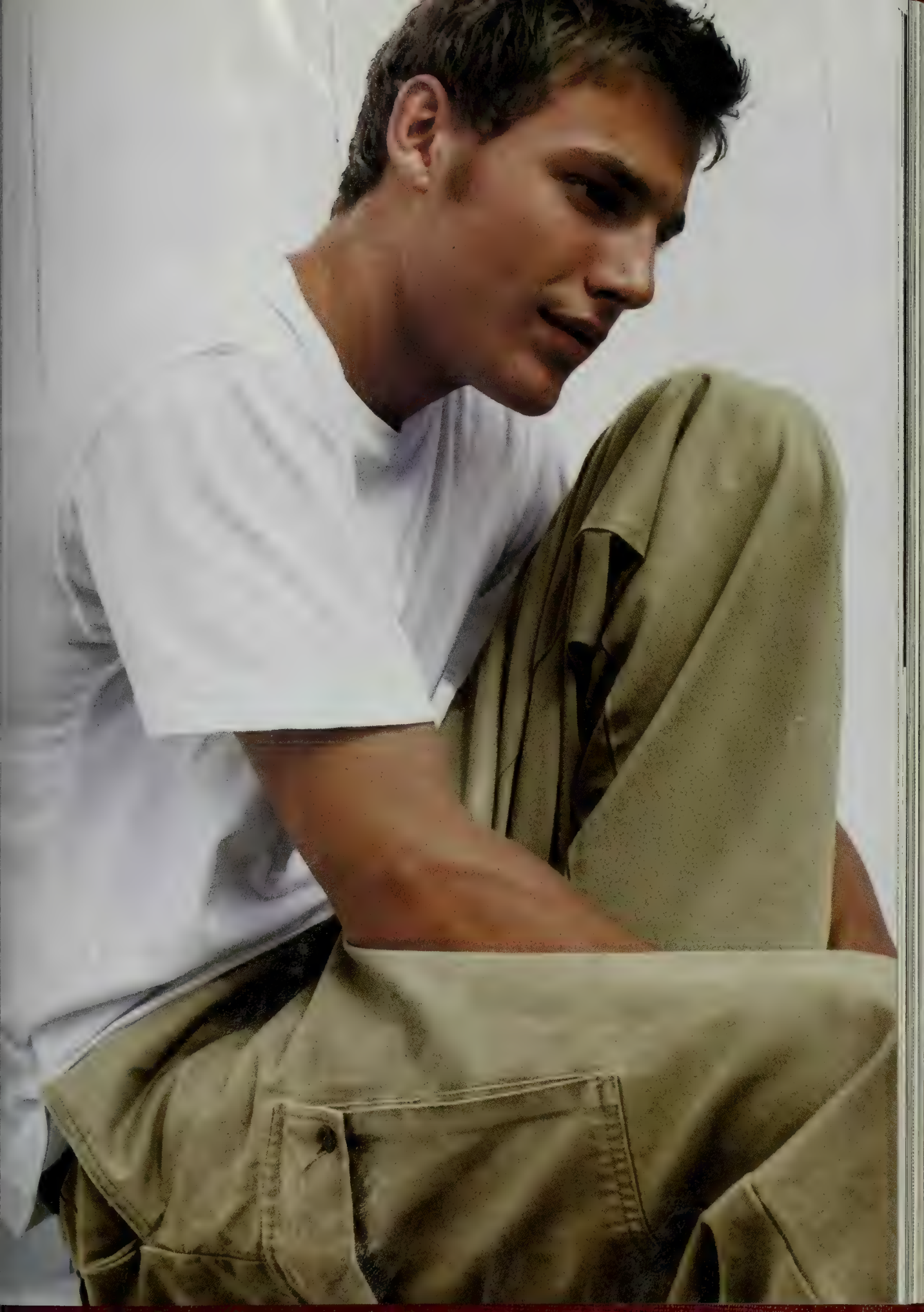


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JULY 1998 Nº 455

Features

RONNIE AND NANCY | 76

The extraordinary partnership of Ronald and Nancy Reagan has survived Los Angeles, Sacramento, Washington, and even the former president's twilight battle with Alzheimer's disease. In part one of Bob Colacello's two-part intimate history, members of the Reagans' Old California wealthy and devoted "Kitchen Cabinet" recall the couple's rise to political stardom, the triumphal 1981 inauguration, and the high-spirited gatherings along the way. Portrait by Harry Benson.

KOSOVO'S VALLEY OF DEATH | 90

In the smoldering province of Kosovo, perched on the former Republic of Yugoslavia's border with Albania, the Serb army is waging a campaign of terror—and sowing the seeds of another European war. Under the AK-47s of Belgrade's troops and their guerrilla foes, Sebastian Junger explores the heartbreaking terrain of two savage massacres.

WHO'S THAT GIRL? | 96

Herb Ritts discovers the less-camera-shy side of Monica Lewinsky, and Christopher Hitchens welcomes her to the pantheon of Cleopatra, Donna Rice, and Camilla Parker-Bowles.

THE LOVE BUG | 102

Somberly venerated as the selfless and high-minded keeper of a literary fortress, William Shawn is in the media spotlight six years after his death. But as Shawn's mistress of 40 years, Lillian Ross, and former acolyte Ved Mehta approach the shrine with two new, adoring books, James Wolcott wonders if the legendary *New Yorker* editor wasn't a plaster saint.

IN THE LAND OF GIANTS | 106

Seven jazz icons—Dave Brubeck, Shirley Horn, Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Oscar Peterson, Dave Grusin, and Lionel Hampton—stand tall for Bruce Weber, while Richard Merkin hits their high notes.

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Firooz Zahedi and Kevin Sessums spotlight tough-talking actress Jennifer Lopez, who adds another notch to her belt with *Out of Sight,* opposite George Clooney.

MADELINE'S PAPA | 116

Since 1939, a tiny Parisian schoolgirl named Madeline has delighted millions of readers, young and old. With the red-haired nine-year-old marching into movie theaters this summer, Amy Fine Collins chronicles the picaresque adventures of her creator, Ludwig Bemelmans, who drew on his own troubled childhood for Madeline—and found she saved his sanity.

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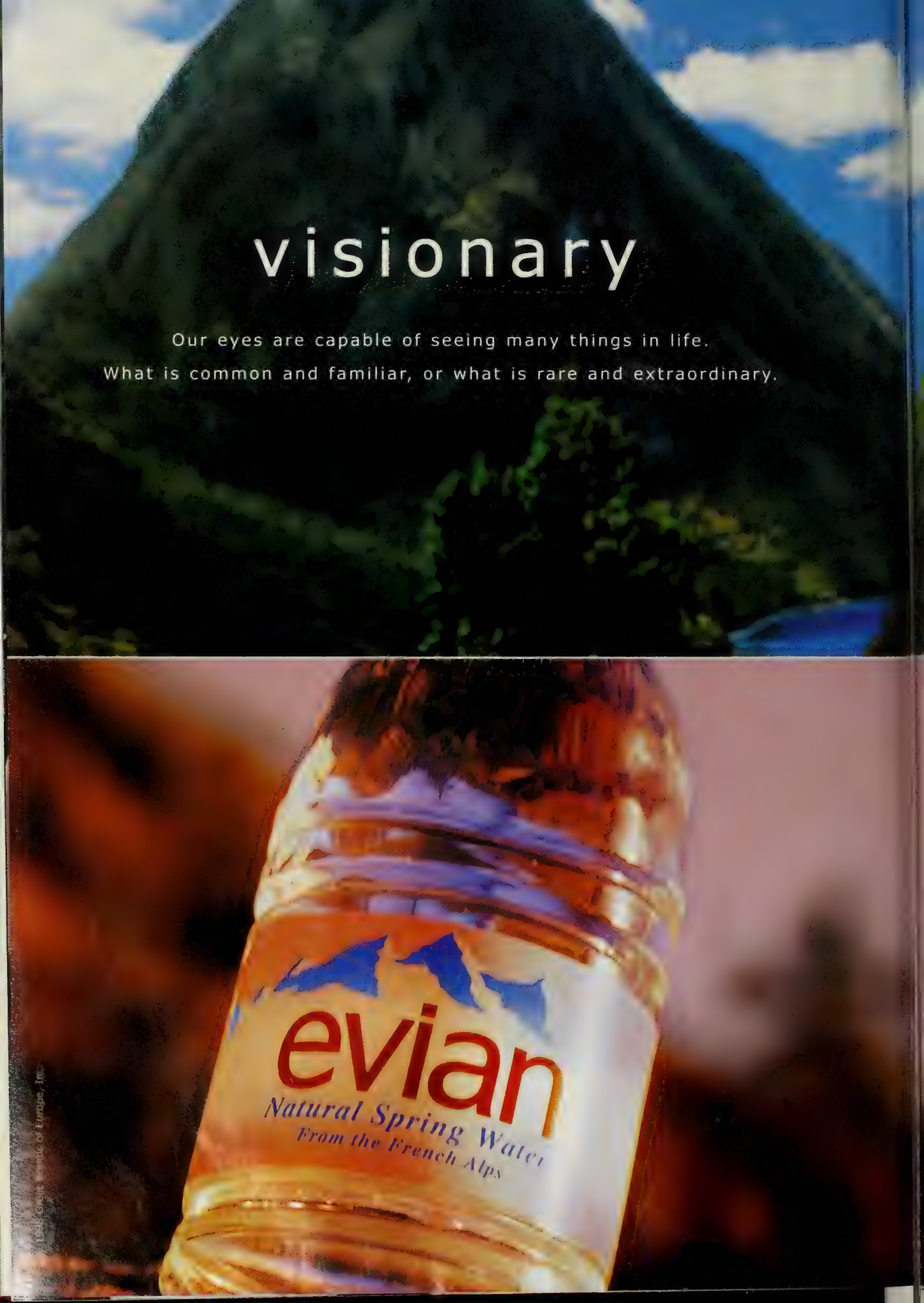


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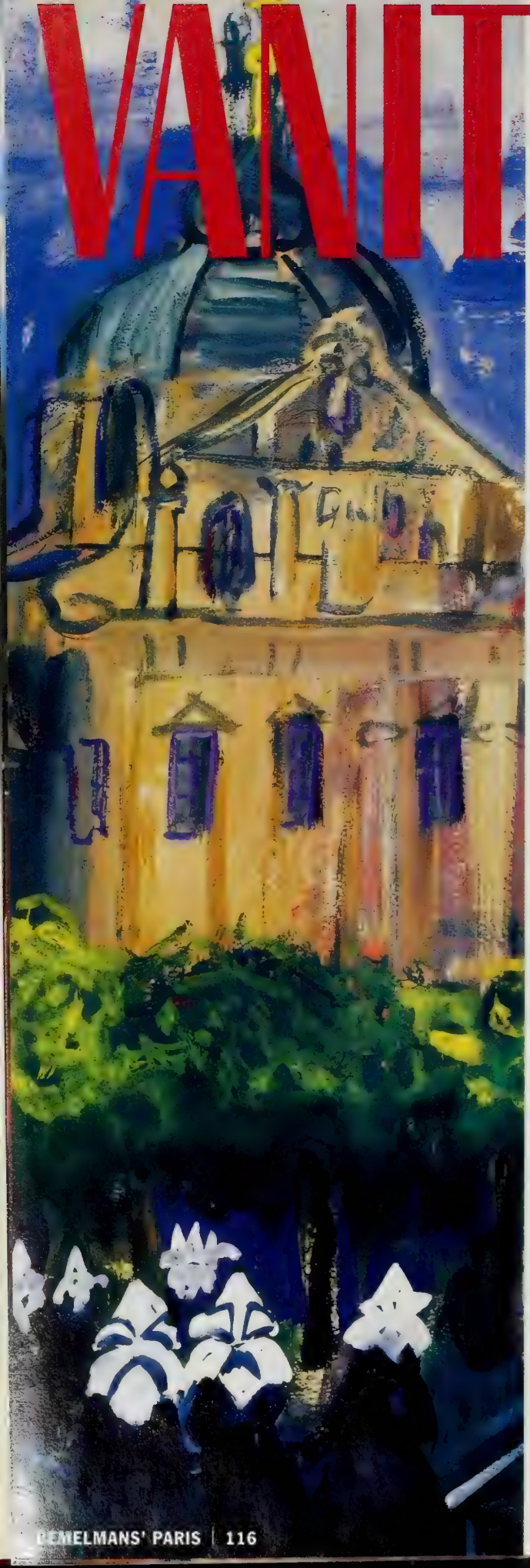
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JULY 1996

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SWINGIN' ON A CENTURY | 32

Frank Sinatra commercially released 1,307 performances, appeared in 58 movies, romanced countless women, married four, and remained for more than half a century the greatest interpretive musician America has ever seen. In the wake of Sinatra's death at age 82, Jonathan Schwartz assesses an incalculable loss.

HOCKNEY'S NATURAL WONDER | 40

John Richardson takes in the breathtaking view of David Hockney's largest painting ever, a 24-by-7-foot, 60-canvas panorama of America's Grand Canyon.

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Louis Begley and Michael Ondaatje remember the aristocratic author of *Memoirs of an Anti-Semite,* who lived, as he wrote, with elegance and courage. Portrait by Brigitte Lacombe.

THE DEVIL AND JEFFREY MACDONALD | 46

Twenty-eight years after the shocking, Manson-style murder of his wife and two young daughters, Dr. Jeffrey MacDonald, the handsome, Princeton-educated former Green Beret convicted of the crime, is still fighting to prove his innocence. With a new trial possible, Robert Sam Anson weighs the evidence. Portraits by Nigel Parry.

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D.C. meets L.A. at the White House correspondents' dinner; doing the time warp with the Squirrel Nut Zippers.

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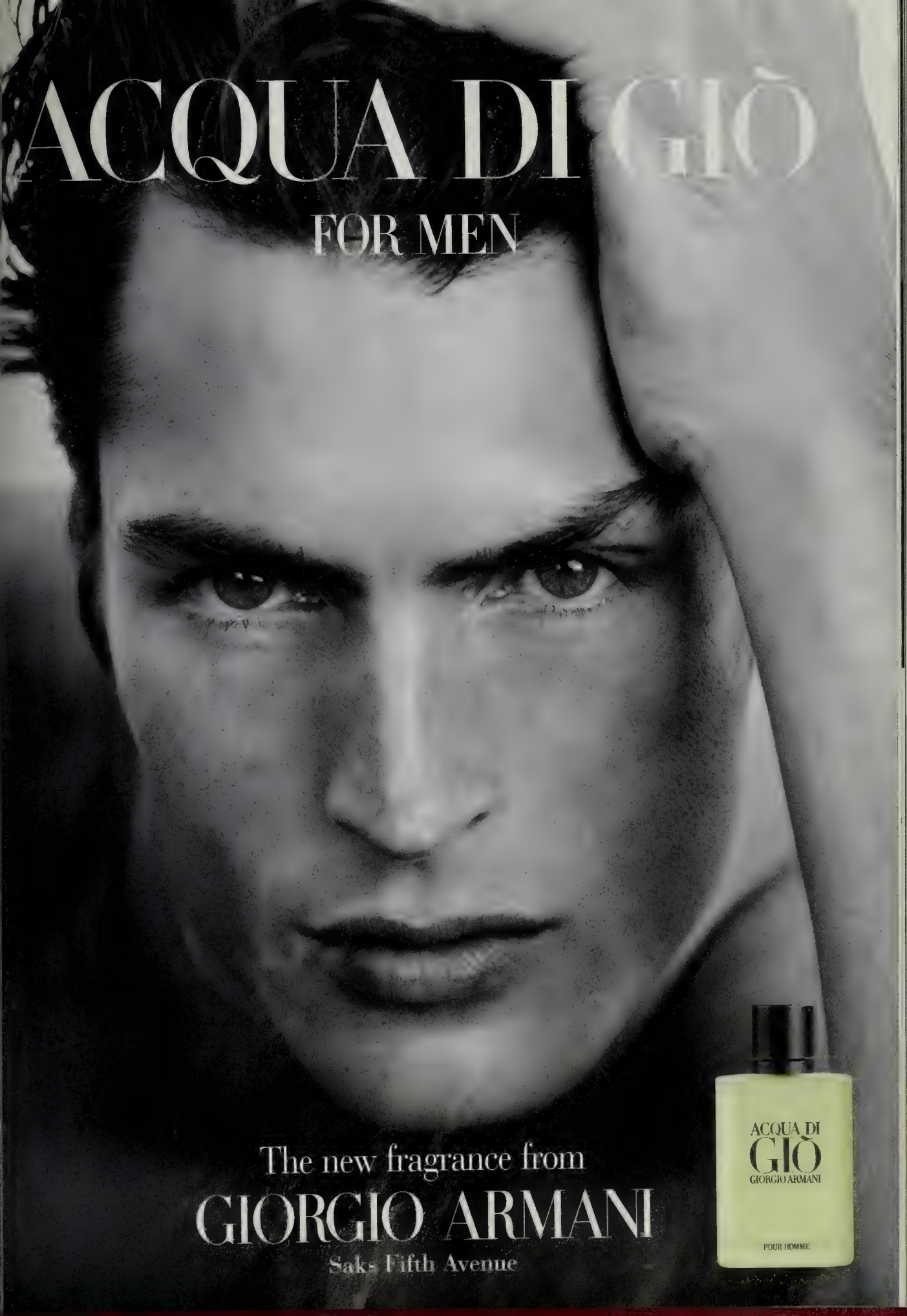
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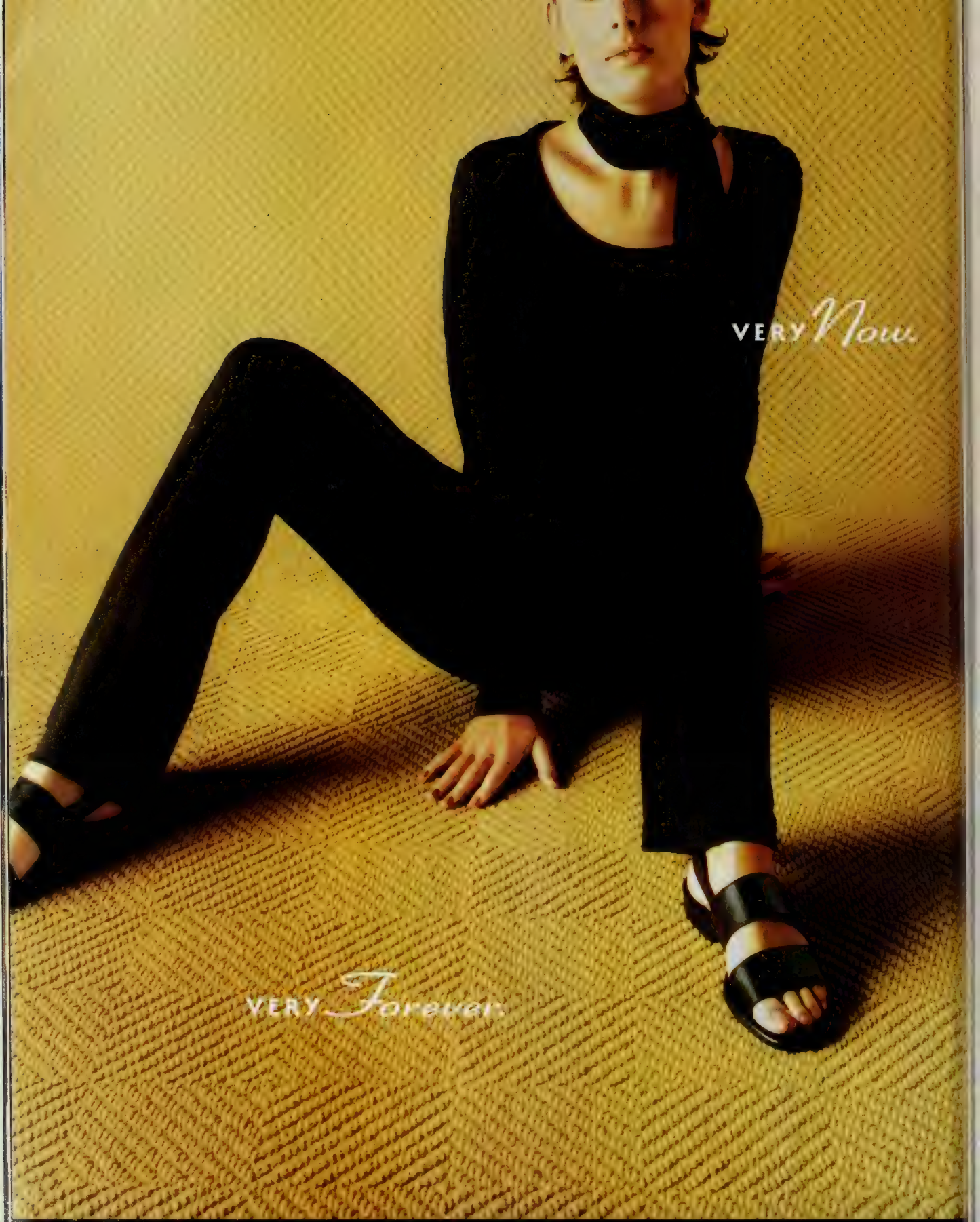
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Billed as a "celebration of the art of film," the **Telluride Film Festival** premieres the latest in cinema from around the world, as well as screen gems from the past. It is a dynamic meeting ground for filmmakers and fans, located high atop the Colorado mountains. This September 3 to 7, a host of special events will honor the Festival's momentous 25th season.

Past premieres include *The Crying Game, My Left Foot, The Piano, Sling Blade, Secrets & Lies, The Sweet Hereafter, Ma Vie En Rose,* and *Eve's Bayou.*

Patron Passes are $2,500. Festival Passes are $500. For ticket information call 603-643-1255. For travel arrangements call Gerber Travel at 800-326-6527 and ask for the Telluride Desk.

Sponsors of the Silver Anniversary Festival include Amstel, Ken Burns, Corporation for Public Broadcasting, Cunard, Paul Frankel, Directors Guild, Kathleen Kennedy & Frank Marshall, Kodak, Ralph & Ricky Lauren, Lizard Head Mining Co. Fine Jewelers, Polo Ralph Lauren, Polo Sport, Screen Actors Guild, Smirnoff, Jane Smith Turner Foundation, Starz!, Telluride Ski & Golf, the Town of Telluride, Turner Classic Movies, *Vanity Fair,* Virgin Atlantic Airways, Volkswagen, Writers Guild.

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6:00 - 8:00 P.M.

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Favorite Fables

Vanity Fair and **Nautica,** in cooperation with Okey-Doke Productions, Inc., are pleased to announce the first time publication of Louisa May Alcott's *Flower Fables,* a collection of American fairy tales fantastically illustrated by Leah Palmer Preiss.

Please join us as we celebrate the launch of this much-anticipated book.

Bloom
Wednesday, June 24
6:30 - 8:30 P.M.

16 West 21st Street
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For more information on this event, please call Kristin Balderston at 800-268-3247.

After Hours





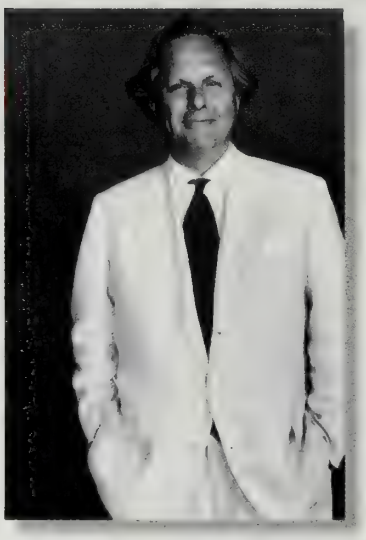
Luscious Jackson performed to an ultra-hip crowd straight from the trenches of New York City's Fashion Week, at the recent Gap and *Vanity Fair* re-launch party for the pocket tee.

1. Shawnae Jebbia, Miss USA 1998, and Yandielle Smith and De'shaun Cassidy of the Frederick Douglass Academy
2. John Shea
3. Luscious Jackson and Gap employees
4. Crowd watches the band
5. Rosanna Arquette and Paul Starr





Bel Air Confidential



It's been a decade since the chilly January day in 1989 when Ronald and Nancy Reagan walked away from the White House for the last time. After the inauguration of President Bush, the Reagans strolled hand in hand under the Capitol dome, waved, and climbed aboard the Sikorsky helicopter code-named "Nighthawk One," which took them to Andrews Air Force Base. They then boarded Air Force One for the five-hour flight to Los Angeles and a simpler life in their new, $2.5 million home in Bel Air.

The St. Cloud Road house, high above the city of Los Angeles, was a thank-you–cum–retirement gift from several members of the Kitchen Cabinet, the close-knit group of Republican tycoons that included drugstore magnate Justin Dart, auto dealer Holmes Tuttle, oilman Henry Salvatori, and Palm Springs billionaire and philanthropist Walter Annenberg. They were never far from the Reagans throughout their rise to power. Blessed with heaps of money, this tight circle of men, along with their wives, led a life of shared ranch outings, birthdays, New Years, and vacations.

And in that carefree, bountiful California of the 50s and 60s they coaxed Ronald Reagan to the right and then backed his political ascent to the Governor's Mansion in Sacramento and later to two terms in the White House. His presidency was perhaps the most spectacular and divisive administration since F.D.R.'s. But even Star Wars, the Iran-contra scandal, and supply-side economics failed to dim Reagan's image as an Ameri icon, credited with ending the Cold War a reviving the nation's spirit. His wife, Nar accused by some of being manipulative an meddler, has deftly handled her own criticis most of which has stemmed from her fier uncompromising support of her husband.

Four years ago, the Reagans announc that the former president had Alzheimer's d ease. Since then, they have led lives of relat seclusion, seldom venturing outside th group of longtime friends. This month's c er, by *V.F.* contributing photographer Ha Benson, is the couple's first portrait in years—and, according to Mrs. Reagan, it m be their last formal sitting together.

Special correspondent Bob Colacello has known the Reaga for almost two decades. For his two-part report on their rise power and their relationship with their inner circle, Nan Reagan granted Colacello unprecedented access and open doors to their friends and political allies, most of whom rarely d cuss the couple without her permission.

After more than six months and almost 60 interviews, Colacel has written a remarkably intimate assessment of the Reagan unique political partnership. Part one of Colacello's article, whic begins on page 76, tracks the Reagans from their marriage, in 195 to the night of the president's first inauguration. Part two, coverin the White House years and Mr. Reagan's battle with Alzheimer' will appear in next month's issue.

Graydon Carter

Now and Then

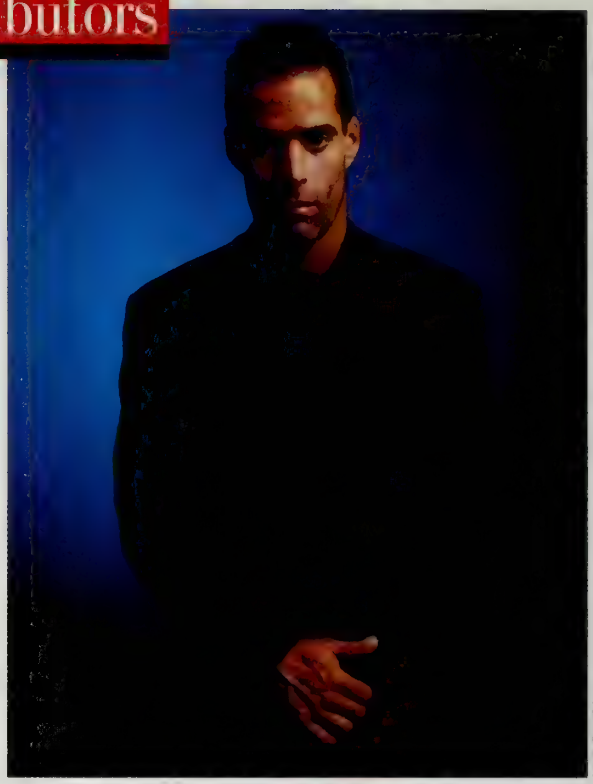


Left, Ronald and Nancy Reagan photographed at their Bel Air home on April 16, 1998. Styled by Elizabeth Saltzman. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Harry Benson. *Far left,* the Reagans at home in 1955.


GIORGIO ARMANI



Contributors



BIL ZUIES

While reporting on the violence in Kosovo for this issue, **Sebastian Junger** was threatened most by the Serb police, who routinely beat up reporters. Junger's *The Perfect Storm* has been on the best-seller list for a year and has just been published in paperback. The movie adaptation will be directed by Wolfgang Petersen.



GASPER TRINGALE

After meeting Ronald and Nancy Reagan in March 1981, special correspondent **Bob Colacello** often spoke with Mrs. Reagan by phone because Ronald Reagan Jr.'s wife, Doria, worked for Colacello at *Interview* magazine. "Mrs. Reagan would ask me to encourage Ron and Doria to keep their Secret Service coverage," recalls Colacello, who profiles the Reagans on page 76. In the fall of 1981, Colacello and Andy Warhol interviewed Nancy Reagan for *Interview*—a story which earned the authors the wrath of the liberal New York art world.

"When you are working with people like the Reagans," says contributing photographer **Harry Benson,** "speed isn't everything—it's the *only* thing." With that in mind, he completed this month's cover shoot in precisely "three minutes and 20 seconds." Which was no problem for Benson, who has been photographing America's First Families since 1961. His most recent book, *First Families: An Intimate Portrait from the Kennedys to the Clintons,* is a collection of the unguarded photographs he's taken in and around the White House. "It's not good for the president to be seen posing too much," Benson points out.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24




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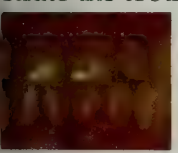
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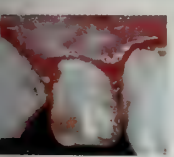
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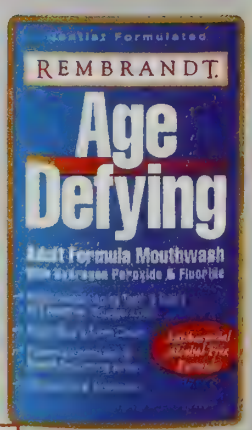
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Contributors

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GASPER TRINGALE

As a little girl, special correspondent **Amy Fine Collins** (with daughter) loved the children's books *Put Me in the Zoo* and *Are You My Mother?,* but her favorite was *Little Blue and Little Yellow.* "It's about two splotches of color that hug each other until they turn green and their parents no longer recognize them," says Collins, who in this issue writes about Ludwig Bemelmans, the author of another one of her childhood favorites, *Madeline.*



GASPER TRINGALE

When **James Wolcott** first met the legendary *New Yorker* editor William Shawn, it was during the height of punk, and Wolcott was wearing a German-style military coat whose sleeve was held together by pink safety pins. "He stared at me in wonderment," recalls the contributing editor. "But he was always polite. Even being rejected by him seemed like an honor." This month, Wolcott, who wrote for *The New Yorker* for four years, assesses two big new books on Shawn.



GASPER TRINGALE

"It was a performance," contributing editor **Robert Sam Anson** says of his prison interview with Jeffrey MacDonald, the former Green Beret doctor convicted in 1979 of killing his wife and two daughters. Anson spent four hours with MacDonald, whose sentence runs to 2071. "You could see him working himself up, trying to cry," Anson recalls. "What's chilling about him is that he seems so normal. Everybody I spoke with talked about how charming he is." Anson's investigation of the MacDonald case begins on page 46.



SHELLEE NUNLEY

The author of two novels and one collection of short stories, **Jonathan Schwartz** has spent 31 years next to a microphone as a popular personality on New York radio and is the acknowledged expert on Frank Sinatra. "I was born into a 32-bar world—32 musical bars," says Schwartz, whose late father, Arthur, was a composer. Sinatra, to whom Schwartz pays tribute this month, recorded some of his father's songs, including "Dancing in the Dark."

29 Restaurants in 29 Days...

Feeding Frenzy

Across Europe in Search of a Perfect Meal

by Stuart Stevens

"Rambunctious and zany...Stevens has a sweet ear for pace, a heart for fun, and zest as a writer."
—*Los Angeles Times*

"You would have to be out of your mind to go anywhere with Stuart Stevens, but when the travel is only mental, he is the perfect companion: brave, funny, and ever-watchful."
—Martin Amis

"A romp that's rich in food, fun, adventures, misadventures, and witty descriptions."
—*The Boston Globe*

"Restaurants and meals fly by. So do terrific lines."
—*The Washington Post*



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Just say yes: In response to the allegations involving President Clinton and Monica Lewinsky, the feminist elite has denied, muffled, and excused. "If anything, it sounds like she put the moves on him," *said Susan Faludi.*

QUEENS OF DENIAL

Marjorie Williams's article "Clinton and Women" [May] was wonderfully wise. Feminist leaders have accomplished much, but it is disheartening to witness the squandering of their moral authority for political expediency. President Clinton has granted women more autonomy, but sadly the old adage about power corrupting seems true here. The irony is that Clinton needs women more than they need him.

ARLINDA WILLKIE
Old Greenwich, Connecticut

MARJORIE WILLIAMS EXPERTLY cut through all the rhetoric surrounding the president's extramarital activities and exposed the convoluted reasoning of the feminists. As a pseudo–soccer mom, I find that explaining oral sex to my children is not as disturbing as confirming that the leader of the free world can't keep his pants zipped.

CHRIS ELLIOTT
Ketchikan, Alaska

FOR TOO MANY YEARS these noisy feminist leaders have claimed they were championing women's rights. The ugly truth is that they were always elitist and never intended to represent Everywoman. They remind me of the early Marxists who claimed to represent the workingman but who had about as much in common with them as Gloria Steinem has with a soccer mom.

JUDY WOODARD
Brooklyn, New York

I TAKE GREAT EXCEPTION to Marjorie Williams's view that Hillary Clinton is a dubious feminist role model because "she married her power." Mrs. Clinton is the strongest First Lady whom this country has seen since Eleanor Roosevelt, who likewise chose to look the other way from her husband's infidelities.

PATRICIA A. SMITH
Burbank, California

WITH THE STRENGTH of the feminist movement behind me, I raised my son to treat women as equals and behave respectfully toward all people. Now what do I tell my boy? "Oh, well, presidents will be presidents." Not only is the right happy about the president's misbehavior, ordinary guys are chortling over his getting away with this stuff, wishing they could, too.

ANN SINGER
Berkeley, California

WHAT HAPPENED to the principle of "innocent until proven guilty"? Is it pos-

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sible that Marjorie Williams's feminist affiliations have superseded the journalistic standard of fairness?

BETTY WASSERMAN
Rolling Hills Estates, California

YES, WE WOMEN should protest—against the likes of Kenneth Starr, who is demanding book-purchase records, forcing a mother to testify about her daughter's sex life, and searching for ugly truths among personal secrets.

ELOISE ROSAS
Washington, D.C.

I HOPE MY FANTASY is true: that as Hillary smilingly walks hand in hand with her husband across the White House lawn for the press, she secretly has a sharpened fingernail pressing into his palm.

EMILY JENNISON
Cross Plains, Wisconsin

The Godfathers

I ENJOYED Peter Biskind's "Raging Days, Boogie Nights" [April]. He truly exposed the rivalries, insecurities, and outsize egos of the upstart film directors from the 70s that ran rampant during the making of their seminal films. Clearly, the action was happening not just on the screen but also behind the scenes.

KENNETH L. ZIMMERMAN
Huntington Beach, California

I WAS DISTURBED by the salacious and ungentlemanly tone of Peter Biskind's article "Raging Days, Boogie Nights." Remarks such as "This woman slept with every man in town," as well as his unkind policy of naming the women, are very revealing of Mr. Biskind's attitude toward women.

Throughout his piece, quotes are attributed to me which are totally false, such as "This woman was so great in bed." I think a man ought to be shot for making a comment like that about a woman, especially one he cared for and respected.

The article is rife with untruths and misrepresentations—done to make it sensational and sleazy. Mr. Biskind was offered the opportunity to have the manuscript checked for accuracy. That he declined is indicative of the fact that he was more interested in sensationalizing this era than in chronicling it accurately. This was an exceptional period, when many friendships and collaborations flourished among filmmakers. None of that reality is reflected in this article. Anyone who reads this piece or buys the book from which it was excerpted should regard more as a work of fiction than as histor

FRANCIS COPPOL
San Francisco, Californ

PETER BISKIND REPLIES: Mr. Coppola response to the excerpt from my book Easy Rider Raging Bulls *is a classic case of killing the messenge Although the directors I wrote about, now older an presumably wiser, who are looking back from th vantage point of the sober 90s, may wish to deny i Hollywood in the 70s was a "salacious" and "sensa tional" time, in which people routinely behaved i ways that today appear shocking. I did not fabrica this behavior; I merely reported it. Indeed, it is impos sible to understand why so many of these directo crashed and burned without looking into the extrem ities of abuse—directed at themselves and others— into which they too easily fell. Rather than sensation alizing this decade, I have underplayed it. I dic decline Mr. Coppola's offer to fact-check the entir manuscript because I felt his true desire was to read i before publication, which no reporter could allow. did, however, check portions of it with him over the phone and through exchanges of E-mail.*

Re-creations of conversations were based on interviews with at least one of the conversants, and every single quotation in this book is sourced.

The Rudi Revolution

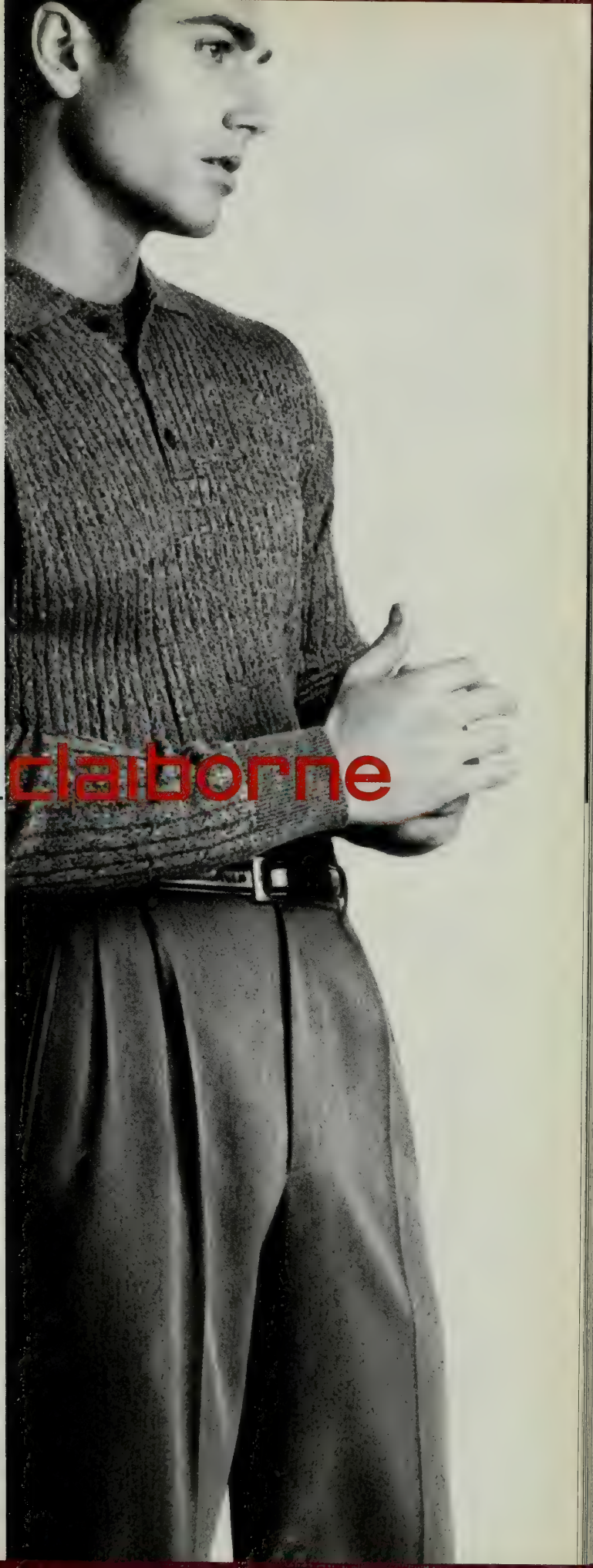
UNLESS YOU WERE THERE, and in the moment, you can't imagine how important Rudi Gernreich ["The Shock Heard Round the World," by Cathy Horyn, May] and Peggy Moffitt were, and forever will be. My girlfriends and I never noticed a model until Peggy Moffitt. We copied her makeup meticulously, had our hair cut at Vidal Sassoon, and just tried to be *that* cool. To us she was so much more than a model. She was the embodiment of an attitude which bore no resemblance to that of our parents' generation.

STEPHANIE TYRELL
Los Angeles, California

THE BLURB heading Cathy Horyn's article on Rudi Gernreich—"Today he's being honored as a pioneer by the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute"—is not true. "American Ingenuity," the show that just opened, does not contain a single piece by Gernreich.

For the record, Rudi and I were "married" both professionally and aesthetically, yet Horyn represents me as some weird interloper coming in on the third act, which is not only insulting, it is inaccurate. In order to be granted a trademark, I had to prove to the trademark office that a very special relationship existed between me and my work with Rudi

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Casual at work is optional. Looking good is not.

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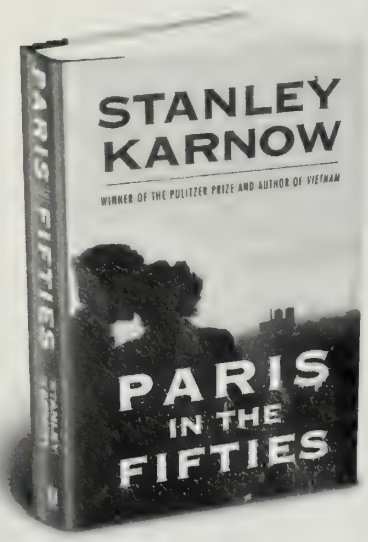
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–*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

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–*The Washington Post*



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TIMES BOOKS



Little Miss Moffitt: Rudi Gernreich and Peggy Moffitt pose for Jeanloup Sieff in Paris. Moffitt said she was to Rudi what Mickey Mouse was to Walt Disney.

Gernreich. I did this by sending them the book about him, *The Rudi Gernreich Book*, which I wrote with my husband, William Claxton. I included a letter explaining my devotion and our years of collaboration that had turned me into a virtual symbol of Rudi Gernreich.

What is so "preposterous" about bringing his designs back? I am told that in Beverly Hills the two vintage designs that appeared on the cover of *Time* in 1967 were for sale for $5,000 and $7,000. Recently, Sotheby's auctioned off a Rudi swimsuit for $2,875. There is obviously a market for Gernreich designs. If they were brought back, he would be credited for his genius, and they would be more affordable than the knockoffs with other designers' names on them that are currently available. I think it would be wonderful to bring his designs back, and so does every person I have mentioned it to, with the one exception of Ms. Horyn.

By the way, dear Rudi did know how to set a sleeve, and never wore a cravat a day in his life. Oh, I could go on.

PEGGY MOFFITT
Beverly Hills, California

CATHY HORYN REPLIES: It is true that, in the end, the exhibit at the Costume Institute included no pieces by Rudi Gernreich. Through press time, however, the institute was intending to make Gernreich a substantial part of the show; his clothes were pulled at the last moment.

Nowhere in my article do I imply that Peggy Moffitt was a "weird interloper" in Gernreich's life. In fact, she was described as the designer's "most sensational-looking model" and "the model most associated" with his work. As for the trademark matter, I questioned Moffitt on two occasions about her right to use Gernreich's name without informing Oreste Pucciani, Gernreich's executor and longtime companion. She told me she had not consulted Pucciani and saw no reason to do so. As Moffitt correctly states, Pucciani has known for many years of her "dream" to bring back Rudi's designs. It is also true, however, that he has opposed it. Moffitt neglects to point out that Gernreich himself made no attempt in his lifetime to reissue his designs.

Finally, Gernreich did occasionally wear a cravat, as photographs on pages 11 and 80 of Moffitt's own book show.

CORRECTIONS: On page 114 of "A Night to Remember" (June), the last names of the creators of South Park *were transposed. They are Trey Parker and Matt Stone. In David Margolick's article about the von Holtzbrinck media empire, "The German Front" (June), the amount paid for author Paul Auster's multi-book deal was misstated. It was approximately $775,000.*

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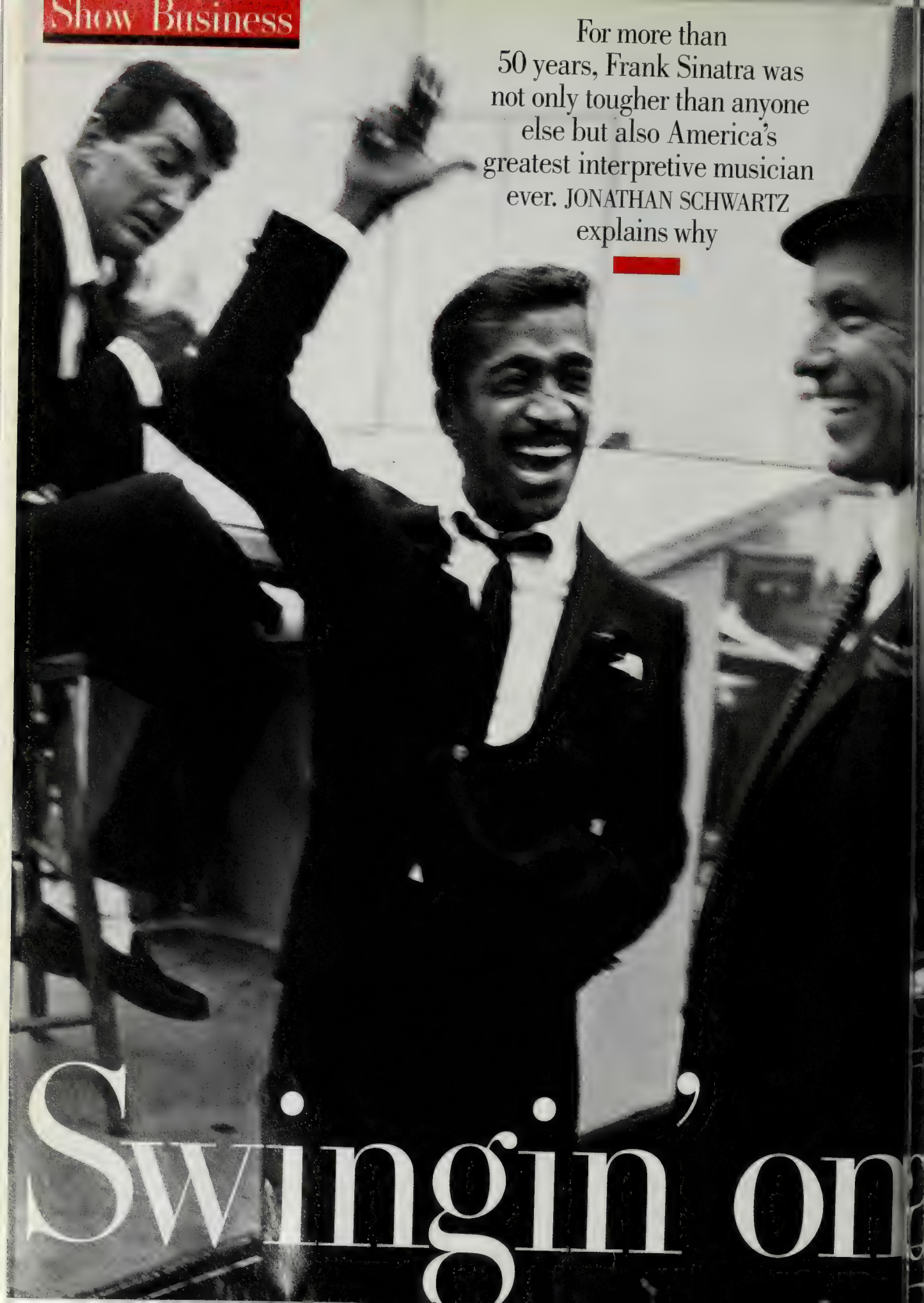
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For more than 50 years, Frank Sinatra was not only tougher than anyone else but also America's greatest interpretive musician ever. JONATHAN SCHWARTZ explains why

Swingin' on



At a recording session in Los Angeles in the early 60s, photographer Phil Stern caught the Rat Pack in their untamed glory. *Below,* Sinatra, songwriter Jimmy Van Heusen, and Sammy Davis Jr. *Opposite,* Sinatra and Davis with Dean Martin.

Century

"When the dago dies, it'll mark the end of the 20th century for millions of people all over the fuckin' world."

So spoke Jimmy Van Heusen, Frank Sinatra's songwriter, neighbor, confidant, and rehearsal pianist. We were talking in his living room in the California desert six months before his own death, in 1990.

Van Heusen, composer of the melodies of "All the Way," "Swingin' on a Star," "High Hopes," "The Tender Trap," "Moonlight Becomes You," "Come Fly with Me," and "Here's That Rainy Day" (his favorite), was generous, profane, adolescent, alcoholic. He called Sinatra "dago" to his face and behaved irreverently even at the most formal of occasions. Sinatra loved him for those things.

"Frank wants to be me," Van Heusen often said, without braggadocio.



"The Chairman of the Board," as New York radio personality William B. Williams acknowledged Sinatra, in the Beverly Hills Hotel in 1954. His other famous nickname grew out of his 1973 album title *Ol' Blue Eyes Is Back*.

He appealed to the scholar *and* the midnight cabbie.

And with a bit less frequency he impishly suggested, "If I ever wrote a book, the dago would go to jail for a thousand years."

James Van Heusen, I am writing now, eight years down the "long, long road," to acknowledge that the 20th century has reached its conclusion.

Frank Sinatra's singing voice was recorded in a studio for the first time on July 13, 1939, and for the last time on October 14, 1993. In seven decades he commercially released 1,307 performances. All of them except one—the Capitol version of "If You Are But a Dream," which "fell through the cracks," said Capitol—are now available in this country on CD. They are all fairly easy to track down, and can be purchased for about $1,700.

"And you know, I've made over 60 movies," Sinatra told a group of dinner companions in a Monte Carlo restaurant in 1985, after a discussion of his music. "I've memorized 5,000 lyrics," he continued, as if he had been challenged.

The movie roles, a few of them marvelous, most of them walk-throughs, indeed total about 60. The 5,000 memorized lyrics, a vainglorious number on the face of it, was embarrassing even in 1985, as the hundred or so lyrics that Sinatra had actually retained were falling from his mind like ripe apples on a windy day (TelePrompTers were already up for "My Way").

Five thousand concerts, absolutely.

And certainly television and radio shows close to 900.

Number of Rat Packs: one (Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., Shirley MacLaine, Peter Lawford, Joey Bishop).

Number of performances in a Broadway musical: zero. "I'd like to rehearse, go on the road, come into New York, have a big opening-night party, and close," Sinatra once told Cole Porter, who had submitted an inquiry as to his availability for a show.

Number of naked women observed by Sinatra: one would guess at a four-figure deal.

Number of wives: four (Nancy Barbato of Jersey City, New Jersey, 1939–51; Ava Gardner of Grabtown, an area outside Smithfield, North Carolina, 1951–57; Mia Farrow of Los Angeles, California, 1966–68; Barbara Blakeley Marx of Bosworth, Missouri, from 1976).

Number of children: three (Nancy, 57, Frank junior, 54, and Tina, 49), though that may not be the full story.

Number of years of casual or somewhat intimate friendships with mobsters of various ages: 70-plus.

Number of dollars philanthropically (and secretly) distributed: in the millions, without a doubt.

Date of birth: December 12, 1915.

Date of death: May 14, 1998.

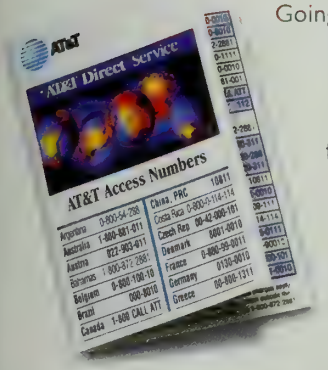
Most significant achievement: became, at a young age, and remained for more than 50 years, the greatest interpretive musician that the United States ever developed. Understand something: that's not negotiable.

By interpretive, I mean that Sinatra took the work of others and *explained* it to audiences by allowing it to pour through his own prism and emerge newly decorated by his flabbergasting musical intellect. He sang as people thought and spoke, but in performance only *he* (especially among his peers) conveyed the graceful vocabulary of the poetic miniaturists who had created the songs in the first place, and with an imposed punctuation that allowed for commas and dashes and question marks. Very often he communicated a semicolon. His perfect syncopation was irresistible. His long lines of melody, unencumbered by great intakes of breath,

MILTON H. GREENE



(put on a happy face)



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swooped down upon the listeners' hearts and convinced them that he was telling the truth. Safely ensconced in the aristocracy of his songs, the Jersey street kid was able to present himself as a seemingly intellectual being. Occasionally, it even became charmingly possible to think that he was making up those lovely words as he went along. He appealed, therefore, to the brilliant scholar *and* the midnight cabbie. Knowing that he had powerful access to both constituencies, Sinatra took delicious advantage of each.



Caught surreptitiously on the back lot of Goldwyn Studios from Samuel Goldwyn's window by photographer Phil Stern's long lens, Sinatra kids around with, *from top,* Lewis Milestone, director of *Ocean's Eleven;* director Billy Wilder and Milestone; Wilder, actress Debbie Reynolds, Milestone, and Sammy Davis Jr.; the same.

I am the son of the composer Arthur Schwartz, some of whose work—"Dancing in the Dark," "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," "You and the Night and the Music"—was recorded by Sinatra. My childhood, when my father was often on the road with a new show, had a great deal resting on the melodies he composed. They became, in his absence, a secret language.

André Kostelanetz played my father's music on the radio, Dinah Shore issued recordings of his songs, and on Sunday nights, under the threat of wartime blackouts, the popular Hollywood Bowl Orchestra would frequently borrow a part of the secret language.



to insist that the lyrics be considered right up there with the melody. The men who had posed as singers through the 40s—Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Dick Haymes, Perry Como, Buddy Clarke—had, for me, appeared as somnolent figures of amorphous romance. Sinatra's "The Birth of the Blues," from the summer of 1952, arrived as a shocking reveille. Defiant, virile, brassy, and searing, a performance of a song that had struck me as being about nothing at all became, after several hearings, a performance about itself, about the very art of singing a popular song.

If Bing Crosby's good luck was that he came of age almost hand in hand with the microphone, Sinatra's luck, after a triumphant march through the 40s that gradually shuffled into a diminution of popularity, was that he began to rebuild the

"I feel sorry for people who don't drink," Sinatra said.

Often at night, trying to go to sleep, I would whisper the words to one of my father's songs, especially these, by Howard Dietz:

I see your face
before me,
Crowding my every
dream,
There is your face
before me,
You are my only
theme.



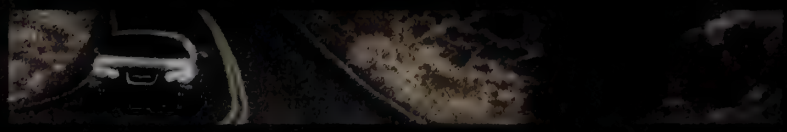


On February 16, 1955, at the age of 39, Sinatra recorded those words. By then he had (in my mind) emerged from the anemic singer of the previous decade and had begun, somewhere in the middle of Eisenhower's first presidential campaign, structure of his music to inhabit the long-playing album with a novelist's vision; he was no longer the short-story distributor he'd been on two-sided 78s. Now there was time for 8 songs in a package, and soon 16 on the unbreakable and not terribly expensive 12-inch record *album.*

The first 30 songs on his new label, Capitol, were remarkable for the depth of the singing, the credibility of it. As a technical musician, he was a revolutionary; the whole shebang was now sufficiently elevated to raise his singing to the level of true art.

The masterpiece that included "I See Your Face Before Me" was the 1955 album *In the Wee Small Hours.* It has been suggested that Sinatra's own romantic chaos contributed to the slashing heartbreak

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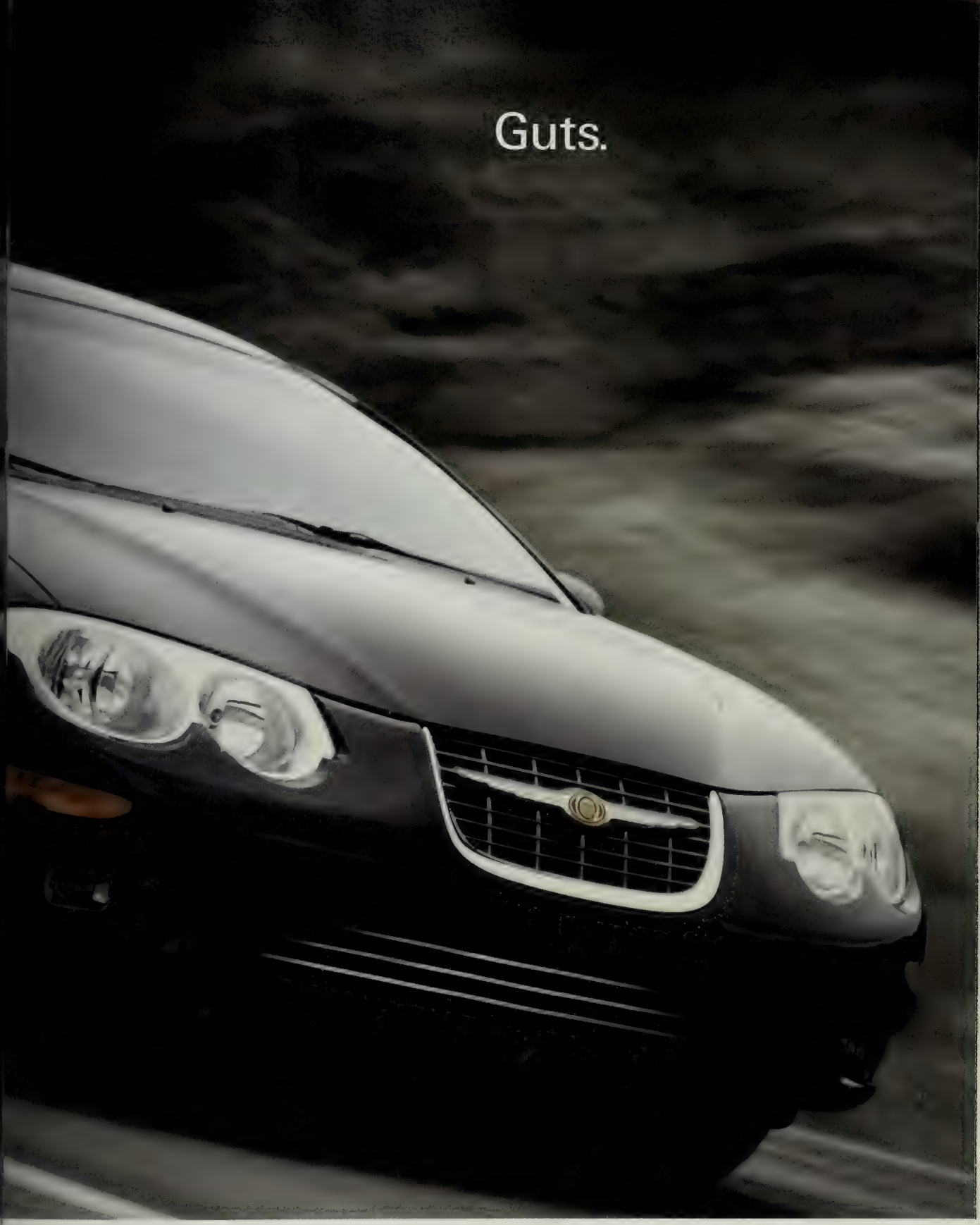


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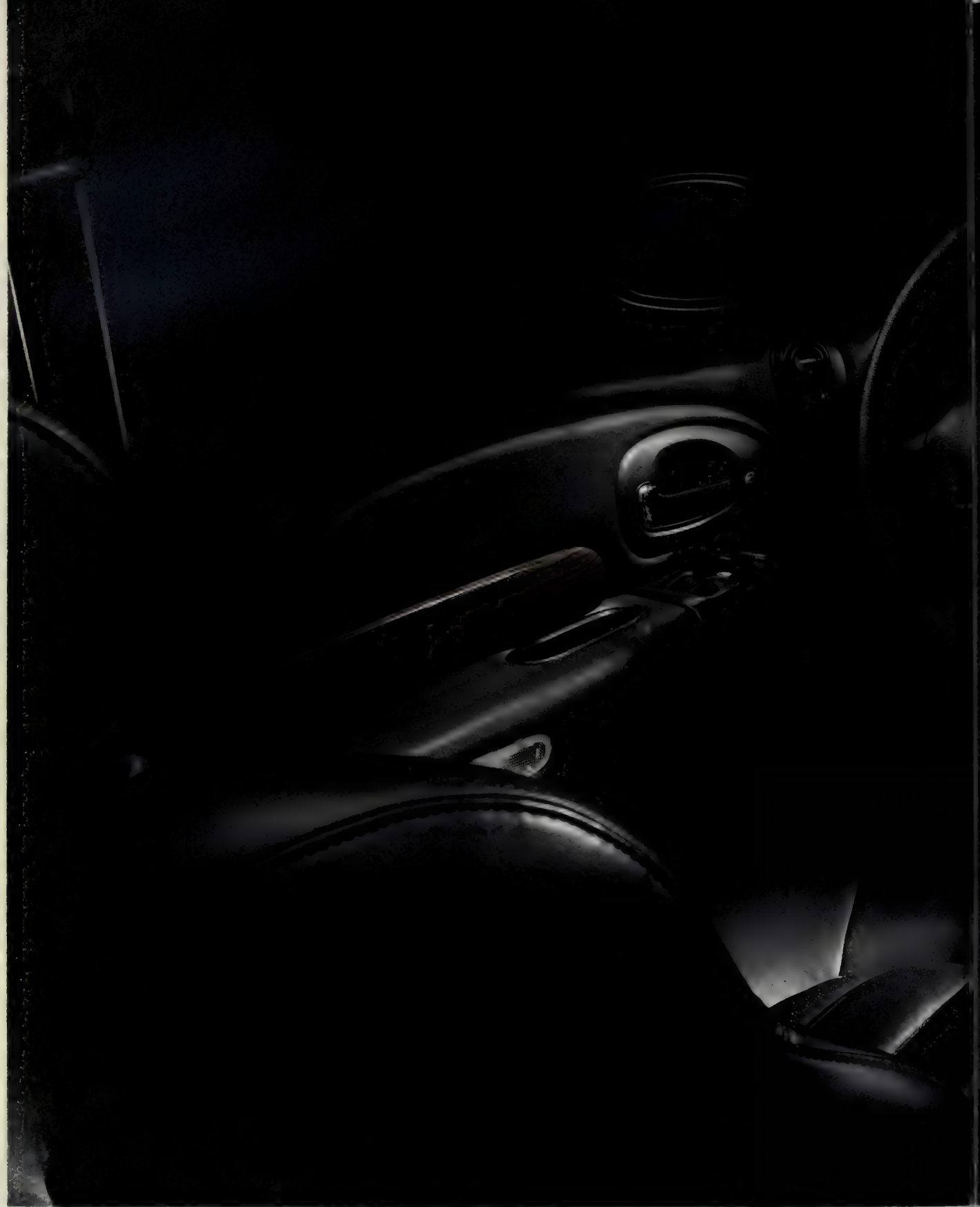
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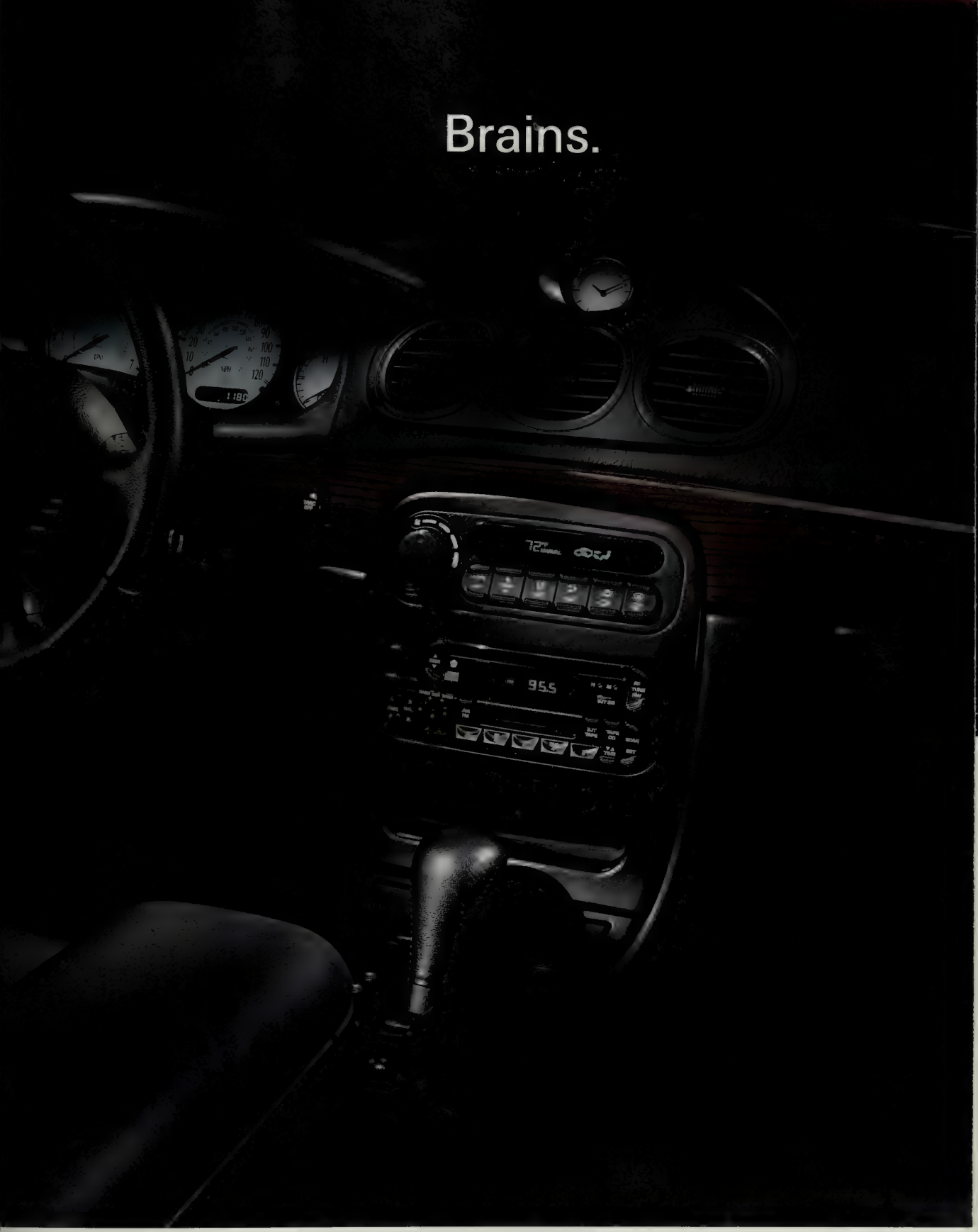


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Brains.

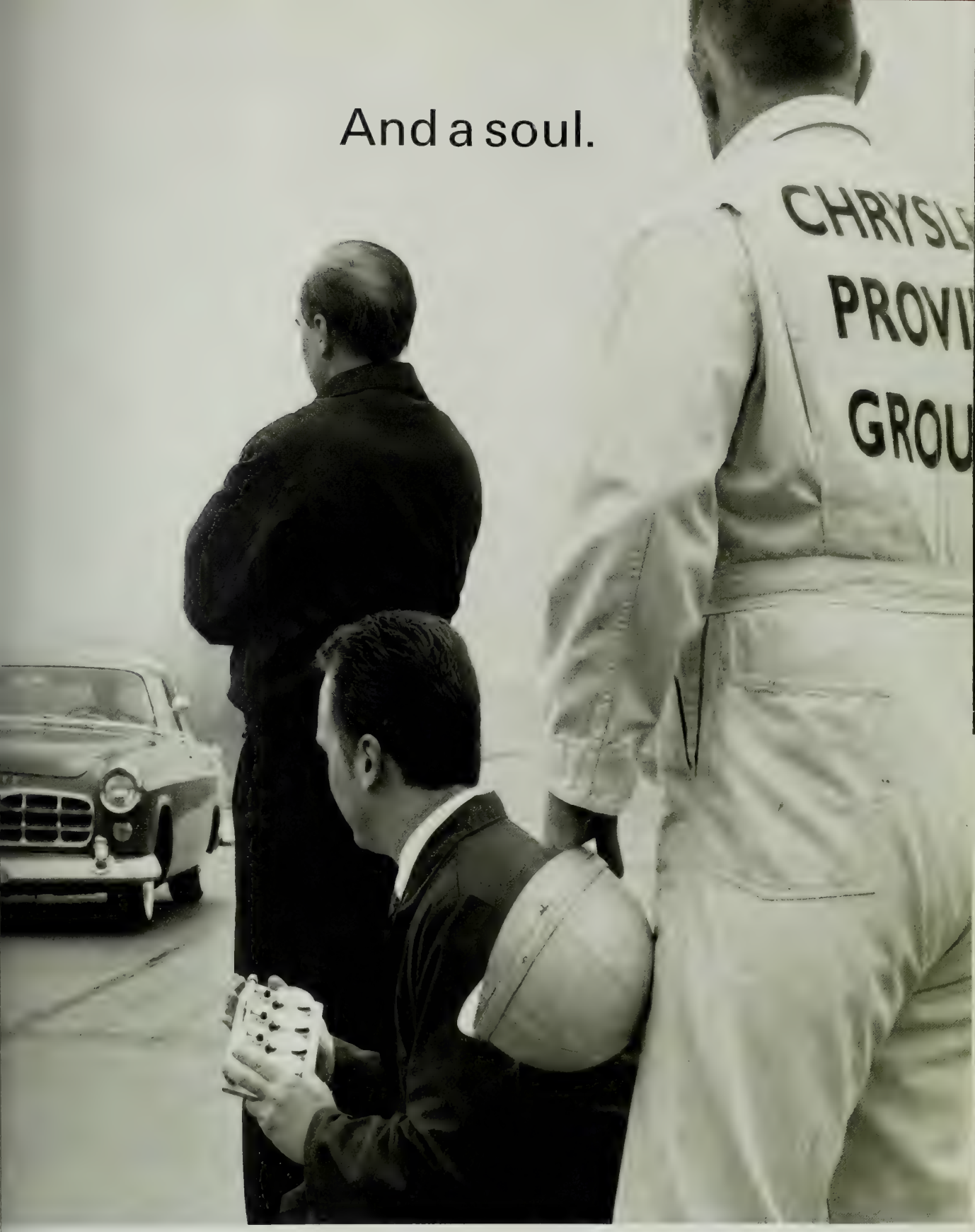


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esign but a vehicle that has gone down in history as ca's original muscle car. In no time at all, the C-300 made esence felt by shattering the Flying Mile record at na Beach. Equally breakthrough is today's 300M, a vehicle that is already critically acclaimed as one of those rare machines where engineering excellence translates immediately into driving excellence. Presenting the all-new Chrysler 300M. The technology has changed. But the soul lives on.

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A close friend of Presidents Kennedy, Nixon, and Reagan, Sinatra in 1961 greets Bette Davis at the Statler Hilton while attending Kennedy's inaugural gala.

"He's got it right," Harold Arlen said of one recording.

of the album. It has been known that Capitol was loath to release an album of such utter despair, one lasting longer than 45 minutes. It is a simple matter of history that *In the Wee Small Hours,* through all of Sinatra time, stands alone as a perfect, in fact a cathedral, work.

Its funereal wail, orchestrated with nobility and reserve by Nelson Riddle, reads novelistically. Its first side, from the title song to "When Your Lover Has Gone," necessitates a break, perhaps a walk around the block. The second side is every bit as merciless, finally reaching its wrenching end with the words "this love of mine goes on and on."

Which is what the album is about.

Sinatra, a man who lived his life in italics, was a piece of high drama in many acts. The record album—with its first-act curtain, "When Your Lover Has Gone," and intermission as the disc was turned over, and the second act's opening number, "What Is This Thing Called Love?"—helped create the perfect format for the dramatic figure Sinatra had become. *In the Wee Small Hours* is conspicuously out there more than 40 years later in little racks in the big chains.

Sinatra's recording of the sixth song in the album, my father's "I See Your Face Before Me," is the rendition my father admired most; he would get a look in his eyes of almost embarrassing pride. Perhaps defending himself from the intrusion of my enthusiasm, he found fault. "The first seven notes are meant to be the same note," he said. "Sinatra starts on a low G and *then* goes up to the E. That's not what I wrote," he said, with a false indignation that mellowed in moments and became a sort of love.

All the songwriters felt that way about Sinatra's recordings of their songs. "He's got it right," Harold Arlen told me, referring to "Last Night When We Were Young," also on *In the Wee Small Hours.* Cole Porter, Jule Styne, Irving Berlin, Harry Warren, Johnny Mercer, and Dorothy Fields all expressed "He's got it right" often, and fervently.

Frank Sinatra's music was honest from the start, confessional without self-pity, rigorously musical but at no expense to truth, intelligent without malice, deeply American and eminently translatable, possessed by longing and romantic euphoria, and—as important as anything else—beautiful.

"If you start with the understanding that Frank is crazy, everything else falls into place," said a very good friend of his a while ago.

Brutal, obscene, vengeful, grandiose, a whopping liar, an opaque and belligerent friend or foe, a cruel gutter fighter with a loud and uncourageous speaking voice which was toughened (it would seem) by so much use for so many years.

A restless, angry man, alone.

Sinatra was something else I didn't catch on to until late in the game, because he was so gifted at covering it up with a bravado that authorized it, did it proud: Frank Sinatra was an alcoholic, a textbook case, who presented drinking as an act of manliness to millions of innocent drinking citizens the



Sinatra at 50, in 1965, between his marriages to Ava Gardner and Mia Farrow, stands in the sliding-glass doorway of the "Kennedy Room" in his Palm Springs, Calif., home. He is wearing his favorite color—orange.

world over. Romantically successful with glass in hand, Sinatra was constantly reported to have been in some tangle with some "chick." Pick up Ava Gardner's autobiography—it reads like *The Lost Weekend.* And that was only *one* chick.

As for the simple acts of turning over restaurant tables, throwing plates of food, lashing out vitriolically at terrified guests in his own home or at other people's parties, sending messages through intermediaries promising that legs would be broken, I myself was the recipient of such an amiable communication after leaking on the radio song titles of the yet-to-be-made 1980 album, *Trilogy,* titles supplied by Jimmy Van Heusen over the phone. "The dago's on the warpath," Van Heusen said to me a few days later. "He says he's gonna break your fuckin' legs, and he wants you to call him." I did so, and Sinatra shouted at me for about a minute. "Legs" and "fuckin'" were the words that resonated most.

"I feel sorry for people who don't drink," Sinatra said publicly, "because

In the Wee Small Hours is a perfect, a cathedral, work.

when they get up in the morning, that's as good as they're going to feel all day."

Throughout his life, Sinatra was financially generous to both strangers and friends. I know of at least two singers well past their prime and marginalized by rock 'n' roll whom Sinatra supported for many years. There are well-known stories of checks arriving out of the blue for ailing musicians and actors. There are unpublicized generosities to a list of widows whom Sinatra kept in touch with long after their husbands' deaths.

Sinatra, far from an avuncular presence, played, at least for me, a peculiar role: father figure. I was ashamed of it and told no one until Carly Simon, on the phone, revealed the same thing, just blurting it out, no big deal: Sinatra was a father figure to her as well. And it was O.K. I had squeezed out of this guy a paternal illumination that was quite at odds with the reckless flow of events in which he was encapsulated. Sinatra's inaccessibility reflected my father's. Somewhere, quite early, I had fused the two of them.

"The dago is a Jekyll-and-Hyde son of a bitch," Jimmy Van Heusen observed affectionately. "What he is is a thousand dagos and one fuckin' singer."

That struck me as just about right when Van Heusen said it in 1978—he was driving the two of us at a dangerous speed across the desert from Yucca Valley to Rancho Mirage.

Considering it now, I submit it as a final and accurate observation. Van Heusen was, after all, the closest Sinatra buddy, the buddy with the music in his head. Don't you think it's reasonable for it all to come down to a thousand dagos and one fuckin' singer?

Therefore, strip everything away, get together $1,700, and buy the records. All of them. What I believe you'll find is that the thousand dagos spoon-fed the singer, nourishing the music that will last forever.

Sinatra's was the crucial music of the century. What he did was sing at the demons and win their trust. □

JOHN BRYSON


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David Hockney in his Los Angeles studio in February, when he was starting his ambitious composition *A Bigger Grand Canyon*, 1998 (oil on 60 canvases, 81½ in. by 293 in. overall).

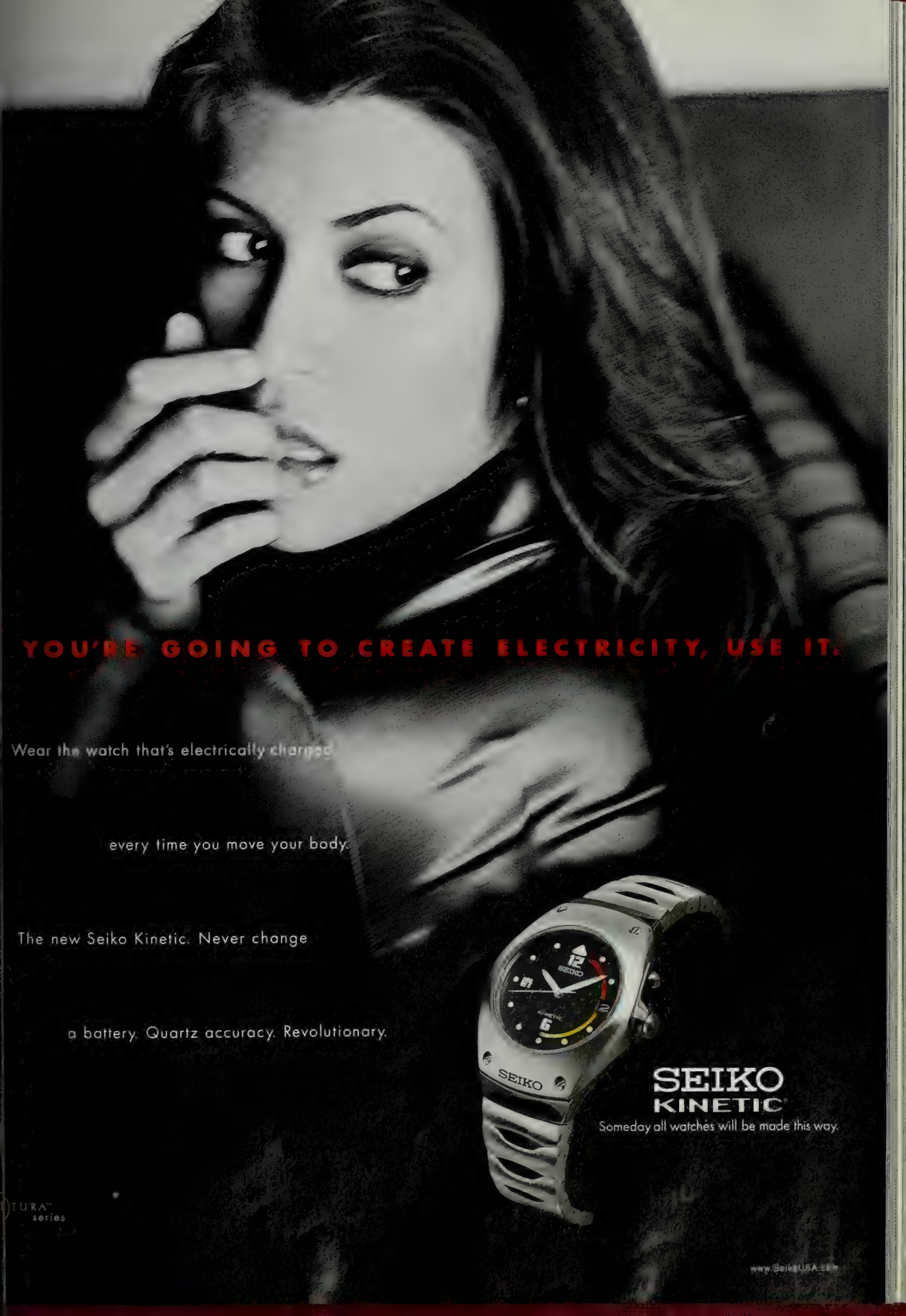
HOCKNEY'S NATURAL WONDER

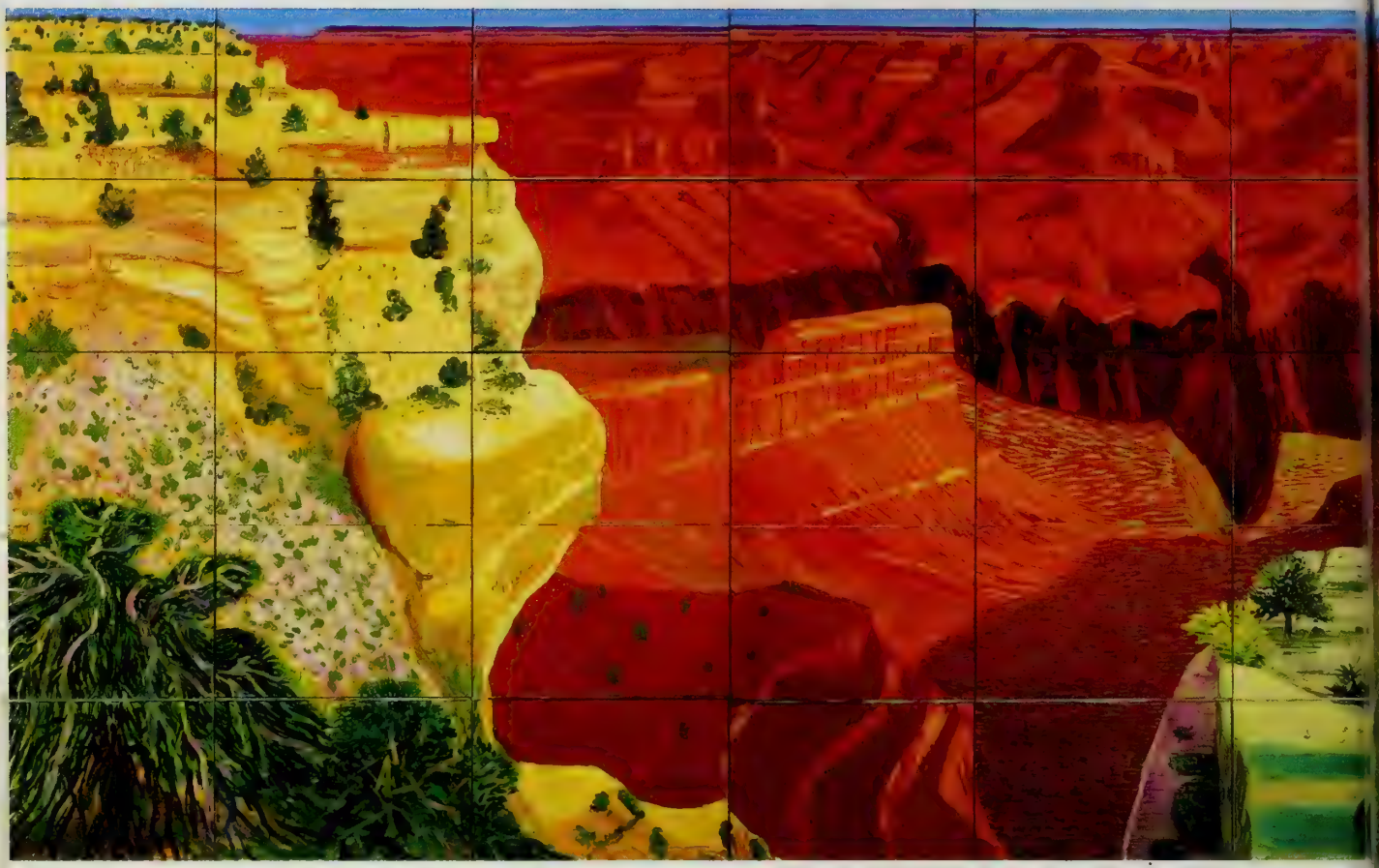
With his largest painting ever, on display this summer at the Smithsonian, David Hockney has pitted his art against America's greatest natural panorama: the Grand Canyon

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

David Hockney has just completed the largest painting he has ever done, a triumphantly daring panorama of the supposedly unpaintable Grand Canyon. It takes the form of an assemblage of 60 canvases set edge to edge, and is some 24 feet long and 7 feet high.

This is not Hockney's first bid to pit himself against America's most spectacular natural wonder. In 1982—20 years after it had first bowled him over—he did a couple of large photocollages. And then, in February of this year, he embarked on a far more ambitious version in paint. It took him three months to finish the work, which will be on display at the National Museum of American Art, part of the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, D.C., from June 19 through September 7. Some studies for the project are


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Hockney's is a Grand Canyon for today, one that is not so much awesome as accessible

currently to be seen at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts in a show of Hockney's recent paintings.

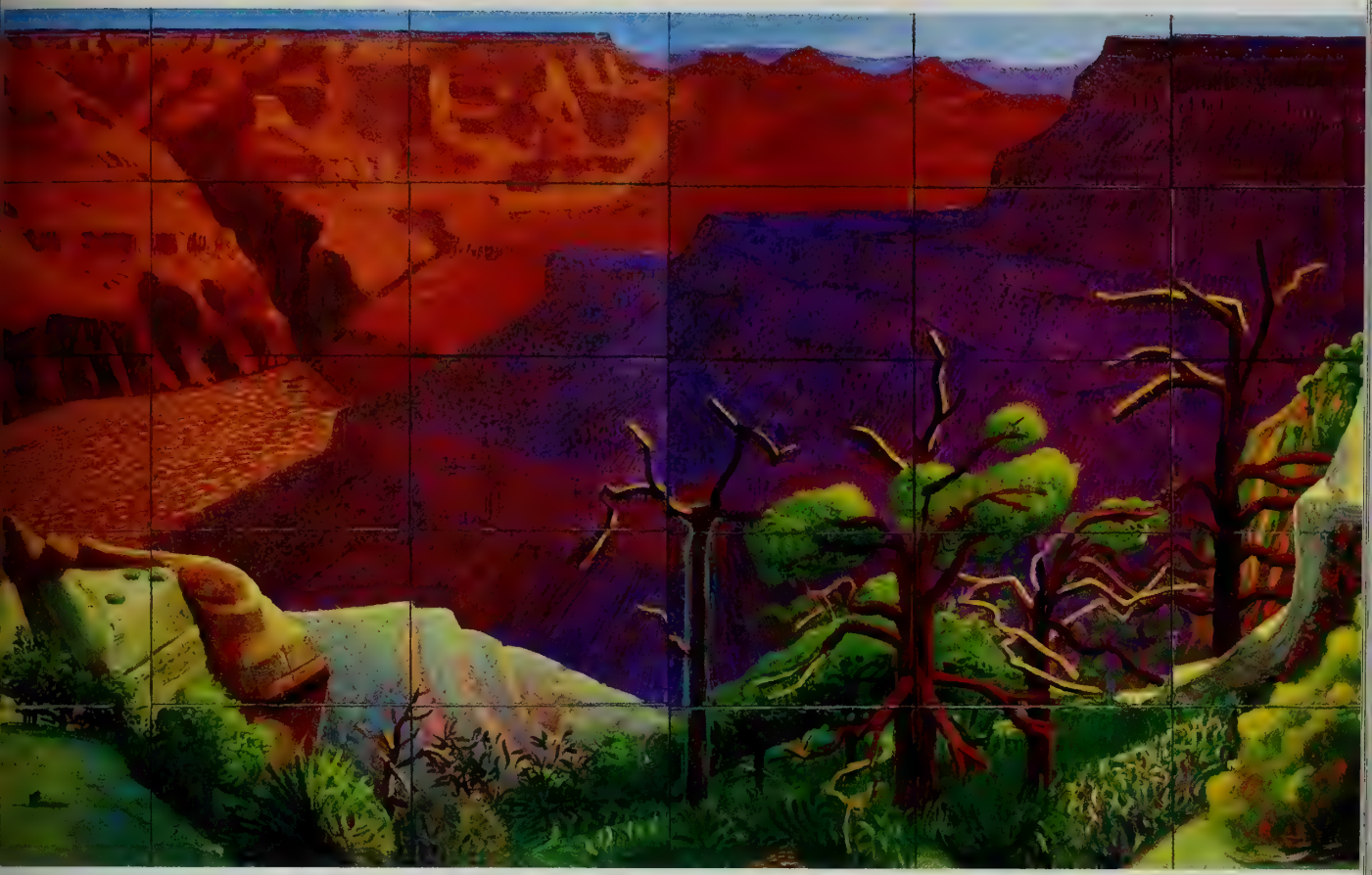
The decision to use 60 separate canvases for the composition stems from the mosaic-like technique that Hockney devised for his photocollages. The grid formed by the edges of the photographs is what inspired the use of edge-to-edge canvases in the present work. This grid enables the artist to unify his vast surface and impose the same sense of structure that Picasso and Braque used in their Cubist paintings.

Hockney says that the 60 canvases potentially allow for at least 60 different vanishing points—a great improvement over the single vanishing point of traditional perspective, which makes everything recede. Hockney wants to do the opposite: bring everything within reach. He has no time for the old adage "Distance lends enchantment to the view." Nor does he share the 19th-century romantic reverence for the transcen-





Sixty canvases (*top*) provide for at least 60 vanishing points—a great improvement over the single vanishing point of traditional perspective.



, above all in the way he saturates the colors of the canyon's peaks, buttes, and ravines.

dental, the notion that there is something sublime about the sheer scale of the canyon, which is as much as a mile deep and 4 to 18 miles across. If Hockney has been able to demonstrate once and for all that the scene is not as impossible to paint as was thought, it is because he has set out to generate a palpable feeling of space rather than an illusion of vastness and distance.

Hockney's is a Grand Canyon for today, one that is not so much awesome as accessible and cool, above all in the way he saturates the colors—the buffs, greens, violets, pinks, as well as the pervasive reds—of the canyon's strata, its peaks and buttes, its gulches and ravines, its canyons within canyons. Given his mastery of the scene, let us hope that Hockney will follow up this painting with one of those downward-plunging views at which he excels, into the beautiful bowels of the canyon. □



In the course of three months, Hockney gradually completed (*above, left to right*) the largest painting he has ever created.

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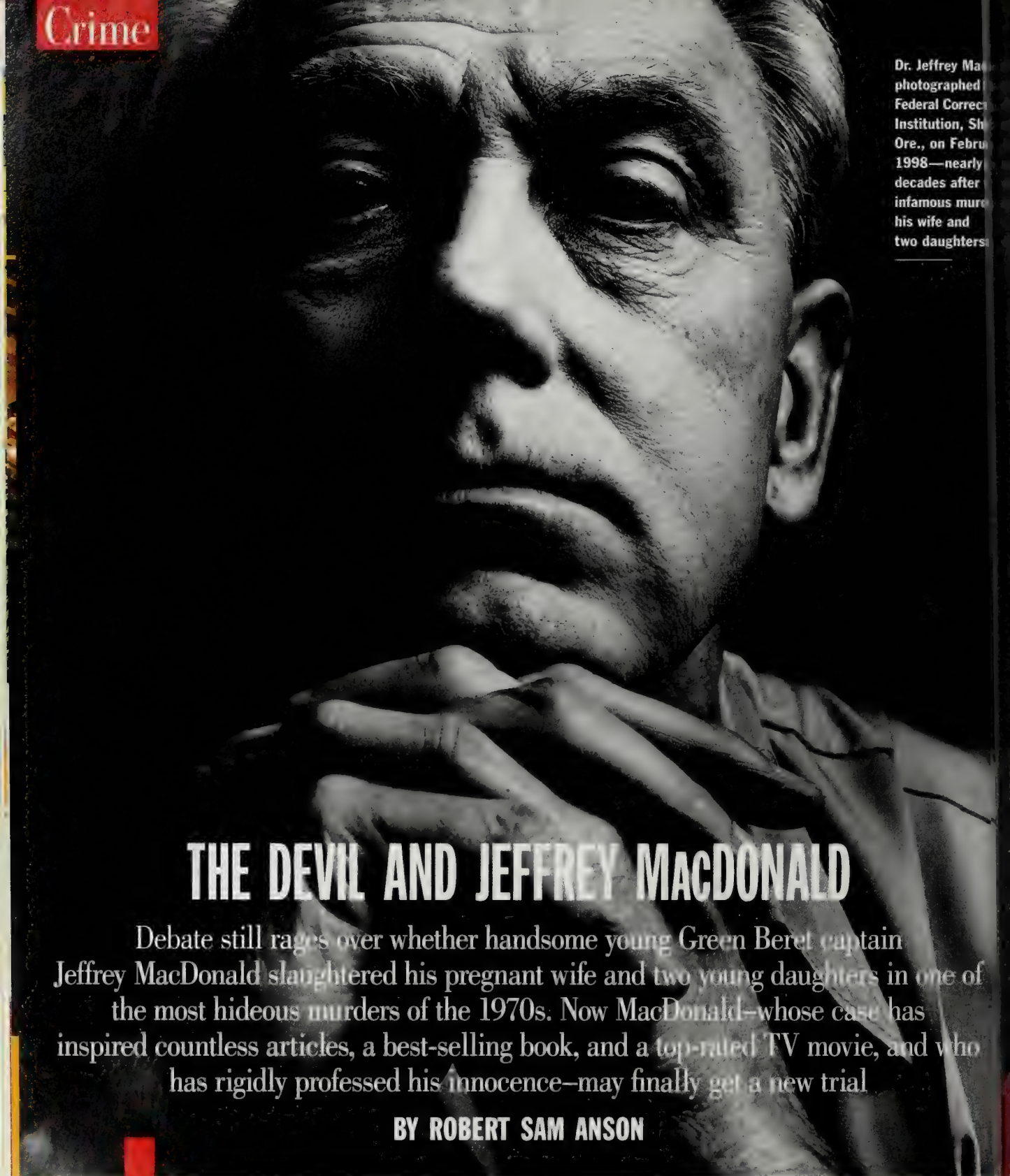
GREGOR VON REZZORI

The patrician author of *Memoirs of an Anti-Semite,* who died in April, was a dazzling raconteur, in five languages, both on and off the page. He had an even greater talent for friendship

Gentleman of letters Gregor von Rezzori (1914–98) was photographed on March 5, 1996, at his apartment in New York City. He also lived with his wife, Beatrice Monti della Corte, a *Vanity Fair* contributor, in Tuscany and on the island of Rhodes.

We shall not see the like of him again. These words reverberate when I recall that my friend Gregor von Rezzori is gone. Age stooped and cruelly diminished his colossus-like frame, but, until the very end, he retained beauty, elegance, courtliness, and a raconteur's wiles—exercised with equal brio in English and French, German and Italian, and Romanian—that bewitched long before one could take measure of his huge literary talent. In the U.S., Grisha's fame rests on *Memoirs of an Anti-Semite,* that *cri d'amour* for Bukovina, his childhood home, where lives of Jews and petty nobility intertwined so dangerously. But for me he was, above all, the author of *Oedipus at Stalingrad,* a fabulous George Grosz brew of black humor and pitiless political insight, in which louche Berlin café society comes alive, threatening and pathetic. When it came to the work of other writers, Grisha's generosity was boundless. He read the manuscript of my first novel. Without a word to me, he carried it to a great editor. Four novels later, I am still published by the same house. Age, life experience, and class origin should have separated us. But a profound and irresistible attraction drew us together. We *gossiped* about Central Europe. He said that was natural: in the time and place that counted, Franz Joseph's empire, we had been neighbors. His Bukovina was a step away from my native Stryj. Without Grisha, there is no one left to talk to of these affairs of the heart. I miss few dead people, but I will miss Grisha until some hand closes my own eyes. —LOUIS BEGLEY

Memoirs of an Anti-Semite is one of the most powerful books of our time—a brave and moral study of a subject usually not spoken about. He made it intricate and indelible. To me, he was always a remarkable writer, especially in works such as *The Death of My Brother Abel* and *The Snows of Yesteryear.* The gift was to meet him—even more remarkable. He and Beatrice, his wife, adopted those who worked on the film of *The English Patient.* My favorite image of him is climbing a sand dune at three A.M., a freezing night in the desert, to introduce himself to Kristin Scott Thomas. —MICHAEL ONDAATJE



Dr. Jeffrey Ma
photographed
Federal Correc
Institution, Sh
Ore., on Febru
1998—nearly
decades after
infamous murd
his wife and
two daughters

THE DEVIL AND JEFFREY MACDONALD

Debate still rages over whether handsome young Green Beret captain Jeffrey MacDonald slaughtered his pregnant wife and two young daughters in one of the most hideous murders of the 1970s. Now MacDonald—whose case has inspired countless articles, a best-selling book, and a top-rated TV movie, and who has rigidly professed his innocence—may finally get a new trial

BY ROBERT SAM ANSON

Jeffrey MacDonald isn't trying to charm today.

Usually, he's unhurried with the visitors who come to see him at the Federal Correctional Institution in Sheridan, Oregon, letting them know by his attention how important they are to him.

How was the flight? he'll ask, blue eyes riveted, perfect teeth set in an appealing grin. The food good? The hotel O.K.?

As likable as a next-door neighbor, he'll go on from there, talking sports, if his callers are fans; literature, if they like books; personal computers, if they're so inclined—though that's a wonder Jeff MacDonald, now in the 18th year of a three-consecutive-life-term sentence, has never seen. He can chat engagingly about anything, from homeopathic healing (a new interest of his) to his Princeton classmates, whose doings he keeps up with in the alumni news. Should mention be made of a relative who's ailing, he can even pass along some well-formed opinions. He was, after all, a

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very famous doctor in the Green Berets.

Only after he has done all that will the man whose high-school class in Patchogue, Long Island, voted him "most popular" and "most likely to succeed" begin to tell how the government of the United States came to convict him of butchering his pregnant wife, Colette, and their daughters, Kimberly, five, and Kristen, two.

But there are no soothing preliminaries this afternoon. Instead, Inmate 00131-177 is frowning at his watch.

He's bursting to talk, and there's a lot to talk about—starting with an appeals court's recent decision to allow DNA testing on two tiny hairs found beneath the fingernails of his murdered children. Nearly three decades ago, microscopic examination determined they weren't his. If the tests show they didn't come from anyone else in the household, either (and O. J. Simpson's expert Barry Scheck is already drawing up the exam procedures), he has his best shot yet at a new trial.

Or so his attorney Harvey Silverglate has been telling him.

"I'm running out of steam," MacDonald says. "This is my last chance."

And Silverglate, who is also defending "Boston Nanny" Louise Woodward, is not the only one giving MacDonald reason to hope. A Florida congressman has taken up his cause, the press has been proclaiming his innocence, and encouraging letters by the hundreds have been pouring in—including a batch of crayoned good wishes from grade-schoolers of San Pedro, California. In the wake of an inspector general's report excoriating the F.B.I. lab that helped convict him, he's also back on the talk-show circuit, and Errol Morris, whose *The Thin Blue Line* got a Texas inmate released from death row, is thinking of doing a film about him. Disney is considering a movie, too, and his supporters—who've ranged from Catholic nuns to the Long Beach Police Officers Association (he's an honorary, lifetime member)—have even erected a Web site, where, after checking out "The Top 10 List of Suppressed Evidence," interested parties are counseled to direct prayers to Mother Teresa or Princess Di. And, of course, there's the case to discuss, and all the reasons why Alan Dershowitz has been saying that "there are individuals in the government who may end up being indicted if this story comes out."







From top: **Captain Jeffrey MacDonald in the elite Green Berets at Fort Bragg, circa 1970; Jeffrey and his wife, Colette, in New York on their wedding day, September 24, 1963; Jeffrey outside the Fort Bragg hospital, where he was a highly regarded surgeon, 1969.**

MacDonald's keepers, however, have allotted this visitor only four hours—hardly enough time to ingratiate, much less persuade. Uncharacteristically for someone whose grace while handling a powdered doughnut has been remarked on, he fumbles with the mint-green folders he's brought with him, and fumbles again as he opens one. As you watch him, he seems different. Not only from the yellowed newspaper photographs that show a young man of movie-star looks flanked by U.S. marshals and wearing handcuffs, but also from the tanned, confident figure who appeared on *Larry King Live* just a few months back. He has somehow gotten suddenly older—flabbier, jowlier, silver hair thinned. Even the khaki uniform he irons every day to keep the creases crisp has growing sweat ponds under the arms, though the room is comfortably cool. You wonder if, after 27 years, 11 months, and 5 days, the bloody occurrences at 544 Castle Drive, Fort Bragg, North Carolina, are at long last grinding him down.

With a relieved sigh, MacDonald extracts his prize, a lined sheet of tablet paper topped in doctor's scrawl by the word "Points." He scans the items below, then leans in close. "I'm running out of steam," he says, voice cracking. "This is my last chance."

Jeffrey Robert MacDonald, M.D., has had many chances since the day a North Carolina jury rejected his story that Manson-style intruders beat him unconscious, then murdered his family. Seven times his case has been to the U.S. Supreme Court in one form or another—a modern record for a criminal proceeding. In his appeals, he has raised claims about the impartiality of his judge, the ethics of his prosecutors, the validity of the more than 1,000 pieces of evidence used against him. He has also noted, time and again, that others have confessed to the crimes he insists he did not commit. And still Jeffrey MacDonald, whose case has been the subject of countless articles, a best-selling book, and a top-rated TV movie, sits in prison.

"I am a decent human being," he says, seemingly on the verge of tears. "My guilt was over not being able to defend my family. They died. I didn't. . . . I didn't have the luxury of choosing my assailants and telling them the foot-pounds per square inch they were to apply to my head and chest."

There are many who believe him. The Jeffrey MacDonald they see is not the murderous psychopath of Joe McGinniss's best-seller *Fatal Vision,* but the very embodiment of the American Dream: a handsome young man from working-class roots who starred on the football team, went to Princeton on scholarship, became a doctor, married his high-school sweetheart, and volunteered to serve his country in the Green Berets—then had his life snatched away in a hideous miscarriage of justice.

"He is the American Dreyfus," says Bernard L. Segal, the first of more than



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20 attorneys who have represented him through the years. "The country tromps on him because a handful of players decide that their place in the sun is linked to destroying him. . . . It is everything we worry about in our government come true."

It has always been a puzzle, the MacDonald case, and to begin to unravel it requires going back some . . . to the cold, rainy night of February 16–17, 1970, and a one-story garden apartment on the grounds of Fort Bragg, where a young Green Beret captain then lived with his pretty wife and their two pretty daughters.

The evening, in MacDonald's telling, began in picture-book domesticity. Knocking off after his regular shift at the base hospital, he took Kimberly and Kristen to feed a pony he'd bought them that Christmas; then he went home, showered, and changed into a pair of blue pajamas. After a quick dinner with Colette and the girls—quick because Colette was heading off to a child-psychology class—he put Kristen to bed. Then, worn out by the 24-hour shift he'd worked the day before—moonlighting at a civilian hospital—he fell asleep on the living-room floor while watching television. An hour later, Kimberly awakened him and asked if they could watch her favorite program, *Laugh-In*. She went to bed when the show was over, and 40 minutes later Colette came home. They had liqueurs in front of the television; then, as Johnny Carson was brightening the screen, Colette, four and a half months pregnant with their first son, turned in for the night. Unready for sleep, MacDonald finished watching the Carson show and returned to a Mickey Spillane novel he'd been reading, only to be interrupted by Kristen's crying. He calmed her with a bottle of chocolate milk and finished the book around two A.M. Then, after washing the dinner dishes, he padded into the master bedroom, where he found Kristen sleeping next to her mother. He also found that she'd wet the bed. Not wishing to rouse his wife by changing the sheets, he carried Kristen back to her room and grabbed a blanket. Then he lay down on the living-room couch and immediately fell asleep.

The next thing MacDonald remembered was being awakened by Colette shouting, "Jeff, why are they doing this to me?" and Kimberly screaming, "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!" Snapping his eyes open, he saw four figures standing over him: a black man in a fatigue jacket with E-6 sergeant's stripes on the sleeve, two white men, and a woman wearing a floppy hat over "stringy" blond hair. She held a flickering light in front of her face that appeared to come from a candle, and she was chanting, "Acid is groovy, kill the pigs."

As MacDonald began to rise, the black man brought a club crashing down on his head. A second later, MacDonald felt a sharp pain on the right side of his chest; looking down, he saw the glint of an ice-pick blade. Hands pulled at him as he struggled up, yanking his pajama top over his head and onto his wrists. He used the top to fend off some of the blade thrusts, but the black man kept clubbing, and, finally, MacDonald went down on the steps of the hallway that led to the bedrooms.

"He is the American Dreyfus," defense attorney Bernard Segal says of MacDonald.

When he awoke, MacDonald found Colette sprawled on the master-bedroom floor, the handle of a knife sticking out of her chest. On the headboard of the bed, someone had used a finger to write PIG in blood. MacDonald pulled the knife out and laid it aside before giving his wife mouth-to-mouth. Then, covering Colette's half-naked chest with the pajama top, he went to check on the kids. Both were lying bloody in their bedrooms. "We've been stabbed," he gasped into the phone. "People are dying."

Arriving M.P.'s found a charnel house. Colette had been stabbed with a knife a total of 16 times in the chest and neck—and 21 more times in the chest with an ice pick driven in to the hilt. She'd also been hit at least six times in the head with a club, and had had both her arms broken, apparently while holding them up to shield herself. In terms of sheer horror, the children were even worse. Kimberly had been struck in the head with a club at least six times. One blow shattered her skull; another—to the left side of her face—was delivered with such force that it splintered her nose and cheek, leaving a piece of bone sticking through the skin beneath her eye. While near death, she'd also been stabbed in the neck with a knife several times, so closely and precisely that a pathologist could only estimate the number of wounds at 8 or 10.

Kimberly's sister, baby Kristen, whose finger was cut to the bone by one wound (suggesting she'd been holding up her hand to protect herself), had a total of 33 stab wounds: 12 in the back, 4 in the chest, and one in the neck by knife; 15 more by ice pick in the chest.

The sole survivor was Jeffrey MacDonald, who was found lying with his arm around Colette. "Four of them," he whispered. "She kept saying, 'Acid is groovy, kill the pigs.'"

By the time the sun had risen, the army's Criminal Investigation Division (C.I.D.) didn't believe him.

There were a number of things that bothered 30-year-old William Ivory, the first C.I.D. agent on the scene. Apart from a tipped-over plant and a top-heavy coffee table lying on its side (a position it would never assume in subsequent tests), the tiny living room was undisturbed. Odder still, given all the supposed blade thrusts directed at MacDonald, just a single fiber from his pajamas could be found. In the bedrooms, however, there were dozens, including several found beneath Colette, others under Kimberly's sheets, and two more in Kristen's room—one lodged under her fingernail. The trouble was, MacDonald said that he hadn't been wearing the pajama top when he went to his daughters' rooms—he'd already laid it over Colette.

The blood in the house was also suspicious. There were buckets of it in the bedrooms (including Kristen's, where a bloody footprint matching MacDonald's was found exiting the room), but none on the living-room floor and only a drop too small to be typed on the hallway steps. MacDonald's glasses, located near the living-room drapes, did have a speck on the front of one of the lenses. But testing would match the blood to Kristen's. That was very odd, since MacDonald had said he wasn't wearing the glasses when he went to her bedroom.

Ivory later found the tips of surgical gloves beneath the headboard where PIG had been written in blood; they would eventually be judged identical in composition to a supply in a cabinet beneath the kitchen sink. On the floor alongside the cabinet, Ivory had also discovered drops of blood—the same type as Jeffrey MacDonald's. Outside, near the back door, there was another find: an ice pick, a sharp-edged Old Hickory–brand kitchen


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knife, and a bloody piece of wood the size of a baseball bat. All, testing would find, had been used in the murders. All, it would also be determined, came from the MacDonald apartment.

Over the next six weeks, more evidence pointed in MacDonald's direction—not least his own statements. Three times shortly after the murders he'd said, "Be sure to tell the C.I.D. I took the knife out of my wife's chest." Why was he so fixated on the bent-bladed knife? investigators asked themselves. Their wonder deepened when tests indicated that the knife had never been in Colette's chest.

MacDonald's injuries raised eyebrows as well. According to a staff surgeon, MacDonald's most serious wound was a "clean, small, sharp" incision in the right chest, which caused an easily remedied partial deflation of a lung. There were some other, comparatively minor things, but no sign of any ice-pick punctures. His spirits did not appear to have been damaged much, either. Colette's stepfather, a New Jersey egg salesman named Freddy Kassab, learned that, while hospitalized, MacDonald had enjoyed a bottle of cold duck with some Green Beret buddies.

What MacDonald did not know then was that he and the members of his family all had different blood types—a statistical anomaly that allowed C.I.D. agents to track what had happened in the apartment. The scenario they put together had the fight beginning in the master bedroom, the likely trigger being some assault on MacDonald's masculinity. Colette, they speculated, got in the first blow, whacking her husband in the forehead with a hairbrush. As MacDonald retaliated by clubbing her with a piece of lumber recently used for some household chores (Colette perhaps swiping back with the bent-bladed knife), Kimberly—whose brain serum was found in the doorway—was struck, possibly inadvertently. Believing Colette dead, MacDonald carried his mortally wounded daughter back to her room, with no choice but to finish the job. After stabbing and bludgeoning her (Kimberly's blood was discovered on the pajama top MacDonald said he hadn't been wearing while in her room), he went to Kristen's room, intent on disposing of the last remaining witness. Before he could do so, Colette—whose blood was found on Kristen's bedcovers and on one wall of the room—regained consciousness, stumbled in, and threw herself over her daughter. After killing them, MacDonald wrapped his wife's body in a sheet and carried it back to the master bedroom, leaving a footprint of Colette's blood on the way out.

Then, the C.I.D. theorized, the cover-up began, with MacDonald taking his cues from articles on California and the Manson murders in a blood-smudged March 1970 edition of *Esquire* found in the living room. First, he fetched a disposable scalpel blade from a supply in the hallway closet. He then went to the adjacent bathroom and carefully stuck himself between his seventh and eighth ribs, an area with little sensation. Putting on the surgical gloves, he proceeded to the master bedroom, where, after dipping his finger in Colette's blood and writing PIG on the headboard, he laid his pajama top over his wife's chest and repeatedly stabbed through it with an ice pick. Finally, with the gloves still on, he used the master-bedroom and kitchen phones to summon help; threw the club, the ice pick, and the Old Hickory knife out the back door; messed up the living room; and flushed the gloves and scalpel blade down the toilet (or threw them in the garbage, which the C.I.D. allowed to be carted away before inspection).

It all seemed very tidy. The C.I.D.'s investigation, however, was anything but. There was a miasma of errors—from failing to seal off the crime scene (26 people tramped through before it was finally secured, including an ambulance driver who stole MacDonald's wallet), to losing the blue fiber found beneath Kristen's fingernail and a piece of skin taken from beneath one of Colette's nails, to letting a doctor turn over Colette's body and move the pajama top. Incredibly, investigators also allowed 40 sets of fingerprints to be destroyed (the bloody footprint was lost, too, in the process of removing it) and potentially critical pieces of physical evidence to be discarded. Even the significance of the *Esquire* articles—which, according to investigators, contained 18 similarities to the murders, including a blonde, candle-carrying hippie woman—wasn't realized until various C.I.D. men had spent days flipping through the blood-marked magazine.

Hoping a confession would make up for the miscues, the C.I.D. formally advised MacDonald of his rights seven weeks after the murders. He displayed strikingly little emotion about his family during questioning, but did agree to take a polygraph. Ten minutes after leaving C.I.D. headquarters, however, MacDonald called to





"Jeff," MacDonald says Colette shouted, "why are they doing this to me?"



From top: Colette, toddler Kristen, and Kimberly, five, on Halloween 1969, Fort Bragg, N.C.; Colette in Princeton, N.J., 1963; Kristen and Kimberly on Long Island, N.Y., 1969.



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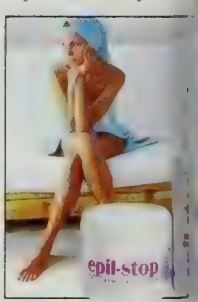




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ay he'd changed his mind. Within hours, ıe army put him under armed guard.

t would be three months before an "Article 32" hearing was convened—the army's equivalent of a grand jury. ⁄lacDonald's mother hired a civilian ttorney, a former A.C.L.U. lawyer rom Philadelphia named Bernard L. egal, to defend her son. Like the C.I.D. ıvestigators, Segal was struck by his lient's almost total lack of affect while escribing the murder night. Only when ⁄lacDonald talked of discovering Kris-en was there even a flicker of feeling. Guessing that the flatness was MacDon-ld's doctor-trained way of dealing with orror, Segal had him evaluated by a sychiatrist, who found "possibly some ıtent homosexual conflicts," as well as some narcissistic need to be famous or ıfamous." Overall, though, the psychia-ist was "fairly certain" that MacDon-ld had not killed his wife and children.

His conclusion was one of the center-ieces of Segal's defense, which also fo-ıused on the Inspector Clouseau–like as-ects of the C.I.D. investigation and the ıll-American boy" nature of MacDon-ld's character. The latter was attested) by a parade of witnesses, led by Fred-y Kassab. "If I ever had another daugh-er," he said, tears running down his ace, "I'd still want the same son-in-w." Kassab then announced a $5,000 eward for information leading to the rrest of the real killers. Shortly there-fter, a 22-year-old deliveryman named Villiam Posey went to Segal with an

We've been stabbed," MacDonald gasped into the phone. "People are dying."

nazing story. While living in the hippie strict of nearby Fayetteville, Posey said, e'd had a neighbor he knew only by the ame "Helen." During a trip to the bath-oom around four A.M. on the night of e murders, Posey said, he'd looked out e window and seen a Mustang pull in ext door, carrying Helen and two or ree males. About two weeks later, osey went on, Helen mentioned that e was going to have to leave town be-use the police had been "hassling" her out possible involvement in the Mac-onald killings. The trouble, Helen said, as that she'd been so high on mescaline and LSD that night that she couldn't remember what she'd done. Posey told something else to Segal as well: Helen had been in the habit of wearing a floppy hat and blond wig, but after February 17 he never saw her in them.

The C.I.D., it turned out, knew all about "Helen," whose real name was Helena Stoeckley—and who would be the center of all of MacDonald's later claims of innocence. The daughter of a lieutenant colonel who'd thrown her out of the house for using drugs, Stoeckley, then 18, struck William Ivory as "a space cadet." Nonetheless, he'd interviewed her a few days after the killings, and again after hearing Posey's story. Neither time did she say anything useful—just that she no longer had the floppy hat or wig. She was sure, though, that she hadn't been inside MacDonald's house—she didn't know the address. So inconsequential was the information, Ivory didn't take notes. A lot of women in Fayetteville had blond wigs and floppy hats—including Colette MacDonald.

The colonel presiding over the Article 32 hearing, however, took Stoeckley much more seriously, and a recommendation that "appropriate civilian authorities" investigate her further was one of two findings in his final report. The other was that, in the absence of a demonstrated motive and a competent investigation, the charges against Captain Jeffrey MacDonald "are not true."

Everything would have ended there but for Freddy Kassab. Heartsick over the killings, and enraged by the army's hounding of MacDonald, he set out to get to the bottom of the case—much to the unease of his son-in-law. Having immediately applied for an honorable discharge, MacDonald had disposed of most of his family's possessions in a yard sale and moved to New York, where, in between socializing with Countess Christina Paolozzi Bellin and searching for a journalist who would pay for his story, he made wisecracks about army investigators on *The Dick Cavett Show.* Kassab, however, was not easily put off. So, reluctantly, MacDonald humored him, first by telling him that he and several other Green Berets had tracked down one of the killers and put him "six feet under," then by providing the transcript of the Article 32 hearings Kassab had been requesting for months.

Both were mistakes.

Finecombing the testimony, Kassab

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found items which couldn't be true, such as MacDonald's claim that he'd seen blood bubble from Kimberly's chest—the room was dark and Kimberly's chest had no wounds. A check also found no victims of MacDonald and his Green Beret friends. Beginning to believe the worst, Kassab called the C.I.D., which, with a cadre of more seasoned agents in place, was turning over the case as well, partly in response to the Cavett show. Soon Kassab was at 544 Castle Drive, going over the crime scene inch by inch. When he emerged, Jeffrey MacDonald's most outspoken defender had become his most determined enemy.

As yet unaware of Kassab's transformation, MacDonald had begun working as an emergency-room physician at the St. Mary Medical Center in Long Beach, California. While he acquired the accoutrements of swinging bachelorhood, including a yacht and a marina-front condominium, the second C.I.D. investigation kept grinding away. It turned up a number of things, among them the fact that MacDonald's marriage had not been as picture-perfect as advertised. He'd had at least 15 girlfriends, most seduced while he was on "training missions." Colette, says her sister-in-law, Vivian "Pep" Stevenson, knew of the affairs and complained bitterly about them. "I give up," Stevenson quotes her as saying. "I don't want to do this anymore." Colette was so upset, says Stevenson, that when MacDonald informed her of another upcoming sojourn—an unbroken three months traveling as a physician for the Fort Bragg boxing team during the last stages of what was expected to be a dangerous pregnancy—Colette phoned her mother, saying she wanted to come home with the kids. Wait until spring, her mother said; two days later, Colette was dead. According to a Fort Bragg secretary, not even that dulled MacDonald's libido. She told the C.I.D. of having sex with MacDonald "as often as possible" while he stood accused of murdering his wife and children.

"I did step out on Colette," MacDonald tells his visitor, with a wet of his lips. "None of which I am proud of." Then, in a cascade, the explanations tumble out: "I don't think they were real girlfriends. . . . They were one-night stands. . . . I never had a love affair with anyone where we planned weekends away or divorce. . . . I wore my wedding ring. . . . It was the temper of the times. . . . I like women and I wasn't thinking of the consequences. . . . I had high testosterone. . . . Among guys around me and people in medical school and the service, I wasn't doing anything unusual. . . . It was '68, '70, and a lot of things were exploding."

He lowers his voice and adds: "I essentially wasn't screwing around. It's not true. Colette had no fears or worries. There weren't any."

Just as eye-opening was what investigators were discovering about Helena Stoeckley, whom classmates were describing as a disturbed, sad little girl who liked to make up stories to get attention.

A psychiatrist detected in MacDonald "some narcissistic need to be famous or infamous."

One of those stories, it developed, was her claim to Posey that she had to leave Fayetteville to avoid the cops. In fact, the police were not looking for her, though Stoeckley did leave town two months later to enter a hospital for drug addiction. "The prognosis for this patient seems poor," the psychiatrist wrote on her discharge form; beyond taking heroin eight or nine times a day—along with a grab bag of barbiturates, stimulants, and psychedelics—Stoeckley, he said, was a "schizoid personality."

Posey, the C.I.D. learned, also had a knack for inventing stories, including the one about seeing Stoeckley getting out of a Mustang not long after the murders. The truth, Posey admitted after flunking a lie-detector test, was that he wasn't sure about seeing Stoeckley that night, and had glimpsed the Mustang only in a dream two months later.

The C.I.D. found a seemingly more credible source in Prince Beasley, a Fayetteville narcotics detective who'd been using Stoeckley as his principal informant. "Helena would do anything to get me to pat her on the back and act proud of her," Beasley said. "That's why she turned in some of her best friends." Thinking she might have a lead on the MacDonald case, Beasley added, he'd stopped by her house the day after the murders. But the only things she had to offer were the addresses of several hippies who fit the descriptions of the alleged intruders—and that she had a black friend who sometimes came over to shoot up heroin, and who always wore a fatigue jacket. As for her own whereabouts the night of the murders, Stoeckley said nothing. Beasley hadn't asked.

As if making up for this lapse, Beasley—whom MacDonald's supporters would come to regard as one of the most important truth tellers in the case—volunteered to accompany a C.I.D. agent to Tennessee, where Stoeckley was now informing for the Nashville P.D. She was happy to see Beasley, and over the next two months she spun a welter of contradictory stories. She was only doing what Beasley had advised her, Stoeckley told the C.I.D.: "Tell them anything, just get them off your back." After failing to match her fingerprints or hair to anything left at the crime scene, the C.I.D. prepared to submit a 3,000-page report, once again naming Jeffrey MacDonald as the murderer.

But lead investigator Peter Kearns wanted to interview one more witness, a recently discovered MacDonald girlfriend. To do so, he needed the approval of a lawyer in the Washington headquarters of the army's judge advocate general. The one he chanced on was Brian Murtagh, a 27-year-old Queens native whose nebbishy looks reminded people of Woody Allen. "Don't bother to read," said Kearns, dumping a pile of papers on his desk. "Just sign here." Recalls Murtagh, "I was green, but not that green. I told him to leave it."

As Murtagh immersed himself, Kearns kept bringing more materials, culminating with the crime-scene photographs of Kimberly and Kristen. "I was feeling sick looking at them," says Murtagh. "I must have made then some kind of emotional commitment that however long it took—whatever it took—I was going to do nothing that, either through act or omission to act, was going to see this guy get away with this."

But as Freddy Kassab had discovered, believing MacDonald guilty was one thing, finding someone willing to prosecute him something else. No matter that MacDonald admitted that his story of killing one of the intruders had been a lie ("I was keeping Freddy happy," he explained. "The man is a fanatic") or that the C.I.D. reinvestigation had turned up substantial new evidence—trying MacDonald, Freddy and Murtagh were repeatedly told, was a loser.

Then, in 1974, things turned around. Tired of the heat Kassab was generating, the attorney general handed the case over

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for review to Victor Woerheide, whose handling of last-resort causes had made him the Justice Department's junkyard dog. Murtagh offered his services, and a grand jury was impaneled in Raleigh. After seven months of testimony and evidence, it indicted Jeffrey Robert MacDonald, M.D., on three counts of murder.

MacDonald quickly summoned Bernie Segal, who persuaded the Fourth Circuit to throw out the charges on the ground that his client had been denied his right to a speedy trial. Woerheide appealed to the Supreme Court, but for a year there was only silence. In the interval, MacDonald thought less and less of Kristen, Kimberly, and Colette. The "nightmare" he'd been subjected to, he said, "was over."

"You are the Establishment," MacDonald's lawyer told him reassuringly. "You're a captain in the Green Berets."

In fact, it was just beginning. In June 1977 the Supreme Court announced that it would hear the government's appeal, and 16 months later MacDonald's indictment was reinstated. Presiding over the trial would be Judge Franklin Dupree, who ordered jury selection to begin in July 1979, nine and a half years after the murders.







Above: **MacDonald (second from right) at the funeral of his wife and two daughters at Fort Bragg, February 21, 1970.** ***Below:*** **a sketch of one of MacDonald's alleged attackers (made by a police artist at the request of MacDonald's lawyers) and a photo of Helena Stoeckley, the hippie who once confessed to the murders.**

MacDonald appeared to regard the upcoming proceedings as an annoyance at worst. Woerheide—"that Nazi"—had dropped dead of a heart attack during the appeals wrangling, so all MacDonald would be facing was Assistant U.S. Attorney James Blackburn, a mild-mannered minister's son from Winston-Salem, who was trying his first homicide case. "Chickenshit," MacDonald called him. To be sure, Blackburn would have the help of Brian Murtagh, but the "little viper, totally lacking in the social amenities," as MacDonald termed Murtagh, had been in a courtroom only once before—as second chair in an obscenity case the government lost. And who'd be arguing for the defense? Bernie Segal, who had run rings around MacDonald's accusers at the Article 32 hearing. A North Carolina jury, particularly one composed of the law-and-order types Segal's polling favored, might not appreciate the fact that the attorney was longhaired, liberal, Jewish, and a Yankee. But if hominy was required, Wade Smith, Segal's banjo-playing local co-counsel, could ladle on the drawl.

Satisfied that all was in order, MacDonald occupied himself with finding someone who would write his life story—and who would turn over a hefty share of the royalties in the bargain. An early choice was Joseph Wambaugh, the L.A.P.D. sergeant turned best-selling crime novelist. But that approach fell through after a meeting. "I had interviewed dozens and dozens of people who were survivors of horrific crimes—some immediately after the event, some many years later," Wambaugh recalled. "I had never, in all my experience, seen anyone describe an event like that in the almost cavalier manner that Dr. MacDonald described it." So MacDonald settled on Joe McGinniss, another renowned author (*The Selling of the President, 1968*), who'd written of frequently cheating on his wife, and of dreaming about the violent demise of their children.

Now all that remained was the trial, which did not go well.

Partly it was on account of Segal, whose theatrics set Judge Dupree's eyes rolling, even as he denied all 24 defense motions. Partly, too, it was because of MacDonald's own witnesses, one of whom testified that a bloody imprint on the sheet used to transport Colette came from MacDonald's pajama cuff—certifying one of the prosecution's most damaging claims. The government scored points, too, by bringing in an F.B.I. expert who reported that when MacDonald's blood-soaked pajama top was folded just so, its 48 perfectly round holes lined up with the 21 ice-pick wounds in Colette's chest. To drive home the point, Murtagh wrapped his wrists in a similar pajama top, and Blackburn flailed at him with the ice pick. When the reenactment of MacDonald's version of events was over, the pajama top had long, jagged tears, and Murtagh had a bleeding cut—unlike the defendant, whose forearms hadn't been so much as nicked.

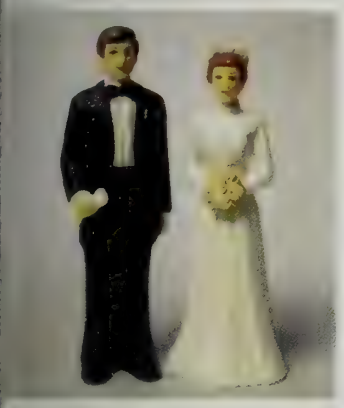
Segal hoped Helena Stoeckley would save them. But no amount of threatening or cajoling could prevent her from telling the jury that she had been too stoned to remember where she'd been between midnight and 4:30 A.M. on the murder night. Out of the jury's hearing, six witnesses swore that Stoeckley had said that she might well have been in the house. But Dupree refused to let them repeat their stories in open court. Not only were Stoeckley's statements "clearly untrustworthy," he ruled, but "this tragic figure" had made most of them while heavily drugged, possibly while hallucinating.

The final blow to the defense was struck by Jeffrey MacDonald. He was choked and tearful on the stand—so overwrought at times he couldn't speak. It was a stark difference from the way he appeared on the tape the prosecution played of the eerily detached young captain parrying his C.I.D. interrogators almost 10 years before.

"On cross-exam, I got real testy—no question," MacDonald recalls. "My mom used to tell me, 'You always look cool, except when you are really nervous. Then you get a little smile.' And that combination was not good for me.... Bernie said

Scott and Loraine are happily married, with one little exception. They never agree on anything.

He says "modern." She says "colonial." She likes regular. He wants extra-crispy.



So imagine the reaction when they announced it was time for a new car.

"Smooth and comfortable," said Loraine.

"A real driving machine," remarked Scott.

So, when they arrived in a new Ford Contour SE Sport days later, people were amazed.

Finally, common ground.

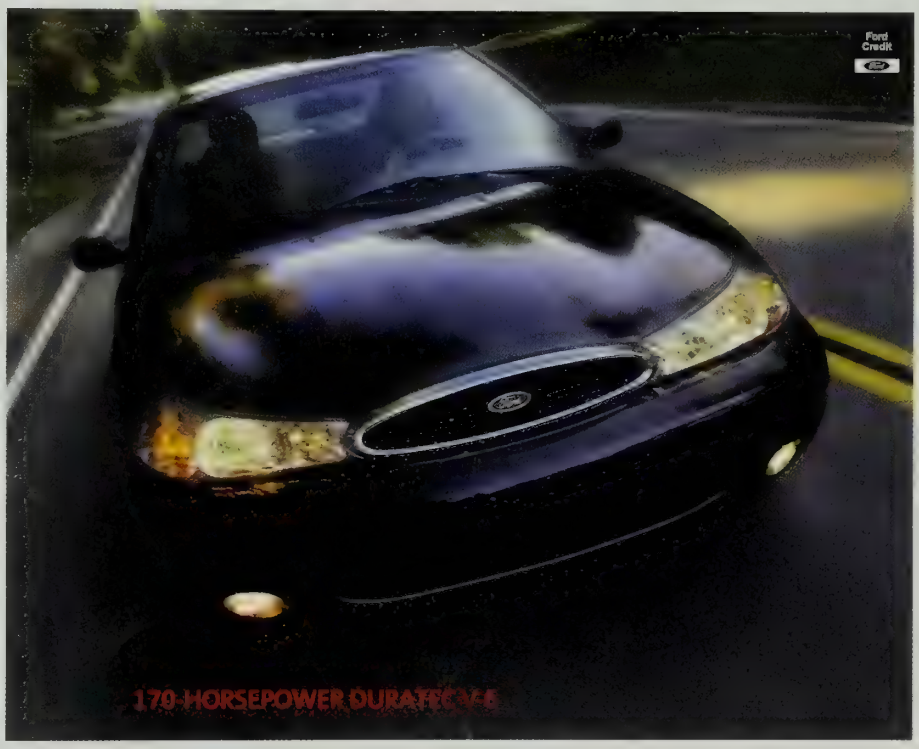
Then they got up to leave.

"I'll drive," she said.

Shaking his head he replied,

"I don't think so."

Oh, well, here we go again.



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I did fine. My mom, my secretary . . . all said I did fine. . . . He said, 'You are the Establishment. You're a captain in the Green Berets. No one is more established than a person who volunteers for the army, then airborne and Special Forces. You are not a radical. You don't wear a ponytail. You never wore an earring. You don't have tattoos. You are exactly what that doctor's son is, exactly what that cop wishes he could be.' . . . He said, 'This is the best jury money can buy. They will understand.'"

It took the doctor's son and the cop and 10 others just six hours to make up their minds. MacDonald, who only moments earlier had been mulling whether to rent the *Queen Mary* for his California victory party, seemed stunned by the verdict—guilty of second-degree murder in the deaths of Colette and Kimberly, first-degree in the death of Kristen—and stunned again when Dupree sentenced him to the maximum.

"He has himself to blame," says Brian Murtagh, looking back on the case. "If he had kept his mouth shut, we could not have convicted him."

But the saga of Dr. Jeffrey MacDonald was far from over; it was only taking a new and tangled turn. For even as he was settling into the first of a series of federal prisons, his friends in California were hiring the former chief of the F.B.I.'s Los Angeles office to reinvestigate the case. At $100 an hour, bluff, braggadocian Ted Gunderson did not come cheap. Fast, though, he was; within 24 hours, he told his employers, "Has your boy been railroaded."

To prove it, Gunderson enlisted Prince Beasley, who had not been prospering the last six years. First, state police had discovered him passed out drunk in the middle of an intersection. This had led to his "retirement" from the Fayetteville force and hospitalization at a V.A. facility, where he was diagnosed as suffering from progressive "non-psychotic organic brain syndrome." Among the manifestations of his illness, doctors found, were "confusion" and "confabulation"—making up stories without realizing they are being made up. The good news was that Beasley still had a line on Stoeckley, who had married and moved to South Carolina.

Acting on this intelligence, Gunderson secured MacDonald's approval to dispatch a Canadian psychic, the notion being that her paranormal powers would put Stoeckley on an airliner. Stoeckley proved resistant, however, even after the psychic told her that she'd "fallen in love" with MacDonald and that the psychic could "foresee a beautiful life" for her—if she aided in clearing his name.

With Stoeckley temporarily out of the picture, Beasley turned his attentions to her husband, a violence-prone hippie named Ernie Davis, who at the moment was residing in the Fayetteville jail, thanks to an assault charge filed by his wife. According to Davis, Beasley presented himself at the lockup and promised to post bail and fly him to L.A. All Davis had to do was promise to tell Beasley and Gunderson "what they wanted [me] to" about the MacDonald case. Soon enough, Davis was in L.A., where, after more sweeteners (including the prospect of a book-and-movie deal), he signed a statement repeating the incriminating claims Stoeckley had been making since the killings.

"MacDonald has himself to blame," says prosecutor Brian Murtagh. "If he had kept his mouth shut, we could not have convicted him."

Gunderson, however, still wanted Stoeckley, who remained the sine qua non of proving MacDonald's innocence. He found the means when Beasley discovered that Davis—whose total remuneration had been $21 for a bus ticket—had jumped bail and was in South Carolina with Stoeckley. Beasley tracked them down and slapped Davis in handcuffs. On the ride back to Fayetteville, Davis let slip that he'd blabbed to Gunderson. This commenced a fight, concluding with Stoeckley offering to tell all.

Not pausing even to pick up a change of underwear, Beasley whisked Stoeckley to L.A. to begin five days of near-round-the-clock interrogation. Homer Young, an ex–F.B.I. agent assisting Gunderson, later told the bureau that there had been "an element of duress" in Stoeckley's questioning, and that his boss had employed "unethical means and tactics in a very important case." The methods, though, got results. Assured that she'd be resettled in California with a new house, job, and identity—even a part in the forthcoming movie—Stoeckley signed a statement not only implicating herself in the murders but naming five other killers (later referred to as "Black Cult" members) as well.

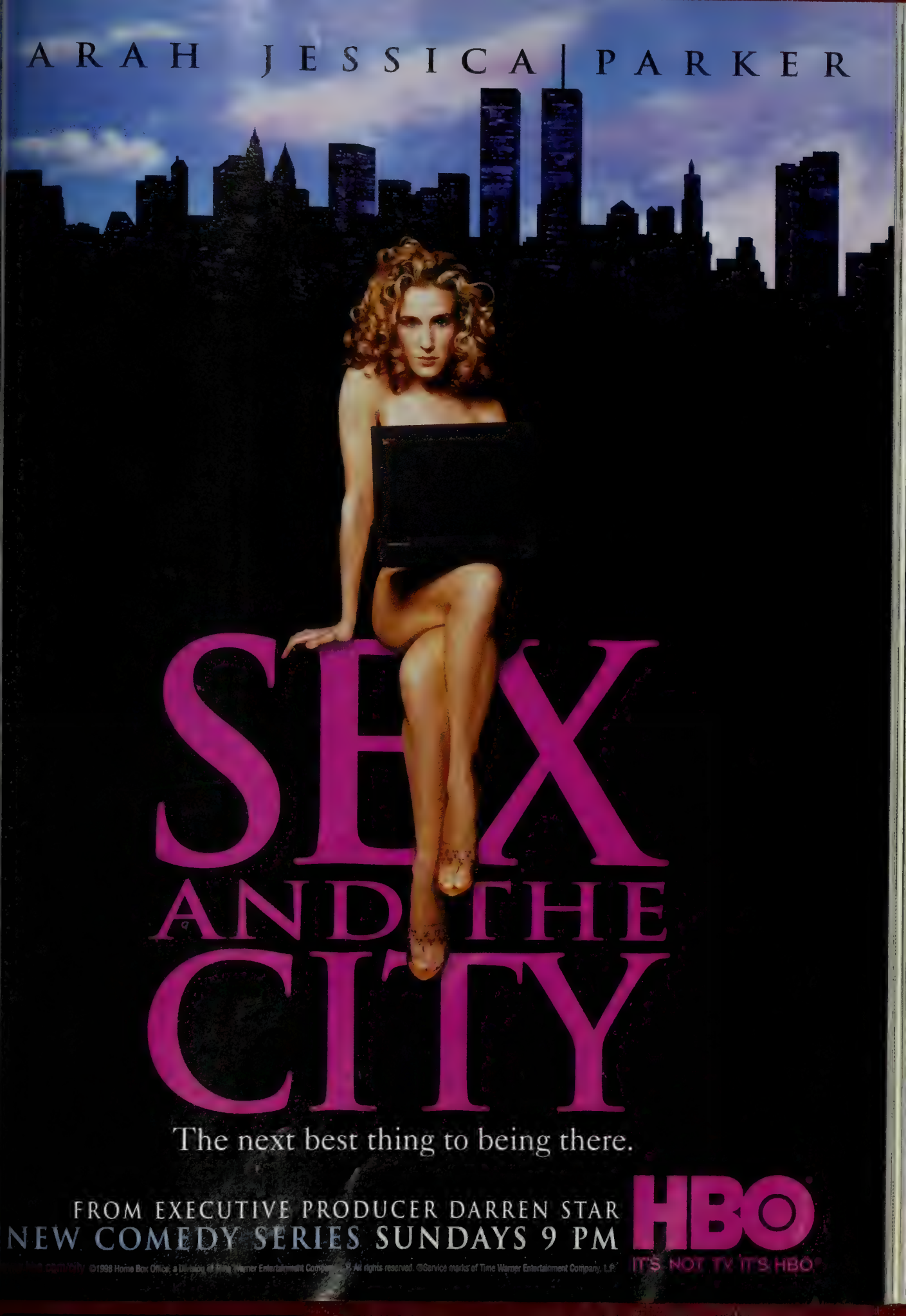
According to Stoeckley, the group decided to "annihilate the MacDonald family" because of his refusal to treat heroin and opium addicts. The prime target was Colette, followed by her two children. "Human sacrifice involving a pregnant woman is the most prestigious for the cult members," Stoeckley explained, "followed by children, women, and lastly men." As the lone, bottom-of-the-totem-pole male in the house, MacDonald was to be spared, as long as he furnished them with drugs.

Early on the night of the killings, Stoeckley said, she was deputized to make a "pretext phone call" to the MacDonald residence. Colette answered, said that she was headed out to class, that a baby-sitter would soon be arriving, and that her husband would be returning home later. Afterward, the group, which had decided to stage a Manson-style murder, conducted a satanic ritual, then—unaccountably neglecting to take along any weapons—drove to the MacDonald apartment, arriving around two A.M.

While two male companions went into the master bedroom to deal with Colette, Stoeckley said, three other males roused MacDonald and tried to get him to sign a prescription for Dexedrine. MacDonald was "belligerent," but after being roughed up a bit, he agreed to call a friend who would procure the drugs. Instead, he dialed the post operator in an attempt to summon the M.P.'s. This brought on a second, heavier beating, during which Stoeckley chanted, "Acid is groovy, kill the pigs, hit him again."

Afterward, Stoeckley said, she proceeded to the master bedroom, where Colette was being bludgeoned as Kimberly lay next to her, sleeping through it all. The sight was too much for Stoeckley, who said she started "ranting and raving," prompting Colette's attackers to depart for the living room. Soon, Stoeckley said, she joined them. But after seeing MacDonald lying unconscious—half on and half off the couch—she went to Kristen's bedroom, where she observed the younger MacDonald daughter dozing as peacefully as her sister. After a final inspection of Colette, Stoeckley stated, she returned to the living room and said to her friends, "Let's get out of here. She isn't breathing anymore."

Stoeckley's story had major problems. The biggest by far was that it didn't


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come close to jibing with MacDonald's. Nonetheless, it suited Gunderson. Alternately threatening her with 40 years in jail and promising that any statement she made was strictly for use in a movie, in December he wrung a second statement from her (this one adding a sixth cultist to the crime, a character named "Wizard") and soon got movie negotiations into gear. Beasley—who hadn't been paid a nickel by Gunderson—laid his own plans, agreeing to help with a book being written by a former Green Beret sergeant major and *Fayetteville Times* reporter named Fred Bost. Offered 20 percent of the proceeds, Stoeckley joined the project as well, but pulled out after signing a contract in exchange for five dollars. Still eager for publicity of his own, Gunderson instructed Beasley to make her available to *The Washington Post.* That turned out to be a blunder. Objecting to the tone of the piece, Stoeckley recanted her confession to the F.B.I. and fired off a letter to Gunderson, who, she'd now deduced, was "a member of the Mafia." "Never," she wrote, "have I seen a bigger mockery made of justice, or such a shambles made of an investigation."

The blast did not deter Gunderson, who had begun rounding up witnesses to corroborate Stoeckley's story. The most crucial—as far as MacDonald's supporters were concerned—was a MacDonald neighbor, who testified at the Article 32 hearing that sometime on the night of the murders (she couldn't recall just when) she'd glanced out her window and spotted the taillights of a passing car. Under questioning by Gunderson, she remembered considerably more—not only the time of her sighting (between two and three A.M.) and the type of car (a blue Mustang, just like the one Stoeckley claimed to have been riding in) but the fact that it was parked beside two other cars, one a military jeep driven by a black man. More startling, the neighbor, who was observing the scene at a distance of 70 to 80 feet on a rainy night, described a man in the Mustang's passenger seat. "I remember him specifically because of his piercing, deep-set eyes and the sneer on his face," she told Gunderson. "I could pick him out of a crowd today." Shown drawings compiled from a recent hypnotic session with MacDonald, she selected one that, according to Stoeckley, was Allen Mazerolle, a former friend and fellow cult killer.



Helena Stoeckley eventually recanted her confession, saying, "Never have I seen a bigger mockery of justice."



Top: **MacDonald and his attorney Bernard Segal leave the United States Supreme Court on December 7, 1981—moments after oral arguments to reinstate MacDonald's murder conviction.** ***Above:*** **defendant and lawyer on MacDonald's boat,** ***Recovery Room,*** **in Huntington Harbour, Calif., in the early 80s.**

MacDonald, meanwhile, was experiencing ups and downs. In July 1980, the Fourth Circuit overturned his conviction on the same speedy-trial ground it had used to throw out his indictment. He went back to doctoring in California, where he bought a ski condominium and dated an actress (she also happened to be the daughter of the chairman of the U.S. Parole Commission) before getting engaged to a 22-year-old stewardess. Twenty months later, however, the Supreme Court reversed the Fourth Circuit ruling. He applied for bail and sentence reduction, but the lower courts turned him down, impressed by neither Stoeckley's statements ("She was like a light bulb which hadn't been completely wound in," said one judge; "she blinks back and forth") nor his lawyers' contention that "the 1970 murders constitute the only blot on his record."

Worn out by the case, Bernie Segal retreated to teaching at a San Francisco law school. While a new set of lawyers prepared further appeals, Gunderson resumed his pursuit of Helena Stoeckley, who by then was destitute, pregnant, and an alcoholic. But with an appearance on *60 Minutes* in the offing, she was back in a confessional mode. She also had new details to divulge—including a claim that a fellow drug addict named Cathy Perry had participated in the murders as well. "Cathy freaked out," as Stoeckley put it. "Even the guys had trouble controlling her."

But Stoeckley's biggest shocker—except for her claim that one of the killers was an undercover C.I.D. agent (an idea suggested to her by Gunderson)—was that three and a half weeks prior to the murders she'd stolen a bracelet from Colette's jewelry box. This came as news to MacDonald.

Just as boggled was Brian Murtagh, who was being inundated by confessors far and wide—six altogether, in addition to Stoeckley. "If you put everybody in that room who confessed," he said to a reporter, "there would hardly be room in there for Jeff." All the same, Murtagh had the F.B.I. check them out, along with the ever expanding number of cult members Stoeckley had placed at the crime scene. Gunderson, however, was finished. His departure from the case came around the time Stoeckley's coven supposedly made an attempt on his life—by pricking his car's steering-fluid drum with a pin.

MacDonald's friends hired a former New York homicide detective to replace him, but he quit after concluding that "all directions pointed at MacDonald." Unfazed, MacDonald's friends put another ex-cop to work; he labored, though, without the assistance of Helena Stoeckley. Six months after the alcohol-related death of a heroin-addicted former boyfriend she'd implicated in the crimes


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(and who now and again appeared to implicate himself), Stoeckley's decomposing body was found in a low-rent South Carolina apartment complex. She was 30, and she and her baby had lately subsisted on peanut-butter sandwiches. Gunderson suggested to reporters that she'd been murdered. But an autopsy had determined that the cause of death was acute pneumonia complicated by cirrhosis of the liver. "Helena was like a puppet on a string," said Ernie Davis, who was now doing a 15-year stretch for first-degree sexual assault. "She knew it was all lies, but she . . . said if she didn't tell them what they wanted to hear they'd bother her even more."

Stoeckley's death was a setback for MacDonald, but he was not abandoning hope. Any day now, Joe McGinniss would be publishing his book.

They'd become exceptionally close during the four years the project had been going on, McGinniss frequently writing to assure MacDonald of his belief in his innocence. "There could not be a worse nightmare than the one you are living through now," went a typical McGinniss missive. "But it is only a phase. Total strangers can recognize within five minutes that you did not receive a fair trial." Good friend Joe, MacDonald was sure, would give him "ultimate vindication."

He learned otherwise during an interview with *60 Minutes* shortly before *Fatal Vision* hit the shelves. According to MacDonald, Mike Wallace asked, "How would you feel if I told you that Joe McGinniss says you're a homicidal maniac?"

"Joe McGinniss?" MacDonald blanched. "I don't believe you."

Well, said Wallace, reaching into his briefcase, "I have the manuscript right here."

It was indeed a damning document, recording not only MacDonald's lies and infidelities but also a chilling incident that had occurred on a California cruise with yet another girlfriend and her son. Infuriated by something so minor no one could recall it, MacDonald grabbed the boy, screaming that he was going to crush his skull between the gunnels and the dock. In the end, MacDonald settled for throwing him overboard. But the episode—which resulted in the abrupt departure of the girlfriend and her child—was terrifying enough. "I will never forget that look in his eyes," said the boy, now grown to a young adult. "Kind of a fire."

Hailed by the critics as a true-crime masterpiece, *Fatal Vision* rocketed to the top of the best-seller list. The docudrama that followed on NBC in the fall of 1984 did even better. Watched over two nights by an estimated 60 million Americans, it was the network's highest-rated non–sports show of the year. MacDonald, who had wanted Robert Redford to portray him, wasn't happy with Gary Cole in the lead role. "I thought he was wooden," he says. "I thought I was more expressive than him."

MacDonald's only solace was that Helena Stoeckley's supposed cohort Cathy Perry had confessed. Her story was less than airtight, however. Among other things, it had the intruders subduing MacDonald with the injection of a narcotic (none was found in his system), then going "upstairs" (the apartment had no second floor), where, after beating one of the two boys (they were, in fact, both girls), Perry herself had slain Colette by stabbing her stomach and legs (among the few areas on her body left undamaged).

That Perry had trouble getting her facts straight was understandable. She was a diagnosed paranoid schizophrenic—a condition which had put her in a mental hospital on more than one occasion, and which caused her to hallucinate and hear voices. Once dosed with Thorazine and under a doctor's care, however, she was sufficiently coherent to deny to the F.B.I. any knowledge of the crimes.

"After meeting MacDonald," says writer Jeffrey Elliot, "you might be willing to do things to help him."

MacDonald's attorneys conceded that Stoeckley's story had some holes. But those, they claimed in a 1984 habeas-corpus petition for his release, only made her more believable. As for the fact that MacDonald himself had contradicted her story, that could be explained by an affidavit they'd secured from a psychologist. She speculated he might be suffering from retrograde amnesia.

For MacDonald, it was all downhill from there. The bottom came when Brian Murtagh—now driving around with the customized license plate VIPR—introduced a sheaf of F.B.I. reports accounting for the murder-night whereabouts of all of Stoeckley's alleged accomplices. The most ironclad alibi belonged to Allen Mazerolle, whom Beasley identified as having been with Stoeckley early on the night of the murders; who she said had stabbed MacDonald with an ice pick; and whom MacDonald's extraordinarily observant neighbor had picked out as being the character she'd seen sitting in the blue Mustang only moments before the killings. At the time of all these sightings, records showed, Mazerolle was in jail on charges of possessing 1,000 hits of LSD. The records further showed that he'd been put there three weeks before by none other than Detective Prince Beasley, acting on a tip from his favorite informant, Helena Stoeckley.

"It's a devastating blow," MacDonald said moments after the Fourth Circuit denied his appeal. "But I cannot and will not roll over and play dead." Instead, with a new set of lawyers, he went back to court—not to seek freedom this time, but to charge Joe McGinniss with contract fraud to the tune of $15 million. When the jury hung, the case was settled for $325,000. MacDonald's real victory, though, was with the press. Until then, reporters had generally treated his protestations with skepticism. Now the mood was different, thanks in large measure to *New Yorker* writer Janet Malcolm, whose book-length scalding of McGinniss, *The Journalist and the Murderer,* set minds wondering: If the "bible" of the case could be founded on such deceit, was it not possible that its chief protagonist was telling the truth?

The consequence was a growing flood of TV shows and articles told from the defense's point of view. MacDonald's unfailingly cheerful California friends fed the effort with streams of material on supposed new evidence. Nothing was denied a sympathetic opinion-maker, including a look at Helena Stoeckley confessing from the grave, through the miracle of videotape.

But the most compelling witness for Jeffrey MacDonald was Jeffrey MacDonald. "There's a sweetness about him," says Jeffrey Elliot, who interviewed MacDonald for *Playboy* and later testified in his behalf in the McGinniss trial. "After meeting him, you would say, 'This is a travesty. This is a good, decent, kind, thoughtful man, and the system has failed.' You might be willing to do things to help him."

"I am that overachiever personality," MacDonald is telling another visitor years later. "I set up a goal and say, 'That's the next goal.' . . . I don't sit and bemoan fates and say, 'Woulda, coulda, shoulda . . . I don't have deep insights into life. . . . My



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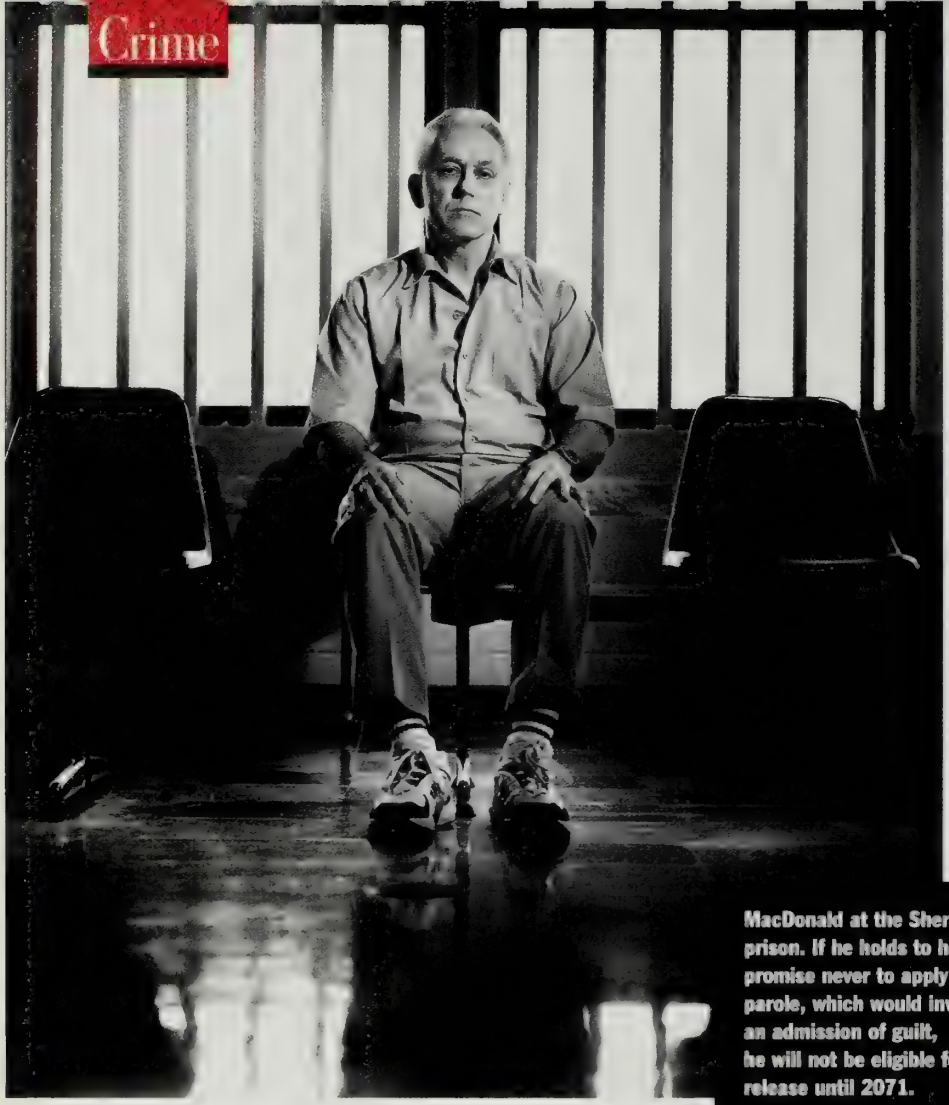
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MacDonald at the Sheridan prison. If he holds to his promise never to apply for parole, which would involve an admission of guilt, he will not be eligible for release until 2071.

skill is medicine. . . . By me helping a person, I help myself. I hope that doesn't sound selfish. . . . I think that's all good. It's how I am . . . an overachiever, a very good physician. I am not patting myself on the back. Please. *I am telling what is a fact. People like me, and I work very hard."*

He nods at the diagnosis. There is a smile, as cool and confident as his words. "Generally speaking, I say to myself, 'You are a good guy. You didn't save your family, but that doesn't make you bad. And, generally speaking, you tell the truth. So stop beating yourself up.'"

Listening to his matter-of-fact tone, many would come to help him, and while going over 10,000 pages of government documents, they found a prize—a pre-trial memo in which Brian Murtagh asked two questions of a young law clerk named Jeffrey Puretz: whether the prosecution was obliged to turn over to the defense the data that underlay F.B.I. lab reports, and when the government had to disclose exculpatory materials. In his reply, Puretz said the government was legally in the clear as long as it gave the defense an opportunity to examine the evidence.

Murtagh then moved that the defense be permitted to do just that. Dupree agreed, and three weeks before the start of the trial a MacDonald criminologist was ushered into a holding cell containing a dozen cardboard boxes of evidence. Had he looked inside one labeled "Black/Black & Gray Root/Synthetic Hairs," he would have found an envelope marked "Synthetic Hairs, Blonde." Within, mounted on an evidence slide, was a 22-inch-long, blond-colored strand of saran, recovered from the hairbrush of Colette MacDonald.

Her husband, Jeffrey, was certain where it came from: the wig of the woman who had chanted, "Acid is groovy, kill the pigs." He was certain, too, that the Puretz memo was proof that he had been framed. Reading over the papers MacDonald sent him, Harvey Silverglate agreed. The Puretz memo, he proclaimed, was "the smoking gun." Two former federal prosecutors concurred, as did his old law-school professor Alan Dershowitz. With these talents arguing for MacDonald, the habeas-corpus petition they filed in 1990 seemed a slam dunk.

"I thought he was wooden," MacDonald says of actor Gary Cole's portrayal of him *Fatal Vision.* "I was more expressive than him."

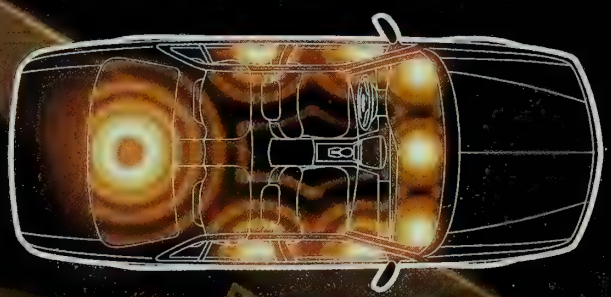
Before the Fourth Circuit, however, the government quoted an affidavit from MacDonald's own criminologist stating that he'd been given "unfettered access" to the evidence. Moreover, according to the F.B.I. lab, saran was fine for doll hair, but not for human wigs. "Unless the defendant wants to maintain that Ken and Barbie did it," a government attorney said, "I don't see how this hair helps them very much." The justices agreed. "At some point," they ruled, "we must accept this case as final."

Though still in jail, MacDonald was not lacking for female companionship. He had at least three would-be paramours: a radio talk-show host from Tucson, a law student from Michigan, and, strangest of all, an Ohio woman who claimed that she'd witnessed her lover killing Colette and the girls during a fight over her. MacDonald admits that he knew all three women, and that he had sent them stripped-to-the-waist beefcake pictures of himself, tucked inside sexually graphic billets-doux studded with "happy faces." In the case of the talk-show lady, the letters alternated between reminiscences about her intimate odors and suggestions about how she might try to catch William Ivory and Peter Kearns in a lie while interviewing them. Predicting a Pulitzer Prize if she could spring him, MacDonald recalled "the hot stuff" of their last get-together in the attorney-client room. "You almost got a handful," he later wrote. "Believe me, it would have been such a wonderful release."

No woman worked harder at freeing him, though, than Lucia Bartoli, whose modest Laguna Hills, California, apartment was hung with pictures of the celebrated prisoner, with whom she had "a personal relationship." One showed them holding hands; another, her sitting on his lap; the third and largest—which hung over the living-room entertainment center, not far from the MacDonald coat of arms—an idealized drawing of her head resting contentedly on his

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chest. She, too, was going to share a life with Jeffrey MacDonald. (They'd already planned their first postprison date—McDonald's, naturally.) But, unlike her predecessors, she'd found a potential cell-door key: a textile executive who said that saran was, in fact, used for human wigs.

Yes, the executive lived in Mexico City. Yes, the wigs were made for Christmas pageants. And, yes, the only example she could lay her hands on was black and came from an anthropology museum. Still, it *was* a saran wig. Which was fine for Silverglate, who had begun to school himself in the human-wig-making uses of saran through two texts from the Boston Public Library. Both were also in the F.B.I.'s collection—a fact omitted from the government's 1990 pleadings. For MacDonald, who had legally exhausted his habeas-corpus petitions, it was just as well, for now he had a new basis for appeal: Silverglate could claim the F.B.I. had committed "fraud on the court."

Other things were flowing MacDonald's way, too. For one, Jim Blackburn was now working as a waiter, following imprisonment on a charge of embezzling clients. Just as delicious, Joe McGinniss was being roasted by the critics over his new biography of Teddy Kennedy, a volume part plagiarized, part made up. (McGinniss declines to comment about MacDonald.) And if that were not enough to compensate for the leading defense-team member who had been caught peddling his belongings in the classifieds of *Soldier of Fortune,* Fred Bost had finally published his book.

Compiling the 479-page *Fatal Justice* was a 15-year struggle, one that had recently seen the death of Prince Beasley—"the star detective," Bost calls him. But with a new partner, a California artist named Jerry Potter, Bost had done it. A point-by-point rebuttal of the prosecution's case, mixed with conspiracy theories involving the army, the Justice Department, and the F.B.I., the book glided over the most ominous evidence, and said next to nothing about the peculiarities of MacDonald's witnesses and investigators. But reviewers were ecstatic. "A quietly convincing book," said Janet Malcolm, who was now corresponding regularly with MacDonald and admitting she'd become one of his "groupies."

The press also seized on *Fatal Justice,* and soon MacDonald's innocence was being argued in outlets from Jack Anderson's column to *The Wall Street Journal.* "The poor guy," says Ruth Shalit, author of a 1997 *New Republic* article drawn from material provided by Bost and Silverglate. "He has not had good luck."

But fortune was beginning to smile. An inspector general's report was out, and it was withering in its assessment of the F.B.I. saran expert's testimony in an unrelated case. Even better for MacDonald, in October 1997 the Fourth Circuit granted the DNA testing.

What it turns up will likely not be known for months. Fund-raisers to finance the $100,000 exam have to be held first, and the few labs that can handle the work are jammed. Brian Murtagh isn't worried, whatever the results. In a ground-floor apartment where two active children played, he says, the hairs beneath Kristen's or Kimberly's fingernails could have come from anyone—including themselves.

"He has nothing to focus on but himself," says MacDonald's friend Michael Malley. "His world is down to one thing."

He'll argue that if there's a retrial, he's ready to reopen lockerfuls of evidence long stored away. MacDonald's forces are preparing, too, with new theories of what occurred at 544 Castle Drive. Maybe, they say, the pajama top had so many ice-pick punctures and MacDonald none because Helena Stoeckley was only pretending to stab him. Maybe the kids were left in their beds, their dolls and blankies tucked in neatly with them, so a second group of Satan worshipers could perform a ritual. Maybe one of the arriving M.P.'s was part of the plot, and he wiped clean the knife and phone. Maybe—and this, they say, would explain everything—Jeffrey MacDonald locked himself in a closet while the whole thing was going on. "Only God and Dr. MacDonald," one of his many lawyers solemnly says, "will ever know what happened."

You leave the Federal Correctional Institution in Sheridan, Oregon, with the mint-green files Jeffrey MacDonald was pawing through that morning. They contain case materials mostly, and, as expected, all suggest that he was framed. But there's also a brochure on flax oil—a substance which, it is claimed, will alleviate everything from cancer to itchy scalp. "Read that and take 14 capsules every day," the doctor said as he crunched your hand good-bye.

If he holds to his promise never to apply for parole (for that would require admission of guilt, and the federal system seldom grants it anyway), he will not be eligible for release until the year 2071. Even then, the debate about him will probably be unresolved. Because Bernie Segal has it wrong: MacDonald is not Dreyfus, about whom the facts are known, but Sacco and Vanzetti, Bruno Hauptmann, Judge Crater, and the Rosenbergs. He's also a man, an increasingly old and narrowed man, says his friend and college roommate, Michael Malley, who helped defend him during the Article 32 hearing, and who thinks he'll never get out. "He has a world defined entirely by his own problems," says Malley. "He's reminded of them every time he gets up and every time he goes to bed. He has nothing else to focus on but himself, nothing that really interests him but himself. In that sense, his world is down to one thing."

It showed during the prescribed four hours. They'd been rough for him, and he never did get around to topics such as the New York Giants or the new prison course he's teaching on human sexuality or the book he asked Janet Malcolm to send him, *How Proust Can Change Your Life.* Confirming a change his friends have noticed of late, there also wasn't much talk of "when I get out." Instead, it was "if."

At one point, affecting a southern accent and pacing the room, he delivered, nearly word for word, Wade Smith's argument to the court. "Naawh, how did this captain get four people he can identify to come to his house and do this, then tell the cops about it and plant evidence showing they were there?" MacDonald repeated, seemingly to himself. "You gotta let this boy go." He broke down after that, and broke down again talking of what had been done to him, and the "abyss" he'll be facing if the DNA tests don't come through. But the most prolonged coming-apart came while he recounted finding "my baby," Kristie, the dimpled little girl, his accusers said, he'd laid on his lap and—as she gazed up at him, hands outstretched—stabbed 33 times. His body shook; his face turned red; he pounded the table, pulled at his hair, bit his fist, as if lost in depthless grief. Stock-still, you sat there, studying his ice-blue eyes.

Never was there a tear. □


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Vanities



AARON GO BRAWN

Name and occupation: Aaron Eckhart, actor. **Age:** 30. **Enraged female audiences in:** Neil LaBute's *In the Company of Men,* playing a misogynistic executive who victimizes co-workers. **Soon to have the tables turned in:** LaBute's next film, *Your Friends and Neighbors,* co-starring Jason Patric and Ben Stiller, in which he plays a pushover victimized by fellow suburbanites. **Does your Mormon family find it uncomfortable to see you in LaBute's emotionally brutal films?** "I told them they really couldn't see *Your Friends and Neighbors.* My mom doesn't need to see that. *I'm* afraid to see it." **Could that be because you went on a milk-shake diet and gained 45 pounds for the role?** "That was terrible. My character was insecure and spineless. So I wanted to be soft and round. And it worked, because I was really depressed." **Now that you've truly arrived in Hollywood, do you have any advice for actors trying to escape commercial and soap-opera purgatory?** "James Cagney said to young actors, 'Never relax.' I admire people like Vincent D'Onofrio and Edward Norton—because they're solidly focused on the work. I'm going to try never to sit back and say, 'I'm here.' "

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY THURNHER

Vanities



V.F. Camera

LIVELY CORRESPONDENTS

The annual White House Correspondents' Association Dinner—a once staid event that, with a glut of celebrity, has become one of the capital's most glamorous nights—was sent over the top as a record number of stars turned out, and crowds lined the barricades at the Washington Hilton as they do at L.A.'s Shrine Auditorium on Oscar night. In the D.C. twilight, spectators glimpsed Warren Beatty, Annette Bening, Michael Douglas, Barbara Walters, Senator John Warner, Jon Bon Jovi, Representative Mary Bono, Richard Dreyfuss, and Dana Delaney. They, along with Walter Cronkite, Ken Burns, and Earl Spencer, mingled with more than 300 other guests at *Vanity Fair*'s post-party at the Russian-trade-federation building, which was once the Lothrop family mansion. Also in attendance were Sidney Blumenthal, John Podesta, James Rubin, Anthony Lake, Ann Lewis, Capricia Marshall, Harold Ickes, Mandy Grunwald, Tommy Boggs, Bob Squier, Peter Jennings, and Martha Stewart. The party finally wound down at three A.M., but not before a barefoot Frances Fisher enjoyed a pas de deux on the lawn—one of the evening's many anti-bureaucratic moments. —RIZA CRUZ

In a past life I was a
ermaid who fell in love
th an ancient mariner. I
led him into the sea to be
husband. I didn't know he
couldn't breathe underwater.



ce i was a court jester.
' hated that damn hat.



In a past life el was pure,
glacial spring water.



inlandia's pure taste responsibly.



Swing shift. Sitting, from left, Ken Maher, Jim Mathus, and Tom Maxwell. Standing, Katharine Whalen, Jr. Widenhouse, Chris Phillips, and Stu Cole.

Zipper Than Thou

Upon the unceremonious death of grunge, no one could have guessed that the freshest sound on the airwaves would come straight out of New Orleans and Harlem—circa 1930. Enter the North Carolina jazz septet the Squirrel Nut Zippers. In 1997 their calypso-meets-Dante hit, "Hell," launched the band's sophomore album, *Hot,* into the platinum empyrean—and the Zippers into packed clubs across America. While the Zippers' influences run from Cab Calloway to Fats Waller to Betty Boop, a couple of things about their sound are certain: it's hot and it's *old.* Singer-songwriter-guitarist Jim Mathus, who grew up in Mississippi, was raised to appreciate the folk and country music of the 1930s and 40s. After he made a few trips to New Orleans at the age of 18, the transition to jazz was not difficult. "The musical genres of the 30s, 40s, and 50s were incestuous," says Mathus. "If you can play a traditional folk song like 'Sitting on Top of the World,' you can play jazz." Following a move to North Carolina, Mathus met his future wife, Katharine Whalen, and they discovered their common affinity for the sounds of a bygone era. In 1994, Mathus and Whalen (who sings and plays banjo) decided to take a chance and bring it all back. With the addition of musical bottle rocket Tom Maxwell and a talented orchestra, the Squirrel Nut Zippers were born. The Zippers' fascination with nostalgia is thoroughly pervasive: from their fly collars and broad-striped suits to their quirky name, which comes from a brand of caramel-nut candy. Now, with their third album, *Perennial Favorites,* releasing this August, prepare to dust off your two-tones: as the Zippers proclaim on their debut album, *The Inevitable,* "If it's good enough for Granddad, it's good enough for me." —JOHN GILLIES

Night-Table Reading

Eric Bogosian,
actor-playwright,
Pounding Nails in the Floor with My Forehead

The Half-Life of Happiness, *by John Casey (Knopf).*
"I needed a big novel to get lost in; this one filled the bill."



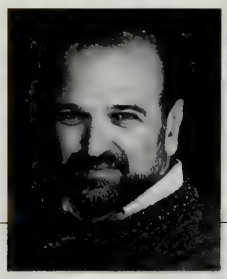


Brian Jacques,
author of
The Long Patrol

The Iliad, *by Homer (Penguin).*
"I first read it when I was a lad. It is the stuff of real adventure in powerful, powerful language."

Andrew Davis,
director of
A Perfect Murder

Drug Crazy: How We Got into This Mess and How We Can Get Out, *by Mike Gray (Random House).*
"A riveting overview of the drug-war battlefield that will leave you gasping. Gray is a brilliant writer."





Dr. Laura Schlessinger,
radio talk-show host

Man's Search for Meaning, *by Viktor E. Frankl (Washington Square Press).*
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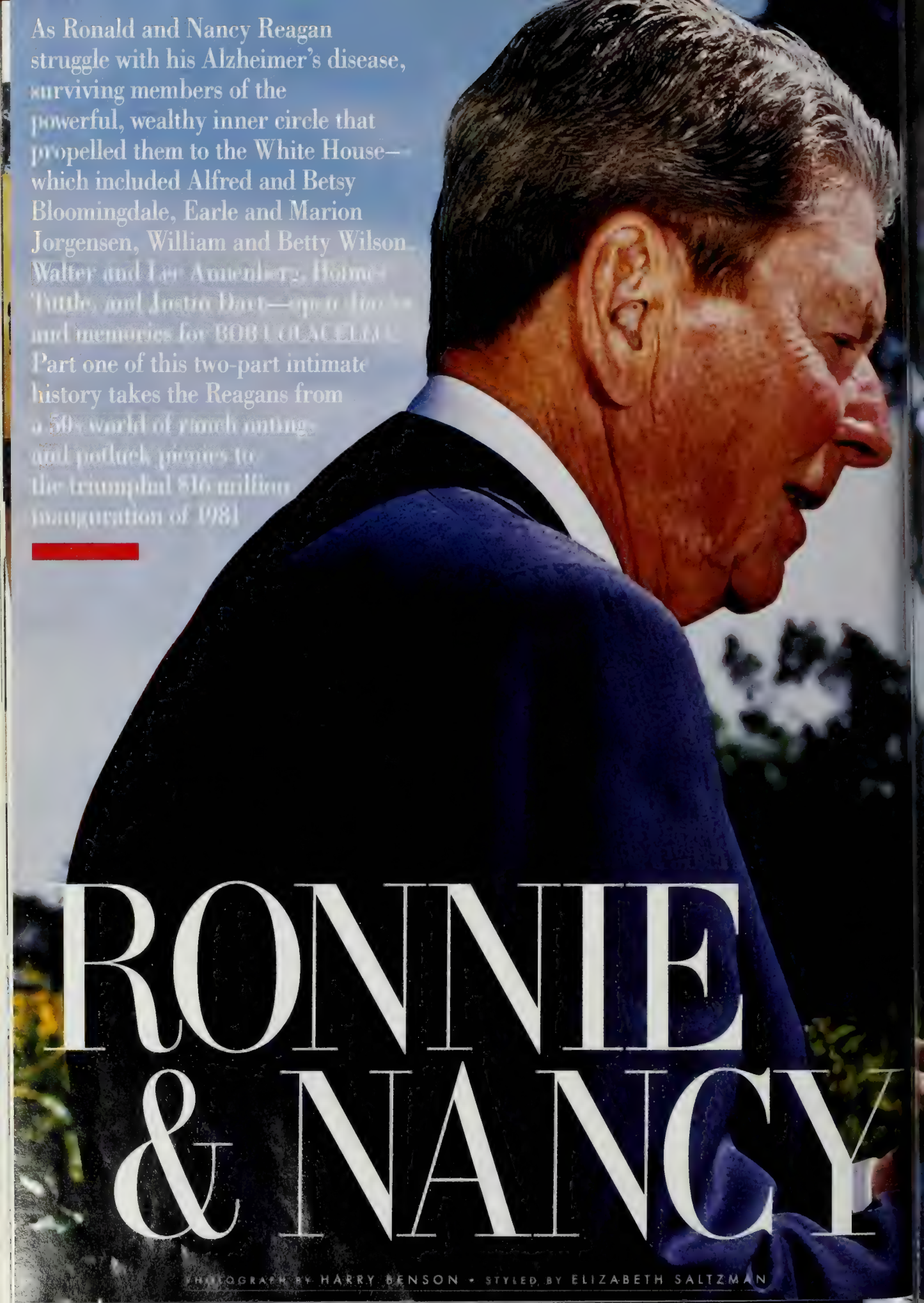
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As Ronald and Nancy Reagan struggle with his Alzheimer's disease, surviving members of the powerful, wealthy inner circle that propelled them to the White House—which included Alfred and Betsy Bloomingdale, Earle and Marion Jorgensen, William and Betty Wilson, Walter and Lee Annenberg, Holmes Tuttle, and Justin Dart—open their hearts and memories for BOB COLACELLO. Part one of this two-part intimate history takes the Reagans from a '50s world of ranch outings and potluck picnics to the triumphal $16 million inauguration of 1981

RONNIE & NANCY

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON • STYLED BY ELIZABETH SALTZMAN



HOLDING TOGETHER

Ronald and Nancy Reagan, photographed for the first time in recent years, at their home in Bel Air on April 16, 1998.

"Thursday, August 22, 1985: Dinner for 14, for Nancy and Ronald Reagan. I had everything finished and set by Wednesday, except the table flowers, done by David Jones. The house looked so beautiful. I bricked-in down at the pool. Got two lovely statues from Ted Graber that I had found and he had mounted. Guests arrived at 7 to 7:15, for the Reagans' 7:30 arrival. I had 30 Secret Service that had drinks and food in the laundry. Then dinner upstairs for eight more, and the doctor and nurse and man with the black bag. This was in my old nurse's room. Guests told me people lined the street and waved little flags. When the helicopters started to fly overhead I knew they were near, and Jim Lake of the White House came to get me so I could go to the front door. They arrived a little after 7:30, Nancy in evening pajamas. Two long limos with flags—you never know which one they're in—followed by a communications van and, I was told, an ambulance. I brought them down to the pool house, and once they were there it was just like always: cozy, warm, good friends. The men gathered around Ronnie as he told whatever, and the girls around Nancy. She wanted me to 'get him off his feet.' Which I did. Made all the guys sit. Dinner was at 8:15, and it was dark when we went up to the dining room, which was all aglow in candlelight. And the four bowls of open roses and all the Flora Danica—it was really a beautiful table, if I do say so myself. Caviar and smoked salmon and avocado to begin with. Boned stuffed chicken with straw potatoes, carrots, and asparagus. Fresh peach ice cream with fresh peaches and raspberries and fresh raspberry sauce and lace cookies. After dinner, I had Clark Keene at the piano for background music. Ronnie told funny stories, and some not so funny, about Iran and Iraq, for example. They left around 11. A perfect evening. And this has to be a thrill for me. I'd never be blasé about the president coming to dinner."

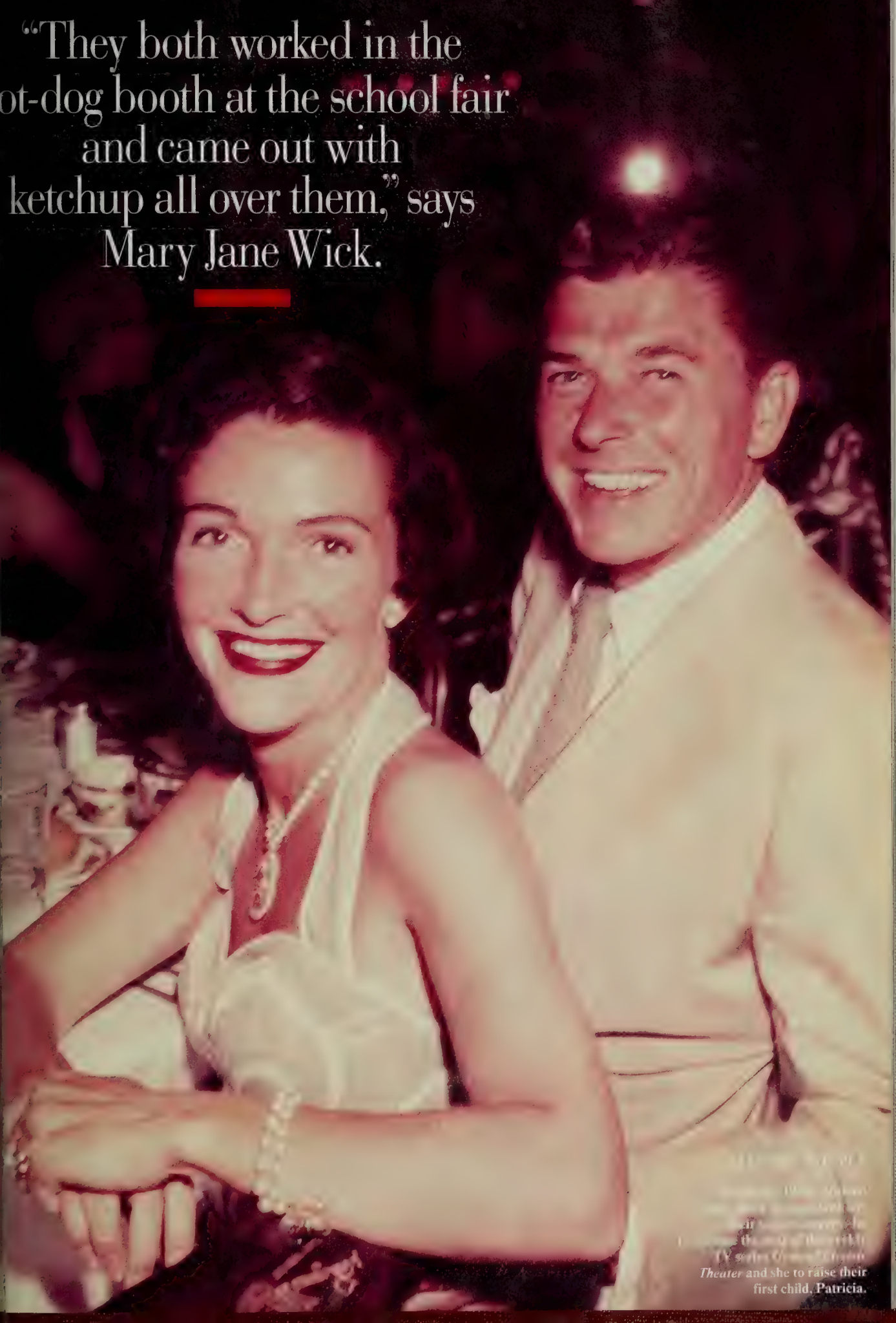
Betsy Bloomingdale, the Los Angeles socialite who was known as the First Friend when Nancy Reagan was First Lady, is sitting on a red-and-green printed-linen sofa in the library of her Palladian-style house in Holmby Hills, reading aloud from her diary. The entries she reads to me are tabbed with Post-its, and have been run by Nancy Reagan this morning. The former president and Mrs. Reagan live five minutes away, on St. Cloud Road in neighboring Bel Air, guarded by Secret Service men behind a stone wall lined with hedges. Their retirement house is a basic California ranch set on an acre with a pool, a rose garden, a greenhouse, and a sweeping view of Los Angeles. It was bought for them 10 years ago, for a reported $2.5 million, by a group of friends, many of them the same California tycoons whose support propelled Ronald Reagan from Hollywood to the Governor's Mansion in Sacramento in 1966, and on to the White House 15 years later. Known as the Kitchen Cabinet—a term that goes back to the gang of cronies who unofficially advised President Andrew Jackson—they reached the apex of their power in 1981, when they helped pick President Reagan's first Cabinet. Their wives—referred to as the Group when they turned up en masse at the first Reagan inauguration with nearly identical blond bouffant hairdos and full-length sable coats—have been Nancy Reagan's closest friends from the early days of her marriage to Ronald Reagan, in the 1950s.

These friendships, which have survived political reversals and personal tragedies, including the former president's current illness, are remarkable for their longevity and intensity. Over the years, the Reagans and their friends almost came to resemble a court, and their social life took on an aura of ritual. Nancy Reagan set the tone, orchestrating the guest lists and the seating charts, establishing the pecking order, and maintaining a delicate balance between the private and the public. Her three be friends were like ladies-in-waiting: Be sy Bloomingdale, the wife of Diners Clu co-founder Alfred Bloomingdale; Ma ion Jorgensen, the wife of steel ma nate Earle Jorgensen; and Betty Wilso the Pennzoil heiress and the wife c oil-equipment manufacturer William Wi son. The Kitchen Cabinet was led b three outspoken conservatives—auto dea er Holmes Tuttle, drugstore magnat Justin Dart, and oilman Henry Salva tori—who raised money for Reaga and advised him on appointments an policy. Somewhat removed but extremel influential were the group's only bi lionaire, Walter Annenberg, the owne of *TV Guide* and President Nixon ambassador to Great Britain, and hi wife, Lee, who were based in Philade phia but who spent several month each year in California.

Every summer for 25 years, thes same couples trekked to the Santa Yne Mountains for Nancy Reagan's birth day party, which had started out as potluck picnic at the Wilsons' ranch and evolved into a barbecue catere by Chasen's at the Reagans' Rancho del Cielo. Every New Year's Eve fo 20 years, they celebrated at Sunnylands the Annenbergs' palatial Palm Spring estate. Every Election Night, they watched the returns in Bel Air at Earle and Marion Jorgensen's house. When President Reagan turned 70 in 1981, and 75 in 1986, his black-tie birthday parties at the White House were paid for by the Annenbergs, the Jorgensens, the Wilsons, and the Armand Deutsches. "We all stood up when Ronnie cu the cake," recalls Harriet Deutsch, sit ting in the screening room of thei Beverly Hills house, surrounded b dozens of framed photographs of the Reagans and their friends. "Oh, h was so darling. The most loving, swee man. I don't think he has a mea bone in his body. And Nancy is a dar ling friend. When she's your friend."

Like almost all of the Rea gan intimates I inter viewed, Armand Deutsch a retired movie produce and an heir to the Sears Roebuck fortune, and his wife, Harriet, would see me only after getting the O.K. from Nancy Reagan, who is still very much the First Lady of this tight-knit group,

"They both worked in the ot-dog booth at the school fair and came out with ketchup all over them," says Mary Jane Wick.



Theater and she to raise their first child, Patricia.




IT'S
MY
BIRTHDA





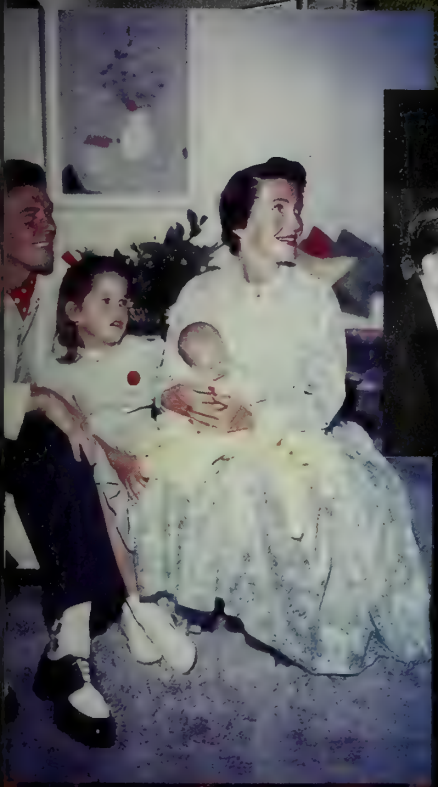














GRAND OLD PARTIES

Opposite page, clockwise from top left: **the Reagans celebrate his re-election as governor in Los Angeles, 1970; Nancy's birthday at Bill and Betty Wilson's ranch in Mexico, with Earle and Marion Jorgensen (in straw hat); the Reagans during the 1980 presidential campaign at their Middleburg, Va., retreat; in Trancas, Calif., when he was governor; Bill Wilson, Nancy, Ronnie, and Earle Jorgensen at the Wilson ranch; the Reagans at Ciro's in the 50s; Armand and Harriet Deutsch and Walter and Lee Annenberg in Sun Valley, 1978.** ***This page, clockwise from top left:*** **the Reagans in their fully equipped G.E. kitchen, 1950s; at their ranch, 1982; with Ray Stark and Alfred Bloomingdale, 1979; at home in Beverly Hills, mid-60s; the couple in 1971; with Patti and Ron junior, 1958.**





or what is left of it. Most members of the Kitchen Cabinet are gone, including Holmes Tuttle, Justin Dart, and Henry Salvatori, who died last year at the age of 96. The Salvatori house, an all-white Bel Air mansion reminiscent of Mount Vernon, recently sold for a reported $18 million. William French Smith, the corporate lawyer who went to Washington as Reagan's first attorney general, died eight years ago; his widow, Jean, lives in Bel Air in a gated community near the Getty Museum. Betty Wilson's funeral was held at St. Timothy's Catholic Church in Brentwood in July 1996, and Walter Annenberg, Armand Deutsch, and Earle Jorgensen were honorary pallbearers. William Wilson, ambassador to the Vatican under Reagan and now in his early 80s, is one of a handful of trusted friends who play golf with the former president on Saturdays at the exclusive Los Angeles Country Club. "My father would *carry* him around the golf course if he had to," says Wilson's daughter Marcia Hobbs.

Since November 1994, when Reagan revealed in an open letter to the nation that he was suffering from the early stages of Alzheimer's disease, Nancy Reagan has become all the more protective of his well-being and image. She no longer entertains at home or gives interviews. I saw her socially, however, on three occasions in Los Angeles last fall. The first was at a lunch at the Hotel Bel-Air, where she had her usual Cobb salad, followed by peanut-butter, oatmeal, and chocolate-chip cookies, baked especially for her.

One night Betsy Bloomingdale gave a small dinner party at home which included the Deutsches, Mary Jane and Charles Wick, who was head of the U.S. Information Agency under Reagan, and Ray Stark, the Old Guard movie producer, whose late wife, Fran, was an auxiliary member of the Group.

Another night, Mrs. Reagan hosted a dinner for 24 at the Ronald Reagan Library & Museum in Simi Valley, after a talk by Diane Sawyer, commemorating the $60 million building's sixth anniversary. Her escort was

her old friend Merv Griffin, and her guests included the Wicks and Betsy Bloomingdale. I was seated next to Marion Jorgensen, whose husband celebrated his 100th birthday in June with a dinner dance at the Los Angeles Country Club. "We go back a long way with Ronald Reagan," she told me. "To before he was ever *thinking* of running for public office, when he was working for General Electric. And they were such a great couple, Ronnie and Nancy. They've always been exactly the same. They are tremendous supports to one another. She has been—she is—a pillar."

Since then I have seen Nancy Reagan several more times in Los Angeles, as well as in New York, at dinner parties at Mortimer's and Elio's. Her best New York friend, Jerome Zipkin, died in 1995, but she is still very close to Brooke Astor, Bill Blass, Gloria Vanderbilt, Carroll Petrie, the widow of near-billionaire philanthropist Milton Petrie, and Casey Ribicoff, whose husband, Connecticut senator Abe Ribicoff, also a victim of Alzheimer's disease, died this year. Although the former First Lady is as well turned out as ever, and as quick to embrace her pals with a hug, her thoughts sometimes seem to be elsewhere, and her great big eyes brim with tears when people ask about "the president."

In Los Angeles, she goes out several times a week, if not with the ladies of the Group, with Merv Griffin and other showbiz friends, including Johnny Mathis. This March, Lee Annenberg sent a plane to bring her and Betsy Bloomingdale to Walter's 90th-birthday party in Palm Springs. But she also spends many evenings at home with her husband, often reading her White House diaries and watching videos of state dinners and official trips—perhaps in preparation for a miniseries on the Reagans which TBS Superstation will air in 1999, and for which they are receiving a sum said to be in the mid six figures.

As she turns 75 this month, Nancy Reagan, who in her power days was called everything from Queen Nancy to the Iron Butterfly, finally seems to be mellowing. She told me that a year ago she called Reagan's first wife, Jane Wyman, whom neither of the Reagans had been friendly with since Wyman divorced Reagan in 1948, to discuss family matters. Ironically, of Ronald Reagan's four children, Maureen, his daughter by Jane Wyman, is the one Nancy is closest to, and she is most estranged from her own son, Ron, who was once the apple of her eye but who stopped speaking to her five years ago. Ron Reagan and his wife, Doria, a child psychologist, live in Seattle, and he reports for a television talk show about the Internet. The other two children, Michael, the adopted son of Reagan and Wyman, and Patti Davis, have also had their disagreements with her. The thinking among family friends is that the extraordinary closeness of Ronald and Nancy Reagan, as one puts it, "made the kids feel left out."

The Reagans still sleep in the same bed. She is the one person he consistently recognizes, and when she is away he wanders through the house looking for her. "Our relationship is very special," she said to me one day at lunch. "We were very much in love, and still are. Thank God we found each other. When I say my life began with Ronnie, well, it's true. It did. Forty-six years? Can't imagine it without him."

By all accounts, this lasting love affair has been the cornerstone of Ronald Reagan's political career. He had the big ideas he believed could change the country and the world for the better. She created the atmosphere and forged the friendships which made it possible for him to carry out what both of them saw as his destiny.

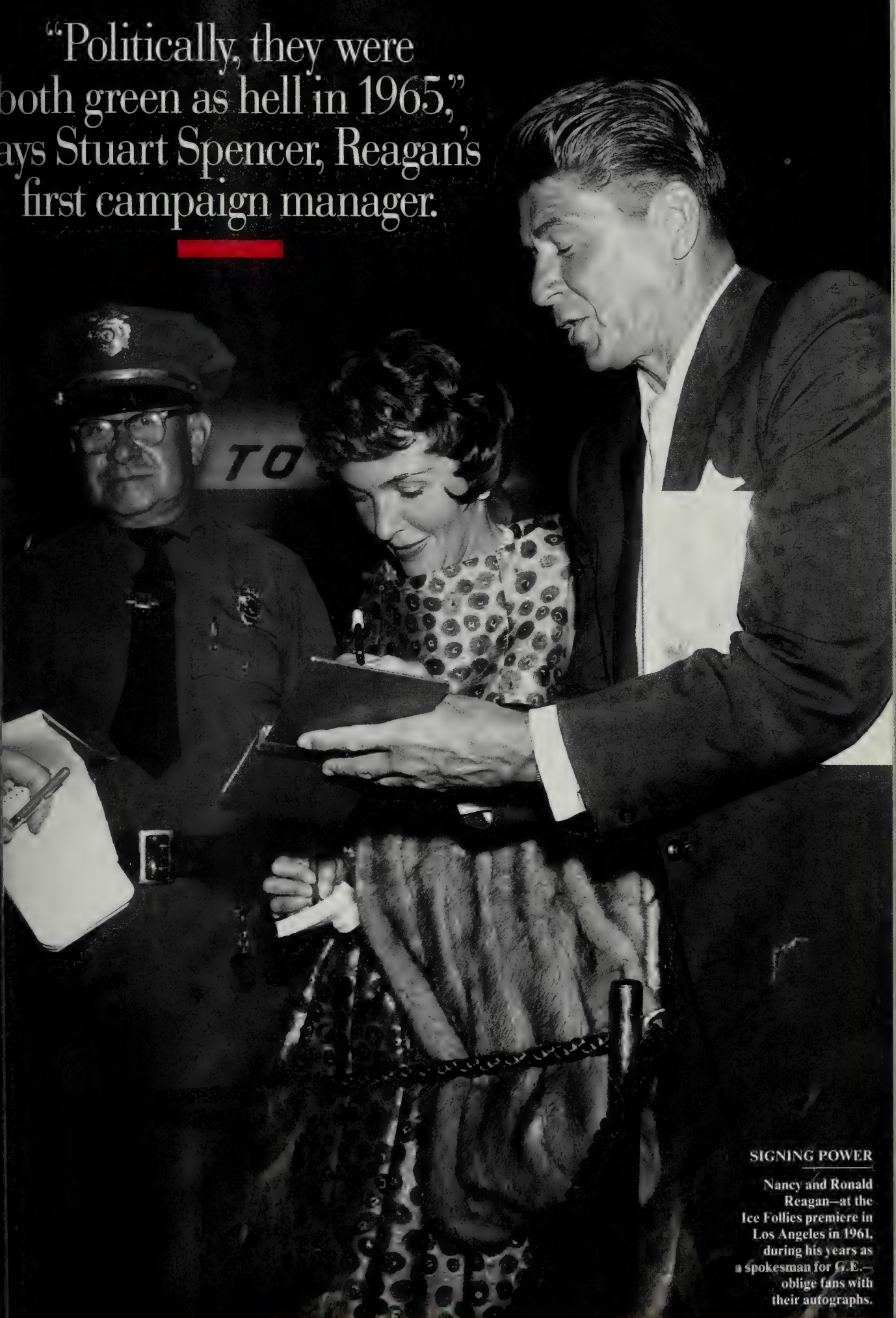
"I think Nancy Reagan was *totally* devoted to Ronald Reagan and his causes," says Richard Helms, director of the C.I.A. under Presidents Johnson and Nixon and one of Mrs. Reagan's confidants in Washington. "And even to this day, my God, I call her up and she's right there on the politics: *What about this? And wasn't it awful what they said about that? If they could only do this* ... Everybody talks about Mrs. Roosevelt, but Mrs. Roosevelt had her own agenda. I didn't have any sense that Mrs. Roosevelt was pushing her husband very hard about his appointees or his assistants or how he ran his office. Whereas I think Nancy Reagan was just keeping track of everything that was going on with respect to Ronnie—who was undermining him, who was supporting hi
In fact—oh, hell, I'm no American h
torian, but I don't know how any Fi
Lady could have been any closer
her president than she was."

Ronald and Nancy Re
gan were married
March 4, 1952, ju
outside Los Angele
at the Little Brow
Church in the Valle
by a Protestant mi
ister. Their witnesses and only gues
were the movie star William Holde
and his wife, Ardis. They hone
mooned at the Frank Lloyd Wright
inspired Arizona Biltmore in Phoeni
where her parents, Dr. Loyal Davi
a prominent Chicago neurosurgeo
and Edith Luckett, a retired stag
actress, spent the winters. The Davi
es' social circle included Arizona se
ator Barry Goldwater and his wif
Peggy, as well as winter residen
Brooke and Vincent Astor and Cla
Boothe and Henry Luce, the founde
of *Time, Life,* and *Fortune* magazine
"It's always written that my father w
a rich, conservative John Bircher,
Nancy Reagan says, referring to Lo
al Davis, who was actually her ste
father. "That is untrue. He was n
rich. He was not a John Bircher. H
life was medicine. I never heard hi
say that he was a Republican. M
mother was a Democrat—southe
Democrat, y'all. And I knew *nothin*
about politics."

At the time, Reagan considered
himself a New Deal Democrat. H
had campaigned for Truman in 194
and was one of a group of well-know
Democrats who signed a telegram ur
ing Eisenhower to become their pa
ty's candidate in 1952. His movie care
was nearly over, but he was still a k
player in Hollywood as president
the Screen Actors Guild, a positio
he held from 1947 to 1952 and aga
from 1959 to 1960. And although h
had testified before the House U
American Activities Committee in 194
about Communist infiltration of movie
industry unions, he managed to do s
without naming names. Jane Wyma
asked for a divorce that same year b
cause she was bored by his growi
political interests.

Ronald and Nancy Reagan boug
their first house, a four-bedroom ranc

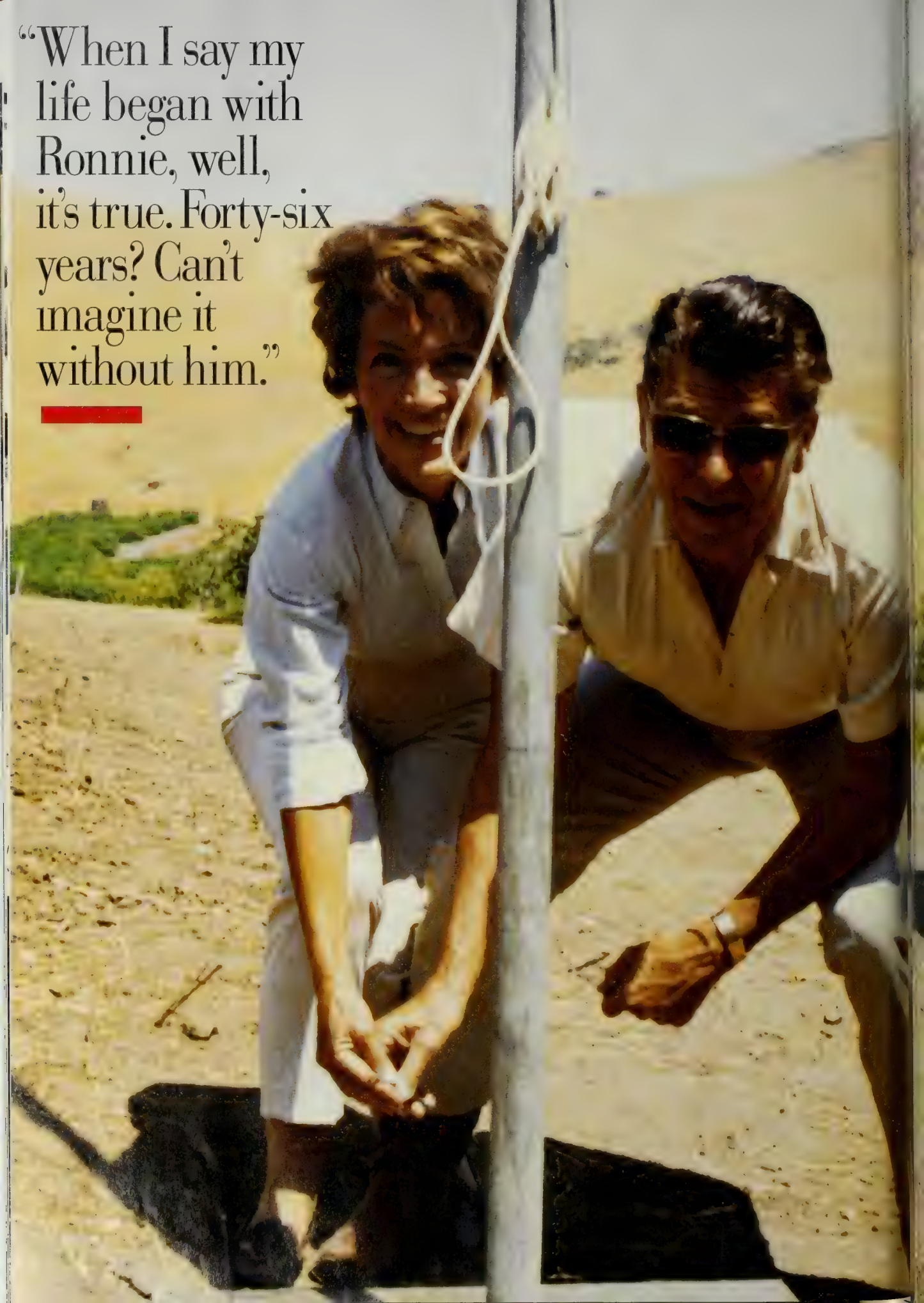
"Politically, they were both green as hell in 1965," says Stuart Spencer, Reagan's first campaign manager.



SIGNING POWER

Nancy and Ronald Reagan—at the Ice Follies premiere in Los Angeles in 1961, during his years as a spokesman for G.E.—oblige fans with their autographs.

"When I say my life began with Ronnie, well, it's true. Forty-six years? Can't imagine it without him."





RANCH HANDS. The Reagans celebrate Nancy's birthday at their second country house, Rancho California, in Riverside County, in July 1970.

on Amalfi Drive in Pacific Palisades, for $42 000. The Gregory Pecks, the Joseph Cottens, and the Lawrence Welks lived nearby. She abandoned her movie career and had her first child, Patricia Ann, in October 1952. He was so desperate for work that he briefly tried stand-up comedy in Las Vegas. Then, in late 1953, Taft Schreiber, an agent at MCA—who a decade later would become one of the early members of the Kitchen Cabinet—found Reagan the job that would not only bring him financial security but also gradually transform him from a Hollywood labor-union leader into a national spokesman for the free-enterprise system. As host of the CBS weekly television series *General Electric Theater,* Reagan received a salary of $150,000. His duties included promoting G.E. and its products around the country—he always traveled by train or car because he was afraid to fly. Over the next eight years, he visited all 139 G.E. plants in 38 states, addressing business organizations and meeting 250,000 of the company's workers.

In 1956 the Reagans built a larger house less than a mile away overlooking the ocean on San Onofre Drive. In May 1958 their second child, Ronald Prescott, was born. "Our children went to nursery school together, at John Thomas Dye, a private school in Bel Air," Mary Jane Wick tells me over iced tea in the green-and-white lanai of the Wicks' Holmby Hills house. "Nancy drove a red Pontiac station wagon. And we became friends because we would always get there early. A lot of people didn't pick up their own children. They had nannies, and *they* picked them up. Nancy always picked up her children. Nancy and Ronnie were both very involved with the school. She was a member of the Mothers' Club board. They both worked in the hot-dog booth at the annual May Day school fair. And they both came out with ketchup and mustard all over them when it was over."

"We used to go to parties a lot on San Onofre Drive," says Armand Deutsch, who had become friendly with Nancy Reagan in the late 1940s, when he was producing movies at MGM and she was a contract actress there. "They often had barbecues for 18 people—show-business people pretty much. Bill and Ardis Holden. George Burns and Gracie Allen. And Jack Benny always referred to Ronnie as 'Governor'—I don't know why, but he did. We also used to go to the Reagans' every Christmas morning for eggnog."

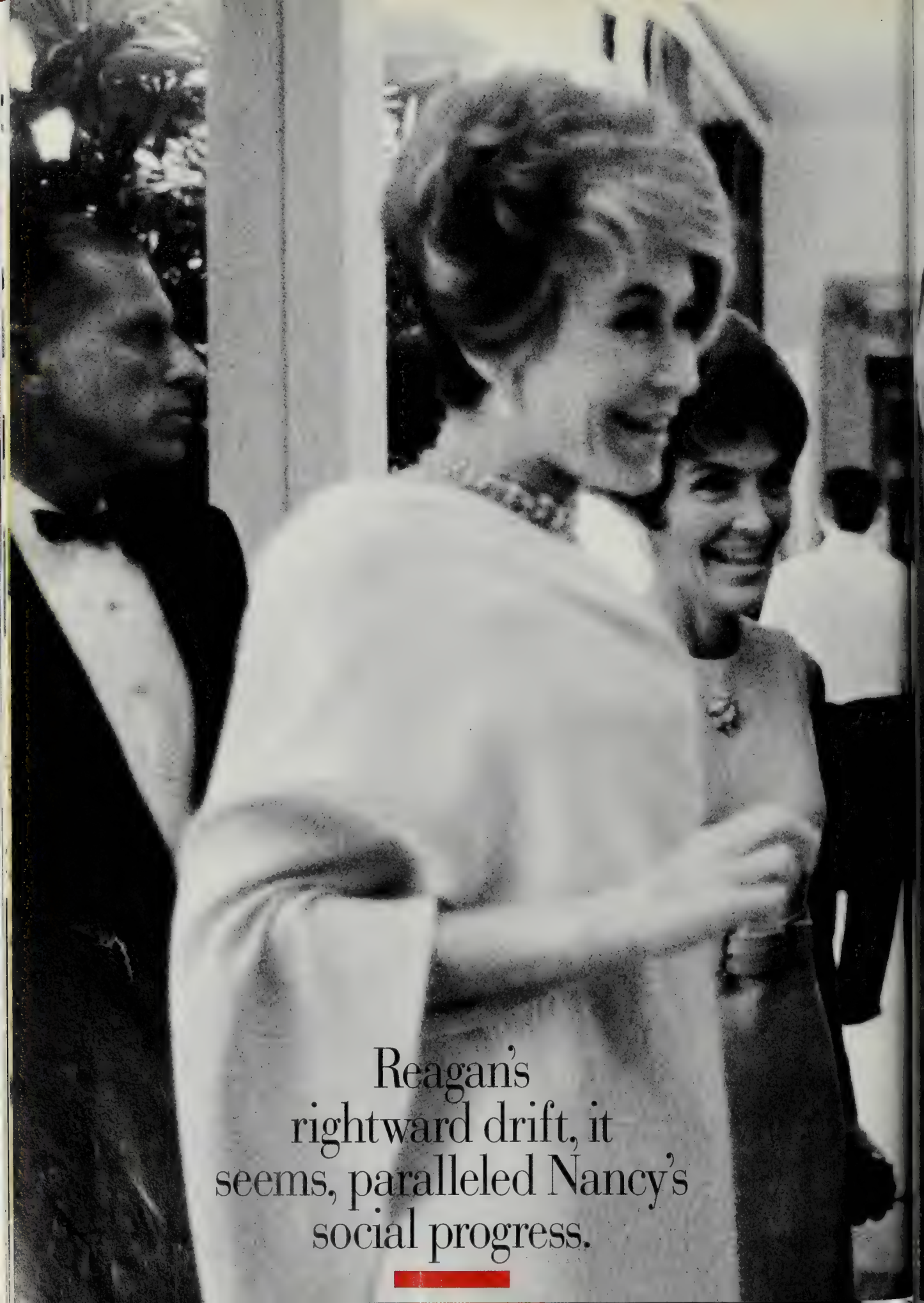
It was mainly through the Deutsches, in the 1950s, that the Reagans grew closer to the Annenbergs, although Ronald Reagan and Walter Annenberg had struck up a friendship in the late 1930s, when the Philadelphia publishing scion would go out to Hollywood to check on one of his father's magazines, *Screen Guide.* Lee Annenberg, a niece of Columbia Pictures czar Harry Cohn's, and Harriet Deutsch had been best friends since they were in their early 20s and married to their first husbands, Las Vegas casino owner Beldon Katleman and movie director Sylvan Simon, respectively. Lee was married a second time, to Schenley liquor king Lewis Rosenstiel, before marrying Walter Annenberg—who had also been previously married—in 1951, the same year the Deutsches tied the knot.

Upon his father's death in 1942, Annenberg had taken over a nearly bankrupt Triangle Publications, which included *The Philadelphia Inquirer* and the *Daily Racing Form.* He started *Seventeen* magazine in 1944 and *TV Guide* in 1953. Reagan was on the cover of *TV Guide* in 1958 and 1961. "As far back as I can remember, Ronnie was always interested in the issues of the day," says Lee Annenberg of those early years of their friendship. "He wasn't just a Hollywood star. He was a thinking man. And a lot of people, I think, didn't realize that."

When the Deutsches moved to their current house, a sprawling white-brick-and-glass ranch set high above Coldwater Canyon, in 1960, the Annenbergs were the first to sign their guest book, followed by the Reagans:

> Being the first houseguests of Harriet and Artie is a privilege and responsibility of which we are proud. We are grateful for the privilege and find the responsibility inspirational.
>
> Always devotedly,
> Lee and Walter Annenberg

We have no hesitation, indeed it is with pride we take second billing to Lee and



Reagan's rightward drift, it seems, paralleled Nancy's social progress.



FIRST FRIEND

Betsy Bloomingdale greets guests at a party at the Bloomingdales' house in Holmby Hills for Governor Ronald Reagan and the First Lady, 1967.

Walter. And besides, we'd sign anything anywhere just to be at the Deutsches'.

Ronald Reagan
Me too. Nancy. XX

Next to the kiss-kiss symbol, Nancy Reagan drew a little "happy face."

The Reagans met the Wilsons around 1960, at a dinner party in Brentwood given by Bill and Frances Hawks—he was the brother of the movie director Howard Hawks. "Ron and I hit it off pretty well," William Wilson—still very much the gentleman cowboy, in a gray suit and dark tie, with a full head of silver hair and sideburns—tells me in the wood-paneled bar of the Hotel Bel-Air. "He had a little ranch up in the Malibu mountains then, and I like horses, so we had some things in common. And, of course, Betty and Nancy got along very well, because they had a number of mutual friends. And that's how it started."

Betty Wilson was a member of the Colleagues, an elite charity organization limited to 65 women which raised money for the children of unwed mothers. So were Marion Jorgensen and Betsy Bloomingdale. Nancy Reagan was made a member in 1962—the year Ronald Reagan became a Republican. His rightward drift, it seems, paralleled her social progress.

All three of Nancy Reagan's new best friends were natives of Los Angeles and had been educated at local private schools: Betty Wilson at Marymount in Westwood, Marion Jorgensen and Betsy Bloomingdale at Marlborough in old-money Hancock Park. Betty Wilson was from the richest family, and is invariably described as "the only brunette in the Group." A devout Catholic whose mother was the daughter of Italian immigrants, she fell in love with Bill Wilson at Stanford University in the late 1930s. An Episcopalian, he converted after he married her. His father owned a Los Angeles–based oil-equipment manufacturing business, which was a customer of Earle Jorgensen's steel company.

Marion Jorgensen, whose husband calls her "the General," was the grande dame of the trio. She had met Ronald Reagan at Jimmy and Gloria Stewart's house when he was married to Jane

Wyman—"We don't mention that," she says—and she was married to Hollywood producer Milton Bren. Her second husband was Richard Call, the son of Pacific Mutual Life Insurance chief Asa Call, a major behind-the-scenes player in the Republican Party and one of the closest allies of Norman Chandler, then the all-powerful publisher of the *Los Angeles Times.* She married Earle Jorgensen, who had also been married twice before, in 1960. The son of Danish immigrants from San Francisco, he'd made his way to Los Angeles just after the First World War, and started Jorgensen Steel & Aluminum "by selling his extra suit and getting two dollars and a half," to quote Marion, who, well into her 80s, still wears Chanel suits and has the legs of a showgirl.

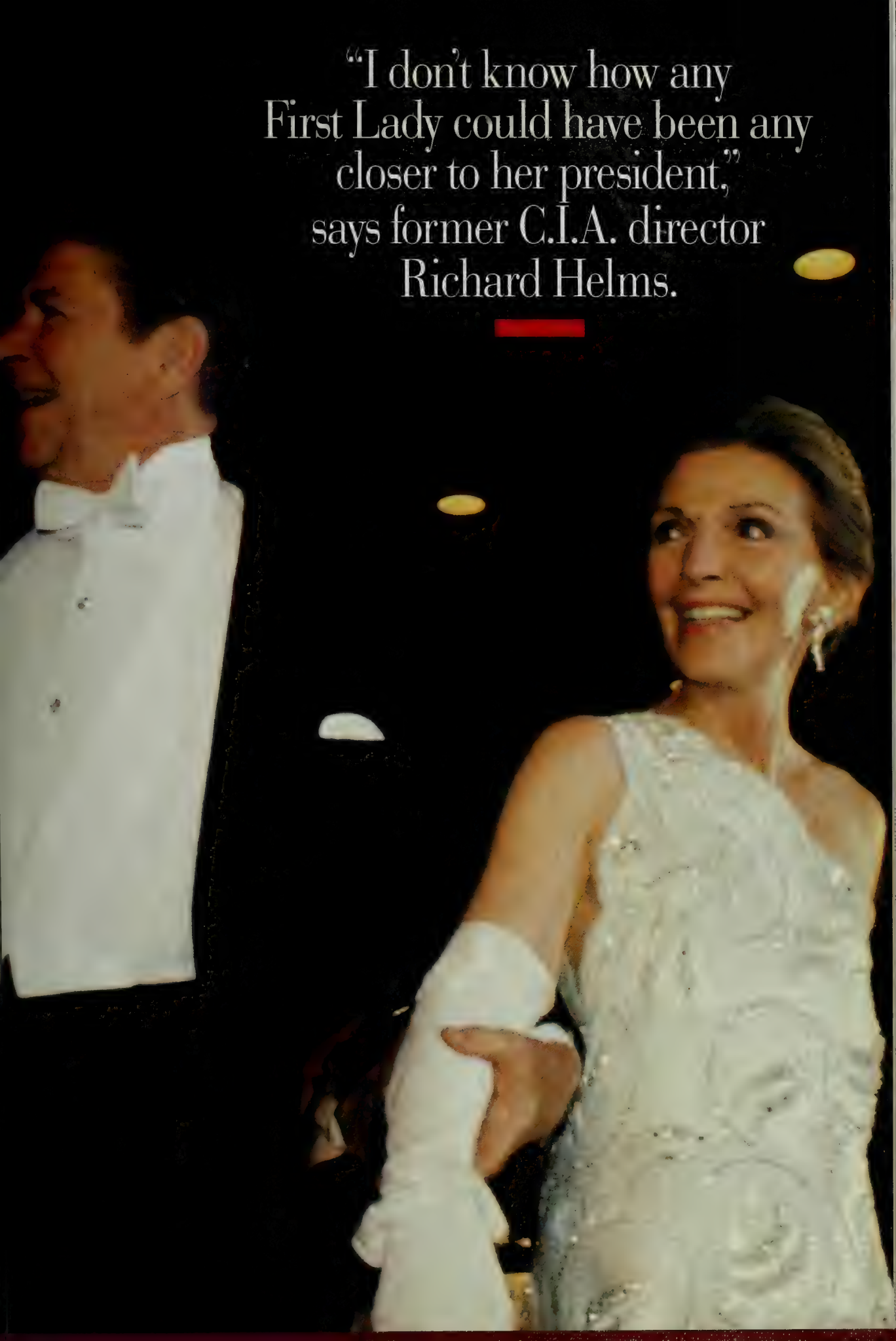
Betsy Bloomingdale, the fashion plate of the Group, was the last to befriend Nancy Reagan, but she ultimately became the closest, dispensing advice about clothes, decorating, and entertaining. "We became friends because our children were in camp together," she says. "We'd drive up to Douglas camp in the Carmel Valley, and we would stay at John Gardiner's tennis ranch. I remember the kids would all be lined up with their hands out, and Ronnie would inspect their fingernails."

The daughter of an Australian-born, Harvard-educated orthodontist who had settled in Los Angeles in the 1920s, Bloomingdale was a bridesmaid at the teenage Gloria Vanderbilt's scandalous 1941 Santa Barbara wedding to playboy Howard Hughes's sidekick Pat di Cicco. In 1946 she married Alfred Bloomingdale, an heir to the New York department-store fortune, who had come out West to produce movies, and proceeded to transform him, as he himself often said, from a Jewish Democrat into a Catholic Republican. In 1952 he bought control of Diners Club, one of the first credit-card companies. The Bloomingdales' houses, in Bel Air and then Holmby Hills, were decorated by Billy Haines, who had done the houses of such reigning Los Angeles hostesses as Edie Goetz, the daughter of Louis B. Mayer, and Anita May, the wife of the chairman of CONTINUED ON PAGE 134



TIDAL WAVE

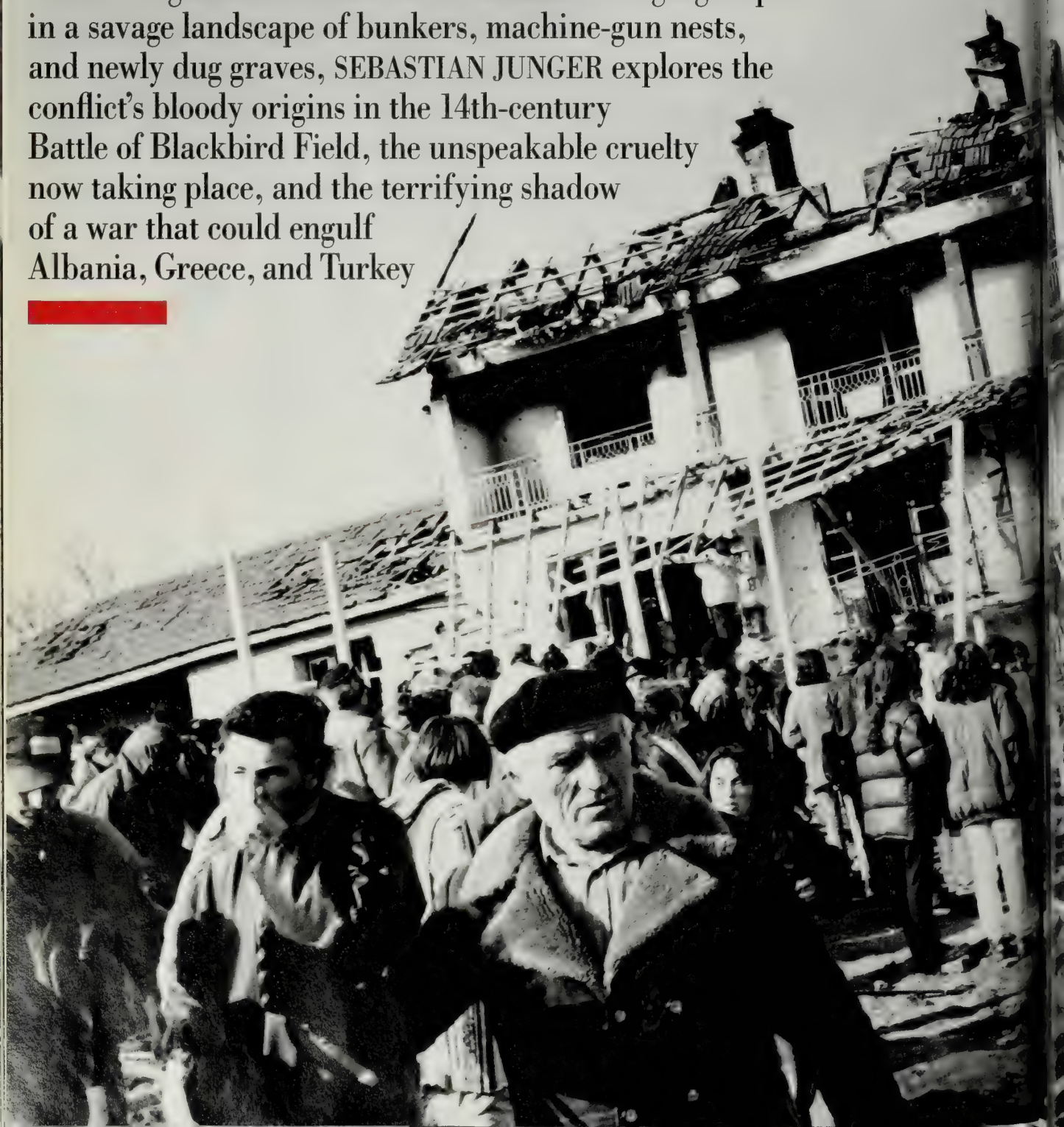
The Reagans brought high style back to Washington at an inaugural ball on January 20, 1981. He wore white tie and tails, and she arrived in a one-shoulder Galanos dress and diamond-and-pearl drop earrings.



"I don't know how any First Lady could have been any closer to her president," says former C.I.A. director Richard Helms.

Kosovo's Valley

Once again, the Serb army is bombarding villages and massacring entire families, this time to crush a fledgling independence movement in the province of Kosovo, on the former Yugoslavia's border with Albania. Dodging sniper bullets in a savage landscape of bunkers, machine-gun nests, and newly dug graves, SEBASTIAN JUNGER explores the conflict's bloody origins in the 14th-century Battle of Blackbird Field, the unspeakable cruelty now taking place, and the terrifying shadow of a war that could engulf Albania, Greece, and Turkey



of Death



DEATHWATCH

On March 11 people from Prekaz and surrounding villages pay homage to the 30 members of the Jashari family killed by special forces of the Serb police. The victims died as their houses collapsed on them, or they were shot trying to surrender or flee.



FIGHTING, DEVOTION, DUST

Clockwise from above: **Ethnic Albanians were exhumed from makeshift graves in Prekaz to be buried according to Islamic rites, March 11; here the survivors hold pictures of the dead for journalists. Map of the former Republic of Yugoslavia with Kosovo Province. Serb police disperse ethnic Albanians in Priština, the capital of Kosovo, as they demonstrate in response to the Prekaz massacre. Fearing for their lives, a woman and her children join the thousands who fled the Prekaz region and were looking for refuge in other towns in Drenica, March 7. Smoke rising on March 5 from Prekaz after the Serb attack.**

It wasn't much of a town, Prekaz, just a dozen or so farmhouses strung along a dirt road that ran between some low brown hills. In the distance were the mountains of Albania, and all around were the dead winter fields of Kosovo. The houses had red tile roofs, thick white-washed walls, and traditional courtyards—a defensive layout that probably hadn't changed much in the past 800 years. The pastures began at the road and stretched up to the crests of the hills before ending in ugly swatches of scrub oak. It was the kind of scrub oak that would whip you in the face if you tried to run through it. It was the kind of scrub oak that you could disappear into.



Before dawn on March 5, hundreds of Serb special police took up positions on the hilltops around Prekaz. There were mortar emplacements, tanks, heavy artillery, 20-mm. cannon, and dozens of armored personnel carriers mounted with heavy machine guns. It was the first premeditated military assault by a European government against its own citizens since Nicolae Ceausescu unleashed his Romanian security police in 1989—and that was basically the last spasm of a dying government. Before that you'd have to go back to the Nazis. Kosovo, a province of Serbia, is only 200 miles from Italy; tourists come to ski in the winter. There hadn't been a war here since 1945. And now one of its towns was about to get scraped off the map.



The attack started with an artillery barrage against one household and quickly escalated to a ground assault against the entire village. Police in greasepaint and black uniforms poured out of armored cars and moved down the sodden brown hills, firing automatic weapons and rocket-propelled grenades. Mortar shells dropped into the houses and lit them on fire. Albanian-separatist guer-

The ground was littered with teeth and hair, and a human jawbone hung from a nearby bush.





rillas were said to be holed up in the town, and the Serbs weren't taking any chances—they weren't going to let the bastards surrender, and they weren't going to let them hide. If necessary, everyone would die.

Women and children took shelter until they realized it was only a matter of time before they were killed, and then they took their chances and ran through the gunfire into the woods. The men weren't so lucky. Some fought back and others just hid; either way, they died. They died as their houses collapsed on them; they died as automatic-weapons fire ripped through the cinder-block walls; they died on their doorsteps as they tried to surrender.

"The soldiers shouted for us to come out one by one or they would kill us," the daughter of a man named Šerif Jašari later told human-rights workers. "When my cousin Ćazim came out with his hands up, they killed him on the steps. We ran and had just gone through the first cordon when the soldiers caught my cousin Nazmi, who was helping his mother, Bahtije, along. They grabbed him, tore off the woman's dress we had given him to wear, and ordered him to lie down on the ground and then to get up. He had to do this many times. Then they fired into his head and back, and I saw his body jerking from the bullets."

The next person the Serbs shot was the girl's 17-year-old brother, Riad, hitting him twice. He fell to the ground, and his sister and mother took him by the arms and started dragging him into the woods. "We went through the second cordon posted in the street outside the house. Armed soldiers in green uniforms with yellow and black markings and the same colors smeared on their faces," Jašari's daughter said. "We hid in the bushes, and up on the hill we met some people we knew, and they drove my brother Riad to a safe place. When Bećir's wife, Sala, arrived, she said they had shot Bećir in the leg and that he had told her to go with the children. A few days later we heard Bećir was dead."

Bećir Jašari was a member of a wealthy Albanian family that was said to be involved in an Albanian independence movement in Kosovo. Kosovo is about 90 percent ethnic Albanian but remains part of the Serb-dominated former Republic of Yugoslavia, which stripped it of its autonomy in 1989.

Tensions in the area had been rising steadily since November, when three masked Albanian guerrillas appeared at the funeral of a man killed in a crossfire between Serb police and guerrillas. "The Kosovo Liberation Army is the only force which is fighting for the liberation and national

unity of Kosovo!" one of them shouted, and the mourners—20,000 strong—responded, "U-Ç-K!," the Albanian initials for the Kosovo Liberation Army. The opposition movement in Kosovo was headed by a longtime pacifist named Ibrahim Rugova, but it also had an armed wing ready to take the fight into the hills.

Almost immediately after their appearance at the funeral, the K.L.A. began ambushing police cars and sniping at the checkpoints. Then a car chase and shoot-out in late February resulted in the deaths of four policemen and five K.L.A. members. Another badly wounded K.L.A. fighter reportedly dragged himself to the home of Ahmet Ahmeti in a nearby village called Likošane. Like the Jašaris, the Ahmetis were a wealthy family rumored to have links to the K.L.A.

On February 28, the Serbs struck back. Attack helicopters blasted towns with gun and rocket fire, and policemen in black uniforms dragged people out of their houses and shot them on their doorsteps. Twenty-six were killed. Witnesses said the Ahmeti men over the age of 15 were separated from the women and children, savagely beaten, and then executed in their courtyard with shotgun blasts to their heads. One had his eyeballs dug out. Journalists who later visited the house reported that the ground was littered with teeth and hair, and that a human jawbone hung from a nearby bush.

There was a brief lull while people buried their dead, and then the police moved in on Prekaz, which lay only a few hundred yards from an old munitions factory that had been converted into a barracks for the Serb special police. On the morning of March 5 the police literally stepped outside their front gate and attacked. Some snipers didn't even bother leaving the compound. Fifty-five people died in Prekaz, including 30 from the Jašari family alone.

One of the few Jašaris who survived was an 11-year-old girl named Besarte, who had hidden under a heavy slab on which her mother used to make bread. She remembers shells crashing into the house for hours and her uncle Adem singing folk songs "so the family wouldn't lose its faith in life." When the bombardment finally stopped, the bodies of her entire family lay twisted around her. Twenty-four hours later—after another night of siege—several policemen stormed into the house to check for survivors. One stopped in front of Besarte, who played dead, but he put his hand to her chest and felt a heartbeat, so he picked her up and took her to the munitions factory. She arrived spattered with blood, screaming that she wanted to stay with her sisters.

I arrived in Kosovo two weeks later, on a frigid March night. I drove in with an old friend named Harald Doornbos, a Dutch journalist who had been based in Sarajevo since 1992. For obvious reasons, the Serbs weren't granting entrance visas to journalists, but Harald knew a dirt-road border crossing into Montenegro where the guards—being Montenegrin—couldn't have cared less what the Serbs wanted.

We got up early the next morning to try to drive into Drenica, the rural stronghold of the K.L.A. We crossed a desolate brown plain and plunged into the hill count the little towns flicking by in our car windows and t mountains on the Albanian border looming in the d tance. Guns were coming in over those mountains; A bania was awash in weapons, and the K.L.A. was complet dependent upon help from across the border. The Se military reportedly had shoot-on-sight orders for anyo in the high peaks, and soldiers regularly ambushed A banians moving weapons into Kosovo over mountain trac

There were said to be K.L.A. training camps inside A bania; in response, the Serbs have massed a tremendo number of heavy weapons at the Albanian border—far mo than are needed to stop arms smuggling. The fear is th the Serb army will cross into Albania to stamp out t camps and that the situation will escalate into an all-o war between Yugoslavia and Albania. Such a conflagr tion could drag in Greece and Turkey and—in a wor case scenario—divide the United Nations. Another scenar has it that war in Kosovo might trigger a similar war Macedonia—which has its own restive Albanian popul tion—and that Greece and Bulgaria could jump in grab Macedonian land that they have old claims to. Mo than 300 American troops are stationed in Macedonia contain exactly that kind of domino effect, but they a scheduled to be withdrawn this summer.

"I do believe Macedonia could disintegrate," sa Morton Abramowitz, a senior fellow at the Council o Foreign Relations in Washington, D.C. "Albania is ha disintegrated already. The only organization that can de with this is NATO. You get the only organization whi attacked Serbs, which is something [Serb president S bodan Milošević] will notice, and make it clear that if uses large-scale force we will not tolerate that. I do say this is easy; I'm saying, 'How do you stop this?'"

The towns we passed were dead and empt looking, and house after house stood half bui abandoned by Albanians who could no lon er afford to finish them, because they'd lo their jobs in Serb-controlled businesses. A ter half an hour, we turned down a dirt ro and drove until we dead-ended at a railro tunnel near a river. We stopped, grabbed our notebook and walked through the tunnel and into an empty brow valley surrounded by brush-covered hills.

We were worried about K.L.A. snipers—stupidly, bo of us were dressed in black, like the Serb secret police but we were even more worried about Serb snipers. Th was the heart of Drenica, an area the police can seal o but not control, an area the K.L.A. can hide in but n defend. It was a no-man's-land where you could get sh at or you could get invited in for tea, depending on wh spotted you first.

We walked for an hour and finally came upon a doze ethnic Albanians repairing the road. Since the Serb p lice controlled the highways, there seemed to be a lot repair work being done on the spiderweb of dirt roa that connect the villages in Drenica. The men escort us into one of their houses and sent CONTINUED ON PAGE



ME TO WEEP

hnic Albanian buries
ad after the brutal Serb
down in Prekaz
larch. Such attacks have
alized the separatists,
ow threaten death to anyone
iating for terms short
independence.

"When my cousin Ćazim came out, they killed him. Then the soldiers caught my cousin Nazmi. I saw his body jerking from the bullets."


PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB RITTS

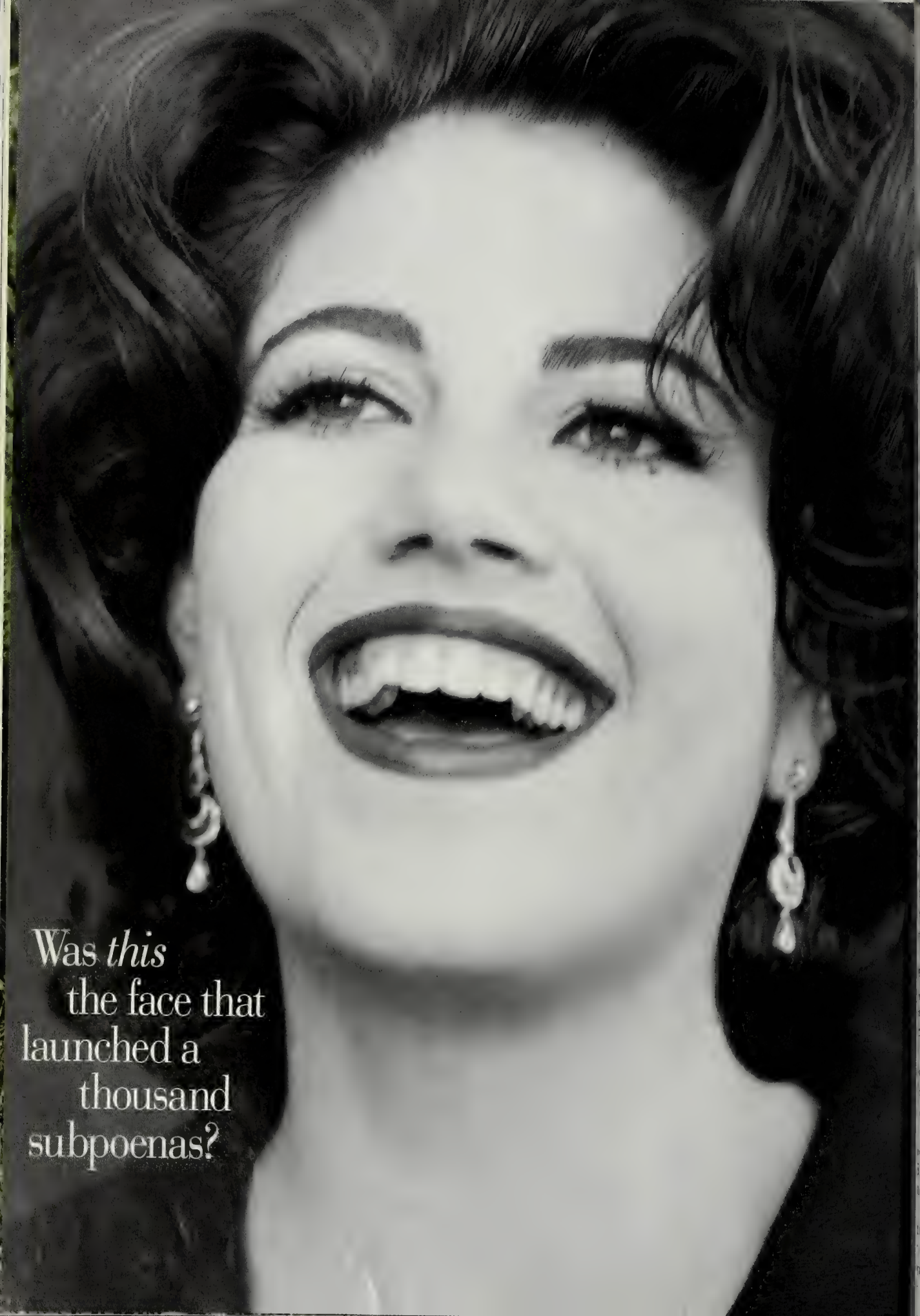
Who's That Girl?

It's official: good Americans think that what grown people do, in the privacy of their own Oval Office, is no one else's concern. (We don't want, in other words, any interference in our intern affairs.) But surely a peek, a glimpse, a hint, can do no real harm to the Republic? In the spirit of open government, and also for the heck of it, Monica Lewinsky permits HERB RITTS to remove her first veil



GRASSY MOLL

The Leader of the Free World bestowed a copy of *Leaves of Grass* upon Monica soon after they met. Poetry and emotion are nature's way of making sure that the grass is always greener . . .


Was *this*
the face that
launched a
thousand
subpoenas?



POISE WILL BE POISE

The prom queen greets the expectant public but otherwise keeps her mouth shut tight about the beefy quarterback who once forgot her Valentine's card.

So—was *this* the face? The
e that launched a thousand subpoenas
l ruined the coverage of His Holiness
Havana? Since January, America has
n subsisting on a meager diet of Pen-
on and high-school yearbook mug shots,
ealing more about American dentistry
n about the obscure object of desire.
w Monica Lewinsky has graduated. She
graduated, furthermore, into that pan-
on of women who, it seems, shook
n enough to shake history. Helen of
y, Theodora of Byzantium, Cleopatra,
dy Macbeth, Sally Hemings, Wallis
npson, Christine Keeler, Donna Rice,
milla Parker-Bowles . . . they have noth-
in common with each other, but
rything in common with an ancient
rrative that everybody, however coy or
pocritical, is encoded to understand.
st of all, Monica has joined this class
hout saying a public word.

Here are the lips that Revlon nearly
ed. Here is the unarguable femininity
t got the alpha and beta males, from
rnon Jordan to Kenneth Starr, biting
ough their pencils and stuffing
ir briefcases. Here is the major
r that set off the most important beret
the 90s. Here is the girl next door, if
ur Zip Code is 90210, or—provided
believe some unconfirmed gossip—if
ur zipper is next door in the Oval Of-
. It's the world's oldest and newest tale.
Monica Lewinsky's critics like to say that
's a seeker of attention. Well, by George,
's got it. But she didn't get it, like her
ef-executive friend, by being all things
all men. She's one thing to all men,
l to all women too, and that is: a re-
nder. Kings and presidents and poten-
es may rise and fall, but Mother Nature
boss, and her daughter is no slouch,
ner. That's what Bill Clinton meant
say when he spoke generically about
at woman." —CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Monica has graduated into the pantheon of women who should never be forgotten.





SAY CAN YOU SEE?

moment of Don't Ask, Don't Tell, ica Lewinsky forsakes the s for the kiss-curl and adopts a cloak ystery. *Opposite*, the star of the te House intern program awards herself stripes while not quite succeeding apping herself in the flag.

THE LOVE BUG

Two new entries in the already substantial canon o
New Yorker memoirs—Ved Mehta's hagiography of legendary edito
William Shawn and Lillian Ross's highly controversial accoun
of her 40-year affair with the saintly, and married, Mr. Shawn—pu
JAMES WOLCOTT on the trail of a Shawn who was les
the self-effacing literary Buddha than a mass of contradictions
the Richard Nixon of the magazine worl

In late-20th-century New York, three men have enjoyed the unofficial honor of being identified as "Mr."—a verbal nod that is both a form of respect and a sign of affection. Each an exemplar in his own field, together they form a trinity of culture, achievement, and metropolitan style. The big three are George Balanchine, the chief choreographer and artistic director of the New York City Ballet; Geoffrey Beene, the pre-eminent American fashion designer; and William Shawn, the legendary editor of *The New Yorker:* Mr. B., Mr. Beene, and Mr. Shawn. The first two possessed and possess a seamless, flowing genius, and the last—the last remains an enigma. Mr. Shawn is a Zen koan that hasn't been solved. The more we read about him, the deeper his secret self retreats into its shel "Elusive pimpernel!" Tom Wolfe cried in 1965, and it's sti true, even as the testimonials about him begin to mount

"Hello, may I speak to Miss Ross?"
"Whom should I say is calling?"
Whum, dramatic, grammatic pause—whisper—"Mr. Shawn.
Zonk! Mr. Shawn! ... He slipped in under the tympanic membrane with the whisper. One of the four or five most prominent men in Communications! Unrecognized in his own office!

—Tom Wolfe, "Tiny Mummies! The True Story of th Ruler of 43rd Street's Land of the Walking Dead!" (Th *Herald Tribune's New York* magazine, April 11, 1965

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT RISKO



THE EGG AND I

"For decades, *New Yorker* writers regarded any intrusion into the internal workings of William Shawn's magazine or his psychological makeup as impertinent."

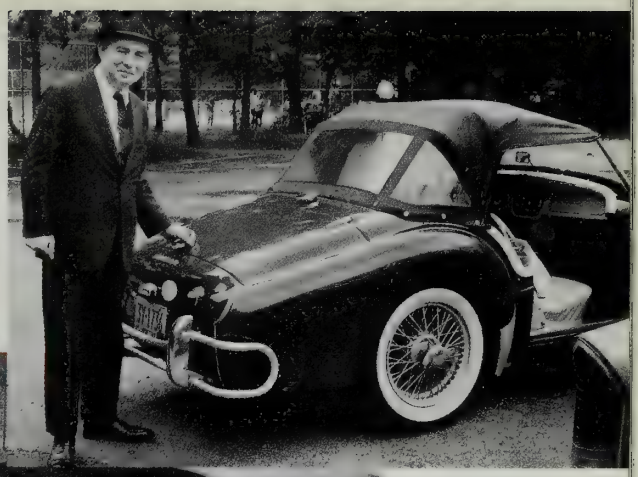
William Shawn outfoxed his contemporaries and outstripped his rivals. As the successor to Harold Ross, the founding editor of *The New Yorker,* Shawn was mocked by Tom Wolfe and others as a mere caretaker, a shuffling mortician. Where Henry Luce, the founder of *Time, Life,* and *Fortune,* preached anti-Communism and the triumphal arc of "the American century," Shawn seemed to draw the blinds at half-mast, consecrating himself and his magazine to the intricate craft of writing. He was less concerned with the influence words could have than with their inner music and structural integrity. His desk was an altar where the ideals of accuracy, clarity, and understated elegance were held sacrosanct. Every article, no matter how ephemeral, was groomed like a French poodle. This ultra-finesse often resulted in preciousness (sentences neatly buttoned, facts lined up like little gentlemen), and *The New Yorker,* inhabiting a parallel universe of scrubbed perfection, could look quaint. Yet during Shawn's tenure *The New Yorker* published some of the most far-reaching and deep-rippling journalistic prose of the postwar era—Edmund Wilson's criticism and reporting, Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring,* James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time,* Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem,* Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood,* and Dwight Macdonald's review of Michael Harrington's *The Other America,* which helped inspire the War on Poverty. (It was also Shawn who, as Harold Ross's second-in-command, succeeded in persuading Ross to devote an entire issue to John Hersey's *Hiroshima*—a defining event in the magazine's history, and perhaps the most famous magazine article ever printed.) He didn't need feminism to push him into publishing a pride of lionesses—Mary McCarthy, Rebecca West, Arlene Croce, Pauline Kael, Lois Long, Andy Logan, Renata Adler, Elizabeth Drew, Muriel Spark. The editorials he ran about Vietnam and Watergate had a ferocity and sting that cost the magazine advertising but made *The New Yorker* the flagship of mainstream dissent.

To Shawn, such achievements were important and nice, but not really the point. When he was obliged to step down as editor in 1987 after 35 years, a Lou Gehrig streak in a revolving-door world, the farewell statement he drafted for the staff didn't recap old glories and pat the magazine on the back. Instead, he bared his heart. He heralded *The New Yorker* as a house of love. "Love has been the controlling emotion, and love is the essential word. We have done our work with honesty and love," he wrote. Unable to let the word go, he ended his letter, "I must speak of love once more. I love all of you, and will love you as long as I live." He faded into retirement and died almost six years later. An editor's legacy is usually buried with the back issues, but the legend of Mr. Shawn, like the legend of Harold Ross before him, has been magnified over time. A shrinking violet when he was alive, Shawn is now being regarded as the tree of life.

A posthumous revival is in full swing. Nineteen ninety-eight is the summer of Shawn, and the summer of love. Two attention-getting books have just been published about Mr. Shawn, part of a larger flood of Shawniana he fashion writer Kennedy Fraser devoted a chapter of er 1996 collection, *Ornament and Silence,* to her experi be of writing for Shawn, and Alison Rose, a current if writer at *The New Yorker,* is completing a memoir h ulating the office affairs she has had there with mar la men—which should perhaps be called *Carpets and D* to *tops I Have Known*), and in both books, "love" is inc id the essential word. In Ved Mehta's *Remembering* ir *Shawn's New Yorker* (Overlook Press), the author re la "sitting anxiously by the phone waiting for Mr. Shaw fr call, as if I were in love." When he and Mr. Sh m agree to meet for lunch, he quivers inside like a t ager on a first date, worrying that he might order wrong sandwich and chew too loud. He decides to der whatever Mr. Shawn orders, just to be safe. "I aware that I sound as if I had fallen in love with Shawn," Mehta admits, but insists it was a healthy, tonic puppy love, one of a nervous rookie for a ge ous, consoling mentor.

Lillian Ross's *Here but Not Here: A Love ry* (Random House) is a more intimate frilly valentine. "'Love' isn't a word I t lightly or tire of today," Ross writes, true enough, she uses the word or its v ant seven times in her opening paragra Understandably, she feels entitled. The thor of *Picture,* an account of the making of John H ton's adaptation of *The Red Badge of Courage,* and classic *New Yorker* profile of Ernest Hemingway, R was long rumored to be Shawn's companion (Tom W drops hints in his piece). The revelation of her mem is that for 40 years Ross was more than Shawn's co panion, she was his faithful mistress, his wife in all name, maintaining a separate household for him while continued to live with his legal wife, Cecille, and his t sons, Wallace and Allen. The title *Here but Not H* plays off the title of Brendan Gill's best-selling tour of premises, *Here at The New Yorker* (Random House, 197 and refers to Shawn's transmigration from his marital st us. "I am there, but I am not there," he would say o and over again of his home life. According to Ro Shawn, with his wife's knowledge, even had a bedroo phone put in to which only she had the number; th would ring each other on the Bat-phone and talk snooku late into the night. They took romantic trips together (s provides snapshots), and she assures us that as a lo Shawn was a veritable Bob Dole on Viagra—"After fo years, our love-making had the same passion, the sa energies . . . ," et cetera, "as it had in the beginnin Their glow followed them around. "When Bill and I s together in his office to go over the editing of my stori we worked seriously and professionally, but the atm phere of love was not suspended; it enhanced the pleasu that we shared in our work." She adopted a son on who Shawn doted (more snapshots), and who many thoug was Shawn's biological son. That Lillian Ross would pu lish such kissy-face indiscretions while Shawn's widow

Lillian Ross assures us that as a lover Shawn was a eritable Bob Dole on Viagra.





EDITOR AT LARGE

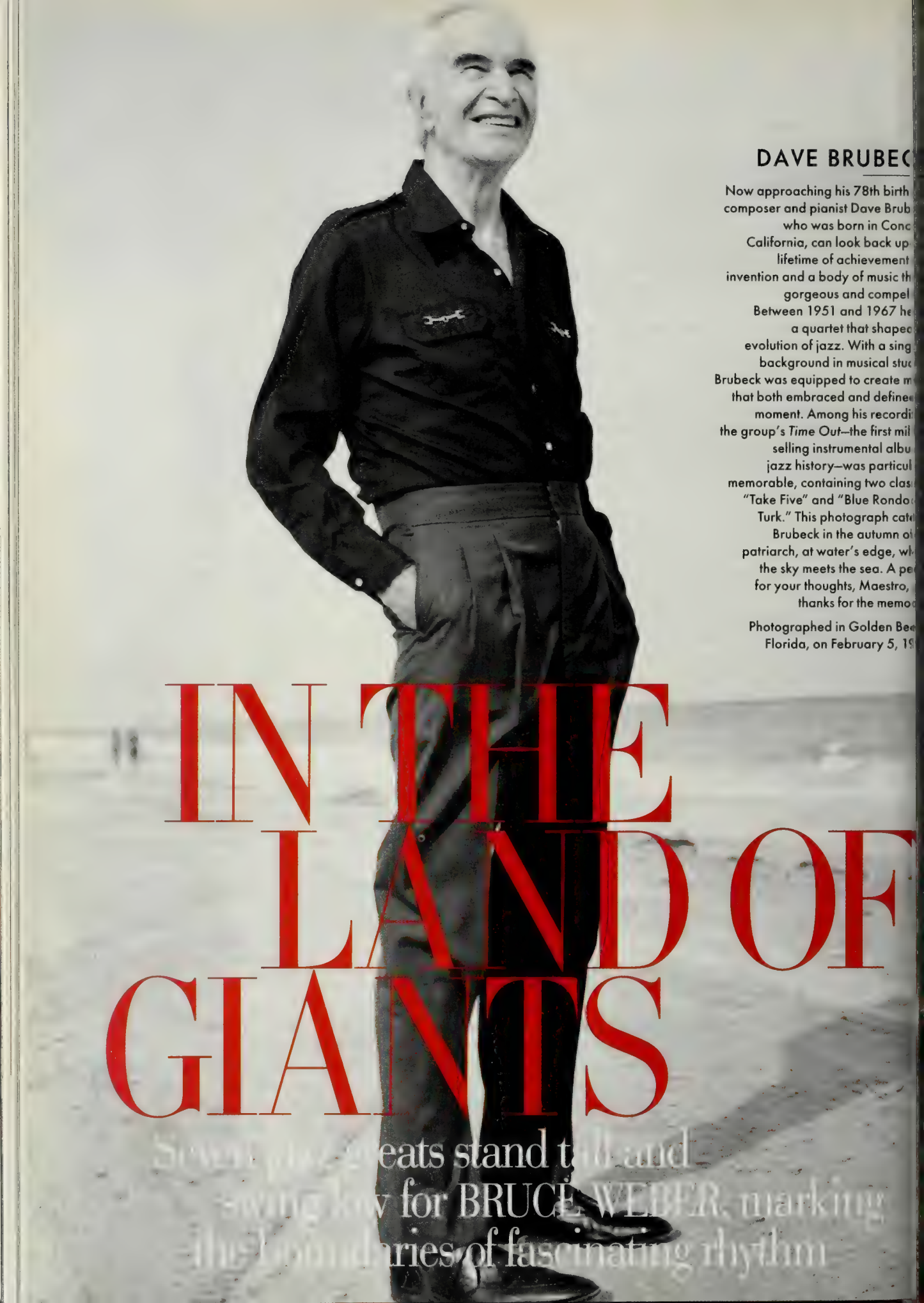
On a weekend outing, circa 1960, William Shawn and his girlfriend, Lillian Ross, take turns posing with the Triumph TR-3 they bought together.

alive, a book in which Ross postures as Shawn's wife, his true joined spirit, only compounds act of betrayal many feel she has committed.

For decades, *New Yorker* writers regarded any intrusion into the internal workings of Mr. Shawn's magazine or his psychological makeup as impertinent. At the mention of Mr. Shawn's name, they would huddle under what was known on *Smart* as "the Cone of Silence." When Tom fe published his infamous satire "Tiny Mums!" in 1965, a giant spitball composed of a ıbination of wild X-ray vision and wicked speculation, shock effect was immediate. It was as if, Mehta writes, magazine had been mugged. Renata Adler flew to cago to check court documents (one of Wolfe's floatrumors was that Leopold and Loeb had targeted the ng Shawn as their original victim), Dwight Macdonald v up a rebuttal for *The New York Review of Books,* even J. D. Salinger came out of hibernation to comn. Ten years later, Brendan Gill's *Here at The New ker,* published to coincide with the magazine's 50th ansary, was also considered by many an act of gaucherie, bon vivant Gill being constitutionally incapable of ping Shawn's delicate wiring. But no outside detractor preezy raconteur, no illiterate baboon, has violated Mr. wn's privacy and dignity with the snappy assurance of ian Ross in *Here but Not Here.* She has taken the Cone Silence and turned it into a megaphone. "I'm sure he ld be proud to read this story," she writes. If anything, probably die all over again, this time of embarrassnt. (After all, Shawn himself disapproved of memoirs ut Harold Ross. Kennedy Fraser writes of Ross's ex- Jane Grant's book: "The publication of *Ross, The Yorker, and Me* seemed painful to Mr. Shawn. . . . 'It a mistake,' he said, tersely.")

o understand why people feel she's violated such trust, necessary to understand that the preoccupation with Shawn is more than the product of a personality cult. part of the long-standing, ongoing (but eroding) fascion with and veneration of *The New Yorker* as an inıtion. Founded by Harold Ross in 1925, *The New ker* served as the house organ of the Algonquin Round le, whose members—among them, Dorothy Parker, Robert chley, and Alexander Woollcott—bannered their quips theatrical flair. (Harold Ross himself was considered estruck.) With the Algonquin group, writers became w people—nearly all of them wrote, performed, or reviewed plays—and the bright lights of the period continue to cast a nostalgic shine out of all proportion to their actual achievement (the great writing of the period having been done by Faulkner, Hemingway, Eugene O'Neill, and other nonjoiners). No matter how many times the Algonquin group is debunked, there remains a longing for a time when parties were parties and not networking opportunities, and people were poured into taxis. After the Depression and the inducements of Hollywood dispersed most of the original gang, *The New Yorker* thrived as an open-air bazaar for the omnivorous eyes of writers such as A. J. Liebling, Joseph Mitchell, and Emily Hahn. Humor writing didn't vanish from its pages, but after the Depression and the Second World War, no longer could *The New Yorker* raise a champagne glass in the name of frivolity. As E. B. White wrote in a *New Yorker* "Comment" in 1945, "We feel like a man who left his house to go to a Punch-and-Judy show and, by some error in direction, wandered into *Hamlet.*"

After William Shawn succeeded Ross in 1952, *The New Yorker* became less of a flying fortress and even more of an anxious castle. The atomic jitters and the suburban boom left *The New Yorker's* audience well-off but wary. A spiritual malaise lurked behind the new-product shine. J. D. Salinger and John Cheever were the representative fiction writers of the period, nimble maneuverers across the hairline intimations of acedia among the prep-school set. Assured of itself if not of the world around it, *The New Yorker* formalized its editorial procedures and became a self-producing machine. Its multilayered editing (galleys upon galleys annotated with marginal comments), its fact-checking department, its scrupulous attention to grammar and usage, its extreme courtesy to its contributors, its fastidious distaste for slang and coarse language, its refusal to chase fashion, pursue celebrity, or simplify complex subjects—all this made *The New Yorker* CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



IN THE LAND OF GIANTS

Seven great beats stand tall and swing low for BRUCE WEBER, marking the boundaries of fascinating rhythm

DAVE BRUBEC

Now approaching his 78th birth
composer and pianist Dave Brub
who was born in Conc
California, can look back up
lifetime of achievement
invention and a body of music th
gorgeous and compel
Between 1951 and 1967 he
a quartet that shaped
evolution of jazz. With a sing
background in musical stud
Brubeck was equipped to create m
that both embraced and define
moment. Among his recordi
the group's *Time Out*—the first mil
selling instrumental albu
jazz history—was particul
memorable, containing two clas
"Take Five" and "Blue Rondo
Turk." This photograph cat
Brubeck in the autumn o
patriarch, at water's edge, wh
the sky meets the sea. A pe
for your thoughts, Maestro,
thanks for the memo

Photographed in Golden Bea
Florida, on February 5, 19

HIRLEY HORN

ley Horn has been plying
croft since the early 50s, excepting
)-year sabbatical to raise her
ghter in Washington, D.C. This diva
hoice is surely linked with all the great
es who sang and accompanied
nselves on the piano, such as Blossom
rie, Audrey Morris, and the late
Southern. Horn's taste is impeccable,
conviction contagious, and when
sings a lyric like "But don't change a
for me / Not if you care for me,"
accept it as pure gospel. If the Lord
made anything better than
dy singing and playing the piano,
or without black gloves,
kept it to herself.

tographed at the Cafe Carlyle in
York City on June 29, 1997.



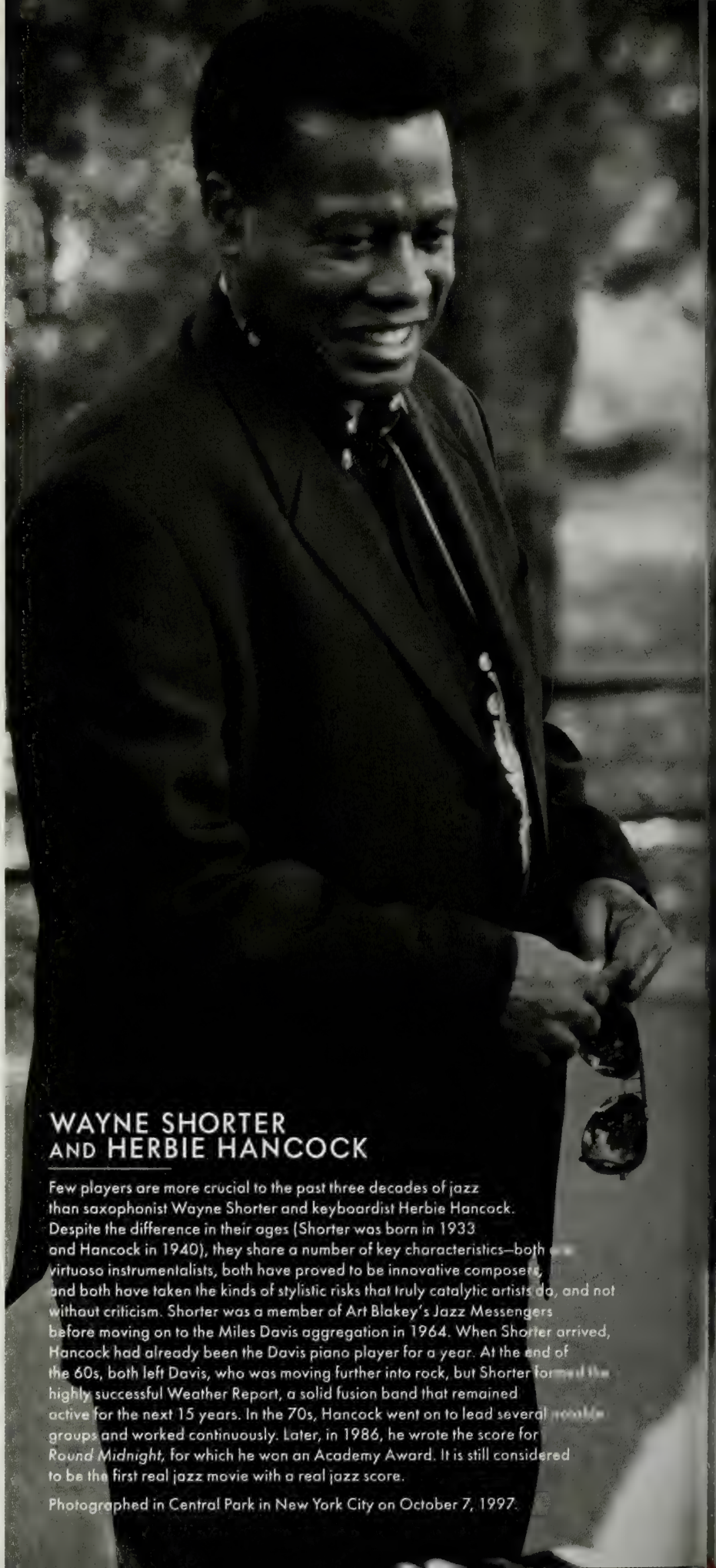
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE WEBER

Like ballet and Greta Garbo, jazz has always been generously photogenic. Even Buddy Bolden, the mythic New Orleans cornetist who indicates ground zero in the history of jazz, was photographed at least once, though he was, alas, never recorded. There is also photographic representation of such disparate figures as Garnet Clark, the tragic young pianist who died, in 1938, in a French asylum, and Teddy Weatherford, who spent part of his career leading a house band at the Grand Hotel in Calcutta, a choice that suggests what conditions were like for black musicians in the U.S. during the 1930s.

In all, jazz has been a vivacious and willing subject, whether in action or in formal or casual repose. From the Storyville days of Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver, through the grand, lush era of swing and the swinging big bands, to the bebop abstractions of Bird and Diz and Miles, all the cats, from Bunk to Monk, have been set down, in Technicolor or in black and white, for the great time capsule to come.

With his discerning eye and obvious feeling for his subjects, the photographer Bruce Weber catches these jazz giants in full stride: Dave Brubeck, Shirley Horn, Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Oscar Peterson, Dave Grusin, and Lionel Hampton. With jazz once again capturing the public soul, what better time for so auspicious a meeting?

—RICHARD MERKIN



WAYNE SHORTER AND HERBIE HANCOCK

Few players are more crucial to the past three decades of jazz than saxophonist Wayne Shorter and keyboardist Herbie Hancock. Despite the difference in their ages (Shorter was born in 1933 and Hancock in 1940), they share a number of key characteristics—both are virtuoso instrumentalists, both have proved to be innovative composers, and both have taken the kinds of stylistic risks that truly catalytic artists do, and not without criticism. Shorter was a member of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers before moving on to the Miles Davis aggregation in 1964. When Shorter arrived, Hancock had already been the Davis piano player for a year. At the end of the 60s, both left Davis, who was moving further into rock, but Shorter formed the highly successful Weather Report, a solid fusion band that remained active for the next 15 years. In the 70s, Hancock went on to lead several notable groups and worked continuously. Later, in 1986, he wrote the score for *Round Midnight*, for which he won an Academy Award. It is still considered to be the first real jazz movie with a real jazz score.

Photographed in Central Park in New York City on October 7, 1997.





OSCAR PETERSON

No offense to all the other ladies and gentlemen who "know a fine way to treat a Steinway," but I have it on no less an authority than Hank Jones (who does a tad of noodling himself) that Oscar Peterson, born in Montreal in 1925, is the best piano player currently breathing. He is, says Jones, "head and shoulders above any pianist alive today." (This excludes Jelly Roll Morton, of course.) André Previn has stated emphatically, "He is the best." Hyperbole aside, Peterson has been utterly splendid for a long, long time, from the early "Jazz at the Philharmonic" days through the noted trios and the multitude of recordings. He has maintained a level of artistry that seems without parallel. At last count, Oscar Peterson had received 12 honorary doctorates. Now, that must be a record.

Photographed with his seven-year-old daughter, Celine, at the Hôtel Plaza Athénée in New York City on November 10, 1997.

AVE GRUSIN

e Grusin, the keyboard musician,
poser, and record producer,
azzman of high and long standing,
an exponent of the fusion movement.
in Littleton, Colorado, in 1934,
d a trio of his own with Milt Hinton and
Lamond in the 1960s, and in the next
de worked with Quincy Jones
Gerry Mulligan, among others, besides
posing and producing. He wrote
usic for *The Fabulous Baker Boys*,
t classic from 1989 that proved,
e talents of Michelle Pfeiffer, that
really is nothing like a dame.

ographed with Weber's
en retriever Blue at
Bear Ranch in Montana
ugust 21, 1997.



JAZZ HAS ALWAYS BEEN GENEROUSLY PHOTOGENIC.



LIONEL HAMPTON

Lionel Hampton, the traveling vibraphonist and drummer, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1908, which makes him a full-fledged nonagenarian, but it would be difficult to find a more youthful figure in the jazz realm or any other. He recorded as early as 1930 with Louis Armstrong and achieved great popularity as a member of the Benny Goodman Quartet before he went on to lead a succession of his own bands. Dynamic and energetic in the extreme, Hampton has always been the epitome of the jazz musician as globe-trotter and goodwill ambassador. In 1942 he made his first big-band recording of "Flying Home," which was to become his great theme song. Half a century later Hampton is still flying home, and he shows no signs of stopping.

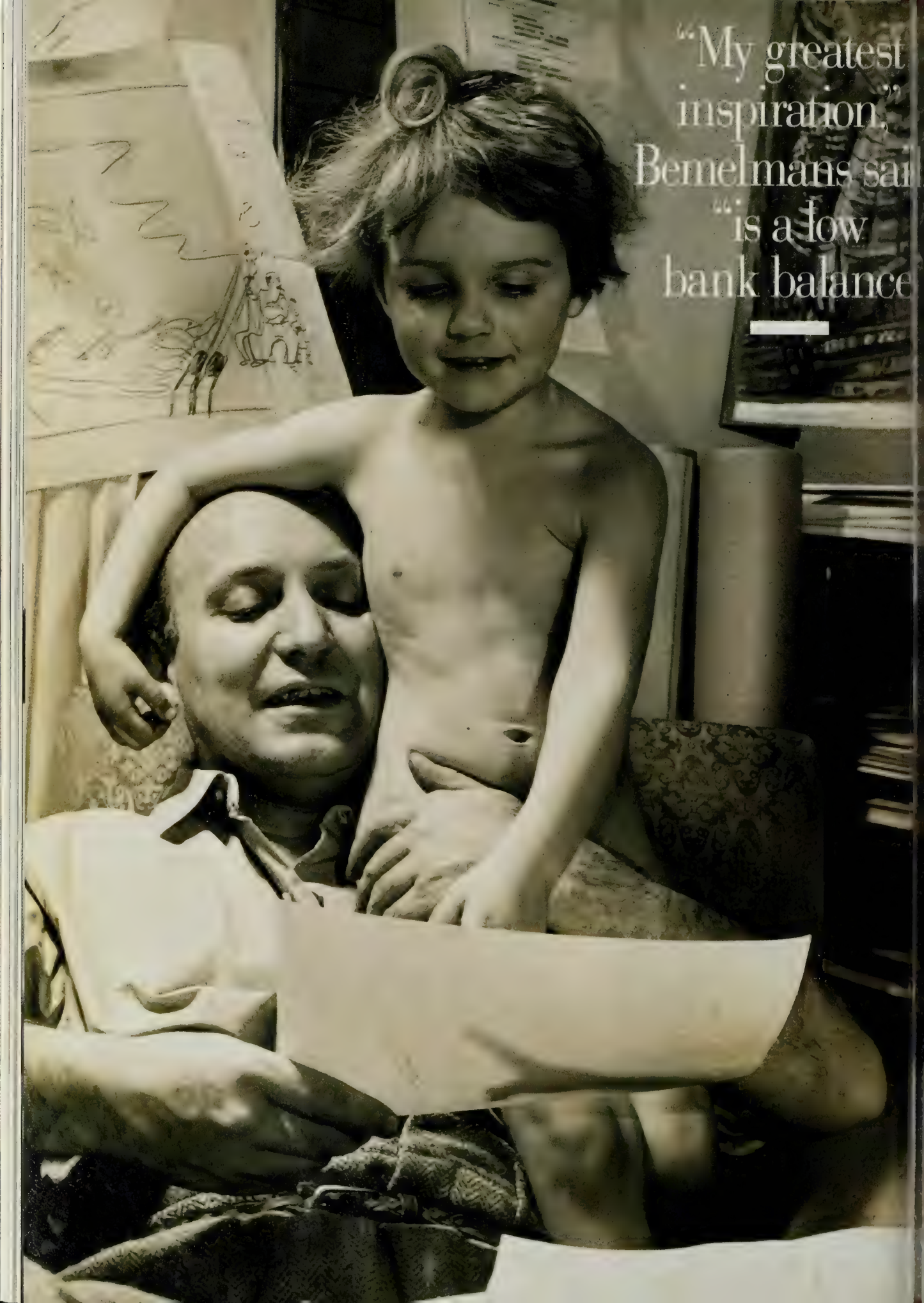
Photographed in his Upper West Side apartment in New York City on March 26, 1998.

Papa



BRUCE HANDY

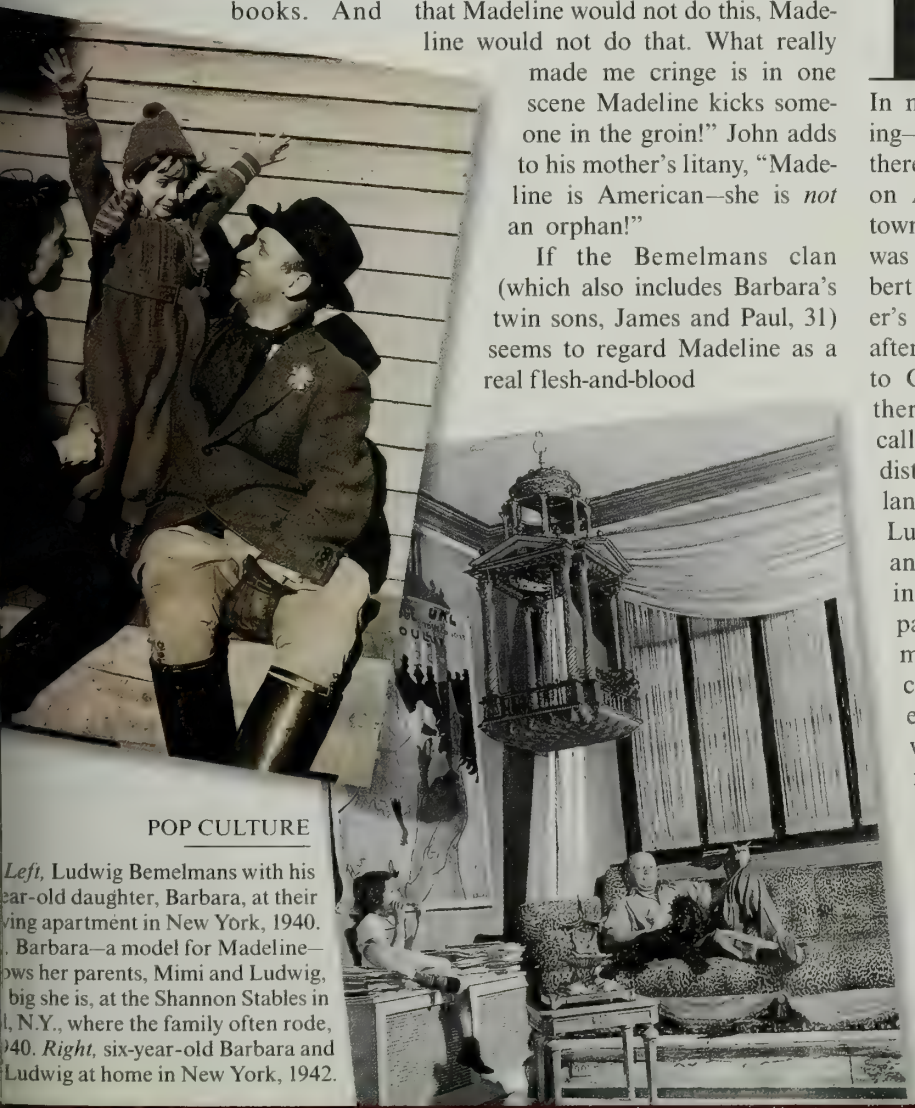
Ludwig Bemelmans poses for *House & Garden* magazine in his Gramercy Park apartment, New York City, August 1942. *Opposite*, a detail of *Madeline at the Paris Flower Market*, 1955 (oil, 36 in. by 45 in.), which hangs in the living room of Barbara Bemelmans' New Jersey home. The dog is Genevieve, the mutt heroine of *Madeline's Rescue*.


"My greatest
inspiration,"
Bemelmans sai
"is a low
bank balance

like to write for children because I suffer from a sort of arrested development," Ludwig Bemelmans confessed. "I am about six years old really and I am constantly surprised by everything." Surely it would have surprised the author and illustrator of the *Madeline* books to discover that, nearly 60 years after his diminu-, red-haired alter ego made her ut on the printed page, she has tamorphosed into a pan-media ertainment-industry giant. The cu-lative number of *Madeline* books l (there are six, and a seventh on way for fall 1999) is probably wards of 10 million," estimates Be-mans' grandson John Marciano, a ear-old artist currently anthologiz-his grandfather's work and com-pleting several of his unfinished books. And then there is the avalanche of Madeline paraphernalia—audiotapes, videotapes, paper dolls, cloth dolls, stickers, backpacks, dishes, cups, place mats, watches, puzzles, gift wrap, board games. "Crummy watches and a Madeline doll in a wedding dress, too," remarks Bemelmans' only child, Barbara, 62, who with her 86-year-old mother, Mimi (real name: Madeleine with three *e*'s), collects royalties on all merchandise but has no product-approval rights. "Sometimes my mother and I worry that we betrayed Poppy."

Barbara, Mimi, and John are now warily awaiting the July release of TriStar's ambitious motion-picture version of *Madeline,* starring Frances McDormand as Miss Clavel, the motherly English nun, and Hatty Jones as the intrepid Paris schoolgirl. Though they are pleased that producer Allyn Stewart allowed them to read and comment on the screenplay of the film, "we're not going to see the movie," Barbara states firmly. "We went through the script, trying to explain that Madeline would not do this, Madeline would not do that. What really made me cringe is in one scene Madeline kicks someone in the groin!" John adds to his mother's litany, "Madeline is American—she is *not* an orphan!"

If the Bemelmans clan (which also includes Barbara's twin sons, James and Paul, 31) seems to regard Madeline as a real flesh-and-blood being, they have good reason: like Frankenstein's monster, she is a composite, but one assembled out of very familiar parts. "She's a little bit of me, she's a little bit of my mother, she's a little bit of my wife, and she's a little bit of Barbara," Bemelmans said in a 1954 NBC radio interview. "It's a concoction of people." Barbara, who was three when the first *Madeline* book came out (and who, like her mother, was christened Madeleine, with three *e*'s), demurs: "I only wish I were more like Madeline—impish, principled, unself-conscious, brave. I admire her. Poppy was lucky—he was able to create the perfect child in Madeline. But I never felt jealous of her." And that is probably because Madeline was not so much the child Bemelmans wished he had as the child he wanted to *be.*



POP CULTURE

Left, Ludwig Bemelmans with his ear-old daughter, Barbara, at their ving apartment in New York, 1940. . Barbara—a model for Madeline—ows her parents, Mimi and Ludwig, big she is, at the Shannon Stables in l, N.Y., where the family often rode, 940. *Right,* six-year-old Barbara and Ludwig at home in New York, 1942.

Reflecting on his troubled boyhood a few months before his death, Ludwig Bemelmans wrote to a friend, "I have forgotten so much of my youth. . . . In me a whole portion of it is missing—it is like a floor in a house where there is no furniture." Born in a hotel on April 30, 1898, in the Tyrolean town of Meran (now in Italy), Ludwig was the son of a Belgian painter, Lambert Bemelmans, and a Bavarian brewer's daughter, Frances Fischer. Shortly after Ludwig's arrival the family moved to Gmunden, Austria, where his father had inherited a lakeside hotel called the Golden Ship. Probably to distance herself from Lambert's philandering—among his conquests were Ludwig's French governess, Gazelle, and, rumor had it, his own mother-in-law—Frances retreated to her parents' home in Regensburg, Germany. Lambert, who spent his time carousing with friends at the Golden Ship, "always looked at me with the curiosity of a stranger meeting someone for the first time," Ludwig recalled. "I never was visited by other children." Rather, the child stayed sequestered at home with Gazelle, who regaled him with French stories and songs and showed him picture postcards of Paris. Then, one day when Ludwig was about

six, this idyll abruptly ended. "Papa was gone," he wrote, "and so was my governess, and I wished so much that he had run away with Mama and left me Gazelle."

Actually, John Marciano says, Lambert Bemelmans ran away not with Ludwig's cherished French governess but with a woman named Emmy, who left behind in Gmunden a husband and children. Also left behind in Gmunden was Gazelle, who, pregnant with Lambert's child, terminated her sorrows by dipping sulfur matchsticks into a bowl of water and drinking the lethal brew. Under a cloud of shame, Ludwig was taken to Regensburg to live with his mother. Lacking Gazelle's French storybooks, Mrs. Bemelmans would tell Ludwig tales "about her own childhood," he wrote, "of how alone she had been as a little girl and how she was shipped off to a convent school in Altötting, which was run by the kind nuns of an order known as the '*Englische Fräulein.*' She described the life there"—recognizable now to millions of readers—"how the girls slept in little beds that stood in two rows and how they went walking in two straight lines, all dressed alike."

The beer-soaked and boorish culture of Regensburg offended young Ludwig's Gallicized sensibilities, and he rebelled by flunking out of both the town's Königliche Realschule and a school in nearby Rothenburg for "idiot boys." "We walked through that ancient town in two straight lines," Bemelmans said. "I was the smallest one, but . . . I walked ahead in the first row, not on the hand of Mademoiselle Clavel" in the back. There, in fact, was a real Miss Clavel in Regensburg. She was not a Catholic sister like her *Madeline* namesake, however, but a governess who had once worked in England and who sometimes came to Frances Bemelmans' for tea.

Humiliated by his academic failures, Ludwig's family decided their last hope was to pack their wayward boy off to Klobenstein, where his paternal uncle, Hans, had a hotel, the flagship of a small empire. Though his aunt doted on him, encouraging his artistic talents, Uncle Hans nicknamed him *Lausbub,* "rascal," and "in the space of a year," Ludwig wrote, "I ran through all of Uncle Hans's hotels." Ludwig was dismissed from the last one, he claimed, for shooting a headwaiter. Uncle Hans concluded that only two choices remained for his nephew. "The first was a correctional institution . . . on board a ship, where unruly boys were . . . disciplined with the ends of ropes soaked in tar. The second was America. I decided to go to America."

In 1914, 16-year-old Ludwig sailed on the SS *Ryndam* to New York City, where his father was now working as a jewelry designer on Maiden Lane. On Christmas Eve, however, when Ludwig disembarked on Ellis Island, his father failed to turn up. (Lambert Bemelmans got his just deserts; ruined by a bad land deal, he was eventually reduced to selling painted coconuts on a Florida roadside.) With letters of introduction from Uncle Hans to several New York hotel managers, Ludwig made his way to Manhattan. Expelled from busboy positions at both the Hotel Astor and the McAlpin, and down to his last letter of introduction, he finally found gainful employment at the Ritz on 46th and Madison, the city's most elegant, well-staffed, and tastefully appointed hotel. There he was put to work as a *commis de rang,* a waiter's runner, and there he stayed for nearly 15 years, rising to waiter, and ultimately ascending after World War I to assistant banquet manager.

The Ritz—for him as self-contained a cosmos as the Golden Ship had once been—furnished Bemelmans with the formal education he otherwise lacked. From a cranky, incompetent, grammar-obsessed waiter named Mespoulets, Bemelmans learned to perfect his French. From free-spending financiers, he and his confrères learned to cash in on the boom stock market of the 20s. "Naturally, the stock market interfered with the service," Bemelmans recalled. "Waiters stood in line trying to get at a telephone to call their brokers." And it paid off handsomely: during his peak Ritz years Bemelmans had a secretary, a valet, and a Hispano-Suiza, complete with a liveried chauffeur named Mahomet. Thanks to his friendship with the room clerk, he also squatted in regal splendor in William Randolph Hearst's mostly unused duplex suite at the top of the Ritz. "It kept things dusted," Bemelmans reasoned. clothes were too big for me to v so he didn't suffer any damage."

Most important for his future, melmans found at the Ritz an haustible reservoir of subjects fo nascent artist's brush and writer's Like a naturalist, he observed at range the vanities and peccadillo the overfed Ritz habitués and the coated wretches who catered to t On order pads, menus, and tiled ery walls he drew caricatures of fantastic assortment of people. . . . E race, every nationality, every hu character, every degree of intellig stupidity, meanness, niceness, good . . . a tankful of fish," he said. M were also eventually described in dant detail in his books *Life Class* (1 *Hotel Splendide* (1941), and *Hotel melmans* (1946). When the Ritz's ager showed his employee's draw to high-stakes art dealer Joseph veen one day over lunch, the old-m broker declared that unquestion the waiter had talent. But it was a crotchety Mespoulets's urging that aspiring artist took up cartooning. day the old waiter pointed out a mous cartoonist gorging himself in restaurant. "He lives here at the tel," Mespoulets informed Bemelm "He has a suite, he is married countess, he owns a Rolls-Royce When the accounting departme stuck with a charge they've forg to put on somebody's bill they just it on his." Bemelmans needed no ther persuading, and after suffe "countless disappointments" he be at $50 a week, to churn out a c strip called "Count Bric-a-Brac" fo *New York World.* But six months the strip was canceled, and Be mans returned in defeat to his old

One day Bemelmans his early 30s, stared a Ritz mirror and as himself, "How m more of these me how much more of life before you look Theodore, the penguin-shaped m d'hôtel or, what is even worse, like s of the guests?" And so, "from the de protectorate and refuge that the had been," Bemelmans remembe "I stepped out into the cold worl which turned out to be even more f

The cumulative number of *Madeline* books sold is probably "upwards of 10 million."



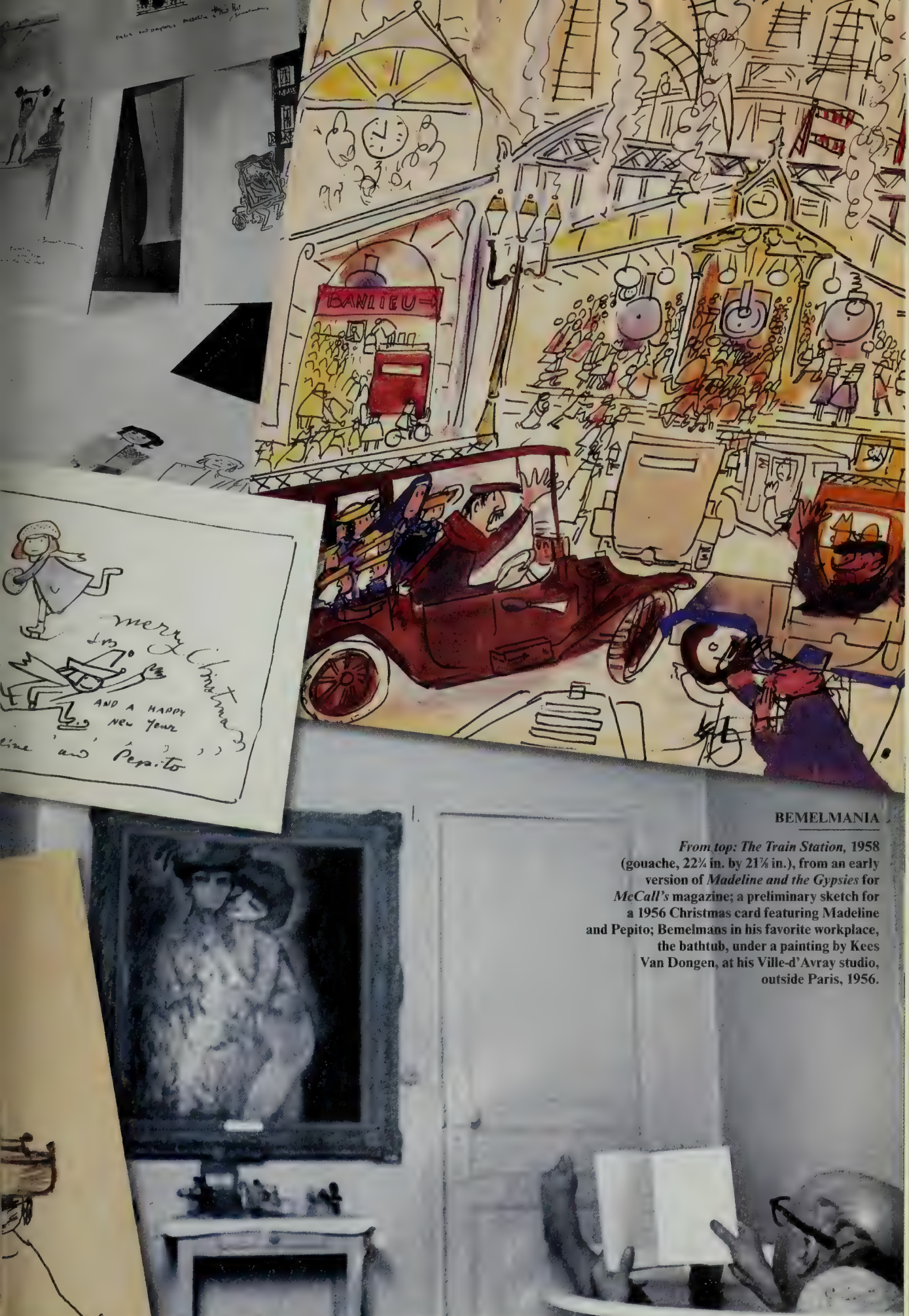
MAGIC TOUCH

Trillons, 1962 (gouache, 30 in. by 22 in.), which Bemelmans painted for the never published *Madeline and the Magician*.



MAD HAT

Clockwise from above: Bemelmans as manager of the restaurant Hapsburg House, with a glass lampshade on his head and his murals on the walls, late 1930s; a 1962 gouache-and-ink drawing for the unpublished *Madeline and the Magician*'s finale; Bemelmans in his West 67th Street studio at work on *Madeline and the Bad Hat*, 1954; a study of an obsequious waiter from Bemelmans' Ritz Hotel years; Pepito research in Córdoba, Spain, circa 1954.



BEMELMANIA

***From top: The Train Station,* 1958 (gouache, 22¾ in. by 21⅞ in.), from an early version of *Madeline and the Gypsies* for *McCall's* magazine; a preliminary sketch for a 1956 Christmas card featuring Madeline and Pepito; Bemelmans in his favorite workplace, the bathtub, under a painting by Kees Van Dongen, at his Ville-d'Avray studio, outside Paris, 1956.**



than he had supposed. Penniless like so many others during the Depression, he moved in with his former valet and contemplated hanging himself with some emerald-green velvet rope left over from the Ritz's Crystal Room.

Salvation appeared at last in the form of *The Saturday Evening Post,* which in 1933 bought and published seven of Bemelmans' pen-and-ink drawings. Buoyed up by the dream of making his living as an artist, Bemelmans rented a studio at 49 West Eighth Street. "The windows of my living room looked out at a cobweb of telegraph wires, a water tank, and a Neon sign that flashed 'Two Pants Suits at $15.00,'" he reminisced. To conceal this dreary *mise en scène,* he painted cheerful Tyrolean vistas on his window shades. One evening a lithographer named Tom Little, who had a studio in the same building, took his friend May Massee, a children's-book editor at Viking Press, to meet Bemelmans. Finding him "genial, witty, shy, and . . . diabolically clever," she recalled, and the surroundings enchanting, Massee on the spot exclaimed, "You must write children's books!"

The result of this encounter was *Hansi* (1934), a nostalgic, lushly illustrated story of a Tyrolean boy. The book, which brought him a $500 advance, sold well, and Bemelmans right away went to work on three more children's stories for Massee—*The Golden Basket* (1936), about two English girls visiting Belgium, *The Castle Number 9* (1937), a fairy tale about an eccentric count and his servant, and *Quito Express* (1938), the saga of an infant lost on an Ecuadoran train. He also published his first adult book for Viking, *My War with the United States* (1937), an account of his experiences as a German in the U.S. Army during the First World War.

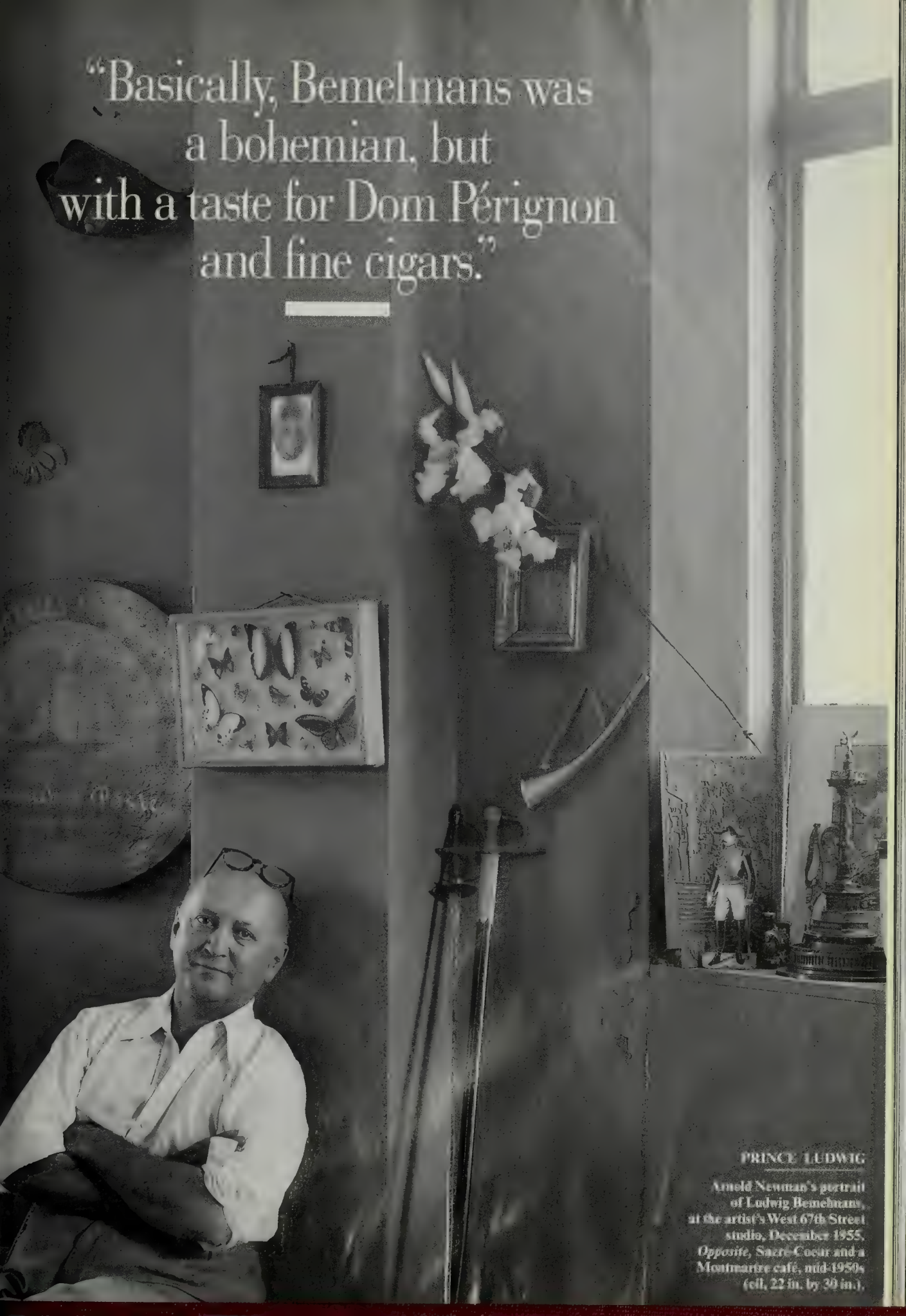
In 1934, while Bemelmans was visiting commercial artist Ervine Metzel in his studio, a young woman who had just abandoned her plans to become a nun showed up, inquiring about work as an artist's model. "I found Metzel in the Yellow Pages under 'Artist,'" says Mimi Bemelmans. "Since he was married, Metzel gave Ludwig five dollars to take me out to dinner. And then, because he had just been paid $900 for a Jell-O campaign, we went out on the town every night." Bemelmans was at the time engaged in painting murals for a new Viennese restaurant called Hapsburg House. Located in a town house at 313 East 55th Street, the restaurant, which he was to manage, was a joint venture dreamed up by several admen, including Young & Rubicam's Ted Patrick, and Chester LaRoche, the brother of actress Rosalind Russell. "It opened on a shoestring," remembers department-store magnate and Bemelmans friend Stanley Marcus. "They didn't have enough money for furniture, so he painted buffet tables and the like on the walls. The restaurant was having a hard time getting started, so Ludwig sent the doorman, an ex–Russian Imperial Army general, who wore his old uniform, and a pretty hatcheck girl to the Metropolitan Opera's opening of *Die Walküre.* They sat in the front row and Ludwig had provided them with a stereoscopic unit. When the curtain went up on the opening scene there was a huge boulder in the center of the stage. At that moment, using this device, they flashed the words VISIT HAPSBURG HOUSE onto the boulder—and the couple was immediately escorted out of the theater. Ludwig was full of zany ideas."

Mimi (at this point a Barnard freshman) and Ludwig were married in Frenchtown, New Jersey, at the house of children's-book illustrator Kurt Wiese. They moved into an apartment above Hapsburg House consisting of "a bed in an alcove and one room," Mimi recalls. At Hapsburg House, Bemelmans "entertained his friends so royally, a lot of the restaurant's shareholders couldn't get a table," M says. "Then there was the time Roosevelt came in and the headw er, Royce, told her he couldn't her." Exasperated, the other part finally voted to buy out Bemelm share, and with this money the ple sailed to Belgium, where Lud researched *The Golden Basket* an travel story for *Vogue.* "We c back completely broke," Mimi sa

Curiously, in one chapte *The Golden Basket* a runner of the chara Madeline appears, acc panied by 11 unifor schoolmates and their glish teacher, a "lo tall" nun. She holds the hand of smallest girl," whose "hair is cop red." A drawing of a nun sheph ing little schoolgirls dressed in ca beribboned Breton roller hats, and w gloves also ran with the *Vogue* art Bemelmans' grandson John Marci says, "My guess is he really met little girl Madeline in Bruges. W ever he wrote and drew was usu something he had experienced."

In the summer of 1938, Lud Mimi, and two-and-a-half-year-old bara traveled together to France. commemorate the journey, Be mans kept a scrapbook for his da ter entitled "Your First Voyage to Belle France." In it he wrote of friendship with a hashish dealer na

"Basically, Bemelmans was a bohemian, but with a taste for Dom Pérignon and fine cigars."



PRINCE LUDWIG

Arnold Newman's portrait of Ludwig Bemelmans, at the artist's West 67th Street studio, December 1955. *Opposite*, Sacré-Coeur and a Montmartre café, mid-1950s (oil, 22 in. by 30 in.).

Georges, who was Bemelmans' guide to Paris's criminal underworld, the subject of an article he was researching. Georges also proved to be "an ideal nurse" for Barbara, taking his tiny American charge to the Luxembourg Gardens, walking around with her while she rode the donkeys, sailing boats for her in the Tuileries, and stealing a toy she wanted from a shop. And it was Georges who recommended a beach holiday on the Île d'Yeu, as "he had hidden there from the police once and said it was remote and very beautiful."

On this small island off the northwest coast of France, populated mostly by sardine fishermen, the family rented a modest house at No. 3, Rue du Paradis. Riding back to the Rue du Paradis one day on his bicycle, Bemelmans "almost ran into Paradise itself," he wrote. The local baker, driving the island's only car, careened around a curve, throwing the writer off his bike. Bleeding, he walked half an hour to the hospital, where "a butcher of a doctor with a dull needle sewed me up," Bemelmans noted in Barbara's scrapbook. "I think you will read about this somewhere, I have not written it yet."

The events that followed, described in "The Isle of God" (published in *The New Yorker* in August 1939), will resonate with all *Madeline* aficionados. "I was put into a small white carbolicky bed," he wrote. "In the next room was a little girl who had had her appendix out, and on the ceiling over my bed was a crack that, in the varying light of morning, noon, and evening, looked like a rabbit, like the profile of French president Léon Blum, and at last, in conformity with the Island, like a tremendous sardine."

Bemelmans elaborated elsewhere: "I saw the nun bringing soup to the little girl. I remembered the stories my mother had told me of life in the convent school at Altötting and the little girl, the hospital, the room, the crank on the bed, the nurse, the old doctor, who looked like Léon Blum, all fell into place. I thought about where Madeline and her friends should live and decided on Paris. I made the first sketches on a sidewalk table outside the Restaurant Voltaire. . . . The first words of the text . . . were written on the back of a menu in Pete's Tavern on the corner of Eighteenth Street and Irving Place in New York," near the Bemelmanses' home at the Hotel Irving on Gramercy Park. And so, the author said, "Madeline was born, or rather appeared by her own decision."

May Massee rejected *Madeline.* John Marciano says that the editor, who had very definite ideas about children's literature, found the reductive, elliptical drawing style too cartoonish and "cheap." Explaining his technique, Bemelmans said, "I sketch with facility and speed. The drawing has to sit on paper as if you smacked a spoon of whipped cream on a plate. . . . It has to be instantaneous, a flash." Paradoxically, Massee also found the subject matter too sophisticated. Simon & Schuster, however, picked up *Madeline* at once. *Madeline* was excerpted in the September 4, 1939, issue of *Life,* in which his three-year-old daughter, Barbara, pictured astride a donkey, was deemed "as precocious and enchanting a youngster as Madeline." Later that month the book (which would go on to win a Caldecott Honor Award) came out, and it was roundly praised, especially, in the words of *The New York Times,* for its evocation of "an authentic Paris." Interest in that city was at a peak that very moment, as *Madeline*'s release coincided with France's entry into the war against Germany.

In New York during the war Bemelmans worked with "a tony group of guys—poets and playwrights" at the Office of War Information at 224 West 57th Street, says Frank Zachary, a syndicate director at O.W.I. who went on to become art director of *Holiday* and editor in chief of *Town & Country.* Not long after, having sold "Yolanda and the Thief," a 1943 *Town & Country* story (co-authored with Jacques Théry), to MGM, Bemelmans left for Hollywood. "At that time they gave money away," Bemelmans wrote, "and I received a heap of it. . . . I've always been careless with money; it seemed illogical to me to save any of it when there wasn't much anyway." Barbara adds, "At home we were not allowed to say the words 'savings account.' It depressed him." When Bemelmans' family was in California, they lived in a Topanga Beach shack, and on Miller Drive "above the Mocambo," Mimi says. For about a year Bemelmans also stayed at After All, the rigorously chic house of the grande-dame decorator Elsie de Wolfe and her husband, Sir Charles Mendl. It was, their grateful guest wrote, "the most comfortable place I have ever known." Sitting out the war in Hollywood, where socially the Mendls reigned supreme, the cosmopolitan couple (whose peacetime address was the Villa Trianon, Versailles) became surrogate parents for the displaced writer. "Mother" was Bemelmans' name for the venerable, vermicelli-thin taste arbiter—she "weighed about ninety pounds without her jewels, and when I met her she was ninety years old," he wrote. And finding the name Ludwig unsuitable, she called him 'le vie" instead. "I lived at one end of house," says actor Richard Ney, moved in at de Wolfe's invitation du his separation from wife Greer Gar "Bemmy was at the other, and we sh a bathroom. The three of us would out at Romanoff's while Charles was with Arlene Dahl. Mike Romanoff l him because he was an expert al everything to do with food and re rants. He sent Bemmy caviar by pound." Says Mary Anita Loos Saltza, the niece of the writer, "He wa darling, the pet, of Hollywood. Once ing a cocktail party at Ernst Lubits our host whispered to me and pointe Bemelmans' direction. Half of a tra hors d'oeuvres had been eaten, and t was Bem, quietly bending over the neatening it all up, as if it were bac his old days as a maître d'."

Bemelmans did not necessarily ciprocate Hollywood's affection. C paid, underworked, and subject to v he called "black moods," he often ate drank himself silly. "Psychologists say an excessive intake of food and wine substitute for happiness," Bemelm wrote. "I am hungry and thirsty a g deal of the time. . . . During the time the Hollywood crowd I looked like sc thing out of hell." Van Saltza says, decided he was bored of everything, s the walls of his MGM office he pai murals—including a scene of a lion ha sex with Louis B. Mayer. When it was covered, they sent someone right awa paint over it."

Dirty pictures notwithstanding, landa and the Thief" became MGM musical starring Fred Astaire Lucille Bremer. "Lucille Bremer was girlfriend of the producer Arthur Fre Bemelmans wrote in the Hollyw scrapbook he assembled for Barb "Everyone including Judy Garland w ed Judy Garland for the role. It was v the worst movie of the year by Ameri GIs. It cost two million to make, it back the investment but was not a hit."

Bemelmans also resourcefully proce everything he had experienced in H wood into material for books. An un duced musical he wrote for Frank Sin about a Gramercy Park landlord, ca *Hello Sunshine—Go Away,* was transfor into the children's book *Sunshine: A S About the City of New York* (Simon Schuster, 1950). He memorialized friendship with Elsie de Wolfe in *To One I Love Best* (Viking, 1955), lifting title from the epitaph she had inscribed

"Bemelmans loved the world, the world loved him, and he explored every facet that came his way."





LUDWIG'S LEGACY

Left, Ludwig Bemelmans' family—daughter Barbara, grandson John Marciano, and widow Mimi—photographed at Barbara's home in Three Bridges, N.J., April 30, 1998. *Above,* Barbara keeps her father's memorabilia, including his collection of Louis Vuitton cases, at the foot of her bed.

h of her poodles' tombstones. And novel *Dirty Eddie* (Viking, 1947) odied MGM as the corrupt Olym- Pictures and Louis B. Mayer as uncouth, sentimental mogul Moses le. "Never hire that son of a bitch in!" came the order from Mayer en the book appeared. "Unless we olutely need him."

A hit, *Dirty Eddie* sold 50,000 ies, in those days a best-seller. d nobody was a bigger fan of Be- mans' prose than the author him- . "He loved reading what he te—in every language," Barbara s. "He didn't read much of any- else." He was such a deft conver- onalist, however, "no one ever uted anything he said," remem- s Jan Mitchell, former owner of how's restaurant. "He was tick- , amusing." And Bemelmans was astute listener too. "Whenever some ll point came up, he'd say, 'Mimi, write own—that's pure gold,'" Mitchell con- es. "He didn't want to lose anything. wrote from life, about life." Countess ian Crespi, one of Bemelmans' closest nds, says, "He'd pick up little snippets conversation, and a year later a book uld come out, and I'd recognize some- g my husband or I said. 'How dare , you old bastard,' I'd tell him. And his onse was always 'There's no friendship rt.' But it wasn't like Truman Capote. lwig was mischievous, not malicious."

round 1946, Bemelmans and his fam- ily moved into the Carlyle Hotel for ar and a half, rent-free, while he paint- offbeat murals of Central Park in the nstairs bar that still bears his name. r years afterwards he would check self back into the hotel, saying he had touch up the murals,'" says one wom- friend. "I wanted to ask him, 'What are you touching up there?'" Supple- nting the on average two books a year wrote, Bemelmans always had dozens rojects bubbling on the back burner. dwig was forever convinced he was g to make a million dollars tomor- ," Mimi says. He had high hopes, for mple, when "the chance to make a thousand a week" (his words) presented itself after he sold the theatrical rights to *Hotel Splendide,* his saucy vignettes of life upstairs and belowstairs at the old New York Ritz. Immediately, Bemelmans moved his family out of the five-dollar-a-day Hotel Irving and into the top floor of the Stuyvesant Fish mansion nearby. He brought in decorator Ruby Ross Wood and hastened to Gimbel's, where the Hearst exhibition (the sale of property held when the newspaper baron's empire was troubled) was in progress. Flush with expectations, he acquired $5,000 worth of *objets* from the man whose Ritz suite he had once called home. "The greatest surprise came," Bemelmans wrote in *Vogue,* "when the play which was to pay for all this did not materialize"—and when he learned he had exactly $72.43 in the bank. Lack of funds, however, was never cause for serious alarm, for when poverty threatened his muses spoke. "My greatest inspiration," Bemelmans said, "is a low bank balance."

In 1946, Bemelmans also began a long and fruitful collaboration with *Holiday* magazine, edited by his old Hapsburg House buddy Ted Patrick. Only once did *Holiday* reject a story, and to soften the blow the magazine guiltily sent him a bouquet of flowers. "Poppy had them made into a funeral wreath," Barbara says, "which he then returned to the magazine with a note swearing he'd never write for them again—but, of course, he did." *Holiday*'s assignments, which took Bemelmans back to Europe often and for long periods of time, reawakened his dormant love for Paris, first experienced through Gazelle's picture postcards. "Bem was not your typical American discovering Europe," recalls Frank Zachary. "He was a European rediscovering Europe. Paris was his town as much as New York—he was a real boulevardier. There was a glitter and shine about him, and he was accepted without condescension by the upper-crust world."

Anthony Mazzola, then *Town & Country*'s art director, remembers, "Grand people and chic women gravitated toward him. He fascinated them. Basically he was a bohemian, but with a taste for Dom Pérignon and fine cigars. You'd see him at the Ritz in Paris, sometimes in the company of two women, not just beautiful, but usually titled too." One such friend was the Crazy Horse stripper Dodo d'Hambourg, an inspiration for his novel *The Street Where the Heart Lies* (World, 1963) and the subject of several paintings. "She was one of the greatest vamps of the epoch," says Ariane Castaing, who was married to Bemelmans' friend photographer Jack Nisberg.

Mazzola continues: "Bem really led a kind of independent life in Paris. After his

Bemelmans

years as a waiter I guess now he had a chance to enjoy the other side of it. But I never could quite figure out what was really going on with these women." A good share of his appeal, Mazzola proposes, arose from the fact that "he was basically a child." Rosy-cheeked, short, and round, "he looked like a cherub and thought in odd, childlike ways. One evening in Paris he took me to the carnival to ride the Ferris wheel and the Cyclone."

The magazines usually put him up at the Ritz, where, socialite Drue Heinz says, he would often assume the identity of the "Prince de Bavière." Vivian Crespi says that he even went as far as to have one shirt monogrammed "L. of B." with a crown over it. "But it was on the tail, over his behind, instead of over his heart." As usual, his capers could be justified as research—his book *How to Travel Incognito* (Little, Brown, 1952) chronicles the myriad opportunities this snooty pseudonym provided him to freeload off rich Americans and to stiff annoying waiters.

Though the Ritz staff cosseted him, "Ludwig of Bavaria" yearned to have a Parisian home of his own, and so in 1953, following a real-estate tip provided by a *clochard* (who himself lived under one of the Seine bridges), he purchased a "lovely house, half palace, half ruin," with a decaying ground-floor bistro. He poured all his resources—about $20,000—into fixing up the 700-year-old, vine-choked, rat-infested edifice, located at 4 Rue de la Colombe, next to Nôtre Dame. His renovation plans included a duplex studio for painting and a remodeled bistro, called La Colombe, to be adorned festively with his murals and serviced by a modern basement kitchen. Reminiscent of the setup at both Hapsburg House and his father's Golden Ship, this new arrangement seemed the answer to all his artistic, business, and entertaining problems. As he told Art Buchwald in the *New York Herald Tribune,* "Every man wants to live like a king. But you can't anymore unless you are in the innkeeping business. . . . Besides it's the ideal life because you never are alone."

Stanley Marcus, who attended the somewhat premature opening of La Colombe, remembers, "Ludwig stocked up on canned goods—*haricots verts, petits pois.* Well, the Seine overflowed its banks, the basement flooded, and all the labels came off the cans! The chef was in tears!" The restaurant lasted for about one summer, long enough for actor Richard Ney to observe "what a paradox it was to see this wise, dazzlingly brilliant painter and writer so much enjoying playing host in this basic, homespun little bar." Deep in debt, Bemelmans bailed out of the bistro and instead took a studio outside Paris in Ville-d'Avray, where Corot had painted. Overcoming a lifelong phobia, he there for the first time painted in oil. "His real dream was to be considered an artist, not a writer," says Crespi. Bemelmans succeeded in selling his paintings, usually through the Hammer Galleries, to some big-name collectors, many of them friends of the artist's—Artur Rubinstein, Leland Hayward, Charles Boyer, Alfred Hitchcock, Olivia de Havilland, Orson Welles, John Huston, Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst Jr., the Baronne de Goldschmidt-Rothschild, and Aristotle Onassis, who commissioned works for his children's rooms on board the *Christina.* Bemelmans would have been pleased to know that at Sotheby's Pamela Harriman sale, last year, auction records for his work were broken when a small watercolor of Madeline went for $23,000 and a larger painting of the Place de la Concorde brought $42,500.

Bemelmans' return to Paris apparently induced him to think again about Madeline. But he found himself "paralyzed with lack of imagination." On a visit to Mimi's parents in Larchmont, New York, Bemelmans received a call from some neighbors, the two little girls of *New Yorker* poet Phyllis McGinley. Bemelmans said, "I offered them fifty cents apiece if they would give me an Idea. . . . After I paid them they stated the plot: 'Madeline has a dog. And then the dog is taken away but it comes back again, maybe with puppies so all the girls can have dogs.'" He thereby acquired the plot's second half, "but it wasn't 50 cents, like Poppy wrote," says Barbara. "It was actually $50, and the girls went out and bought telephone stock with it." Bemelmans claimed that the first half of the plot—in which Madeline falls from the Pont des Arts and is saved from the Seine by a mongrel—came to him at the moment when, back in Paris, he witnessed a *clochard's* dog leap into the river from the quay and fetch a prosthetic leg floating by.

Bemelmans spent years on *Madeline's Rescue,* John Marciano says, "laying out the plot, making thousands of sketches in preparation, writing the verse in pieces, then making dummy copy after dummy copy of the book in its entirety." He researched the book in earnest, drawing the cityscapes of Paris on-site. Mimi has in her possession, for example, an e sketchbook filled with studies of the Lachaise cemetery, featured so promi ly in the finished book. In December *Good Housekeeping* ran an early ve of *Madeline's Rescue,* and May M seized the chance to rectify her pre error. Declaring to her author that new book's ink-and-gouache illustra were "the most beautiful things you ever done," she not only bought *M line's Rescue* for Viking, but also had publishing house purchase the righ the first *Madeline* from Simon & Schu

When Viking brought out *Made Rescue* in 1953 the rest of the w concurred with Massee's judgment. views, including one executed in vers Phyllis McGinley for *The New Times Book Review,* were excellent, so were sales. In 1954, to the delight astonishment of its author, the Amer Library Association conferred the C cott Medal on *Madeline's Rescue.* I acceptance speech, Bemelmans said:

Curious and marvelous about this awa that it was given to me at all. In spi McCarthy this is still a free land. Con plate the contents of *Madeline's Re* There is in this children's book: A drowning. A cafe on the left bank of H Two nocturnal fights. There is the P There is a full page drawing of the c tery of Père Lachaise, showing the t stone of Oscar Wilde with the inscri thereon. There is fun made of the tru of a little girls' school. And finally there character Genevieve who runs away this school, and returns and without be of marriage gives birth to twelve childr the vaulted basement of the institut don't think *Dragnet,* Dick Tracy or Bo Blackie can do any better.

Not long after, *Time,* in its Jul 1954, issue, published a curious inter with Bemelmans, in which he purport said his award-winning book was rea "very naughty" parable of whores brothel. "Madeline, although I por her as an innocent tot, is one of girls," *Time* quoted Bemelmans as say Genevieve, the dog that rescues M line, *Time* went on to report, is a star for "another girl" who "has become p nant and the management of the es lishment has turned her out into street. The search leads into a very q tionable Parisian bistro called *D Magots.*" Alarmed by the allegations, melmans and Viking sent a denial l to a thousand librarians, John Marc says. Bemelmans also denounced *Time* write-up over the airwaves to r personality Tex McCrary: "Without

red of truth," he fumed, "they jumped this dreadful reportage."

Like most *Madeline* fans, Stanley Marcus was indifferent to the scandal. In 1955 retailer invited Bemelmans to create cover of his Neiman Marcus Christmas catalogue, and to write an original ry, "Madeline's Christmas in Texas." e narrative—in which Madeline, whose t name is revealed to be Fogg, inherits r great-grandfather's Texas-size for-ne—was serialized in Dallas and Hous-n newspaper ads between Thanksgiving d Christmas, and also bound into a oklet as a store giveaway. "With Lud-g, there was no job he wouldn't take to y alive," Marcus says. "He was working the time, and enjoying every minute. sically, he was a very simple person. He ed the world, the world loved him, and explored every facet that came his y." Bemelmans sold a version of the xas story to *Good Housekeeping,* omit-g the references to Neiman Marcus, d today John Marciano is reworking d extending the illustrations in prepara-n for the spring 1999 publication of at will be retitled *Madeline in America d Other Holiday Tales.*

"There are many problems ahead," Bemelmans reflected after receiving his ldecott Medal. "Who are Madeline's rents? Who are the other girls, what are ir names, what new disaster shall demoiselle Clavel rush to? The next adeline on which I have been working two years concerns a boy called Pepi-the son of the Spanish Ambassador o lives next door to the little girls and is very bad hat. [This was an expression aning "bad egg" or "bad sort."] I'm king for him now. That is, I've been to ain three times and searched for him d for his house. As yet, nothing has me up, but with patience it always does, somewhere he lives and breathes."

The boy who ended up serving as the mary model for Pepito—the naughty reformable male foil for Madeline—s Bemelmans' godson Marcantonio Cres-the child of Countess Vivian Crespi d Count Marco-Fabio Crespi. "Ludwig s staying at our farm in Tavarnelle, ur Florence," Vivian Crespi says. "He s searching for a good-looking little in boy to be Pepito—and there was rcantonio. He posed him outside in the ss by the stables. On his head he put a c black wig with bangs and a hat with n-poms. He painted him in gouache d dedicated the picture 'To Marc-toine, May 9, 1956'—that was just be-e his fourth birthday." Says Marcantonio Crespi, now a 46-year-old poet and professor of French literature at Lafayette College in Easton, Pennsylvania, "Probably I inspired him because I was a real terror." Barbara elaborates: "And of course there was a lot of Poppy in Pepito, too—you know, the troublemaking *Lausbub.*"

Bemelmans finished much of the artwork—he made about six dummies, with varying illustrations and text—for *Madeline and the Bad Hat* in the studio the family briefly occupied at 39 West 67th Street in Manhattan. His dealer, Victor Hammer (Armand's brother) of the Hammer Galleries, visited Bemelmans there one day and to his horror found that the artist was using his *Bad Hat* sketches to ignite a fire in the hearth. "Haven't you ever heard of kindling?," Hammer asked crossly. "You're burning currency." Hammer snatched a stack of sketches from the flames, and exhibited and sold them all. "There is no one as good at selling fresh paint," the artist observed.

The real muse and impetus behind *Madeline and the Bad Hat* (Viking, 1956), however, was Mimi, to whom the book is dedicated. The only tale in the series to have a real moral, *The Bad Hat* takes a definite stand against cruelty to animals. For much of the time that her husband was gallivanting across Europe, Mimi (whom Ludwig nicknamed "Sister Purissima") was pursuing a Ph.D. in comparative literature at Columbia University, or else agitating in behalf of animal rights. Despite Ludwig's best efforts to keep her in furs and alligator purses, today she still wears only cloth shoes and handbags. Mimi "is animal-crazy and a vegetarian," Bemelmans wrote in the early 50s. "I can't rhyme the fact that she cooks, excellently, for me, the best viands."

For his next Madeline book, *Madeline and the Gypsies* (Viking, 1959), in which the redheaded gamine and Pepito run off with a circus, Bemelmans toured the Gypsy carnivals and encampments of France, painting scenes from life and keeping a spirited journal of everything he saw. His meanderings through the South of France even led him to Picasso, whom he judged "quite mad, fortunately he devised his own therapy and fortunately it rains money on him." Regarding the Gypsies, he observed in his notes, "There is so much poetic scene and picture in these small circuses. . . . I want to have the quality of both a children's book, and the best I can do in painting. . . . The performers are all elegant. The clothes they wear very beautiful . . . and worn now to shreds." As nomadic and lawless as they, Bemelmans identified with his colorful subjects. Asked about the fact that he had an accent in every language he spoke, he replied unapologetically, "It's like being a gypsy, belonging everywhere and nowhere."

Shortly after voyaging to North Africa in 1951, Bemelmans had begun to conceive an idea involving an Arab protagonist in a Madeline story. At one stage while he was working on *Madeline's Rescue* he had even had a fez-wearing man named Amadou (an homage to his old Ritz chauffeur), rather than Genevieve the dog, pull Madeline from the Seine. Eventually he came up with a holiday tale called "Madeline's Christmas," featuring an Arab sorcerer, Mustapha, who provides Madeline and her friends with magic carpets that fly them home to their parents. Published in *McCall's* in 1956, the story was a working draft of a projected book entitled *Madeline and the Magician,* which he hoped to complete after *Madeline and the Gypsies.*

Like the mythological navigator misguided by the Siren's song, Bemelmans was thrown off course by a plea from First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy, a new friend he had acquired after she wrote a fan letter. "I owe everything good and everything bad to women as do all men," Bemelmans groused in notes, dated May 1961, for *Madeline in London,* his last finished book in the series. "The mess that *Madeline in London* is in, is due to the First Lady—I wanted to do *Madeline and the Magician* first, for that is ready, all the rhymes fit, the pictures are plotted, it is a good watch that runs—she said, 'Oh do *Madeline in London* first, Caroline loves that story.' Why? Because she has two cousins in London, the children of the Radziwills. So I said, 'Yes I'll do it, if you help me with *Madeline in Washington,*' which is something I will most probably never do. So Jackie is happy, I'm not."

Though *Madeline in London* (Viking, 1961)—in which the girls visit Pepito in London and present him with a horse for his birthday—took Bemelmans the longest, 10 years, to prepare, the author also felt that he had completed it too hastily. It "caused him the most grief," John Marciano says, and wound up "not precisely what he wanted." For three years Bemelmans sketched and studied London, writing to Lord Edward Stanley to arrange for him to "hang around the Horse guards and get the smell of leather and animals, the routine, the proper terms, the proper gear etc. The language of London cavalry men." Yet at the end of this extensive research Bemelmans complained that many of his illustrations (some of which he sold to benefit humane societies for horses)

Bemelmans

resembled "whiskey ads, traveling posters or 'Come Visit England' throw aways." At the same time, in his notes, he disparaged his verse as "*la merde pure*" and fretted that he would "hate the book forever."

Part of his difficulty may have been that he could not muster the passionate feeling for England and its citizens that he had for France and the French. Full of respect for London's "exhibit of benevolent discipline unparalleled in the modern world," he nevertheless took a dimmer view of Englishmen. Or Bemelmans may simply have been feeling cowed by the specter of Posterity. "I am conscious," he wrote to May Massee in October 1960, "that in the matter of Madeline, we are working for all time."

Bemelmans wrote one more children's book, *Marina* (Harper & Row, 1962), whose trained-seal heroine reprised the subject matter of the very first drawings he had sold to *The Saturday Evening Post,* in 1933. While Bemelmans was working on *Marina,* Jacqueline Kennedy invited him to the White House, where "he slept in the Lincoln Bedroom," Mimi says. "No donation necessary." As a consequence of this visit, the writer named two of the porpoises who give Marina a "free show" in the ocean "Fiddle" and "Faddle," after the now notorious secretaries with whom J.F.K. frolicked in the presidential swimming pool.

Bemelmans had traveled to Washington to meet with Mrs. Kennedy about a book they intended to create together. One idea they considered was *The White Mouse in the White House.* The mouse "lived there because nobody could see it," he suggested to Mrs. Kennedy, "but the mouse could see everything with its crystal rosé eyes." Other possibilities were *Madeline Visits Caroline* and *Madeline in Washington.* Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg says, "They were friends, and he was really encouraging my mother to do the book—it was his idea. But it never got to a very concrete stage. We still have some sketches and scribbles he sent us." In the spring of 1962 he wrote to Mrs. Kennedy that he planned in the fall to "get a place somewhere in Washington, a studio to walk around, and start doing the pictures."

But after spending a summer holiday on the Riviera, where he kept the small yacht he had acquired, the *Arche de Noë,* he returned to 15 Gramercy Park South (he was now renting rooms at the National Arts Club), fatally ill with pancreatic cancer. "Jackie was very disappointed she didn't get to do the book with him," says Countess Vivian Crespi. "She was very fond of him. They were going to do it for charity. Had he lived, the book would have been very good." Nor did he end up finishing the book from which Mrs. Kennedy had distracted him, *Madeline and the Magician*—"now in my mind, the richest and most gay of all the books," he wrote hopefully to May Massee. (In 1985, Viking turned the *McCall's* version of the story into a book, *Madeline's Christmas,* with illustrations reworked by another artist, Jody Wheeler.)

Without telling his regular doctor, Bemelmans sought treatment from a "Dr. Feelgood, the same one who went to the White House," Barbara says. "He used magnets and he gave Poppy injectior uppers." The last meal he ate before died, on October 1, 1962, was orderec from Longchamps, one of Jan Mitche restaurants. "I remember him aski 'Do you think it's all right if I h beer?' " Mimi says.

When Barbara chose the clothes which her father was to be buried, slipped one of his good cigars and a bc of matches from his favorite restaura Le Pavillon, into the pocket of a suit w paisley lining. "Then I almost chan my mind," Barbara says. "I thought, undertaker's just going to take that ci out and smoke it. But then I realize Poppy had been an undertaker that's actly what he would do! Imagine, my f thought when he died was: We're ne going to get a good table at '21' aga And we didn't! I felt guilty about t thought for years. Until I was made understand that what I was really thi ing was: *The good times are over.*"

"In the middle of the night," Lud Bemelmans wrote with disturb candor to Jacqueline Kennedy arou 1960, "I often wake up—and stare at open doors through which I cannot w and at the closed ones that I can't ope and the children's books that keep from blowing out my brains—are crea in this hour. . . . Madeline is therapy the dark hours when the black cosr cloud sinks down." Reflecting less int spectively on Madeline during the sa period of his life, Bemelmans wrote, " Madeline stories, of course, sell ev year as good as the first and will go until the earth cools off." □

Shawn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105 the weekly chalice of sweet reason. To some, this distillation tasted of formaldehyde. In the early 60s, Seymour Krim consigned the magazine to squaresville—"the diehard editorial neoclassicists, the punctuation castratos who have gone to bed with commas for a quarter of a century, are living in a world that no longer exists." Contributors, too, cracked under the incessant niggling. In *Here but Not Here,* Lillian Ross describes how Shawn left a meeting with the philosopher-historian Hannah Arendt shaking in his shoes. Arendt, incensed at *The New Yorker*'s "stupid" editing methods, demanded that the magazine stop torturing her with questions. "She called me names, horrible names," Shawn told Ross. "Is she demented?" I asked. "Maybe something pushed her over the edge. Call Susan Sontag." I didn't know Susan Sontag, but I figured there might be something mysterious that only another high-powered intellectual could account for.

It's pretty funny, the notion that intellectuals are transmitters that can communicate only with each other as the rest of us scratch our heads.

Outbursts such as Arendt's (Mary McCarthy also chafed) were a tribute to the magazine's unique character as an exclusive club and to the discipline imposed by its protocols. Talent alone wasn't sufficient. One didn't simply write for *The New Yorker;* one had to be worthy—chosen. Hence *New Yorker* memoirs have become a distinct genre, with their own ritualistic formula. First, there is The Ini tion, in which a phone call from S Shawn emanates like a faint tap from t Holy Ghost. (Bill McKibben, receivin call on April 1, thought it was a practi joke.) Then follows The Induction, which one meets Mr. Shawn in his offi basks in his beneficent rays, and is sho to one's own modest cell. ("It was S Shawn himself who showed me, on first day on the eighteenth floor, the eig by-twelve-foot room that was to be 'office,' " recalled Kennedy Fraser. " stood in the doorway smiling and pict ing the Good Writing I might conc ably produce on the old Underwood w its chipped round keys.") As one beg to feel at home and form relationsh with the other figments floating down halls, comes the long honeymoon of Id

ation with the magazine and all that presents. (Lillian Ross: "In the elevagoing up, I was afraid that other peocould hear the din inside my body. wonderful reporters and writers I in the dimly-lighted corridors were my *colleagues.*") Then, for some, ar- the wrenching moment of Tribal ration, when, for whatever reason ng let go, falling out of favor, feeling ocated), one bids farewell to the old estead and braces oneself for the out- (Hello, cruel world.) One's belongare boxed for removal and one expeces a sad sense of erasure, a *petite* . The last phase is the *eshead Revisited* stage of rsweet Reflection, in which author muses on a grandeur has fallen into desuetude is thankful for the small nesses and treasured anecs. On the final page, the au- puts his reluctant lips to ugle, and blows.

ehta and Ross stick to the script, studying *The New er* solely through the opera ses of their own experience. n charting *The New Yorker* n within, however, they suffrom cramped perspective. y judge the magazine's th by how well they're do- To Mehta, *The New Yorker* n to show signs of decline n it had the nerve to start ing his copy. As a young Mehta published volumi- profiles and articles in the magazine opics ranging from English philoso- to the life of Gandhi; a new depart- t called "Personal History" was creato accommodate his reminiscences of a and Oxford. Shawn personally over- most of Mehta's work, which spoiled for others. Mehta survives the razor ds of Gardner Botsford ("He was wn among the people in the makeup artment, who saw his proofs regularly, he Slasher"), and is perturbed years when novice editor Jonathan Schell es his manuscript, "causing some of deeper resonances in the piece to nd hollow." In both cases, he ran to dy ("I ran to Mr. Shawn") to have his nances restored. When Robert Gott- becomes editor of the magazine in 7, Mehta loses this higher court of ap- . One of Gottlieb's first acts is bump- yet another of Mehta's book-length ls to publish a piece by Doris Les- , explaining, "I am the editor now, and I think Lessing is a very important writer." With a *tsk,* Mehta writes, "His use of the word 'important' reinforced my feeling that all of us writers and artists were now living in a different world—a world where the notoriety of the writer would, for the first time, be a factor in what was published, and even take precedence over the quality of the writing." (As if Doris Lessing were some sort of floozy.) Gottlieb not only reduced Mehta's series by two-thirds "but also cut out any intellectually demanding material, such as a favorite quotation of mine from the 'History of Philosophy' by the German philosopher W. Windelband." The unfeeling brute! Mehta even objects to Gottlieb's democratic gesture of installing a coffee machine in the office. "There was something inviting but also offputting about the smell . . . " By the time Gottlieb has departed, *The New Yorker,* to Mehta, is already a lost cause.

> There was a prim authoritarian streak in William Shawn, who was part Yoda and part yenta.

Like Mehta, Ross consigns the Gottlieb era to the memory hole, but for a different reason. To Mehta, Gottlieb's arrival is the beginning of the end—a fade to black. To Ross, Gottlieb's tenure was a bothersome interruption between the glacial grandeur of the Shawn administration and the sprightly cheek of the current editorship—a twilight period. She sees the magazine now as happy and thriving because she still participates. Indeed, Ross is under the enchantment that Mr. Shawn himself would be tickled by the drastic changes at the magazine and the flamenco dance being done on his grave, though it is highly dubious that Shawn, who recoiled from obscenity and any reference to bodily function, would applaud Richard Avedon's necrophiliac photos, or the use of the f-word five times in a single sentence in a slack-jawed appreciation of Robert Redford, or cartoon captions featuring references to "boners" and an adult man announcing "I just did a huge one in my diaper." Ross was encouraged to do her memoir by the current editor of *The New Yorker,* who is cited in the acknowledgments for "her cheerful understanding of love," a new one on me. (For the record, I wrote for the magazine from 1992 to 1996.) Articles in *New York* and *Newsweek* have speculated that this nudge was rooted in a desire to pollute and undercut the moral high ground of the Shawn era, which the present regime finds burdensome. Tarnishing Shawn's halo makes recent shenanigans look less whory, or so the theory goes. Whatever the validity of this Machiavellian scenario, *Here but Not Here* reveals that Shawn was slated to meet with the current editor, Tina Brown, to discuss a possible role as consultant. For the occasion, Ross and her adopted son, Erik, bought Shawn a new blue suit at Brooks Brothers. Later, at a restaurant, Shawn tried on the jacket, and all seemed well. But "when we walked outside with him to his car, I noticed that his eyes, strangely and frighteningly, were no longer blue. They had become black, deep black." Shawn died shortly after this sudden downturn and before the meeting could take place.

Enveloped in love-mist, Lillian Ross renders Shawn indistinct in *Here but Not Here.* She purrs of love and serves the reader slush. "'We must arrest our love in midflight,' Bill once said. 'And we fix it forever as it is today, a point of pure light that will reach into eternity.'" Although they were together for more than 40 years, their relationship is never vivid, and most of Shawn's quotes are vague expressions of Prufrockian unease, such as "Why am I more ghost than man?" and "Who am I? Am I really here?" Despite such existential moans, Shawn exerted as much control over his personal relationship with Lillian Ross as he did over the magazine—and to much the same effect. He verbally massaged both into complete compliance. According to Ross, it was he who did the wooing, pursuing her with a

Shawn

persistence (cards, poems, phone calls, standing in front of her apartment building at night) that might be construed as sexual harassment today. He was so won't-take-no-for-an-answer that when she went to Paris in 1953 to detach herself from him he not only dogged her with phone calls and cables but gave her an itinerary of sights she should see—the places he had visited in Paris with his wife in 1929. And she went! She can't explain why she obeyed, why she stayed with a man who wouldn't leave his wife for her (even after his children were grown), stressing again and again how unintrospective she is. Whatever her man wanted was good enough for Mama. "Bill disliked the odor of cigarettes. I immediately gave up smoking. He was afraid of 'drinking.' I gave up martinis." Over the years the verve of Ross's writing was slowly leeched away by their liaison, cuddled to sleep. What made her Hemingway profile a fabulous coup then and an exciting read today is that it was so untypical a *New Yorker* profile. It has a spontaneous, dialogue-driven, wide-eyed wonder that eventually ebbed in *New Yorker* profiles as a genre, which became waxwork exhibits as bleached and starched as a eulogy by Dr. Johnson. Aside from *Picture,* Ross seldom wrote again with the same present-tense drive. Ross says she doesn't mind, she never wanted to write major works, but in their relationship the sacrifices made for love seem to have all been made on her side.

Even with its mealymouthed snobberies and false modesties ("Many of my *New Yorker* colleagues and I, in the manner of Mr. Shawn, always let our work speak for itself, and were satisfied as persons to fade into the woodwork"), Mehta's book does a better job of conveying Shawn's workhorse ethic and thoughtful consideration—his calm center amid orbiting writers. Where Shawn's wife, Cecille, is a mere name attached to marital duty in Lillian Ross's memoir, a blank looming outside their love bubble, she carries her own smack of personality in Mehta's. He describes a dinner at their house where the theater critic Edith Oliver rips into James Thurber's 1959 memoir of Harold Ross.

"The book is trash," Edith said. She had a smoker's hoarse voice, and her remarks came out sounding like little barks. "It's all untrue. He might as well be writing about his mother."

"Have a melon ball, Edith," Mrs. Shawn said.

Admired through a beauty lens of hero worship (Mehta), romantic love (Ross), and daughterly devotion (Fraser), Mr. Shawn emerges rounded and complete, a deskbound Buddha who is peaceful, humble, and wise. None of these tributes to Shawn do justice to the powerful contradictions of his seemingly passive manner and the psychological strain of this makeover. Like the narrator in the Philip Larkin poem "The Life with a Hole in It," it wasn't a matter of Shawn's always doing what he wanted as much as never doing what he didn't want. Here was a man who was afraid of heights and enclosed spaces (he had his own elevator in the *New Yorker* building and, according to Ross, wouldn't visit his sons' apartments, because they were too small), yet had no problem visiting the 15th-floor apartment he and Ross originally secured as a love nest. Here was a man who professed he couldn't travel, yet hopped into a Triumph sports car with his mistress and tooled off for the Catskills. Here was a man who played jazz to unwind, and removed every ounce of improvisation from his magazine. A man considered a moral beacon who lived the life of a bigamist. Within the limitations imposed on him by his various phobias, Shawn flexed enormous force. His psychic cage kept him in a constant state of concentration. In his own way, Shawn was as willful, poignant, and imprisoned a self-creation as Richard Nixon, with Nixon's bureaucratic mastery (and, blessedly, without Nixon's paranoia).

Born William Chon in 1907, the son of a Chicago stockyard vendor known as Jackknife Ben, he changed his last name to Shawn because, according to Ross, Chon sounded too Chinese. He made himself inconspicuous around his father, of whom he was afraid. "Unlike my brothers and sister, who might do things to make my father angry, I just tried not to be noticed by him." (And he grew up afraid of expressing anger.) Jewish on both sides of his family, Shawn over time gentrified himself into a Henry James figure with warm milk for blood—industrious, refined, cushioned against any extremity of word or deed by invisible cobwebs of implication and deflection. Like James, he was a comma addict, dimpling even the most casual remarks with carefully crafted hesitation. Although Shawn published Jewish authors of note (Isaac Bashevis Singer, for example), *The New Yorker* maintained an upscale Wasp persona, evoking Connecticut lawns, riding stables, prep schools, and Dad having a spiritual crisis over c tails. The earthiness and pungenc Jewish expression—its mother-wit fended him, unless it was couche nostalgia, as in the dialect humor of ron Cohen. In my presence, Shawn visibly wounded at the mention of th median Alan King's name. Vulgari him wasn't crude vitality or loud ma but a kind of violence against civi tion—a hostile clowning. And one t on which all those who came into co with Shawn can agree is that he sh from all forms of violence. ("She w emotionally *violent,*" he said after nah Arendt's tantrum.) Like most fists, he aspired to sainthood.

He eagerly read passages to me fro Dr. Cohn's writings in The Psychoana Quarterly.... *Bill was especially take with the following: "Saintly people hav submitted to a life of the dead, renoun all possessions, and thus surrendering lifetime transfiguration. Their present must have seemed irrelevant to them, existence suspended in time. We ordin people of our time imagine ourselves t well protected against such a philosoph*

—Lillian Ross, *Here but Not*

The great paradox of Shawn's care that he practiced the art of self-effacer while making himself central, dug-in, indispensable. Channeling himself, he most present when he was bodily abs over the telephone. Kennedy Fraser that all other life froze when Mr. Sh was on the line. Within the small th in which he operated, his egolessness all-conquering. Nowhere in the mem of Shawn appears the nickname I h given to him: The Iron Mouse. Meek implacable, he carried the working *The New Yorker* in his head. Others pieces; he alone knew the whole pu He did the major assigning, chose w articles would run and when (s would sit in the "bank" for years unti ing summoned on deck—a John Up piece was said to have waited fo years), determined how writers woul reimbursed, decided who would be h and how long they would remain, dec which words were "appropriate." Sh resisted outside pressure and internal sension, both to preserve the integrit the magazine and to consolidate his der choke hold on the decision-ma process. Not only did he strenuously a union movement at *The New Yo* (ironic, given the magazine's New liberalism in all other regards), but Gigi Mahon reports in *The Last Da*

New Yorker (McGraw-Hill, 1988), he fted the top echelon in the editorial artment by unilaterally denying "key" ters and editors access to stock grants, sting that everyone at *The New Yorker* equal. Shawn refused even to discuss k options with his subordinates. He ided for them that they didn't deserve onus. *The New Yorker* was a patri-hy, and father knew best. So when the gazine's stock was later sold and the ceeds distributed, the business side en-ed a windfall and the editorial side got hing. Mahon writes, "Even some who uldn't have benefited felt cheated by at they saw as Shawn's stinginess. s one bitter staff member: 'Shawn t [the writers and artists] deliberately r. Shawn kept control by impoverish-' them." When more straightforward ries were instituted under new man-ment, some still clung to their begging vls. "Getting a salary lowered our anx-level but also had the effect of some-at corrupting our austere ways," Ved hta writes. (Ved, have a melon ball.)

aternalism breeds dependency, and dependency breeds pathologies. While wn kept a strict account of the word w, he conducted a policy of benign ne-ct toward much of his staff. Writers of-dangled for years without being pub-ed, wandering the ward like Ancient riners while younger writers were ed and left equally unattended. The re-was an institutional outbreak of men-itch. Wilfrid Sheed wrote: "One had a ture of *New Yorker* writers (whom one iom saw) vying with each other in ts of hypochondria and shyness: also flinching and shrinking, jumping at all sounds, and holing up in the coun-American writers will compete at just ut anything." Others dropped out of race entirely, their downfalls tragi-nic. The evocative short-story and lk of the Town" writer Maeve Bren-(she was "the Long-Winded Lady" covered the city as if writing home n home) became a sort of bag lady in building. Another staff writer was a orious kleptomaniac, stealing items off er writers' desks; still another set fires he ladies' room. Perhaps the saddest study in Mehta's book is Penelope liatt, a fiction writer and film critic had been married to the playwright n Osborne and became increasingly holic and wobbly. Despite Gilliatt's ious disarray, no concrete action was en until she was caught plagiarizing, she was put on medical leave. What's and noxious about Mehta's book is that he can see how nonintervention didn't improve Gilliatt's condition ("At another magazine, Penelope would have been put in the care of a doctor and not been allowed to continue her column until her condition improved"), yet he can't bring himself to blame Shawn, and takes swipes at those who do show some backbone. He says that Gilliatt's film colleague, Pauline Kael, perversely turned against "art and gentleness." Kael practiced critical kung fu, and, worse, had the gall to argue face-to-face with Mr. Shawn. The little sneak (Mehta, I mean) recounts waiting outside Shawn's office as he tried to reason with her—"Pauline's voice loud and strident, Mr. Shawn's calm and persuasive." Not only is this vignette sexist, but it makes anyone who resisted Shawn's namby-pamby control mechanisms and phony coddling seem like an ingrate. (In the preface to her greatest-hits collection, *For Keeps,* Kael relates how Shawn assumed the mantle of martyrdom as his guilt-trip device.) There's a prim authoritarian streak in Mehta, as there was in Shawn, who was part Yoda and part yenta. (Which is why Shawn resented Kael's comparing Gandhi to a Jewish mother.)

For all his mystic mildness ("Some people saw Bill as submissive, but I saw him as genuinely meek, in the beatitudinal, the biblical sense"—Ross), Shawn hardly practiced nonattachment when it came to his position at *The New Yorker.* As a former *New Yorker* editor, Dan Menaker, once said to me, "The hardest thing in the world is to walk away." Shawn couldn't face the plank. He wanted to stay forever at a job he loved, which is understandable, and choose a successor who would carry on his mandate, which was foolhardy. (No one controls their aftermath.) Shawn so identified himself with *The New Yorker* that he couldn't imagine one without the other. Having created a power vacuum which he alone filled, Shawn elaborately stalled forever on picking a successor, diddling with candidates and delaying the inevitable. He caught his staff off guard by anointing the humorless, idealistic Jonathan Schell as the heir apparent (a staff rebellion made Shawn withdraw); devised an unworkable co-managing editorship with Charles "Chip" McGrath and John Bennet, which (according to Mehta) left them both sitting awkwardly on the sofa in Shawn's office, auditing meetings; and urged William Whitworth to stay without offering him any monetary inducement or necessary assurance. Ad pages sank, articles seemed as long as tapeworms, the issue of successorship remained unresolved, and finally the dark day came when Shawn was told to pack up his pencils. Lillian Ross led a staff revolt in which a letter was drafted imploring Bob Gottlieb not to accept the job, to no avail. Although a few writers quit in sympathy when Shawn departed, he believed there would be more of a mass exit—in Mehta's words, "that, as soon as Gottlieb came over, all of us who signed the protest letter would go down in the elevator and never come back." He later recognized he was being romantic, but still, it must have hurt.

Mehta and Ross present quite different slants on Shawn's retirement years. Mehta claims that a disheartened Shawn couldn't bear to read *The New Yorker* he had left behind. "I had the impression that, except for separating himself from the office, giving up reading *The New Yorker* was the most painful thing he had ever done." Not so, Ross contends. "He had never fully stopped looking at *The New Yorker,* but now he was reading it with new interest." Mehta has Shawn plodding away on a novel about an old pianist living alone in a fleabag hotel—a maudlin exercise—while Ross relates how the two of them collaborated joyfully on



Shawn

a pair of screenplays, including a satire of the magazine biz called *Info.* Mehta, who continued to submit his works in progress to Shawn, insists Shawn wanted to be wanted by the writers he had once edited, whereas Ross has Shawn wishing they would go away. Finally, the hell that is old age wore him into infirmity. He became shrunken, frail. He died on December 8, 1992, at the age of 85—almost 41 years to the day after Harold Ross had died. God's way of saying the circle had been joined and *The New Yorker* they had created was truly gone.

On paper, William Shawn seems to have had a successful life. He was a man who got his way without being a bully. He had a wife and a mistress, children, grandchildren, the best editing job in magazines, the adoration of writers who dedicated books to him, good health, and longevity. Like Maxwell Perkins, he will be remembered as the last of the gentleman editors. Yet toward the end, stumped at writing fiction, Shawn complains to Ross, "I'm not writing what I wish to write," and "There's just too much I am not free to say." When the two of them see Cecille on the street and Shawn neglects to go over to his wife (even after Ross urges him to do so), Ross cries, "For God's sake, Bill, at point along the line we all know wh happened. Why can't we live, just *li* Shawn nods in agreement even as he s no. "It's too complicated. There's just much I can't say." Repressed all his l Shawn was never able to unburden h self, to express everything he had stas inside. In his 80s, he was still afraid being anything but careful. For me, mystery of William Shawn is: When died, did he feel he had ever really liv Was sainthood worth it? Those are R bud questions probably no one can swer. But when I look at photographs Shawn, I don't see love, I see an unrea able loneliness. □

The Reagans

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 the May department-store chain.

"I met Billy Haines through Joan Crawford," recalls Betsy Bloomingdale. "She had the most beautiful dining room I've ever seen. And Nancy always loved the things that Billy did. So I said, 'Billy, would you go and look at Mrs. Reagan's house?' 'Oh,' he said, 'you're always getting me . . . ' Billy wanted the big money, and he didn't think there was any there. I said, 'No, no, you've got to go out to Pacific Palisades and take a look.' So he did some things for them. And Ted Graber got to know her that way." Graber, then Haines's junior partner, would eventually decorate the private quarters of the White House for the Reagans.

Late in the summer of 1964, at the Cocoanut Grove nightclub in the Ambassador Hotel in downtown Los Angeles, Ronald Reagan gave a speech for Republican presidential candidate Barry Goldwater which would herald the beginning of his own political career. In 1960, Reagan had campaigned as a Democrat for Richard Nixon against John F. Kennedy. Two years later he had registered as a Republican and campaigned for Nixon again, in his losing bid for the California governorship against Pat Brown. By 1964, Reagan was co-chairman of the Goldwater campaign in California, and had been asked to speak at the $1,000-a-plate dinner by one of the Republican Party's biggest fund-raisers and contributors: Holmes Tuttle.

Reagan and Tuttle had known each other since 1946, when the actor bought a Ford coupe from Tuttle, who had just opened his first dealership, on the corner of Beverly Boulevard and La Brea Avenue in Hollywood. Born in 1905 in Oklahoma, Tuttle had arrived in Los Angeles in 1926—legend has it, in a boxcar. By the 1960s he owned Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealerships in Beverly Hills, Irvine, Tucson, and Spokane, and was said to be one of the 30 men—including Asa Call, Norman Chandler, Herbert Hoover Jr., and Union Oil head A. C. "Cy" Rubel—who secretly ran Los Angeles. He lived in Hancock Park with his wife, Virginia, a former schoolteacher, who was a co-founder of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and the Music Center. "She was a nice, quiet woman," a Reagan associate says. "Holmes, when he walked into a room, was always very much in charge."

Reagan's "A Time for Choosing" speech, as he titled it, was such a hit that Tuttle raised the money to buy a half-hour of airtime on NBC so that Reagan could deliver it nationwide a week before the election. Goldwater was defeated in a landslide by Lyndon Johnson, but the response to Reagan's speech, a ringing defense of free enterprise and an attack on Communism cast in apocalyptic terms, was so great that almost $1 million in contributions poured into Republican Party coffers. Washington columnist David S. Broder declared it "the most successful national political debut since William Jennings Bryan electrified the 1896 Democratic convention with his 'Cross of Gold' speech."

The Reagans watched the telecast at Bill and Betty Wilson's house in Bel Air, along with the Wilsons' next-door neighbors Henry and Grace Salvatori, who had helped pay for the airtime. Like their good friends the Tuttles, the Salvatoris were firmly entrenched in the politi and philanthropic hierarchy of Los An les. Henry Salvatori, an Italian immigr from New Jersey who had sold his company, the Western Geophysical C pany, to Litton Industries in 1960, was nance chairman of the California Repu can Party. Grace, a onetime ballet instr tor from Tulsa, was the right hand of M Norman Chandler, known as Buff, w chaired the city's most important wome organization, the Blue Ribbon 400, wh raised money for the Music Center.

Of Reagan's rich supporters, Salvat was the most committed to the c servative cause. A founding investor William F. Buckley Jr.'s *National Revi* he had also started and funded the A Communism Voters League. "My fath was very proud of being an America explains his daughter, Laurie Salvat Champion. "He believed that capitali and the freedoms we enjoy as Americ have to be defended at all costs. And felt that, unlike Goldwater, Ronald R gan could get elected, because he spo better than anybody else in the world."

In January 1965, two months after t Goldwater debacle, Tuttle, Salvatori, a Cy Rubel went to see Reagan and urg him to run for governor. "I knew th people were going to come up to t house after that disastrous election," N cy Reagan says. "I knew it. And they d At first Ronnie said, 'Well, let me thi about it.' And then finally he said to n 'You know, the party's in such bad sha and if I felt that I could do something help it and I didn't do it, I'd feel terribl So then he said to them, 'Let me go c and see what the response of the peo is.' And there we were. On a road we n er intended to be on. Ever."

he Reagans

olitically, they were both green as hell in 1965," recalls Stuart Spencer, political-management consultant who Reagan's 1966 and 1970 gubernatori- campaigns and who played an impor- t role in the 1980 and 1984 presiden- campaigns. "She didn't know what was getting into, I don't think. But it ned out Nancy was born a politician. ey were a team. People have got to ognize that. We never held a meeting the house with Ron and discussed tegic matters—which we did a lot of 1966—that she wasn't present. Listen- And, as time went on, asking ques- is. The tough questions. She was on a ning curve of the political process. would double-check with others. 's a great phone person—talking to friends out there, getting a lot of lback, some of it valid, some of it off- -wall. I'd talk to her every day—one us from the campaign did—and I ld always tell that night she had ed to five people on the telephone. talking about in the 60s, but this was all the way through the process. Her itical skills were better, in terms of it was best for Ron, than even his n. His skills were in the communica- n aspect and the beliefs and ideology. was the personnel director of the gan operation, so to speak. She want- o know who was going to be around n and who they were. She made a lot decisions about people coming and ple leaving. She was right 90 percent he time. I've always said he'd never e made it without her."

pencer and his partner, Bill Roberts, n the leading Republican political con- ants in California, were first ap- ached on Reagan's behalf in the ng of 1965 by Tuttle, Salvatori, Rubel, Ed Mills, vice president of Holmes tle Enterprises. In May an exploratory -campaign vehicle called Friends of nald Reagan was set up in a small of- provided by Rubel in the Union Oil lding in downtown Los Angeles. Its cutive Committee, chaired by Tuttle, uld evolve into the Kitchen Cabinet af- Reagan was elected. Aside from Sal- ri, Rubel (who would die within a of the election), and Mills, other inal members of the committee in- led San Francisco dehydrated-foods neer Jaquelin Hume; Tuttle's longtime ness partner, Charles E. Cook, then rman of the Community Bank of Los eles; and attorney William French Smith, who was brought in by Tuttle to oversee the campaign's legal affairs. French Smith, a *Mayflower* descendant from Boston and a partner in Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher, one of the largest and most prestigious law firms in Los Angeles, would become Reagan's personal lawyer after the election.

The Friends of Ronald Reagan quickly raised $135,000, and in June the still-undeclared candidate hit the road, literally. "They had a hell of a time getting him to go on a plane in 1965," says Holmes Tuttle's son, Robert. Over the next six months Reagan drove around the state, building grassroots support by giving speeches to local chapters of the Rotary Club, the Chamber of Commerce, and the United Way. "At the end of that period," Spencer says, "we realized this guy was for real. The rest of society hadn't accepted that yet, but we knew it as professionals." On January 4, 1966, Reagan announced his candidacy for governor.

Reagan was twice the underdog in the 1966 election, first in the Republican primary against former San Francisco mayor George Christopher, then against the Democratic incumbent, Governor Pat Brown. He was not, however, the first Hollywood star to run for statewide office in California: song-and-dance man George Murphy had been elected to the U.S. Senate as a Republican two years earlier. In 1966 the moderate wing of the Republican Party supported Christopher, while some Democrats tried to link Reagan and his rich backers to the John Birch Society—the extreme-right-wing organization named after a U.S. Army intelligence officer killed by the Chinese Communists in 1945—which had a strong influence on the party in parts of Southern California. Reagan deflected the charge with a typically clever line: "They're supporting *my* positions. I'm not supporting *their* positions." And Tuttle tried to make Reagan's image more middle-of-the-road by taking him out to Palm Springs for a round of golf with former president Eisenhower. Although Ike is said to have told Tuttle, "I like your boy," he remained neutral in the Reagan-Christopher battle.

"It was a lonely and difficult time for my father," Robert Tuttle says, "because, of the three original Reagan supporters, he was the one who really worked day-to-day on the campaign. Mom and Dad were both very involved. They'd go down to the Reagan for Governor headquarters on Wilshire and Vermont, near the old I. Magnin's, and just work their hearts out. A lot of his close friends supported George Christopher, and would say to him, 'Why are you supporting this actor? Look at what Goldwater did to the party. Now you're going to do it again.' But he managed to continually reach out to the other side and say, 'If Christopher wins, we'll be on board the next day.' And he got *them* to say, 'If Reagan wins, *we'll* be on board.' And many of those people—the most prominent one was Justin Dart—came right on board."

Dart and Tuttle had been best friends and close political allies since 1956, when Dart was finance chairman of the Eisenhower campaign and dropped by Holmes Tuttle Ford one day to ask for a $5,000 contribution. Tuttle not only gave it to him but also proceeded to raise $50,000 more. "They were a formidable fund-raising pair," Robert Tuttle says. "They'd sit in Justin's office up on Beverly and La Cienega, get a guy on the speakerphone, and go to work on him. They'd play good cop, bad cop. Millions and millions of dollars were raised in that office."

"You can describe Justin in the one sentence that's been said so many times about him: Sometimes right, sometimes wrong, but never in doubt," Bill Wilson says. "He knew what he wanted, and he was going to go get it." The son of an Evanston, Illinois, shirt salesman, Dart got into the chain-drugstore business in 1929, when he married the daughter of Charles Walgreen. He made a fast million during Prohibition by cornering the market in bourbon and selling it as "prescription whiskey." He eventually became president of Rexall Drug, moved its headquarters from Boston to Los Angeles, and renamed it Dart Industries. In 1980 he merged it with Kraft, Inc., to create the 27th-largest industrial company in the country at the time.

He was introduced to Ronald Reagan in the 1940s by his second wife, the former movie actress Jane Bryan. But Jane Dart and Nancy Reagan were never particularly close. "My mother was not one of the in-crowd," says her son Guy Mitchell Dart. "If she ever had lunch alone with Nancy Reagan, I'd be surprised. My father and Ronald Reagan were bonded by their political beliefs. He was mainly interested in the economy. He wanted as little government interference and bureaucracy as possible. I think the fact that they were self-made men helped shape their common politi-

cal philosophy of rugged individualism."

After Reagan won the June primary with 65 percent of the vote, Dart became a major presence on the Executive Committee, and subsequently on the Kitchen Cabinet. Dart's support of Christopher, however, made him somewhat suspect in the eyes of the committee's most conservative members, led by Salvatori, whose ideological fervor was matched by his deep pockets. In 1968, Henry and Grace Salvatori gave $90,000 to the Republican Party.

During the course of the campaign, the Executive Committee had come to include Earle Jorgensen; Taft Schreiber, Reagan's MCA agent; Leonard Firestone, of the Firestone rubber fortune; Leland Kaiser, a San Francisco investment banker; Ted Cummings, the founder of the Food Giant supermarket chain and a leader in the Los Angeles Jewish community; and oil, entertainment, and real-estate mogul Jack Wrather, who owned the Disneyland Hotel in Anaheim and the syndication rights to *The Lone Ranger* and *Lassie,* and who would later acquire the Muzak Corporation and the dry-docked *Queen Mary* in Long Beach. Wrather's second wife, Bonita "Bunny" Granville, a retired child star who had played Nancy Drew in the 1930s, was a close friend of Nancy Reagan's.

On Election Night, most of the Executive Committee and their wives gathered at Earle and Marion Jorgensen's house in Bel Air, along with the Reagans, the Bloomingdales, the Wilsons, the Deutsches, and one of the candidate's oldest friends from his Warner Bros. days, actress Irene Dunne. It would be the first of four Election Night buffets at the Jorgensen house, a low-slung, spread-out ranch decorated by Billy Haines with his signature mix of Coromandel screens, Chippendale furniture, and long sofas upholstered in bold prints.

"And you know how it came about?" Marion Jorgensen explains over lunch at the Hotel Bel-Air. "I was speaking to Nancy on the telephone about three o'clock in the afternoon on Election Day. And she said, 'I guess Holmes told you, we invited some of our friends to come down to the Biltmore Hotel at eight o'clock.' And she said, 'It's awful being here.' I said, 'Well, what are you doing?' 'Nothing.' I said, 'Well, what are you going to do until you go?' 'Nothing.' I said, 'Look, it's three o'clock. If I can get some of your friends, how about coming over to our house? I mean, very informal. Just come over about 5:30.' And they did. That was the first one, the first governor's election. I always had his favorite thing to eat—veal stew. Loves it. And fresh coconut cake."

The final tally: Reagan, 3,742,913; Brown, 2,749,174.

On January 2, 1967, at precisely 12:01 A.M., Ronald Reagan was sworn in as governor of the most populous state in the country, with a beaming Nancy Reagan at his side. The reason for the odd hour, Reagan always said, was to put a stop to Brown's last-minute judge-appointing binge as soon as legally possible. "That was the party line," Stuart Spencer says. "It was held at midnight because Nancy talked to [psychic] Jeane Dixon or somebody like that. For years she talked to these people. And for years we changed the schedule every now and then to mollify her. But it *never* involved major issues. It was just for 'Ronnie's safety.' We'd just laugh and say, 'O.K., change the goddamned thing—it's not that big a deal.'"

"Jack and Bunny Wrather got the whole group of us together," Bill Wilson remembers. "And we flew up to Sacramento for the inauguration in their old twin-engine turboprop airplane." The Bloomingdales rented a Learjet. The Jorgensens tossed a pre-inaugural dinner party at Sacramento's Firehouse restaurant, and after the official ceremony in the Capitol rotunda there was a buffet supper organized by Betty Wilson in the Governor's Mansion, an old Victorian house that had fallen into obvious disrepair during the Brown administration. "Betty went in there and really fixed it up," says Harriet Deutsch. "She had everything done in candlelight. She didn't want the cobwebs to show. She put white flowers everyplace. Very dim lights." Marion Jorgensen adds, "We all looked very peculiar. It was the day of the very short sleeveless dress—you know, Norell, Courrèges, the whole bit."

During the transition period between the election and the inauguration, the Executive Committee had renamed itself the Major Appointments Task Force—with Holmes Tuttle staying on as chairman—and at Reagan's behest set about recruiting managers and administrators from the business world to fill the state cabinet and other high positions. For the crucial post of state finance director, Reagan's professional advisers, including Stuart Spencer and press secretary Lyn Nofziger, strongly recommended Caspar Weinberger, a Republican lawyer from San Francisco. But Salvatori and his conservative allies bla balled Weinberger because he had bee supporter of New York governor Nel Rockefeller in the 1964 presidential mary. Spencer says, "So they appointe guy by the name of Gordon Smith—di ter! They got practical when they realiz *Whoa, got a problem! This guy can't e add up what the deficit is.*" In Febru 1968, Smith was replaced by Weinber who 13 years later would become R gan's secretary of defense.

A few months earlier, Reagan had manded the resignations of two his top aides when rumors surfaced t they had taken part in a homosexual o at Lake Tahoe during an environme summit between Reagan and Nev governor Paul Laxalt. Reagan's new e utive secretary, William Clark, was a year-old lawyer who had managed R gan's campaign in Ventura County. would go on to become national-secu adviser and secretary of the interi When Clark left Sacramento for a juc ship in 1969, his place was taken by win Meese, a former Alameda Cou prosecutor and future counselor to president of the United States. Their sistant as deputy executive secretary ing Reagan's two terms as governor Michael Deaver, a young Republi Party field-worker from Santa Barb who would rise to deputy chief of staf the White House.

"I developed a kind of personal r tionship with Ronald *and* Nancy R gan," says Deaver. "I wasn't intimida by either of them. From the very be ning, everybody was scared to death Nancy. Nancy's only interaction with staff would be when there was a probl She'd call up and say, 'Well, why did happen?' Or 'Why is Ronnie doing th My reaction was to tell her the truth. did it because it's the right thing to and here's why.' 'Oh, O.K.' And so pr soon people would say, 'You can with *her.*' And I didn't have any prob with that, because I liked her."

According to Deaver, the Reag were "an anomaly" in Sacramento, a sr city where everybody knew everyb and everybody was either a politician a lobbyist. "The pols never could fig it out," Deaver says. "They kept aski 'Why doesn't this guy go out and d with us?' Because the Reagans were k of a 50s family, that's why. They wa to be together in the evening." Na Reagan agrees: "I remember in Sacra to there was a place called Frank F and they would all go over there.

nie. Ronnie would come right home." his sense of aloofness was heightened n the Reagans moved out of the Gov-or's Mansion in April 1967, four ths after they had moved in. Nancy gan explained that the three-story e structure, built in 1877 and located a major thoroughfare in downtown amento, was unsafe for the children, , then 14, and Ron, 9. The press ed about the Tudor-style house with a which the Reagans rented in a subur-neighborhood for $1,250 a month, and ed again in 1969, when the Kitchen net purchased the house for $150,000 leased it to the Reagans he same rent. Nancy Rea-tried to counter the criti-by inviting the state legis-s to an annual poolside , with entertainment pro-d by old friends such as Benny, Danny Thomas, Red Skelton. But she 't above canceling her sub-tion to the relentlessly crit-*Sacramento Bee,* or calling *Angeles Times* publisher Chandler, the son of Nor-and Buff Chandler, at e to complain about a Conrad cartoon making of her husband. Nothing nded her more, appar-, than a 1968 *Saturday ing Post* profile by Joan on, in which the writer ked her smile as "a study rozen insincerity." More 20 years later, in her e-settling 1989 memoir, *My Turn,* cy Reagan was still asking, "Would ave liked it better if I had snarled?"

lmost every weekend during their first two years in Sacramento, the gans returned to Pacific Palisades, e the governor often held meetings the Kitchen Cabinet while the First lunched at Le Bistro in Beverly and shopped on Rodeo Drive with Group. It didn't help matters in amento when Reagan, just a year his first term and encouraged by nes Tuttle, entered the race for the Republican presidential nomination ist former vice president Richard n and Governor Nelson Rockefeller. am Clark and other Sacramento had argued against it from the start, Nancy Reagan panicked when Sena-obert Kennedy, the leading Demo-contender, was assassinated in Los les on the night he won the Califor-nia primary, which Reagan won on the Republican side. But the Kitchen Cabinet prevailed—they had chipped in $440,000—and Reagan carried on until the convention in Miami, where Nixon was nominated on the first ballot. "I wrote in a column from Miami that Reagan's candidacy was almost certainly something that he undertook to do something nice for his friends," William F. Buckley says today. "Reagan called to tell me that was exactly correct—it was only because he felt an obligation to them."

Holmes Tuttle, according to his son, continued to spend at least half his time on politics during Reagan's years in Sacramento. "It got to the point," Robert Tuttle says, "where our business was actually suffering because of it." Stuart Spencer elaborates: "Holmes did the things that had to be done. During the first term, for example, when I said, 'Hey, we got to get the legislature back,' Holmes raised the money to let us go out and do the job. And we got it and we won it. . . . He spent a lot of time. I mean, I'd come to him at midnight and say, 'I need 30 grand for something.' He'd say, 'Go spend it!' That's the way he was."

> "I always had Ronnie's favorite thing to eat—veal stew. Loves it," says Marion Jorgensen of her Election Night parties.

Public recognition of the Kitchen Cabinet's power was so prevalent during Reagan's first term that when he ran for re-election in 1970 his Democratic opponent, former speaker of the State Assembly Jesse Unruh, launched his campaign at the gates of the Salvatori estate in Bel Air. As two busloads of reporters stood by, Unruh declared that a property-tax-relief bill proposed by Reagan would save the Salvatoris $4,113 a year, whereupon Henry Salvatori, in tennis whites, appeared and yelled through the gates, "Oh, you ass! Is this the way you have to get your publicity?"

Reagan was re-elected with 53 percent of the vote, a significantly lower margin than in 1966, and the Democrats regained control of the legislature. Some attributed this mediocre showing to Reagan's handling of one of the great tests of his first term: his war against student unrest on the state's college campuses, particularly at the University of California at Berkeley, which he considered a hotbed of "Communism and blatant sexual misbehavior." Early in his first term he exacerbated the situation by proposing to cut the budget and charge tuition at the state's hitherto free universities and colleges. Student demonstrators, picking up on a hostile reference to the governor Joan Baez made at Woodstock in 1969, mocked him as "Ronald Raygun" and protested his vocal support of the Vietnam War with constant marches and sit-ins. He, in turn, made cracks to the press, saying, for example, that one male demonstrator "had a haircut like Tarzan, walked like Jane, and smelled like Cheetah." In February 1969, to break a student strike at Berkeley supported by the Third World Liberation Front and the Black Panthers, Reagan sent in the California Highway Patrol. After three months of escalating violence culminating in bloody riots, Reagan brought back the Highway Patrol, bolstered by the Alameda County sheriff's deputies. One demonstrator was killed by a deputy, scores were injured, and hundreds were arrested. Finally Reagan directed the National Guard to restore order, and the city of Berkeley was occupied for 17 days.

He had a more successful second term. He worked with the Democratic speaker of the Assembly, Bob Moretti, to pass in 1971 the nation's first Welfare Reform Act, which brought what Reagan called "the welfare monster" under control by significantly slowing the growth in the welfare rolls while increasing funds for "the truly needy." In general, his eight-year record reflected a willingness to compromise in order to achieve part of

his goals. He reduced property taxes by $4 billion, but he also raised corporate, sales, and personal income taxes substantially. He managed to slow the growth of the state workforce, but the annual state budget increased from $4.6 billion in 1967 to $10.2 billion in 1974. He left office high in the popularity polls. He was no longer seen as an amateur politician from Hollywood, but neither was he considered a major statesman.

During the Reagans' eight years in Sacramento, Nancy Reagan also grew more comfortable with—and more savvy about—her role as a politician's wife. She took charge of the small Foster Grandparents Program, which arranged for senior citizens to spend time with institutionalized children, and expanded it to all state hospitals. She championed the cause of the prisoners of war returning from Vietnam, and gave well-publicized dinners at the Reagans' homes in Sacramento and Pacific Palisades for three or four of them at a time, including future Arizona senator John McCain. Behind the scenes, she assiduously kept up the friendships that had enabled Ronald Reagan to become governor, continuing to make frequent trips to Los Angeles and constantly calling Betsy, Betty, Marion, and Lee. One by one, the social rituals of the Reagan court fell into place.

Nancy Reagan's annual birthday parties, hosted by Betty Wilson, started out as tailgate picnics on an undeveloped piece of property the Wilsons had bought in Riverside County in 1968. "It was pretty land," says Bill Wilson. "It had some nice oak trees. But there was nothing there, so we had to take tables and benches and barbecues down there. Ronnie used to insist on taking a couple of .22 rifles, because he couldn't stand the idea of these little ground squirrels chewing up the roots of the trees. So if one of them would pop his head out of a hole, Ronnie would take a shot at him and see if he could get him. His security guys would really go into orbit when Ronnie would hand me a rifle and we'd start walking out through the bushes. But I think Ronnie did that pretty much to tease them, as well as so the two of us could just go out and have some fun shooting gophers or ground squirrels together."

The Reagans, the French Smiths, and the Schreibers had all bought adjoining properties at the same time as the Wilsons, in the same remote section of Riverside County. The area was called Rancho California, and there was an understanding that roads and utilities would be extended into it. The Reagans paid $347,000 for their 778 acres, which they could well afford after selling their Lake Malibu ranch to Twentieth Century Fox for $1,931,000. (He had paid $85,000 for it in 1951.) By the early 1970s, with Rancho California still undeveloped, the Wilsons bought an avocado ranch north of Santa Barbara, and Betty Wilson continued giving the birthday picnics there. A few years later the Wilsons acquired a huge spread in Mexico, and the Reagans bought the 688-acre Rancho del Cielo, on a mountaintop above the Wilsons' old avocado ranch, for $527,000 (and sold their Rancho California property for $856,000). From then on, Betty Wilson, joined by Marion Jorgensen, gave the birthday parties at the Reagans' spread.

Walter and Lee Annenberg's annual New Year's Eve parties in Palm Springs also started shortly after Reagan became governor, and also started small. "We'd have Norman and Buff Chandler and the Reagans," recalls Lee Annenberg. "We only had, like, 20 people, and we'd run a movie." The Annenbergs' house, Sunnylands, a 32,000-square-foot pink-and-orange neo-Mayan palace, was completed in 1966, at a cost of $5 million. It was designed by the dean of the architecture school at the University of Southern California, Quincy Jones, and decorated by Billy Haines and Ted Graber. Its 6,400-square-foot living room was shaped like a tent, with walls made of volcanic rock, and enormous picture windows looking out onto the Annenbergs' private nine-hole golf course. There was also a meditation garden for Lee, a devout Christian Scientist, as well as a cactus garden and two hothouses, one for orchids. The house contained part of the Annenbergs' collection of paintings by Monet, Renoir, Bonnard, van Gogh, Gauguin, Picasso, and Matisse. All of this splendor was set on a square mile of desert in the new Rancho Mirage area, where the Annenbergs' neighbors included Frank Sinatra, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Bob Hope, and Danny Thomas. The Tuttles and the Darts also owned houses in Palm Springs, and another Kitchen Cabinet multimillionaire, Leonard Firestone, published one of the local newspapers as a hobby. Former president Eisenhower and his wife, Mamie, wintered at the Eldorado Country Club and were regular lunch and dinner guests at Sunnylands. Out-of-town friends, including the Reagans, often flew in for long weekends in the des

"As a matter of fact, there was a publican Governors' Conference in P Springs in December 1968," Lee Ann berg recalls. "And president-elect Ni and his daughter Tricia came and sta with us. Also staying with us were Go nor and Mrs. Reagan. That was w Nixon asked Walter to be his ambassa to Great Britain, right then and there the spot. Walter said, 'Leave my pa Well, maybe for two years.' Nixon s 'Oh, you'll love it. I know you'll longer.'" The Annenbergs were in L don for almost six years, from 196 late 1974, and became bosom friend the royal family.

Annenberg's predecessor as amba dor to the Court of St. James's been the quintessential eastern-estab ment career diplomat David K. Br whose elegant and erudite wife, Eva line, made no secret of her dismay at t being followed by a couple she consid nouveau riche social climbers from C fornia. According to John Cooney in family biography, *The Annenbergs,* E geline Bruce told friends she had "n even heard of these strange people." M seriously, Annenberg's nomination opposed by Democratic senator Will Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign R tions Committee, and strongly critic by *The New York Times,* which edito ized that Annenberg had bought the n ination with campaign contributions. fact, he had not given money to Nix 1968 campaign, but his relatives had b donors.) When *The Washington* joined in with a Drew Pearson colum tacking Annenberg's late father, who been convicted and jailed for tax eva in the 1940s, Annenberg called his friend *Washington Post* owner Katha Graham and accused her of betra him. Graham found herself in an ward position: she was scheduled to h dinner in the Annenbergs' honor at house in Georgetown a few days later lowing Walter's Senate confirmation h ings. Wanting to make the evening a joyable as possible—and unaware of e ing tensions between the Annenbergs the Bruces—she invited David and E geline Bruce to attend. At the di Evangeline Bruce refused to make co sation with Lee Annenberg. Walter nenberg declared that he would n speak to Katharine Graham again.

Even before Annenberg presente credentials to Queen Elizabeth II in 1969, his wife had flown over Haines and Ted Graber from Los An

egin work on a six-month, $1 million
vation of the ambassador's residence,
field House. The 35-room Georgian-
e mansion on Regent's Park had been
t in 1937 by Woolworth heiress Bar-
Hutton, who donated it to the Amer-
government after the war. "The first
er we gave at Winfield House was for
ernor and Mrs. Reagan," Lee Annen-
says. "Walter had arranged for Ron-
o be a speaker at the Institute of Direc-
held in the Royal Albert Hall. There
t have been 6,000 people there, and
we gave a dinner for 30 or 40." Al-
gh the Annenbergs and the Reagans
't know it, among the business execu-
at the Royal Albert Hall that night in
1969 was Denis Thatcher, who went
e and told his wife, Margaret, then
ster of education in the government of
servative prime minister Edward
th, how impressed he'd been by the
fornia governor's ideas and delivery.

"hat was the English part of the
trip," says Betsy Bloomingdale. "I
in charge of the French part." The
mingdales had accompanied the Rea-
to London—the wives on one flight,
husbands on another. "In those days,
cy and Ronnie didn't fly together, be-
e of the children," Bloomingdale ex-
ns. "After London, we went to Paris
hree days."

he high point of their Paris stay was a
er in the Reagans' honor at Versailles,
ed by its then curator, Gerald van der
ıp, and his American wife, Florence.
ad called Florence," Bloomingdale
, "because Nancy had always been so
nated by the stories of the dinners
gone to in Versailles. And being a
Republican anyway, Florence was
led to give a dinner for the governor of
fornia. . . . The Duke and Duchess of
dsor were there, and a lot of terribly
isticated French people—you know,
is de Redé, Ghislaine de Polignac, all
kind of crowd that we'd known for
s. Real sophisticates. So nobody really
d who Ronald Reagan was. He was a
handsome-looking actor from Cali-
ia, I think they thought, with a very
y wife and what have you. But Ron-
was fabulous that night. He got up—
a little bit in French—and then really
ed to speak. And after dinner they all
v who Ronald Reagan was. They were
for Ronald Reagan."

year later, at the 1970 Republican
Governors Conference in Sun Valley,
o, the Reagans made a new friend:
arine Graham. Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Reagan had been encouraged to seek each other out by an unlikely go-between. "I must say, we kept this rather a dark secret," explains Graham, sitting beneath a Diego Rivera painting in the drawing room of her R Street mansion. "Because what we actually did was meet through Truman Capote. And both of us felt slightly embarrassed—you know, because people kept asking all through the Reagan years, 'How did you happen to meet? How did you happen to be friends?' And at that point, for some reason, we didn't think it was suitable. I don't exactly know why. But we never much said that in fact we did meet through Capote. After *In Cold Blood* he was very interested in the death penalty, and he had gone out to California in pursuit of death-row interviews. And in the course of doing that he met Governor and Mrs. Reagan. And he said to me, 'I know you won't believe me, honey, but you'd really like them.' So then he encouraged me to look them up. And it happened quite accidentally. Because I was invited to speak at the Republican governors' meeting in Sun Valley, on a panel about the press. So I flew out there all alone and feeling very unsure of myself—I'd only gone to work in '63. And at one of the first receptions—it was a terribly cold winter night and everyone went out to the dinner in sleds—I met the Reagans. And because of Truman, you know, Nancy and I got to know each other."

Nancy Reagan confirms the Capote connection. "He came to the house for lunch a few times in Sacramento," she says. "And he said, 'You know, you really should know Kay Graham. If you knew her, you'd like her.' Ronnie used to do a funny imitation of him. So we went to Sun Valley, and I walked into this lodge where we were having dinner. And there was Kay standing in front of the fireplace. So I walked up to her and said, 'Well, I think it's time we really met.'"

Two months later, in February 1971, Governor Reagan, accompanied by his top state aide, Executive Secretary Edwin Meese, was the guest speaker at a *Washington Post* editorial lunch, and that evening Mrs. Graham gave a dinner at home for the Reagans. "We kept up," Graham says. "When I went to California, I'd call them and receive them in some way. Nancy and I always liked each other, I believe. And I was interested in getting to know the governor as a person who was on the conservative side of the Republican Party. And Nancy and I got to be friends. I think our friendship was sealed in a really odd way. They came back to Washington after the dinner for both of them, and I said to Nancy, 'Would you like to come to dinner when you're here?' She said they couldn't, because he was going to some male dinner—the Alfalfa Club dinner, I think. I said, 'That's too bad, but why don't you come?' And she said, 'Oh, you don't want me without Ronnie.' I said—because the light had started to dawn at that point about women—'Nancy, that's not where it's at anymore. Of course I want you.' She said, 'You do?' I mean, she had apparently never gone out without him. So she was very pleased to be asked on her own."

Graham put together a serious group for Nancy Reagan that evening in January 1974, including President Nixon's special counsel Leonard Garment, Helmut Sonnenfeld of the State Department, columnists James Reston, William Safire, and James Kilpatrick, and Clay Felker, then publisher and editor of *New York* magazine. In her thank-you note, Nancy Reagan wrote, "You can't tell what might happen now that I've made the plunge."

In March 1974, the Reagans were back in Palm Springs with the Annenbergs and their houseguest Prince Charles. The Prince of Wales, then 26, was in the Royal Navy, on shore leave from his ship, H.M.S. *Jupiter*. Lee Annenberg recalls that "Nancy phoned and said, 'Prince Charles is going to be in San Diego. What do you think we should do?' I suggested they come down to Sunnylands, and I would invite him. He came with his equerry for the weekend. And that's when they got to know him very well."

Despite Reagan's popularity in the polls, he decided not to run for a third term, claiming that he wanted to spend the rest of his days riding horseback in the sun on his ranch. He was 64, Nancy was 12 years younger, and they were having problems with the children: Patti was living with a longhaired, leather-clad rock star; Ron had left his boarding school in Phoenix and moved in with Mary Jane and Charles Wick during the last year his parents were in Sacramento. Not long after their January 1975 move back to Pacific Palisades, Nancy Reagan gave an interview about her years as First Lady of California to her best friend, Betsy Bloomingdale, for the pilot of a proposed talk show which never aired.

B.B.: Today my guest is Nancy Reagan, who is my very close and very dear friend. Nancy and Ronnie, when they went to Sacramento eight years ago, all of a sudden Nancy's close friends found there she was, First Lady of California, and suddenly we were all kind of shy and embarrassed about calling her. But

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Nancy, in her usual fashion, made all of her close friends feel that she wasn't very far away and that, being First Lady, she was still one of my very close friends. Nancy, what was it like, you know, moving from Los Angeles to Sacramento as First Lady of California? I know how we felt. You made us feel very welcome. But how did you feel?

N.R.: Welcome? I never could have done it without all of my friends. Well, you know, people said to us in the beginning that there was not going to be such a change between the life we had led in pictures and politics—that it was very similar. That was a lot of nonsense. There was a great deal of change. Your life is much more public. You have much less free time. In pictures, at least in the days when my husband was in them, you were more protected. And you're certainly not protected in politics. So it was completely different.

Most people assumed that when Reagan decided not to run for a third term, in 1974, that was the end of him as a national political figure, and certainly his future did not look promising. In August 1974, after Nixon resigned the presidency because of the Watergate cover-up, his vice president, Gerald Ford, moved into the White House, and the consensus was that he would automatically be nominated for a full term in 1976. President Ford offered to make Reagan secretary of transportation or ambassador to Great Britain, but Reagan declined, saying, "Hell, I can't afford to be an ambassador."

Reagan had been making $49,000 a year as governor, but after he left office, Michael Deaver opened a public-relations agency in Los Angeles and began booking speaking engagements for him at $5,000 a speech. He also sold a syndicated column by Reagan to 174 newspapers and a taped weekly commentary to more than 200 radio stations. According to Reagan biographer Lou Cannon, Reagan's income jumped to more than $800,000 in 1975. His message was basically the same as it had been in 1964: only conservatism could save America from economic disaster, and the world from Soviet domination.

As early as May 1974, Reagan had started holding strategy meetings at his house in Pacific Palisades with Holmes Tuttle, Justin Dart, Ed Meese, Deaver, and other top aides from Sacramento. At first these advisers were wary about Reagan's taking on an incumbent Republican president. But, according to Nancy Reagan's memoir, Reagan told his children on Halloween night in 1975 that if he didn't run he'd "feel like the guy who always sat on the bench and never got into the game."

Reagan's campaign got off to a disastrous start. Stuart Spencer, who had managed his gubernatorial campaigns, was running President Ford's campaign. Henry Salvatori, Taft Schreiber, and Leonard Firestone were so upset with Reagan for "dividing the party" that they threw their support to the Ford campaign. In spite of the relentless fund-raising efforts of Tuttle and Dart, Reagan lost the first five primaries, and by late March 1976 his campaign was $2 million in debt. Even Nancy Reagan urged him to withdraw. But Reagan, as stubborn as ever, took off his gloves and began attacking Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger for "giving away" the Panama Canal.

In the end, at the Kansas City convention, Ford had 1,187 delegates to 1,070 for Reagan. Three of the California delegates voting for Reagan were Earle Jorgensen, Bill Wilson, and Alfred Bloomingdale. "I'll never forget the sight of those three great big grown-up men crying when Ronnie lost," Nancy Reagan says.

"The next morning at seven o'clock there was a knock on the door of my hotel room," says Mike Deaver. "I go to the door bleary-eyed in my pajamas, and there are Just Dart, Holmes Tuttle, and William French Smith, all in their blue blazers, rep ties, gray slacks, and loafers. 'We want to see Ron,' Just said. They wanted him to be vice president under Gerald Ford in the worst way. My room was right next to the Reagans' suite, so I let them into the living room, got some coffee for them, went into the Reagans' bedroom—they were sound asleep—woke them up, and said, 'I'm sorry, but Just and Holmes and Bill Smith are out there and want to talk to you about the vice-presidency.' Reagan said, 'Tell them I don't want the vice-presidency.' I said, 'They're not going to take that from me. You have to tell them.' The guy was ticked, but he got up and got dressed, and just as he came into the living room the telephone rings. I pick it up and say, 'Governor, it's President Ford.' Reagan takes the phone. 'Right, right, right. Great. I'll do everything I can to help. Wonderful.' He puts the phone down and says, 'Guys, I know what you came here for, but he's picked Bob Dole.' Just Dart put his arms around Reagan and *wept.*"

A few months later, Marion Jorgensen recalls, "we flew to Oklahoma City with Nancy and Ronnie and the Wilsons and the Tuttles. Holmes came from Oklahoma, and he was being inducted into the Cowboy Hall of Fame. Ronnie was giving a speech in honor of Holmes in this great big auditorium, and we had a table right in front of the podium. I went to the ladies' room, and there, standing in the doorway to the auditorium, was Mike Deaver, holding a raincoat. It was a miserable night, pouring rain and thunder and lightning. I said, 'Mike, what are you doing here?' He said, 'I'm waiting for Ronnie. We're flying to Albuquerque as soon as he finishes his speech.' I said, 'You can't go out on a night like this on some charter plane.' He said, 'We have to. He's giving a breakfast speech, he's got a coffee meeting, he's speaking to the Rotary at lunch, he has a late-afternoon speech, and he has a dinner speech.' *Five.* In Albuquerque in one day. So you see, after he was beaten in Kansas City, he started all over again."

Gerald Ford's defeat by Jimmy Carter had left the field for the 1980 Republican nomination wide open. Reagan was competing for conservative votes and could rate cash with such Republican heavyweights as Senator Robert Dole, former Texas governor John Connally, and former C.I.A. director George Bush. Reagan's campaign manager was John Sears, who had run his 1976 campaign so brilliantly and had become a favorite of Nancy Reagan's. This time, however, the campaign was riddled with infighting. Early on, in November 1979, Sears and Deaver, with Nancy Reagan's encouragement, forced out longtime Reagan political secretary Lyn Nofziger. When Sears then drove Deaver out, Nancy Reagan became disenchanted and asked Justin Dart to look into the campaign's spending, which was out of control. When Sears tried to get Meese fired, Ronald Reagan had had enough. Armed with Dart's report, he fired Sears in February 1980, the night he won the New Hampshire primary. William Casey, a Wall Street banker who had headed the Securities and Exchange Commission under Nixon, replaced Sears, and Meese was promoted to chief of staff for the campaign. Deaver was brought back to travel with the Reagans, and, at Nancy Reagan's behest, so was Stuart Spencer, who was forgiven for his lack of support of Ford. "I let Reagan vent his spleen on me about Ford," says Spencer. "He had a good time, and from then on it was like the way it was before."

The Kitchen Cabinet, with Henry Salvatori back on board, had been raising money for Reagan under the auspices of an organization called Citizens for the Republic almost since the day after the 1976 convention. In the spring of 1979, several months before Reagan officially announced his candidacy, they were joined by Charles Wick, an entertainment law-

had made a sizable fortune in the sing-home business, and his wife, y Jane, Nancy Reagan's close friend n their children's private-school days. he Wicks sent out telegrams on behalf he Ground Floor Committee, which prised a dozen, mostly Kitchen Cabi- couples, saying: THE FIRST MEETING BE AT OUR HOUSE, JUNE 28, 1979. THE T MEETING WILL BE AT THE WHITE SE. Charles Wick, at home in Holmby s, recalls, "Ronnie and Nancy had n going to different cocktail receptions n effort to raise money. And if they ed $17,000 or $18,000 in one evening, felt that was a pretty good success. l, we charged 1,000 bucks—that was the imum you *could* charge. And the dra- ic thing is, we wound up with $80,000. y Jane designed large, attractive name- for everyone. And I'm sort of short resent having to stand at the edge of a vd and not being able to see over peo- heads. So we had Ronnie speak from er right out here by the pool. We had e two giant speakers, and Ronnie ad- sed those people in those booming s, and it was fabulous."

n Election Night 1980, they were all at Earle and Marion Jorgensen's home Bel Air: Holmes and Virginia Tuttle, ry and Grace Salvatori, Justin and Dart, Bill and Betty Wilson, Jack Bunny Wrather, William and Jean nch Smith, Armand and Harriet tsch, Charles and Mary Jane Wick. ed and Betsy Bloomingdale brought y Zipkin, the Park Avenue social gad- ut who had met Nancy Reagan on a to Los Angeles in the 1950s and had lually become one of her closest con- nts. Only Walter and Lee Annenberg e missing: they voted in Pennsylvania. ion Jorgensen served the same food had served at her Election Night par- in 1966 and 1970—veal stew and co- ut cake.

But that night was so different than n he was governor," Marion Jorgensen . "The Secret Service came five or six ahead and put telephones all over my se. They even put in the 'red tele- ne.' They were looking for a private e to put it, so they put it in Earle's sing room. I have a picture of Ronnie g in a chair in Earle's dressing room the red phone—it was a call from the of Saudi Arabia, congratulating him st being elected president."

ne party had begun at the usual —5:30 in the afternoon. But by then olls had started closing in the East, the networks were soon projecting a Reagan landslide. As it turned out, he carried 44 states and trounced President Carter 51 percent to 41 percent in the popular vote, with 7 percent going to independent John Anderson.

"They were late," Marion Jorgensen recalls, "and they were *never* late. I got a call from Nancy's secretary, Elaine Crispen, who said they were just a little bit detained. And pretty soon the helicopters and the motorcade came—I never saw anything like it. A Secret Service man came in and tapped me on the shoulder, so we knew, Earle and I, to go out and greet them. And he said to us, 'Now, you know how to do this?' I said, 'Sure, I know how to do it. We've done this many times before.' And he said, 'Oh, no, you haven't. You haven't greeted the president of the United States before.' You see, what detained them was that Ronnie was in the shower and they got a call from Carter, conceding. So he knew it when he arrived at our house. . . . And the minute he became president, I called him 'Mr. President.' And he said to me, 'Wait a minute. What's this?' I said, 'Well, you *are*. And that will be forevermore now.' And he said, 'Not with you, my friend. Not with Earle. Not with my good friends.' I said, 'Well, I will say this: Around anybody, it'll be Mr. President. When we're just a few of us longtime friends, O.K., it'll be Ronnie.'"

"Oh, what an evening that was," says Betsy Bloomingdale, recalling the triumphant procession of the Reagans and their friends from the Jorgensen house in Bel Air to the official victory party at the Century Plaza Hotel in Century City. "Jerry [Zipkin] was with us, and Alfred was a fast driver and he followed the Reagan motorcade, and all along Beverly Glen there were crowds of people screaming and yelling and waving flags. Alfred had a Mercedes with a sunroof, and Jerry was hanging out of the sunroof, screaming and yelling, and we were waving at the people—oh, that was such fun! When we got to the Century Plaza Hotel, we all *ran* in. Alfred just left the car there. He said, 'The hell with the car.' And we went upstairs to the suite where Nancy and Ronnie were."

Four hundred corporate and private jets flew into National Airport—*The Wall Street Journal* called it "Lear Lock"—for the long weekend preceding Ronald Reagan's inauguration, including those of the Annenbergs, the Darts, Northrop C.E.O. Tom Jones, Houston oil-and-gas tycoon Oscar Wyatt, Metromedia chairman John Kluge, Avis Rent-a-Car founder Warren Avis, publisher Malcolm Forbes, and Marion Jorgensen's billionaire son, Donald Bren. At the Fairfax Hotel, where the Bloomingdales, Jerry Zipkin, Estée Lauder, and Mr. and Mrs. William F. Buckley stayed, owner John Coleman doubled the pressing staff to cope with the ladies' voluminous taffeta ball gowns. Most of the Kitchen Cabinet favored the Watergate Hotel, despite the obvious taint, though attorney general–designate William French Smith and his wife, Jean, chose the more discreet Madison Hotel. The right-wing New York lawyer Roy Cohn hosted a splashy reception at the Madison, attended by Andy Warhol, Régine, Baron Ricky di Portanova, and Cohn's frequent social companion Barbara Walters. *Celebrity Service* publisher Earl Blackwell took over the Jockey Club at the Fairfax for a lunch packed with more New York names: Bill Blass, Liz Smith, Tiffany chairman Harry Platt, former ambassador Francis Kellogg and his then wife, Mercedes (now Mrs. Sid Bass). And wherever one turned, it seemed, there were famous faces from Hollywood—Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, Hugh O'Brian, John Gavin, who would become ambassador to Mexico, and Elizabeth Taylor, then in her high-Republican phase as the wife of Senator John Warner of Virginia.

On Friday night, the hot ticket was a dinner dance given by Nancy and Wyatt Dickerson, the real-estate investor, for Harriet and Armand Deutsch, with the Reagans in attendance, at Merrywood, the McLean, Virginia, estate where Jackie Kennedy had spent part of her childhood as a stepdaughter of its original owner, Hugh Auchincloss. The Reagans also went to the Sunday-morning brunch for Carolyn and Michael Deaver, who had been named White House deputy chief of staff, at Senator Mark Hatfield's house in Georgetown, which was co-hosted by Nancy Reynolds, the Bendix Corporation vice president who had been Nancy Reagan's press secretary in Sacramento. The most sought-after invitation of all was to the Annenbergs' lunch in honor of the Reagans at the F Street Club that same day. Jerry Zipkin got a big laugh when he was introduced to secretary of state–designate Alexander Haig and told him, "Stick to your guns, General!"

The $16 million inauguration, the most expensive in history, was chaired by Charles Wick and Robert Gray, Washington's leading Republican P.R. wizard. The official program began that evening at the Lincoln Memorial, with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and a fireworks-

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and-laser show. The next night, at the $500-a-plate, black-tie Performing Arts Gala at the Kennedy Center, the National Symphony Orchestra played the theme from *King's Row,* Reagan's most distinguished movie, and Mikhail Baryshnikov danced in Twyla Tharp's *Push Comes to Shove.* There were so many bouffant hairdos in the presidential box and those flanking it that Senator John Heinz dryly noted, "Hair spray is the growth industry of the 80s." Frank Sinatra produced and directed Monday night's elaborate black-tie inaugural gala at the Capital Center in Maryland. Johnny Carson was the M.C., Ethel Merman and Donny Osmond sang, Bob Hope and Rich Little told jokes, and General Omar Bradley, the nation's only living five-star general, was wheeled out by Jimmy Stewart. The eight inaugural balls on Tuesday night were white-tie, for the first time since the Kennedy inauguration. Ronald Reagan looked both regal and rugged in his white tie and tails, and some saw a hint of Jackie Kennedy's style in Nancy Reagan's swept-back chignon, diamond-and-pearl drop earrings, and $10,000 one-shoulder white beaded sheath by James Galanos.

Reagan was also the first president since Kennedy to be sworn in wearing full formal morning attire: dark-gray club jacket, dove-gray vest, gray striped pants. Unlike J.F.K., he did not wear a top hat. Nancy Reagan wore a $3,000 red coat and dress by Adolfo, with a matching "halo" hat reminiscent of the famous "pillbox" Halston had created for Jackie Kennedy. Although the Reagans have always denied it, they seemed to be making a deliberate effort to emulate Camelot. During the campaign, they had rented Wexford, formerly the Kennedys' weekend house in the Virginia hunt country, as their East Coast base. For their first two weeks in the White House, Letitia Baldrige, who had been Jackie Kennedy's social secretary, stayed there, offering advice on East Wing appointments and making introductions to leading Washingtonians. And for all its plutocratic overtones, Hollywood showiness, and almost campy café-society tinge, the inauguration of Ronald Reagan, like that of John F. Kennedy, was designed to be a moment of renewed national vigor, especially when the 52 hostages who had been held in Iran for 444 days were released within minutes of the new president's taking the oath of office—the perfect movie touch. (Some historians would later say that it had been pre-arranged by Reagan fixers.)

Sitting in their screening room in Beverly Hills 17 years later, Armand and Harriet Deutsch recall how the California group spent Inauguration Day. "Nancy made marvelous preparations for us," Armand Deutsch says. "We had a small bus, draped with flags, and a guide, a lady Marine."

"Excuse me, but 'bus' is hardly the word," says Harriet Deutsch. "It was the most luxurious—"

"I'd say we were about 18 in the van," Armand Deutsch continues. "The Annenbergs, the Jorgensens, the Wilsons, the Wrathers, the Darts, the Tuttles . . . "

"The Deutsches," adds Harriet Deutsch.

"All of us. Betsy and Alfred."

"I don't remember the Salvatoris' being there."

"I don't think he was well. Anyway, it was our group. And our first stop was the Church of the Presidents, as it is known, where we were very well seated. When the Reagans came in with their Cabinet, it really hit everything that makes love our country. After the service, went to the inauguration, where our s were so close that we were virtually of the proceedings. It was thrilling. T while the president went to lunch—a the custom—with the Congress, we w driven onto the White House grou where we got a lovely box lunch, v wine. And then we went to the revie stand for the inaugural parade, and a we were very well seated. We were ju few rows back from the president."

"It wasn't just a few rows back," H riet Deutsch says. "It was one row."

"Very close to the president," Arm Deutsch says. "When the Reagans go to leave, I felt as if some old friends left town. Because these people had b part of this group for so long. But way Nancy treated us all was so f class. And so . . . "

"So loving."

As happy as they all were that day, California friends could hardly h anticipated that within weeks the Kit Cabinet would be embroiled in a p struggle with the White House staff. that Nancy Reagan would be chastise the Washington press for redecorating White House with their generous d tions. Or that President Reagan woul nearly killed by a capricious gunman ing to impress a movie starlet. Or tha the years to follow, the most vocife anti-Communist to be elected presi since World War II would—with a b stage push from his image-obsessed w end the Cold War. □

Next month's issue of Vanity Fair *contain the second part of this article the Reagans' years in the White H and after.*

Kosovo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94 someone ahead to ask the K.L.A. commander at the next village if we could continue. We sat on the floor, drinking Turkish coffee and watching an American cop show on satellite television; after an hour, the man came back and said apologetically that the answer was no, we could not continue. The K.L.A. was not prepared to greet us.

When we stepped outside, we could hear the Serbs shelling some villages a few miles away. The sound rumbled over the hills like a summer rainstorm. As we studied the faces of the farmers around us—rough, unshaven faces of men who had known nothing but hard work their whole lives—it was impossible to tell if they understood what real war would mean. It was impossible to tell if they understood that tragedies like this happen every day, all over the world; that, in all probability, no one was going to intervene on their behalf; and that the Serb authorities—like most governments—would stop at almost nothing to retain power.

In 1389, as the myth goes, Prince Lazar of Serbia was visited by Saint Ilija in the form of a falcon. It was on the eve of a great battle with the Turks, and Lazar had gathered around him, on the plain Kosovo, much of the Balkan military Bosnian warlords, Albanian noble and Hungarian horsemen with sham bones sewn onto their uniforms. L was understandably nervous—the T had wiped out an entire Serb army years earlier—and wondered whether it n not be better to retreat and fight agai other day. Saint Ilija gave Lazar the ch between a kingdom on earth and a dom in heaven; Lazar, wisely choosing kingdom in heaven, went on to mee death at the hands of the Turks.

The battle became known as the B of Kosovo Polje—the "Blackbird Fiel

You journalists all spies!" the officer yelled.

it occupies a particularly fevered part the Serb psyche. It was on Kosovo ie that a Serb leader first chose death r subjugation; it was on Kosovo Polje the guiding maxim of the Serb peo- "Only unity saves the Serbs," was acted out in all its bloody glory.

Nearly 600 years after the battle, Slo- an Milošević—the man responsible for ting the entire Balkan conflict—would d on the ancient battlefield and whip owd of angry Serbs into a nationalist zy. "Yugoslavia does not exist without sovo!" he yelled, instantly catapulting self to the top of the political heap. goslavia would disintegrate without sovo!"

There are candidates at least as good he plains of Kosovo for the mythic neland. The Serbs migrated southward n Saxony and what is now the Czech ublic in the sixth century A.D., and n't settle permanently in Kosovo for ther 600 years.

he high-water mark of the Serb em- pire came in the 1330s, when a bru- obleman named Stefan Dušan defeated own father in battle, had him stran- l, and then went on to extend his em- throughout Kosovo and into Greece. built numerous Orthodox monasteries churches, and eventually had himself vned emperor of the Greeks, Bulgari- Serbs, and Albanians.

he empire didn't survive his own h, though; within decades the Turks ated the Serbs at Kosovo Polje, and years after that the Turks put down ther uprising so ruthlessly that most s fled Kosovo. The void they left be- i was filled by the Albanians, who ed back down out of the mountains their wild, hill-people ways.

raditional Albanian society was based clan system and was further divided brotherhoods and *bajraks*. The *baj-* system identified a local leader, called *jrakar,* who could be counted on to ide a certain number of men for mil- duty. In another era, Adem Jašari Ahmet Ahmeti might well have been sidered *bajrakars*. That organization fallen into disuse, but the clans—basi-



A HELLO TO ARMS

Serb policemen at rest in Drenica, Kosovo, on March 7—two days after the unprovoked attack on Prekaz.

cally used to determine allegiances during a blood feud—seem to have survived.

Feuds in this part of the world inevitably break out over offenses to a man's honor, which include calling him a liar, insulting his female relatives, violating his hospitality, or stealing his weapons. Tradition dictates that these transgressions be avenged by killing any man in the offender's family, which creates another round of violence. As late as the end of the 19th century, one in five adult male deaths was the result of a blood feud, and in Albania today, it is said, a tradition still exists whereby you must kill one man for every bullet in the body of your dead kin.

Seen in the context of the code of male honor, the Serb police have violated just about every blood-feud rule in existence, including the killing of women—a provocation above all others. It's no wonder they have such a hard time maintaining control of Kosovo.

The Kosovars were granted autonomy at the end of World War II, but then aspiring president Milošević had the autonomy revoked in 1989, and the Dayton Accords of 1995, which ended the recent war in Bosnia and Croatia, failed to address the issue of Kosovo's status. Inevitably, an independence movement was born, funded by a voluntary 3 percent income tax given by the Albanian diaspora and supported by groups in Albania proper.

The first armed clashes in Kosovo were reported during the summer of 1995, and within two years the K.L.A. was strong enough to force a column of Serb armored vehicles to retreat from Drenica. After that the Serbs began a slow buildup of police and heavy weapons in Kosovo and on the Albanian border, culminating in the attack on Prekaz.

If anything, the massacres have radicalized the youth of Kosovo. The Serbs have already spent an estimated $6 billion controlling the province. In some ways, they couldn't have engineered a worse domestic problem if they'd tried; in some ways, they fell right into the K.L.A. trap.

The next morning dawned cold and gray, with a mean little wind blowing trash down the streets; the cafés in town were completely empty. We packed the car and drove out of the city by a different route, hoping to drive into Drenica over some dirt roads that skirted the Serb checkpoints outside Prekaz. We wanted to see the villages that were getting shelled. The Serb government had bowed to international pressure and agreed to resolve the dispute through diplomacy, but meanwhile it was hammering the villages with rocket and artillery fire.

We had no problems at the first checkpoint—just the usual guns in our faces. But at the second one a police officer in an army jumpsuit stormed over and ordered us out of the car. He was young, clean-shaven, and handsome in the way that Serb men often are: black hair, light skin, pale-blue eyes. "You journalists are all spies!" he screamed at Harald. "You always make Serbs look bad! If I had my way I'd tear the skin right off your faces!" He ripped the passports out of Harald's hands and studied them while unloading a steady stream of hate. The guards were all standing around us with their machine guns leveled at our bellies. Finally the head cop came over and handed my passport back to me. "We know where you

live," he said darkly. "Write the truth or we'll find you and kill you."

As checkpoints go, it could have been worse—far worse. Albanian translators have been arrested and beaten at checkpoints, and the day before the attack on Prekaz, Harald and three other journalists were punched, dragged into a bunker, and questioned for an hour. When the police saw that Harald lived in Sarajevo, they accused him of being a Muslim—the predominant Albanian religion—and Harald had to prove he wasn't by making the sign of the cross. Then the cops started going through Harald's notebooks, demanding a translation of every word that was written down.

At one point, a cop spotted the name "Frenki Simatović" in Harald's notebook, then turned to his friend and said, "Look, he even has the name of our boss in here." Harald had no idea who Simatović was—he'd just written the name down during an interview and filed it away for future reference. And then they demanded to know if any of the reporters had ever been to a town called Prekaz. They kept asking over and over again: "Prekaz? Prekaz? Have any of you motherfuckers ever been to Prekaz?"

Prekaz is such a small town that, before the massacre, people in Priština—a city half an hour away—had never heard of it. Harald just kept pleading ignorance, but when the Serbs finally released him, he called his editors and told them to be on the lookout. "I have no idea where it is—it's not on the maps," he said. "But something's about to happen there. Just check the wires for a town called Prekaz."

The next morning, the first shells started to fall.

Back in 1991, as Yugoslavia began its descent into the hell of civil war, the newly elected Milošević had a somewhat delicate problem on his hands. He wanted to drive the Croats and Muslims out of large swaths of Yugoslavia, but he didn't dare send the Yugoslav army to do it.

The solution he came up with was simple. First, he surrounded himself with a trio of rabid nationalists—Jovica Stanišić, Radovan Stojičić, and Frano "Frenki" Simatović—known collectively as the "Vojna Linija," or the "Military Line." The Vojna Linija had little association with the Serb army; it was a shadowy group within the Ministry of Interior Affairs, which was known as the MUP. After the Vojna Linija was established, Milošević began arming local Serb populations in Croatia and Bosnia, and training paramilitary forces. The weapons—distributed by Stojičic and Simatović—were taken from police and army depots. The paramilitary forces simply came out of the country's jails.

According to Marko Nicović, a former Belgrade police chief who later had a falling-out with Milošević, convicts were told that their sentences would be suspended if they went to the front lines. Many were only too happy to oblige. The best-known groups were the "White Eagles" of Vojislav Šešelj, a virulent conservative later named to the Belgrade government; the "Red Berets" of Frenki Simatović; the unnamed forces of "Captain Dragan"; and—worst of all—the "Tigers" of Željko Ražnatović. "Arkan," as Ražnatović was known, was wanted by Interpol for bank robberies and murders committed throughout Europe.

In 1992 the Yugoslav army officially withdrew from Bosnia, but Serb paramilitary forces continued to operate there—including Simatović's Red Berets. That same year, Šešelj and Arkan went to Kosovo to terrorize the locals into peacefulness, opening a recruiting office in Priština's Grand Hotel and putting snipers up on the rooftops. (They also made tremendous amounts of money on the local black market.)

Both men turned up around Srebrenica in 1993, "cleansing" the Muslims from the small towns in eastern Bosnia. The Dayton Accords left the paramilitary foot soldiers without much to do, so they either sank back into Belgrade's underworld or looked for other wars; some reportedly fought—and died—in the jungles of Zaire during the downfall of Mobutu Sese Seko. They didn't have to wait long for another war in their own country, though: by 1997, Kosovo had ignited.

By early this year, both Arkan and Šešelj had been spotted in Priština. When the crackdown began, reporters were spooked to see heavily armed men with black ski masks over their faces driving around in civilian cars. The Serb authorities said they were part of a special antiterrorist police known by its acronym, the SAJ, but the echoes of Bosnia were hard to ignore. There were rumors that SAJ recruitment posters now had some very fine print at the bottom that read, "Paid for by the Captain Dragan Fund."

During the Prekaz massacre, the police were heard to yell that they were going to kill all the women and children "like they used to do in Bosnia." There was supposed to be a total of about 500 SAJ troops, and rumors circulated that MUP was actively recruiting crimi from Bosnia to fill out the ranks of SAJ in Kosovo. The rumors gained dence when civilian cars with lic plates from Serb-held towns such Zvornik and Bijeljina began to appea police-station parking lots.

And then there was the specter Frenki Simatović, the trusted Miloš henchman, returning to head SAJ op tions in Kosovo. Harald inadvertently confirmation of this from the police in the bunker, but the Serbs would n officially acknowledge it. The impl tions were too serious. They were pu ing a course of ethnic cleansing, and would greatly increase the chances of eign intervention. An "outer wall" of nomic sanctions was already in p against Serbia, but that could easil strengthened, or NATO could even lau air strikes, as it did around Sarajev 1995. It would be Bosnia all over ag and that clearly didn't work: the S lost the war in Bosnia.

Even Frenki Simatović would hav admit that.

"We do know quite a bit about Serb police and their tactics," says a S Department spokesman who insisted anonymity. "It's no secret some of things that have happened in the Dre region. I don't think there's any sor strategic plan here, other than that K vo is part of Serbia, and Kosovo is a sue that Milošević rode to power which he is clearly using—in the s term anyway—to maintain his power. body [at the State Department] is g to support the K.L.A. as an institut the problem is Belgrade's refusal to seriously about a solution."

Harald and I had been in Kosovo a a week when things started to down; we could almost joke with the lice at the checkpoints. The Serbs still shelling the villages in central D ca, though, and before leaving Kosov decided to make one more stab at g there. We went in on a big, sunny day shadows of cumulus clouds sweeping ac the Drenica hills and the fields mo and bare in the early-spring sunlight. were headed for Ačarevo, a town rum to be the center of K.L.A. resistance.

There were two ways to get in: six miles along some railroad tracks hope no one shot at you, or drive d dirt roads across the central plateau hope no one shot at you. The cops at checkpoint warned us that there was of gunfire on the road, and suggested

wear flak jackets. We thanked them drove on, and as soon as we were of sight we turned onto a dirt track we thought led to Ačarevo.

he road climbed up onto a plateau, we started across the highlands of nica, like some huge, slow beetle tching across someone's dinner table. don't like this," Harald muttered. I d down the window so we could hear ire more easily, and soon the landscape var magically materialized all around bunkers and machine-gun nests and s on distant ridgetops. They emerged of nowhere, like images brought out a darkroom developer. But when I ed away, it took me a moment to find n again. They were there, then they en't. "This is crazy," Harald said. "The e fucking Serb army is watching us."

Ie turned the car around, and we ged back down the dirt road and t jouncing out onto the hard-top. It difficult to see how the K.L.A. could a guerrilla war in a land like this—no sts to hide in, no mountains to run to, swamps to stop the tanks. Just open ls and brush-choked hills. It would be ide to confront the Serbs openly on ground, so the K.L.A.'s only choice is arry on a war of harassment that may tually cost the Serbs so much, in mon- nd lives, that they have to pull out.

or their part, the Serbs have no stom- for a protracted fight in which farm from Drenica are popping out of the gerows with grenade launchers and 47s. A grenade launcher will easily out a tank; a Molotov cocktail placed s air intake will destroy one as well. Serb population—largely spared the ors of Bosnia but demoralized by mas- inflation and a crippled economy— going to stand for a war in which many of its young men get roasted in their tanks.

or the Serb military, the only solution rror. Every time a cop is killed, wipe a family. Every time a police patrol shot up, level a village. Slaughter is a asier—and cheaper—than war, and it s the young idealists in the K.L.A. ecide whether they really want this or It's nothing for a 24-year-old with uture and no civil rights to sacrifice ife in a guerrilla movement; it hap- all the time. But for him to sacrifice id brother and two sisters and moth- hat's another question entirely.

arald and I continued north on a small paved road until we topped on another hill, from which, far , we finally CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

Credits

Fashion

Page 6: Jennifer Lopez's Halston Signature by Randolph Duke dress by special order from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Van Cleef & Arpels necklace and ring from Van Cleef & Arpels, N.Y.C.

Page 20: Sebastian Junger styled by Renee Yan.

Page 24: Robert Sam Anson styled by Kim Debus.

Page 71: Aaron Eckhart's Donna Karan shirt from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Lee Moore for Visages Style.

Pages 96–97: Monica Lewinsky's Daryl K-189 blue jeans from Barneys New York, L.A. L'Wren Scott for Vernon Jolly Inc.

Pages 98–101: Martin Katz earrings by appointment only from Martin Katz, L.A.

Page 114: Jennifer Lopez's La Perla corset from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Bulgari necklace and earrings from Bulgari stores nationwide.

Page 115: Collette Dinnigan panties from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; Tiffany & Co. ring from Tiffany & Co. stores nationwide.

Beauty and Grooming

Page 20: Sebastian Junger's grooming by John Olavarria.

Page 24: Amy Fine Collins's hair by Yves Durif; makeup by Evy Argyreas.

Page 71: Aaron Eckhart's grooming by Jane Cohen for Profile; grooming products from Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren.

Page 74: The **Squirrel Nut Zippers'** hair, makeup, and grooming by Robbie Forrest.

Pages 96–101: Monica Lewinsky's hair styled with L'Oréal Studio Line Senses the Shiny Look. All makeup from L'Oréal. On her eyes, Soft Effects Eyecolour in Lily and Le Grand Curl Mascara in Black; on her lips, Rouge Pulp Liquid Lipcolour in Passionate. Richard Keogh for Art & Commerce; Jo Strettell for Jo Strettell Makeup.

Page 107: Michael Boadi and Giana for Tim Priano.

Pages 114–15: Jennifer Lopez's hair styled with Paul Mitchell Soft Spray. All makeup from Lancôme. On her eyes, Eternal Eyes Enduringly Divine EyeColour in Silk; on her lips, Le Lipstique LipColouring Stick in Bronzelle. Oscar Blandi for the Oscar Blandi Salon at the Plaza, N.Y.C.; Rumiko for Jed Root, Inc.

Page 127: Left, hair, makeup, and grooming by Kat James for Indorato Artists and by Jo Monger for Pix Producers.

Photographs and Miscellany

Cover: Production by Victoria Brynner/Stardust Visions; props styled by Melanie Paizis.

Page 10: Photograph of painting by Eileen Travell; painting courtesy of Madeleine and Barbara Bemelmans.

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Page 58: Top, from A.P./Wide World Photos; bottom right, from a MacDonald-defense-team exhibit.

Page 62: Left, from A.P./Wide World Photos; right, from the MacDonald defense team.

Page 74: Bottom, second from left, from the British Broadcasting Corporation; right, by Robert Gauthier/L.A. *Times*.

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Page 93: Bottom, by Srdjan Ilic/A.P./Wide World Photos.

Page 95: From Sipa Press.

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Planetarium

Michael Lutin tells Cancers there's life after El Niño

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Although El Niño has been blamed for almost every event on earth in the last year, there has to be a better reason why many Cancers in high places have abandoned their positions and run for the hills. At first glance, a warming of the oceans might be the only explanation for this strange, revolutionary behavior. But an astrological look at your life right now reveals exactly why members of your sign are fed up to the eyeballs. With Saturn leaving your midheaven, you are beginning to think that you could actually have a decent personal life.

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

With your 6th-house ruler moving into your midheaven and the culmination of a 15-year cycle, you would do well to start thinking about where you want your career to go. Until now you've been happy, as long as you've had your independence. There are those, however, who believe that maybe you have taken the law into your own hands once too often and been too much of a Lone Ranger for your own good. Although they are probably just envious, it is sometimes prudent to take criticism to heart, even if the source is questionable.

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

A cruel astrologer once remarked that you could certainly enjoy an evening with a Virgo, especially if you made a second date for later that night. With Saturn finally moving away from you, and Jupiter deeply placed in your 7th house, your personal life should be more fulfilling than it has been in a while, and you may find that people are sticking around after dessert. Now that you've got a more appreciative audience, that obsession you have regarding your desirability will wane. And your preoccupation with mortality? Congratulations. You lived.

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

For months now there has been only you and that endless sea of troubles you've been trying to steer across. Considering the fact that you were once such a colossal force yourself, it must be difficult to acknowledge powers greater than your own now that Saturn has entered your 7th house. Mastering relationships isn't any fun, but you have learned to maneuver your little dinghy through some pretty rough waters. A year from now you should be adept enough to take a morning dip in Charybdis and have Scylla eating out of your hand.

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

There are a million things you can do alone in this world, but relating to other human beings is not one of them. You've gone almost as far as you can on your own, banging your head against the wall with more gusto than a woodpecker on NōDōz. Now you need to reach out, renew old contacts, establish new ones, and begin communicating on a much deeper level. Despite the drag that commitments can be, you may find out that good connections can yank you back to the major leagues in a flash. That is the goal, isn't it?

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

The premise is simple: live in chaos, drown in chaos. If you are not overwhelmed by your life these days, then you can't possibly be a Sadge. By now you should be eliminating, or at least reducing, the entropy that is threatening to engulf you. Since Pluto is not about to leave your sign for another 10 years and you can't just cut out and crawl into a hole, the sensible thing would be to streamline your routine, repair all your machines, and get your affairs in order. Start with something easy—for example, your desk.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

The next time you're curled up on the sofa for an evening of Häage Dazs and TV, pick up the remote and check out the Discovery Cha nel. Maybe it will show an episode in which an elephant gives birt Not only will it be a moving experience, but it will give you profou insight into the events which will happen from now until March. Wi Saturn, your ruling planet, hovering between your 4th and 5th hous for the next nine months, you are undergoing a pregnancy that w create a new life. Breathe! Breathe!

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

On one hand, you are beginning to feel true power coming to you, a you will get the respect you may have earned but have seldom allow yourself to enjoy. You're geared up to take on a team of sumo wrestle if they try to pin you down, and, if need be, to take over the plan For all this strength you can thank Uranus, your ruling planet, in home sign. On the other hand, as the ruler of your 12th house touc es your 4th, the most you can do is hide behind the hedges, where not ing can harm you. As for your search for security—good luck.

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

With Saturn entering your 3rd house, there may be some travel delay communication glitches, and misunderstandings with siblings, b there's no need to sweat. While Jupiter is transiting your sign this ye nothing can harm you. The pressures of business or health issues ca not dampen your spirit for long. Even the cruel abuse you inflict yourself in the name of pleasure will be eased tremendously during t period. And what great inspiration you can be to others! Such gent ness of spirit has not been seen since *The Song of Bernadette.*

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

It's always wonderful to have nice things—gorgeous clothes, a hot c a great pad, and all the cool stuff you see in expensive catalogues th reminds you of everything you forgot you wanted. In the past, wh you've had to worry about bills, you naturally didn't want to go the You want what you want when you want it. Period. But Saturn's co ing to Taurus now, and you should probably remember that, as gre as it is to be rich—and it is—it's not money that weighs you down, i your attachment to it.

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Good news: after months of torturous self-imposed exile, Taurus everywhere are re-entering the world of the living. Although Satu will not plant itself firmly in your sign until late next winter, y should now feel as if your patience is starting to wear thin and y are chock-full of newfound determination. Even though you may ha concealed your confusion well, you're at the point where you've h enough of that darkened-room, tearstained-hankie routine. Besid black is definitely *not* your color.

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

As schizzy and half-brained as your critics claim you sometimes a you do not enjoy leaving your friends behind as you ride off into t sunset. You have your share of tiffs and scuffles, to be sure, but on the ruckus has died down and the air has cleared, you usually get the phone to let people know that there are no hard feelings. A s nificant transit through your 12th house will now bring about a maj departure from superficiality. This means you will withdraw from empty relationships, silly chitchat, and moronic gossip.

To hear Michael Lutin read your weekly horoscope, call 1-900-28V-FAIR on a Touch-Tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.



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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Kosovo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145 saw Ačarevo. It wasn't much, just a small white village shoved down between some hills. It rippled in the heat coming off the fields. We moved on, and around the next bend we found ourselves at a heavily reinforced checkpoint, with mortars by the road and bunkers dug into the hillsides. We stopped, and a cop came out cradling a machine gun. "Let me see your papers," he said. He stood there studying them for a while as I sat sleepily in the passenger seat and Harald lit up a cigarette.

The sniper must have been waiting for a car to pass so the cop would have to step out into the road. He must have been lying there in the scrub oak, smoking cigarette after cigarette, completely wired with this new killing game, contemplating how he was going to escape when he finally lost his nerve and stopped shooting. The place was crawling with Serbs; he'd have only a few minutes to get out of there.

The first shot simply caused the cop and me to look at each other in puzzlement. The second one got Harald and me out of our seats. The third forced all of us—me, Harald, the cop—to dive behind the car. It's amazing how fast animosity vanishes among people who are suddenly getting shot at. One cop fumbled with his radio; the others shoved their guns over the tops of the sandbags as they tried to figure out where to return fire. *Pap . . . pap . . . pap.* The guy on the radio shouted for help while Harald and I scrambled across the road and into the bunker. The cop next to us struggled to put on his flak jacket with the resigned look of someone who had to do this at least once a day.

The shooting stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and a cop dismissed us with a wave of the hand. "Get the fuck out of here," he told us. We got back into the car and drove out of the highlands, past a town called Lauša—shot to pieces in the offensive—past the Serb police headquarters in Srbica, and right up to the gate of the munitions factory. The dirt road to Prekaz crosses in front of the gate, and we drove down it slowly, not wanting to give the impression that we were trying to slip past anyone.

The paramilitary soldiers didn't stop us until we were right on the edge of town, coming at us out of a camouflaged bunker, with guns drawn and incredulous expressions on their faces, as if they couldn't believe someone was stupid enough to defy them. They looked as if they would have stopped even a regular police car; they looked completely uncontrolled by anyone but themselves. One of them shouted for our papers while two others circled the car, guns trained on us. "We were just shot at by the K.L.A.," Harald said out the window. "Now we understand why you guys are here."

It worked. The soldier studied our papers and then waved us through. As far as I could tell, the only reason the Serb military allowed journalists into Prekaz—a damning place, easily sealed off—was to spread word of what would happen to those who resisted.

Harald drove slowly down the town's wide dirt street, which ended at a pasture. A dead cow lay rotting by the side of the road. Every house had its roof blown off, its windows shot out, or its walls caved in. Rooms spilled their contents to the world, as if disemboweled by some huge claw. Walls were pocked with mortar-shell explosions; tongues of soot licked roofward out of windows. Bullet shells lay in gleaming little piles wherever someone had really put up a fight.

Harald and I walked through a wooden gate, splintered by artillery, and into the courtyard of a house. Two abandoned dogs, one with a wound on its back, growled at us from what used to be the doorstep of their home. Harald gave the dogs some sausage and a tin of sardines, and we stepped around them and into their family's home. Schoolwork sat on tables, and jackets hung on pegs alongside things that had been blown to bits. It was odd what had been touched and what hadn't.

After the attack, this particular house had served as an outpost for the special police, who had gone through it room by room, laying their hands on everything that could be tipped over or broken open. Books, clothes, photo albums, and lamps all lay tangled on the floor. On top of one pile was a Serb porn magazine, discarded by the latest occupants.

We paid our respects to the 55 rect gles of freshly dug-up earth in the past above town, and then we drove back to the world of the living. As we pass the men at the bunker were posing fo group portrait—the destroyed town in background, their machine guns wed upright in the crooks of their arms. T men grinned broadly at us.

One of them wasn't holding a gun his hands. He was holding a huge doul bladed ax.

By mid-April, two weeks after Har and I had left Kosovo, clashes betw the Serb military and K.L.A. groups on Albanian border were a regular occurre One police ambush netted 156 automati fles, 10,000 rounds of ammunition, uniforms with German, American, Croat, Canadian markings. Another haul inclu Chinese-made AK-47s that had clearly co from looted-weapons caches in Albania.

Furious at the arms smuggling, the Se hinted at a military strike into Alba proper, but that brought a sharp warn from the United States. Milošević has nally agreed to carry on regular nego tions with Rugova, the leader of the Alban in Kosovo, but it may be too late– rebels have already been radicalized yond the point of compromise. On A 29, after a series of attacks on police bunk a statement attributed to the K.L.A. wa sued, threatening death to anyone who gotiates with the Serbs for anything than full independence for Kosovo.

According to Harald, who went back Kosovo in May, the K.L.A. now controls w sections of the border area. There are r checkpoints on the roads, trenches aro key towns, and training camps in rem villages. Outside Rznić, a small town western Kosovo, he saw K.L.A. fighters arm with bazookas sitting in a bunker, wai for a Serb attack. Harald talked his into the center of town and observed dren training in a field and rebels dri around in cars without license plates. T told him that they use Rznić and o towns as bases to carry out hit-and-run tacks on Serb police. They've blown checkpoints with rocket-propelled grena and even kidnapped a policeman off a

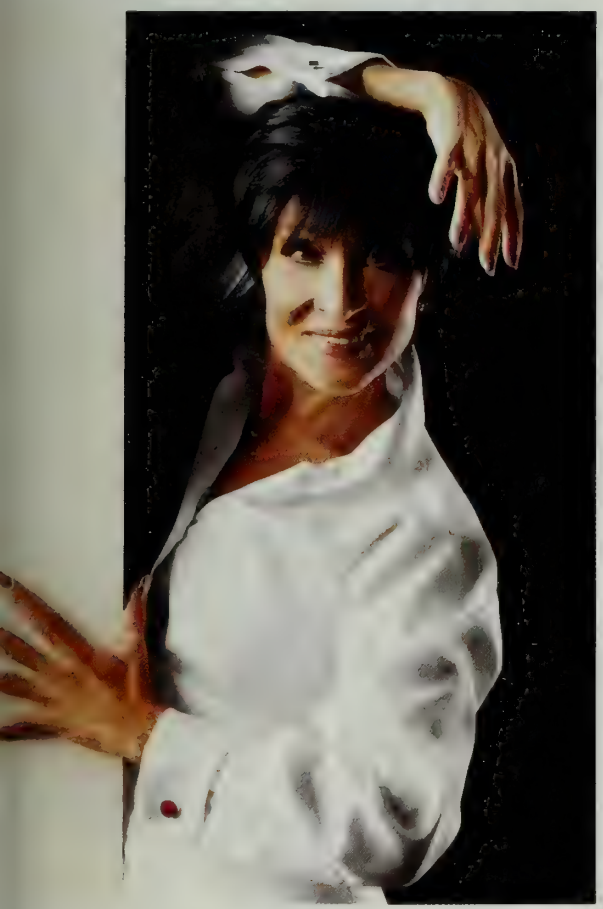
'Idemo do kraja," one K.L.A. fig told him. "We are going to the end."

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Chita Rivera



This month, Chita Rivera celebrates almost 50 years on the Broadway stage with *Chita & All That Jazz*, a revue of her spectacular career from *West Side Story* to *Kiss of the Spider Woman*. Still stunning at 65, the two-time Tony winner reveals here that, while she identifies with Mother Teresa, she always wanted to look like Sophia Loren

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Survival and getting out of the chorus.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
World peace. No starvation.

Which talent would you most like to have?
To be a painter or a sculptor.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My lack of resemblance to Sophia Loren.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"I'll call you."

What is it that you most dislike?
Racism.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Mother Teresa.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Millions of compassionate people who find time to help others. Good teachers.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Shoes.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Dishonesty.

What is your favorite journey?
Italy—all of Italy—especially Positano.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Being virtuous.

What is your greatest regret?
Daddy having died when I was seven years old.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Lisa, my daughter.

What is your most treasured possession?
My homes.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Hunger.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Loyalty.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Honesty.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Strength.

What are your favorite names?
William Morris.

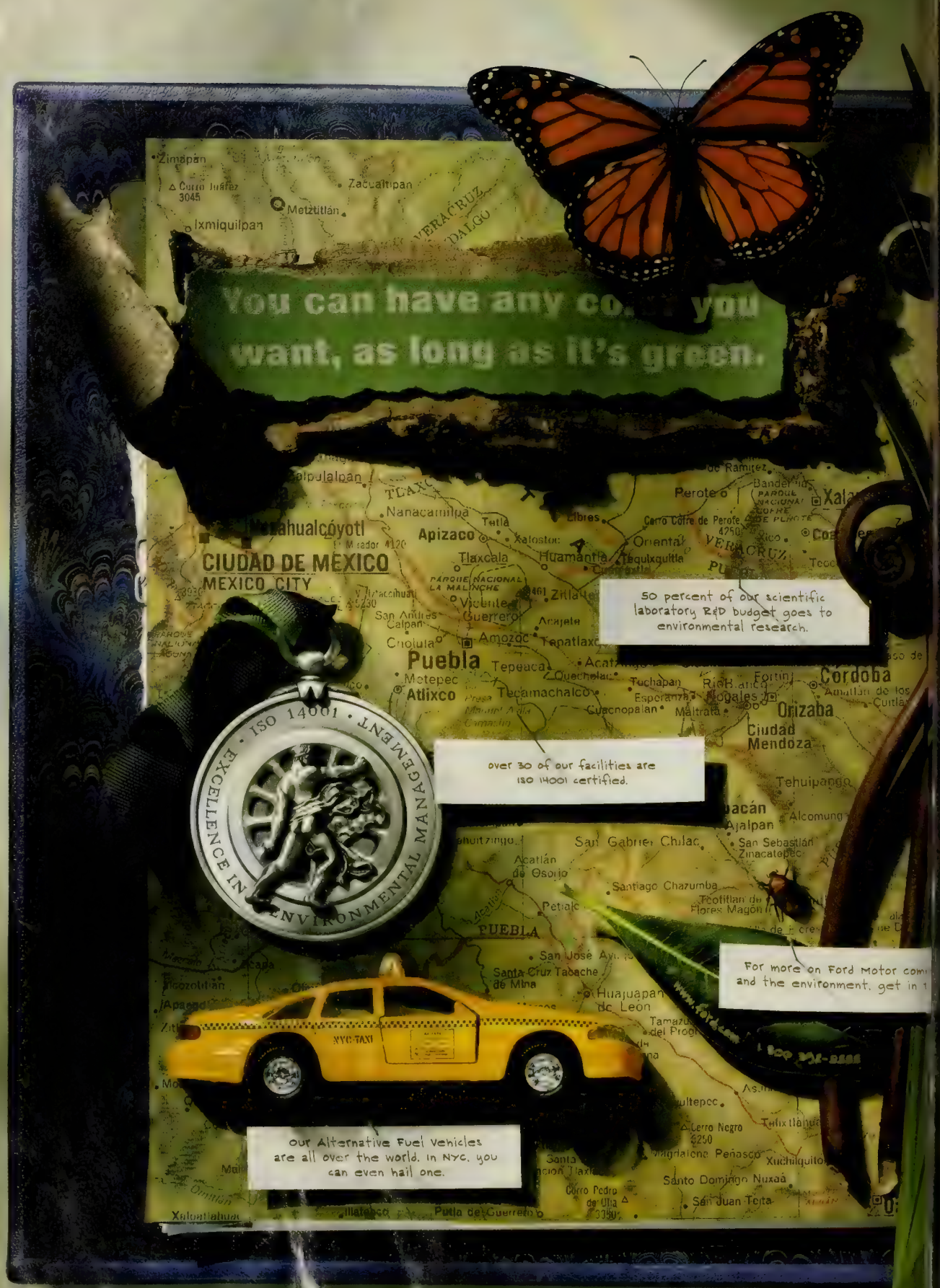
How would you like to die?
I wouldn't.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A cheetah.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
Natalie, my Labrador.

What is your motto?
"Give it all you got."

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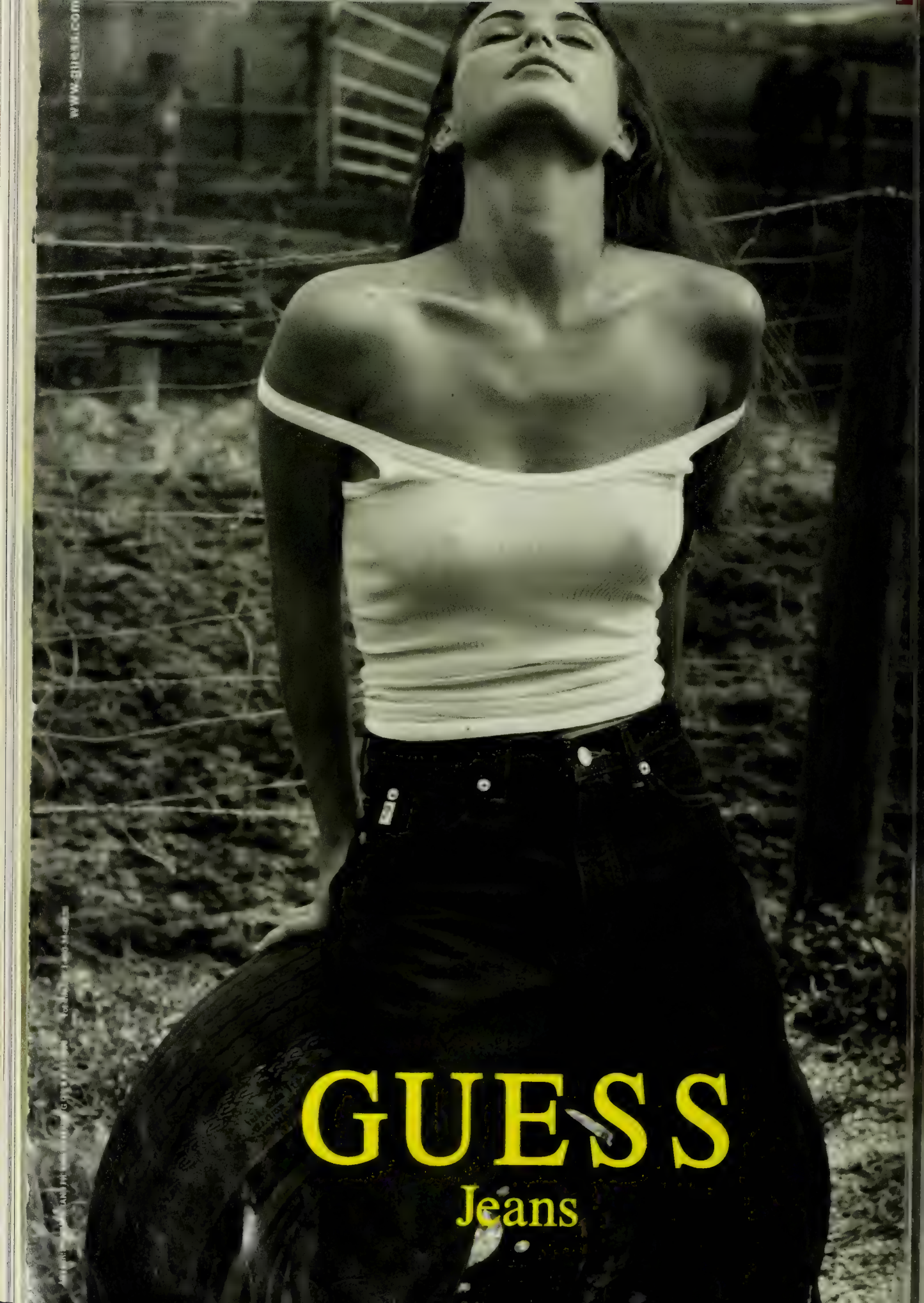
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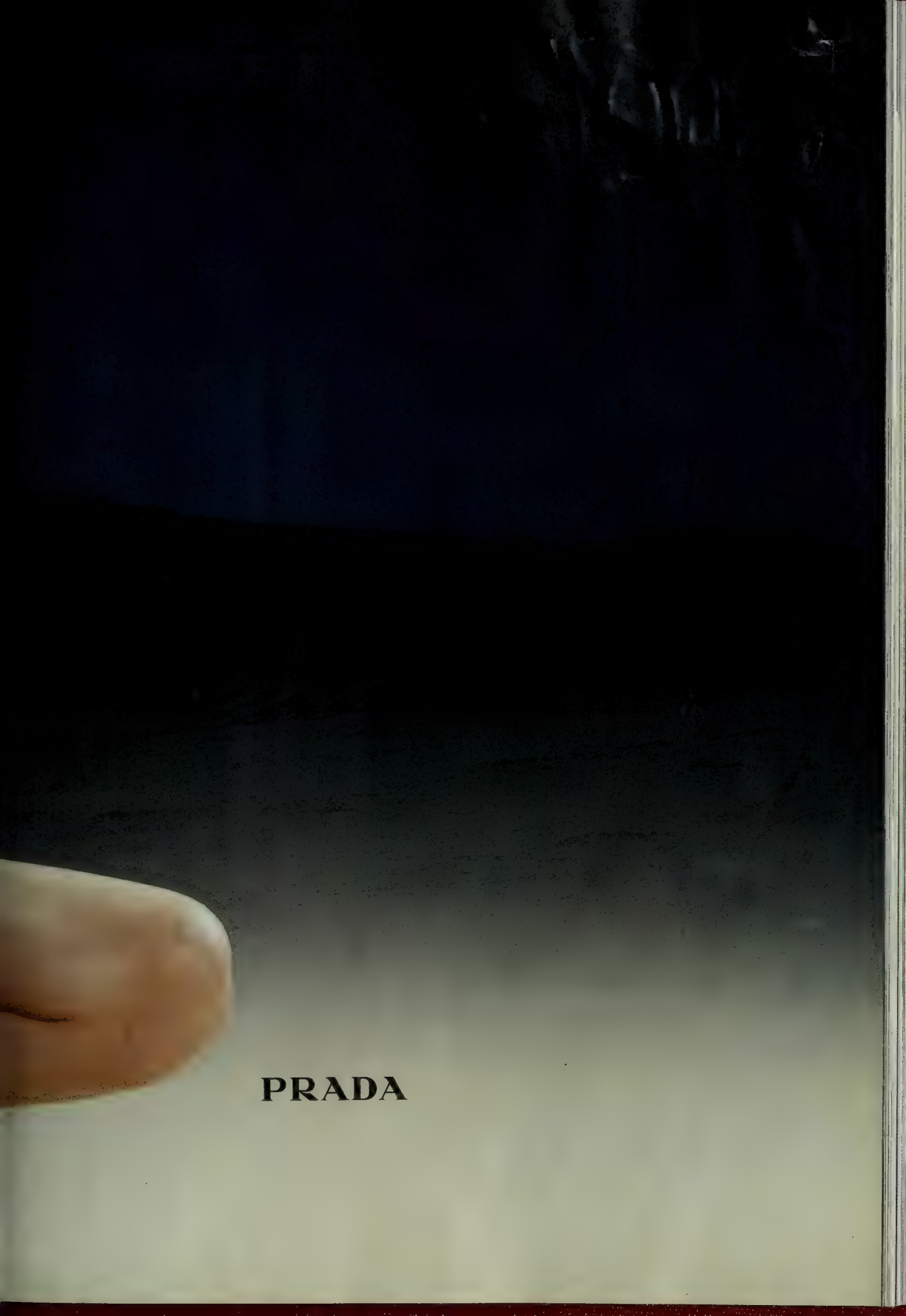
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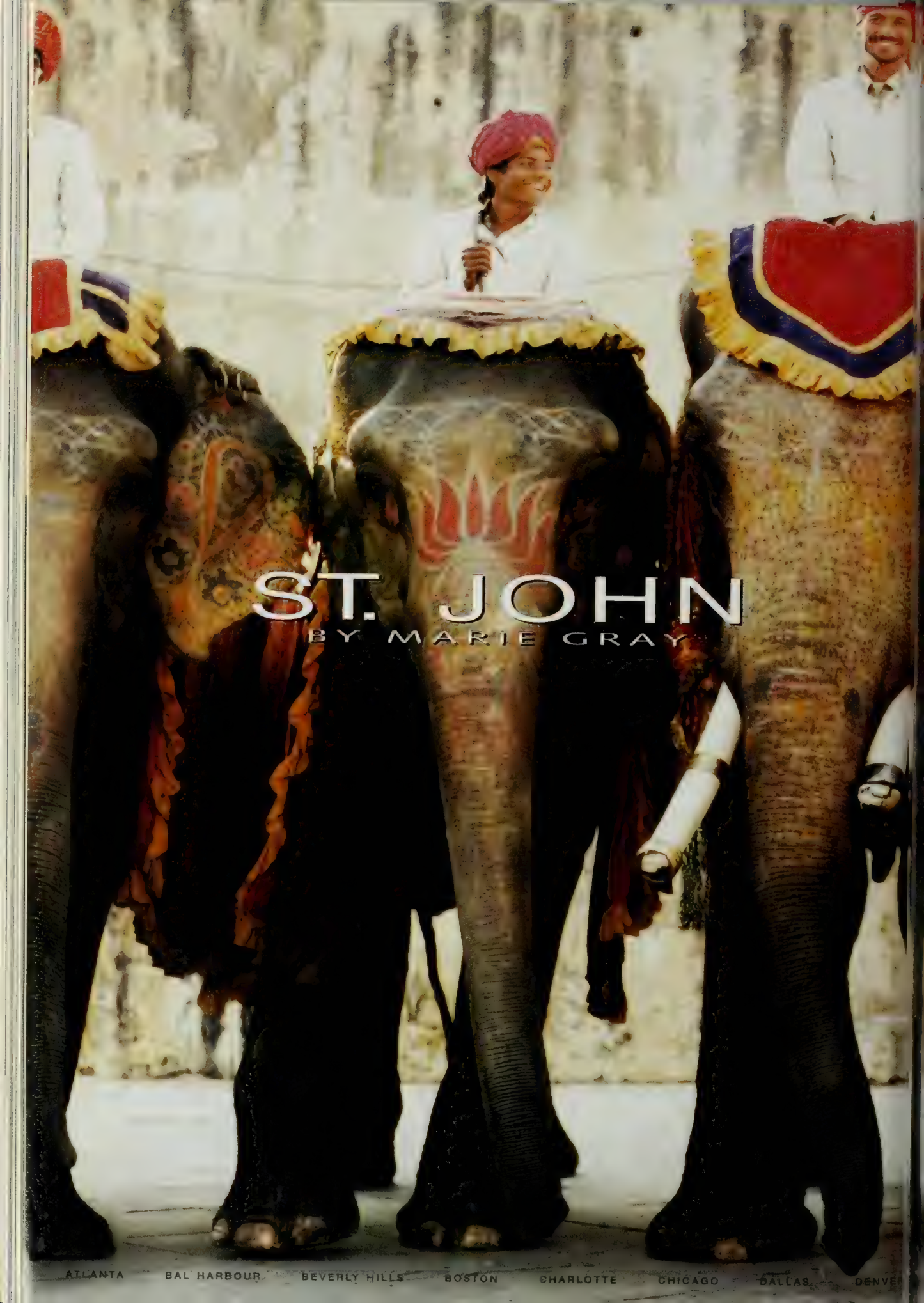
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Features

RONNIE AND NANCY, PART II: THE WHITE HOUSE YEARS AND BEYOND | 110

As the most influential First Lady in recent history, Nancy Reagan doubled the power of her husband's presidency, forging ties with a suspicious East Coast elite, softening his right-wing image, and quietly helping engineer the summit meetings that ended the Cold War. In Part II of Bob Colacello's intimate social and political history of the Reagans insiders such as Michael Deaver, Ed Rollins, and Margaret Thatcher testify to an extraordinary partnership that persevered in the face of relentless bad press, an assassination attempt, and Alzheimer's disease, and changed America forever. Photograph by Harry Benson.

THE COLOR OF TRUTH | 124

With searing, nervy, and very funny riffs on race in America, Chris Rock has become the smartest young comic in the country, expanding his stand-up act into a multimedia franchise: a hit HBO talk show, a CD, a best-selling book, and two new movies, *Lethal Weapon 4* and *Dogma.* David Kamp discovers how Rock escaped the mediocrity of his *Saturday Night Live* days by turning that same razor-sharp scrutiny on himself. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

ALL THAT GLITTERED | 132

Thirty miles outside of Paris is a Parthenon of social history, the Château de Groussay, once owned by the heir to a Mexican silver-mining fortune, Carlos de Beistegui, who masterminded some of the century's most magnificent parties, including the legendary 1951 costume ball at the Labia Palace in Venice. As Sotheby's puts the $10 million château up for sale, the great names of French society, from Jacqueline de Ribes to Alexis de Redé, share with Dominick Dunne the secrets of Beistegui's enigmatically theatrical life. Photographs by Christopher Simon Sykes.

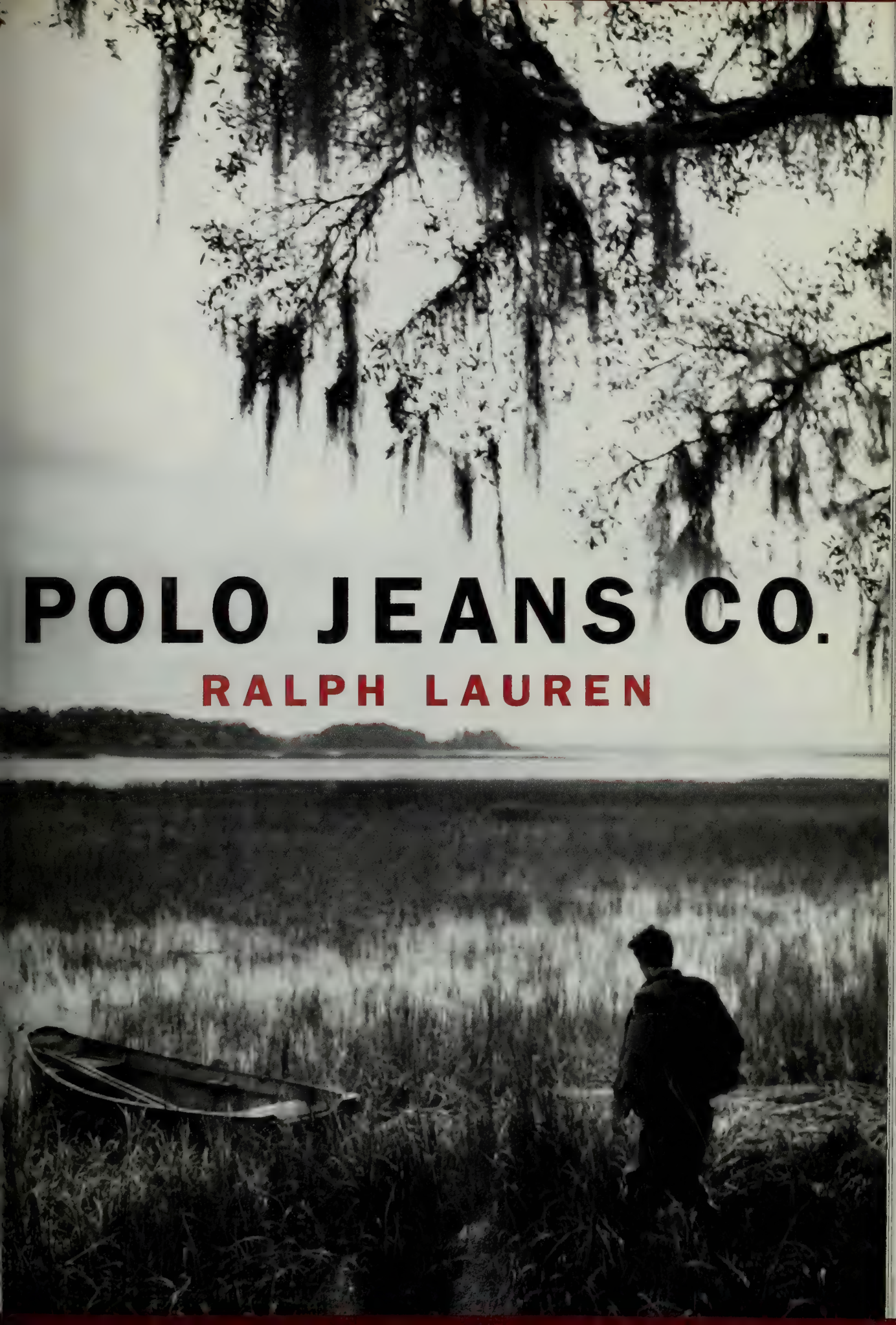
REESE ON EARTH | 142

Firooz Zahedi and Kevin Sessums spotlight actress Reese Witherspoon, who brings southern charm—with a down-and-out twist—to two new films, *Pleasantville* and *Election.*

SHADOW OF THE PATRIARCH | 144

Although his famous illustrations for such classics as *Robinson Crusoe* and *Treasure Island* touched millions, N. C. Wyeth, head of America's greatest art clan, was haunted by a sense of failure and a deep loneliness. In an excerpt from his new biography, David Michaelis explores Wyeth's obsession with his homestead in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, his desperate need to control his family, and his passion for his daughter-in-law, which ended only with his sudden, mysterious death.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1


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A MOMENT'S REESE | 142

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BITTER MEDICINE | 48

Tired of gambling with their health—and losing big to the H.M.O.s—the people of Nevada crusaded for a patients' bill of rights. As the U.S. Congress considers similar reforms, Christopher Hitchens exposes the bureaucratic nightmares and human misery that sparked a health-care revolution. Photographs by Art Streiber.

TANKS FOR THE MEMORIES | 70

For Hollywood, World War II was once the recruiting-poster terrain of John Wayne, William Holden, and Robert Mitchum, but this year brings a crop of movies, including David Leland's *The Land Girls,* Steven Spielberg's *Saving Private Ryan,* and Terrence Malick's *The Thin Red Line,* that swap sentiment for the gritty truth about that carnage. James Wolcott goes back to the battlefield.

SAND SIMEON | 80

Just who is Ira Rennert, the owner of what will be one of America's largest homes—a 100,000-square-foot compound rising in a Sagaponack, Long Island, potato field? Investigating the poor environmental record of Rennert's multibillion-dollar company, the Renco Group, his top executive Marvin Koenig, and his close ties to Israeli prime minister Benjamin Netanyahu, Michael Shnayerson reveals a few things Rennert might prefer that his Hamptons neighbors not know. Photographs by Gasper Tringale.

Vanities

HIGH STILES | 97

Aerin Lauder puts highlights on Speed Dial; George Wayne goes on board the Old Navy jet with Carrie Donovan.

Et Cetera

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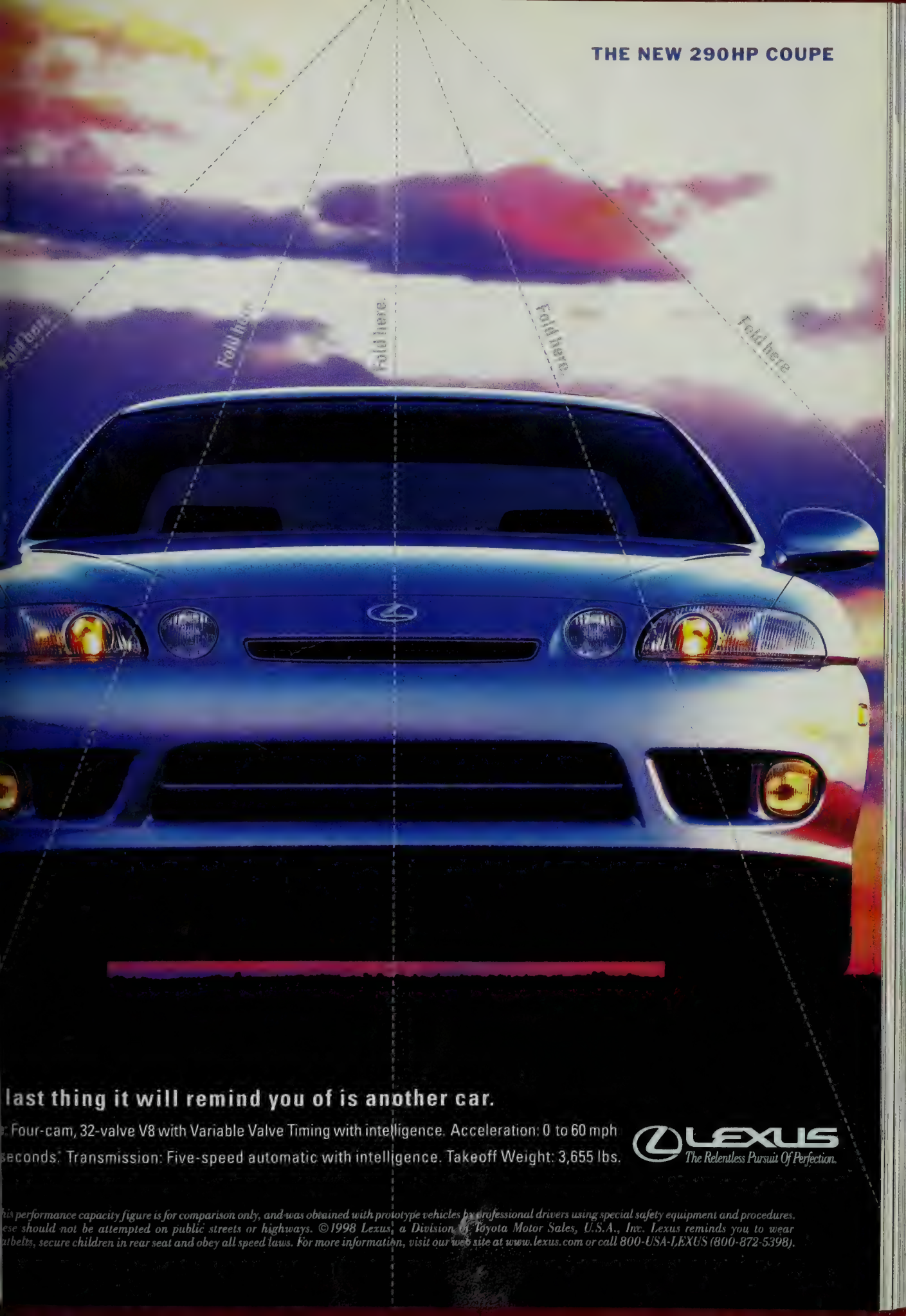
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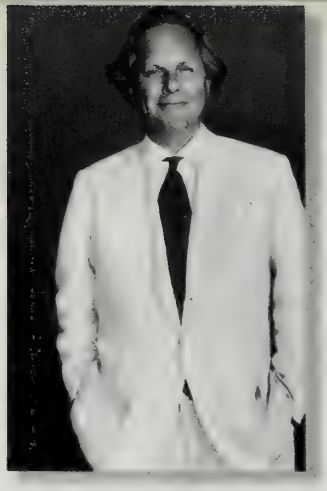
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Editor's Letter

If Walls Could Talk



There is a quartet of houses in this month's issue, each of which became the canvas upon which its inhabitants painted the stories of their lives. The newest example is Fair Field, a $100 million, 100,000-square-foot, 25-bedroom limestone compound spread across 63 acres of Sagaponack potato field. The estate, currently under construction, is so blatantly over-the-top that in the Hamptons, an area not without its share of immodest, overblown architectural personal statements, it has become a prime topic of conversation. The property's owner is not, like so many of his neighbors, a buccaneering New Establishment icon—he is an obscure New York businessman named Ira Rennert. How big is his house? Well, take Bill Gates's Medina, Washington, complex and add Aaron Spelling's Los Angeles mansion, and Rennert's estate is still larger by 4,000 square feet.

The locals aren't taking the news of Mr. Rennert's dream house well. And this is before they have read this month's article on him and his house by contributing editor Michael Shnayerson. Shnayerson, who lives in nearby Sag Harbor, reports that Rennert is a bona fide Horatio Alger figure, having built a small holding company called the Renco Group into a multibillion-dollar empire. Included in his grab bag of holdings are AM General, which manufactures the Hummer, and a steel mill and two mineral refineries which are among the country's worst polluters.

Rennert has not thus far invited comparisons to Carlos de Beistegui, the elegant silver-mining heir who transformed the Château de Groussay just outside Paris. Soon after the château was put up for sale by Sotheby's, special correspondent Dominick Dunne was given an exclusive tour of the house, with its mahogany staircases, 150-seat theater, and two-story library. Before Beistegui died, in 1970, the château was the site of some of Europe's most memorable weekend gatherings, and today it still looks as if Jean Cocteau might drop in for cocktails at any moment. As Dunne notes in "All That Glittered," on page 132, the château embodies little of its own-

er's noted coldness but much of his eclectic st

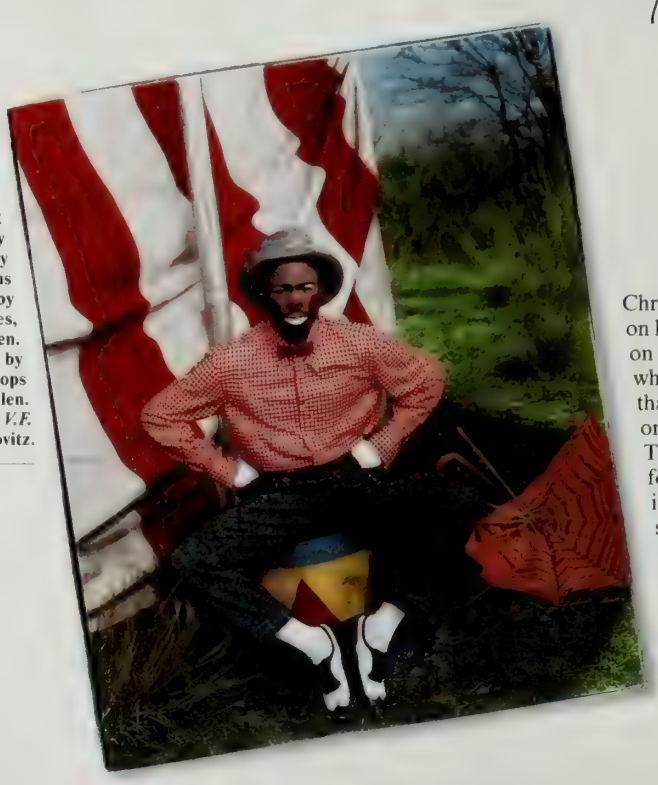
In an excerpt from his stunning family sa *N. C. Wyeth,* David Michaelis explores a hc that's memorable largely for the man who ow it: the revered illustrator of Scribner Classics s as *Treasure Island* and *Robinson Crusoe.* Wye home in rural Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, lovely in an understated, bucolic way. But its i import is historic rather than aesthetic. It wa Chadds Ford that N.C. presided, powerfully autocratically, over this country's greatest arti family—his three daughters and two sons, most notably Andı who became one of the pre-eminent American artists of the ond half of the century. To all the Wyeths, their house was a pr source of inspiration, positive and otherwise.

Finally, in the second installment of his extraordinary report Ronald and Nancy Reagan, special correspondent Bob Colacello sesses the grandest house of them all, the White House, as s through the eyes of its most colorful tenants since the Kennedys. Reagans famously brought old-school glamour back to the W House in 1981, with the innate belief that the voting public wante that way. Mrs. Reagan was the driving force behind this high-s upgrade, and no detail was too small or extravagant. Constant s dinners, French-style service, the infamous $200,000 Lenox chir she made the changes with impunity, and then toughed out the tending criticism. Colacello's report follows the Reagans thro their years in the White House and into their retirement in the $ million Bel Air home their friends bought for them when the forı president left office. The Reagans' current house is elegant and c temporary, and one befitting a former president and First Lady.

And it could fit quite tidily into Ira Rennert's 17,000-squa foot garage.

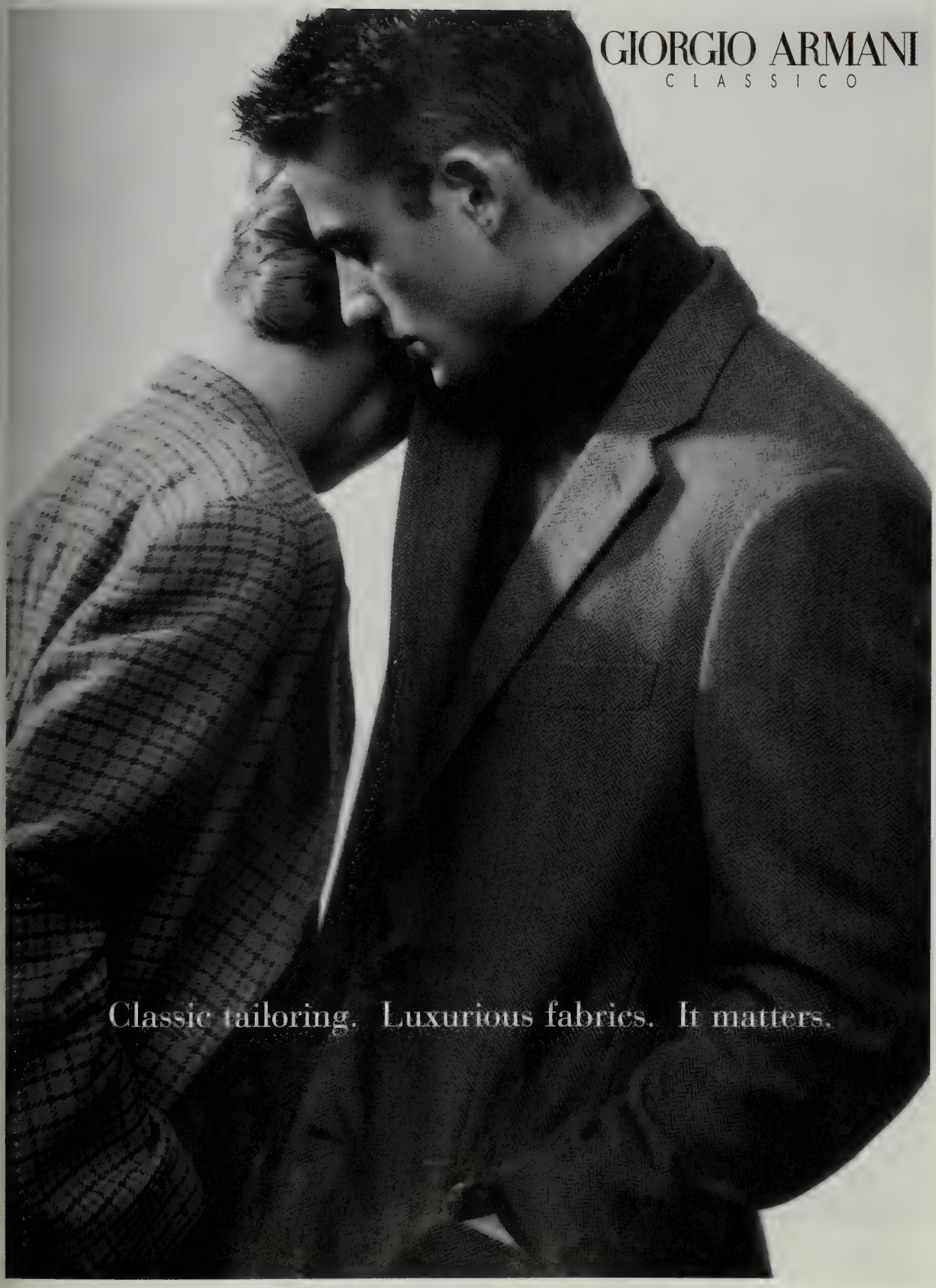
Graydon Carter

Star and Stripes



ON THE COVER
Chris Rock's shirt and hat by Paul Smith. Pants by Comme des Garçons Homme Plus by Rei Kawakubo. Socks by Polo by Ralph Lauren. Vintage bow tie, gloves, and shoes from Early Halloween. Hair by Scott Julian. Grooming by Colleen Creighton. Set design and props by Rick Floyd. Styled by Bill Mullen. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.

Chris Rock photographed on location in Brooklyn, N.Y., on April 11, 1998. Rock, who grew up in Brooklyn, says that he and his friends lived on "the worst ballplaying block." Those days are long gone for Rock. The comic, who stars in *Lethal Weapon 4* this summer, still visits the old neighborhood. But he doesn't play ball anymore—instead he cheers on the Knicks from his courtside seat at Madison Square Garden.


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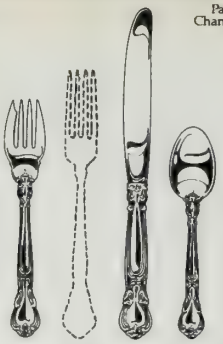
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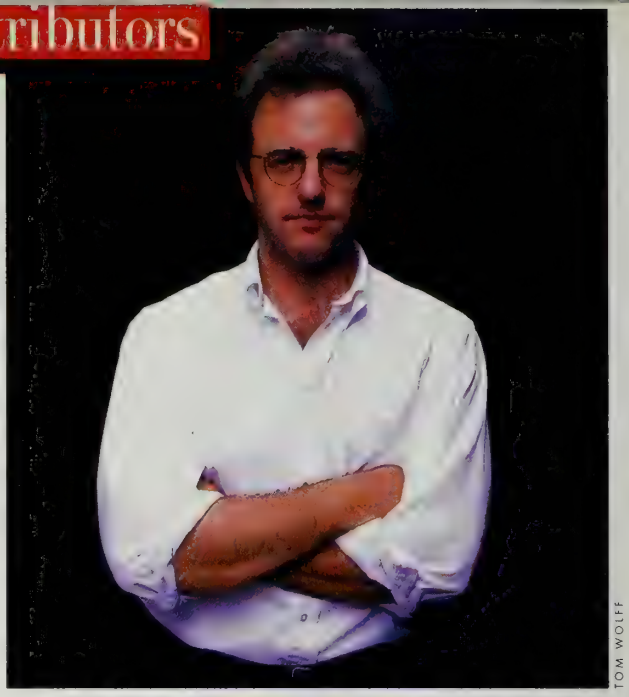
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TOM WOLFF

"No one had ever come from the outside and looked in," **David Michaelis** says of the Wyeth family, which plays a major role in *N. C. Wyeth,* his forthcoming biography of the legendary illustrator. The branches of the family, including N.C.'s son Andrew and daughter-in-law Betsy, gave Michaelis full access to the family archives, which include previously unpublished letters, diaries, and scrapbooks dating back to the 1850s. An excerpt from the biography begins on page 144.


GASPER TRINGALE

"Before the cable-TV glut began in the late 80s, finding a stand-up comedi on television was a rare treat," says contributing editor **David Kamp,** who on page 124 profiles comedian Chris Rock Kamp admits to being a former stand-up addict, endlessly flipping the dial in search of comedians such as George Carlin, Richard Pryor, and Moms Mabley. "Because of all the bad comics out there today, I was only dimly aware of how good Rock is," Kamp says. "He's the only new one who evokes a bygone era."

This month's assignment cut uncomfortably close to home for contributing editor **Michael Shnayerson,** who lives in Sag Harbor, New York. On page 80, he profiles Ira Rennert, the enigmatic millionaire who is building one of America's largest family homes in nearby Sagaponack. Shnayerson is saddened by the pace at which the area's fields have been developed by wealthy homeowners. "A local farmer, Cliff Foster, told me, 'Every time I lose a field, it's as if I'm losing a family member,'" says Shnayerson. "I know exactly what he means."



CONTINUED ON PAGE 34


TOMMY HILFIGER




TOMMY HILFIGER

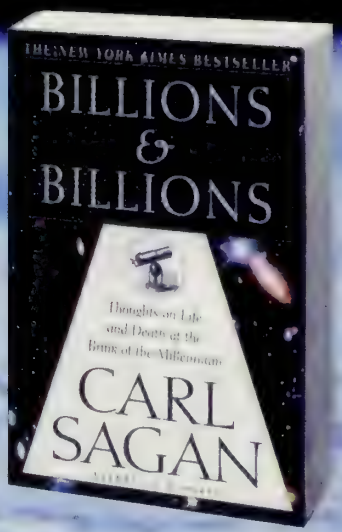
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Sagan's last testament to [his] deeply thoughtful and humane philosophy."
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BILLIONS & BILLIONS

Thoughts on Life and Death at the Brink of the Millennium

CARL SAGAN

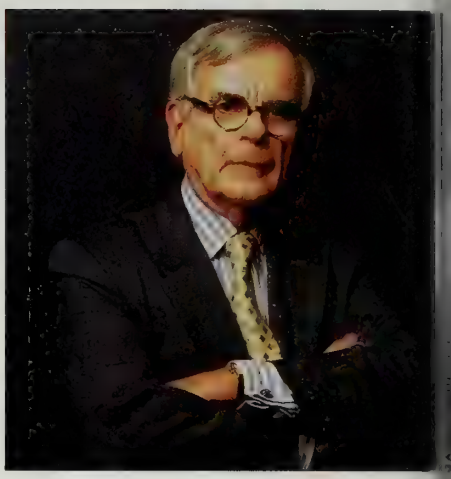
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

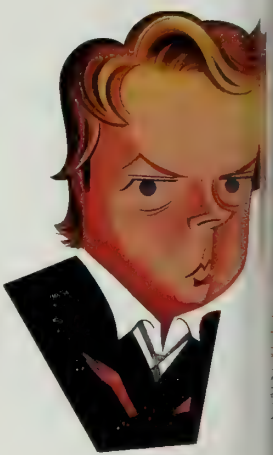


For this month's article on the Château de Groussay, near Paris, special correspondent **Dominick Dunne** visited what he calls "some of the swellest homes in Paris," including the grand apartment of the Baron de Redé. As it turned out, Dunne's French hosts were as interested in his novels—*The Two Mrs. Grenvilles* and *People Like Us*—as he was in their glamorous balls and beautiful estates. It was a rare opportunity and, Dunne says, "I had an *incredible* time."



WAYNE VINCENT

"My original plan was to go into the movies," says photographer **Christopher Simon Sykes,** who in this issue visits the legendary Château de Groussay. At art school, however, he got "sidetracked" by photography. "I had this friend, David Mlinaric," Sykes says, referring to the now famous interior designer. "He came to me and asked me to do a book of his work. Since then, Sykes has photographed interiors for *The World of Interiors, Architectural Digest,* and *House & Garden*.



Growing up in England, contributing editor **Christopher Hitchens** appreciated socialized medicine at an early age. "The free milk, cod-liver oil, and orange juice I was supplied as an infant by the National Health Service helped create the magnificent mammal my readers have come to know," says Hitchens, who in this issue examines America's current H.M.O. crisis. Hitchens will draw on his grueling experience with the media following Princess Diana's death (as recounted in the December 1997 issue) for an upcoming Channel 4 documentary on British television.



GASPER TRINGALE

Executive literary editor **Wayne Lawson** has been with *Vanity Fair* since 1983, when the magazine was relaunched. Before that, Lawson briefly served as editor of *The New York Times Book Review* and ghostwrote Gloria Swanson's memoirs. These days Lawson—who attended Princeton, the State University of Iowa, and the Sorbonne—edits 12 *V.F.* contributors.



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TOO MERVELOUS FOR WORDS

As Merv Griffin's press representative and longtime friend, I thought Matt Tyrnauer's profile ["'S Wonderful, 'S Mervelous!," June] was superb. Having said that, let me point out that we live in a "Rashomon" world—i.e., what one person says is interpreted or seen differently by another—and one small point needs to be clarified. It concerns Merv's friend Johnny Carson, who as you know gave one of his first interviews in several years to *Vanity Fair*. I was there when Merv talked about Johnny, and Merv said Johnny's home was one of the "great houses of all time," and estimated it to be worth "at least $10 million." "I would have no way of knowing what Johnny's total wealth is," Merv told me.

Aside from this, Matt Tyrnauer did a thorough and amazing job.

WARREN COWAN
Los Angeles, California

THE AMERICAN LANDSCAPE of my childhood consists of my mother at her ironing board and our television tuned to *The Mike Douglas Show*. Though Douglas sang beautifully and seemed like a genuinely nice man, I never could warm to his penchant for falling all over his guests in adoration.

Then Mike was replaced by a man named Merv Griffin. Cool acts such as Buddy Rich and Burt Reynolds were suddenly coming into our family room, and corny songs about 16-year-old girls were being replaced by richly delivered jazz standards. I can still remember Merv's easy conversations, his jokes about his "fat" and "thin" closets, his poker-faced patter with sidekick Arthur Treacher.

Now, more than 20 years later, Mr. Griffin's energy and spirit continue to shine through. I will forever cherish the memories.

ALISON SHURTLEFF
Benicia, California

MATT TYRNAUER'S ARTICLE on Merv Griffin could be the basis for a very funny movie about a lonely man worth a billion dollars who just wants to be in love!

DONATO SCHIMIZZI
Puerto Vallarta, Mexico

Capital Offense

THE ARTICLE "District of Contempt," by Christopher Hitchens [March], was an insulting and inaccurate collection of information that paints a false picture of life in the nation's capital. It included outright lies as well as outdated information.

To begin with, the article's blurb refers to the District's "foul drinking water," and Hitchens later elaborates that the drinking water is subject to an advisory for those who are very young or very old, or taking medication. This is absolutely untrue. The District has met and/or exceeded federal drinking-water standards for the



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previous 18 months. Further, *all* municipal water systems in the United States—including that of the District of Columbia—are required to issue an advisory for people with suppressed immune systems, suggesting that they consult with a health-care provider prior to drinking the water.

The problems at the D.C. morgue with equipment failure were well documented two years ago. Since that time, however, a new heating, cooling, and ventilation system has been installed. A new D.C. medical examiner has been hired, and the morgue has improved dramatically.

Hitchens also overexaggerates reports of D.C.'s potholes. Last year alone, the District fixed more than 60,000 potholes, and this year an ambitious road-repair program is under way, making a noticeable difference in the city. In fiscal year 1997, the District was able to spend money from a dedicated highway fund for the first time, which allowed work to begin. Hitchens's accounts of unplowed, snow-filled streets are likewise out-of-date. Two years ago, the city's resources were challenged by a storm that dumped more than two feet of snow. But today we are prepared. We currently have more than just snowplows at our disposal in the event of a major storm.

Washingtonians whom I have spoken to about Hitchens's article are insulted by it. Comments range from "What is the point of including a photo of the city circa 1940?" to "Hitchens must have a whole lot of unpaid parking tickets under his belt to be so spiteful." It is apparent to me that Mr. Hitchens felt he had to live up to his reputation as an iconoclast by distorting the facts about life in the nation's capital.

LINDA WHARTON BOYD, Ph.D.
Director of communications
D.C. Office of Communications
Washington, D.C.

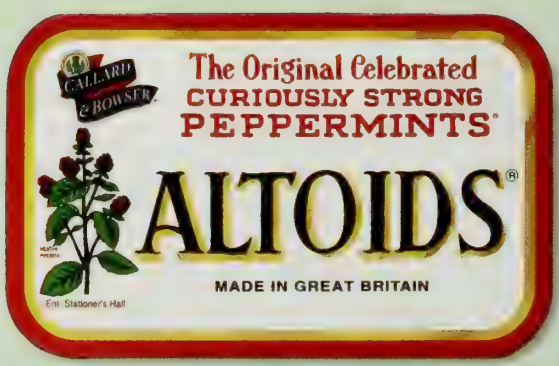
CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS REPLIES: I shall always treasure this letter—a last squeak from the dying planet of Marion Barry. In my article I said that the mayor was a crook and a friend of crooks, that the police chief was a lout who protected officers on the take, that the prison system was a hellhole, that the schools didn't open on schedule and spent most of their time dealing with crowd control when they did, that the infant-mortality figures were worse than for some Third World nations, that diseases such as AIDS and TB were stalking the city largely uncontested, that the fire trucks and patrol cars and ambulances and snowplows were out of commission as often as not, that garbage pickup and recycling had been abandoned, that the water supply had been subject to emergency advisories, that the morgue was a disgrace and the potholes a standing joke, and that federal money for the alleviation of all this was going unspent because of a mixture of incompetence and venality.

Now comes a painfully written letter—dated March 31 but not received by our office until a month later—which says that the water is now fit to drink! Nice work. (The promises about the potholes and the snowplows I'll believe when I see. It's good to know that the morgue now has a working fridge.)

I think I know why the letter was not sent on March 31, and also why it is signed by one of Barry's underlings. On March 30, the head of the mayor's security detail was quoted as saying that Barry's "unscheduled stops" around the city had "raised a suspicion" about him and caused "ethical concerns" to arise. He mentioned a time when the mayor, having done a fade for so long that his bodyguards became alarmed, came to the door in a "partially-clothed" condition. Linda Wharton Boyd, Ph.D., must have noticed that I also lavished a few paragraphs on the scandal of Barry's dictator-size police entourage, and perhaps felt that a decent interval might help matters. No such luck.

Barry has announced his retirement since my article appeared, and small improvements may continue (as they have ever since Congress broke his hold on the city). I won't take the credit for his

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Letters



I AM ABSOLUTELY CHARMED by Gabban O'Keeffe ["Has Gabban Gone Gaga?," by Bob Colacello, June]. His colors, textures, and spirit convey life and all of its surprising, rattling bells. I am a poor student with a not-so-well-appointed home, but I thank O'Keeffe for reminding me to honor my senses and to be inspired by colors that live and interpret.

ANNE HELEN SLUCK
Alexandria, Virginia

quitting if Dr. Boyd won't claim the credit for the small improvements. Oh—and I don't own a car.

The Year of Living Dangerously

"THE CHILDREN OF '68," by Christopher Hitchens [June] was right on target. The truths learned in that year were hard ones: That our nation would rather destroy great men and elect a cynical paranoid for president. That governments will exploit youthful idealism as long as they can control it. And that if they can't control it they will crush it.

DAVID KOEPP
Chicago, Illinois

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS LINKS the "revolutions" of 1968 and 1989, glossing over the fact that the revolutions of '89 toppled the very form of oppression he was helping to implement in '68. Hitchens was espousing "liberty" in the U.S. while helping Castro deprive his own citizens of liberty. Even today Hitchens would not be permitted to state his own views, much less print them, in the "workers' paradise" he helped create. Yes, 1968 was an incredible year. And, yes, people on all sides resorted to violence. Most have learned something and look back to '68 as the year in which much went wrong. Hitchens apparently has not.

A. L. BLAIR
Etters, Pennsylvania

Clearly Canadian

I READ WITH INTEREST David Ma golick's "The German Front," on th German invasion of the U.S. publishir industry [June]. Most Canadians ca sympathize with a country having i culture overshadowed by a foreign pov er. But to hear these complaints fro the world's cultural juggernaut is bot surprising and amusing.

Perhaps Americans should take th as a lesson in priorities; unlike mar smaller nations, the U.S. has the finar cial means necessary to control its lite ary resources—if the will is there.

DALE JAC
Winnipeg, Canad

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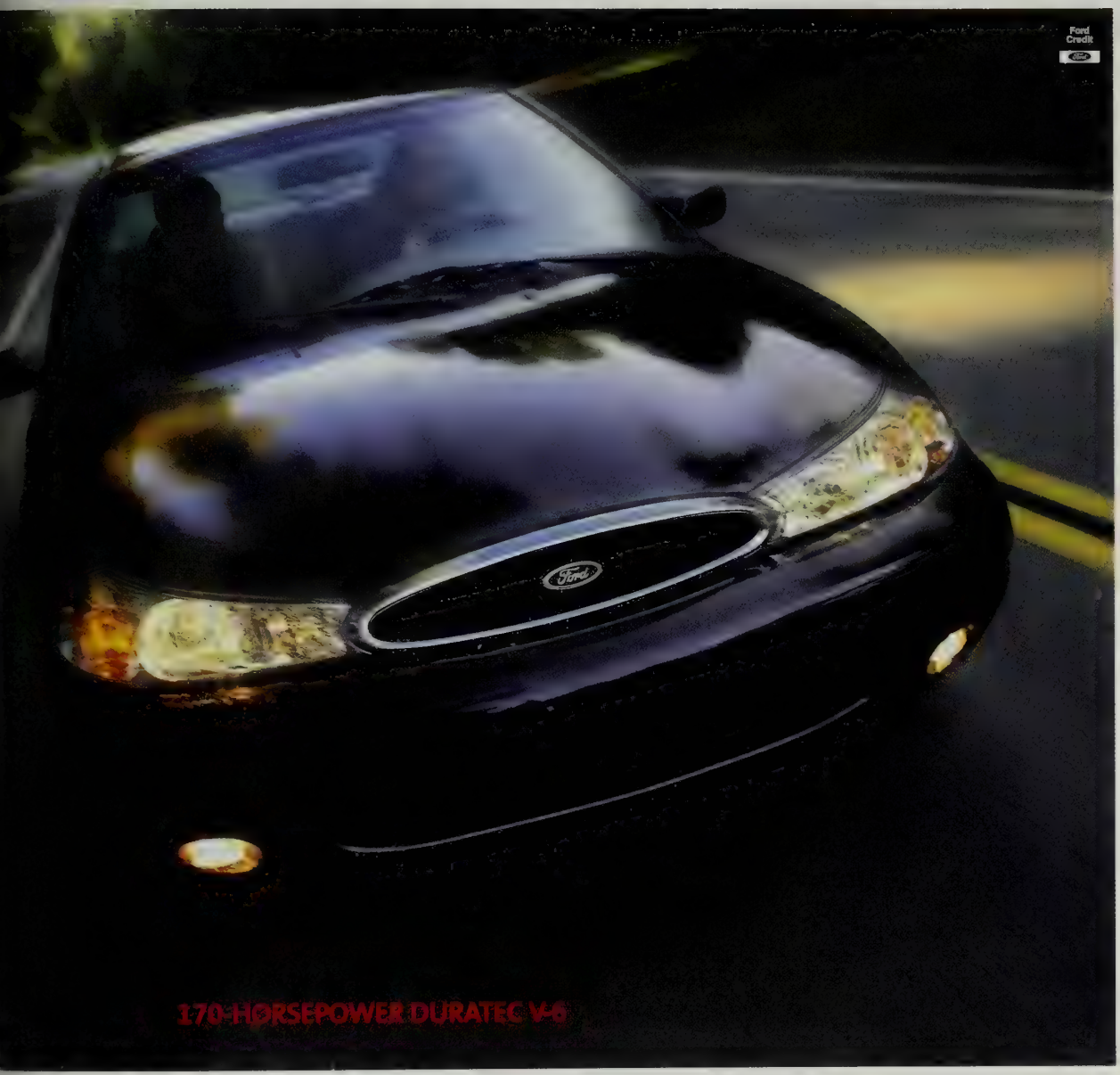
And when they arrived in a new Ford Contour SE Sport days later,

people were amazed. Finally, common ground.

Then they got up to leave. **"I'll drive,"** she said. Shaking his head

he replied, "I don't think so." Oh, well, here we go again.

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Christopher Hitchens

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One patient hemorrhaged as the emergency room tried to reach his insurer, another died in front of the hospital that refused to treat him, and an angry man literally sank his teeth into Nevada's visionary campaign to reform the cruel and inefficient business of H.M.O. medicine





THE CRUSADERS ***Above,*** **nurse Cynthia Bunch and Nevada assemblywoman Barbara Buckley spearheaded Nevada's anti-H.M.O. movement. The testimony of Louis De George, pictured at right with his damaged teeth, helped pass the state's revolutionary patient-protection law.**

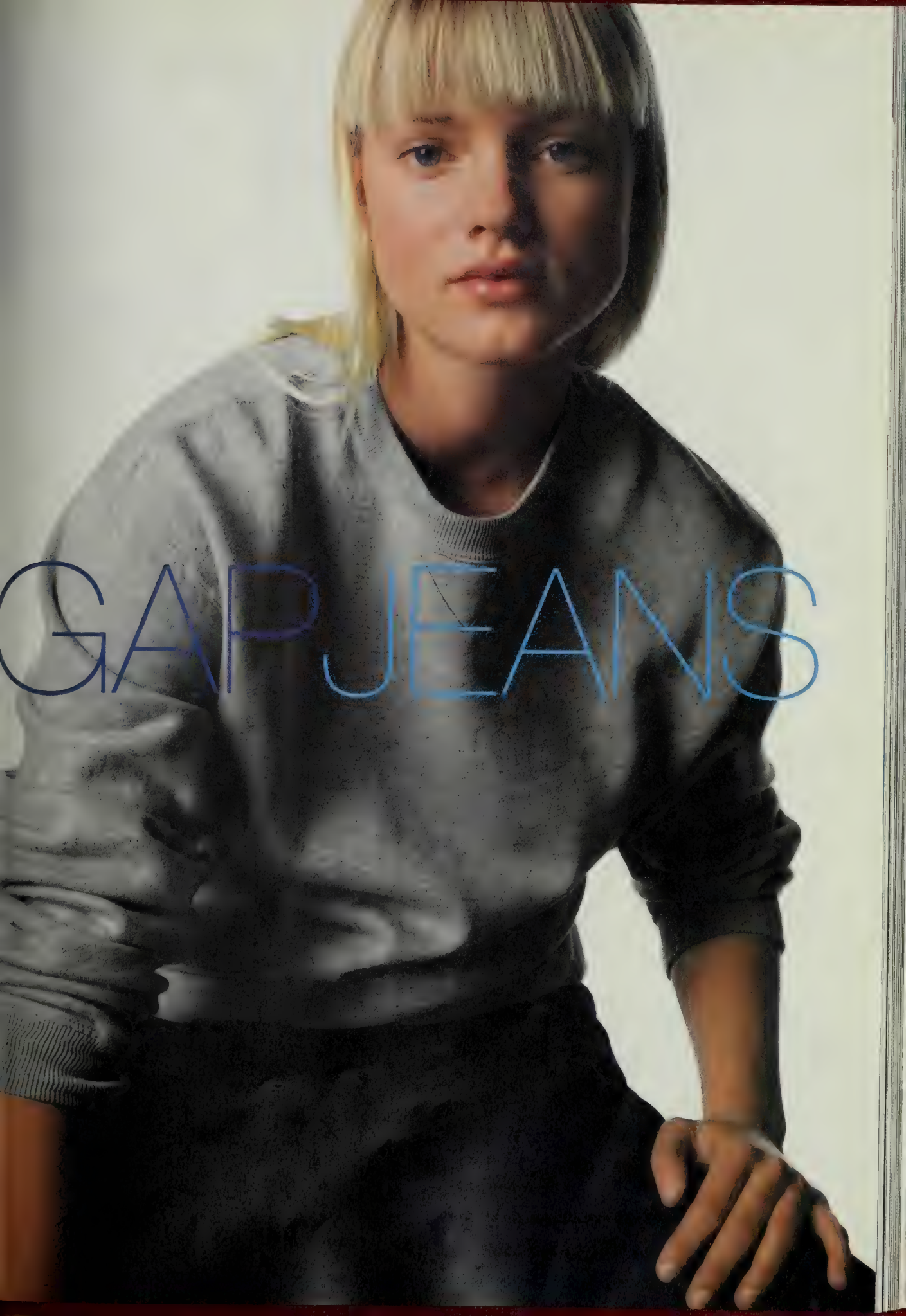
It might have been the rattle of the teeth on the table that did it. In Las Vegas there is a constant background of rattle: the urgent clatter of the dice tables and roulette balls and the rapid staccato of the slot machines as they suck in regular fistfuls of ammo and then fire back random volleys of instant fortune. You might say that this was the American way: a city hewn out of an arid wilderness, consecrated to the tough-minded idea that there will be winners and losers, with rewards for risktaking and initiative and much garish amusement on the side. A certain harshness and vulgarity, to be sure, and even a certain undertone of the ruthless. (The place is full of pickings, but you never see any cops, and you never see any street crime either, which leads some to suggest that law and order is being taken care of, but in a slightly privatized, even "frontier" fashion.) Still, Vegas, which is the country's fastest-growing city, is not for whiners.

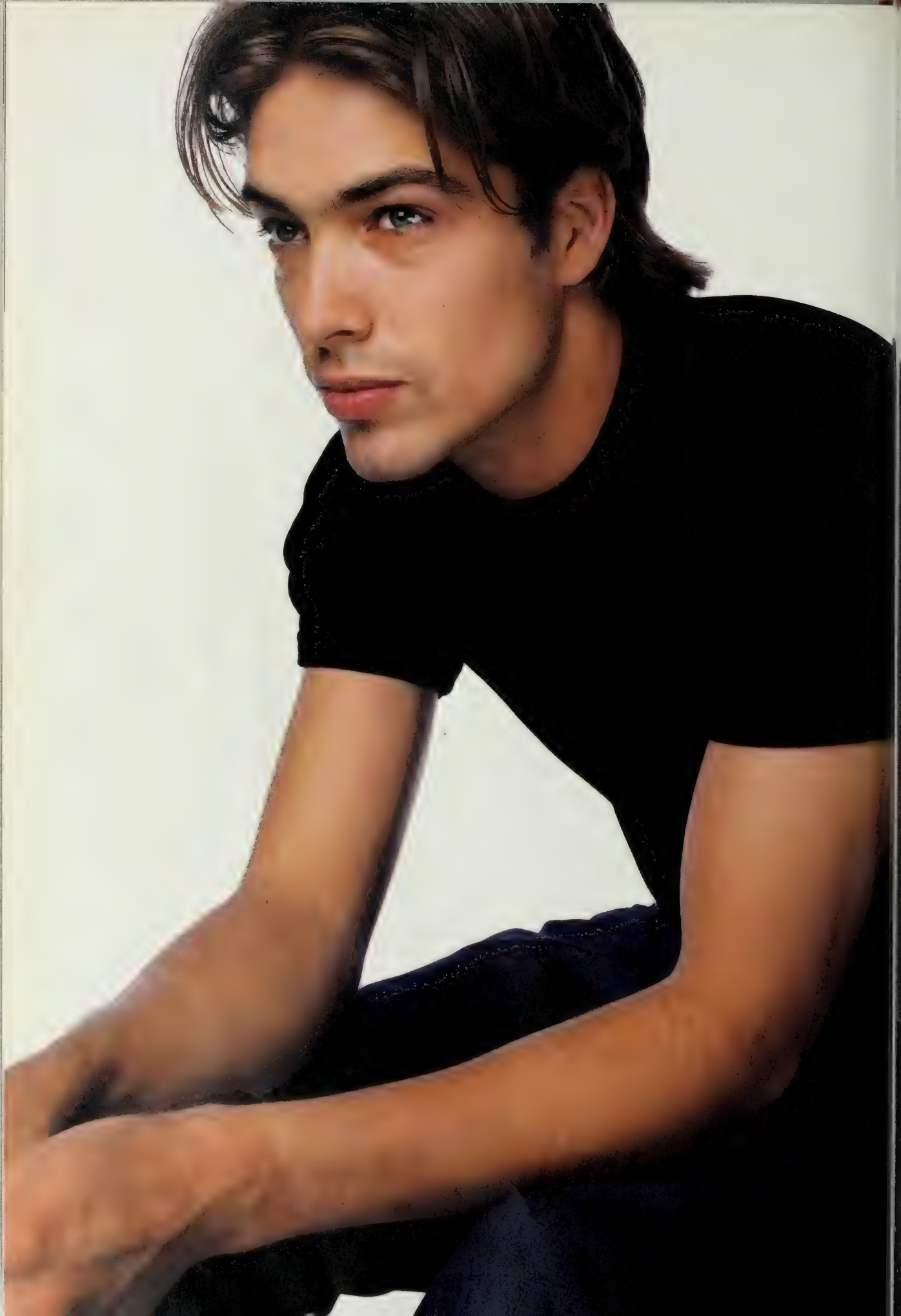
But the teeth started a fresh game. They were a new kind of throw. Cast by their furious and disillusioned former owner onto a hearing table in the Nevada Assembly, they helped rewrite the state law that governs health-maintenance organizations (H.M.O.s). And if America's most casino-minded state has learned from experience that medicine does not belong on the green baize, and that patients are not chips, and neither are doctors or nurses, then the masters of the national game should probably be paying attention.

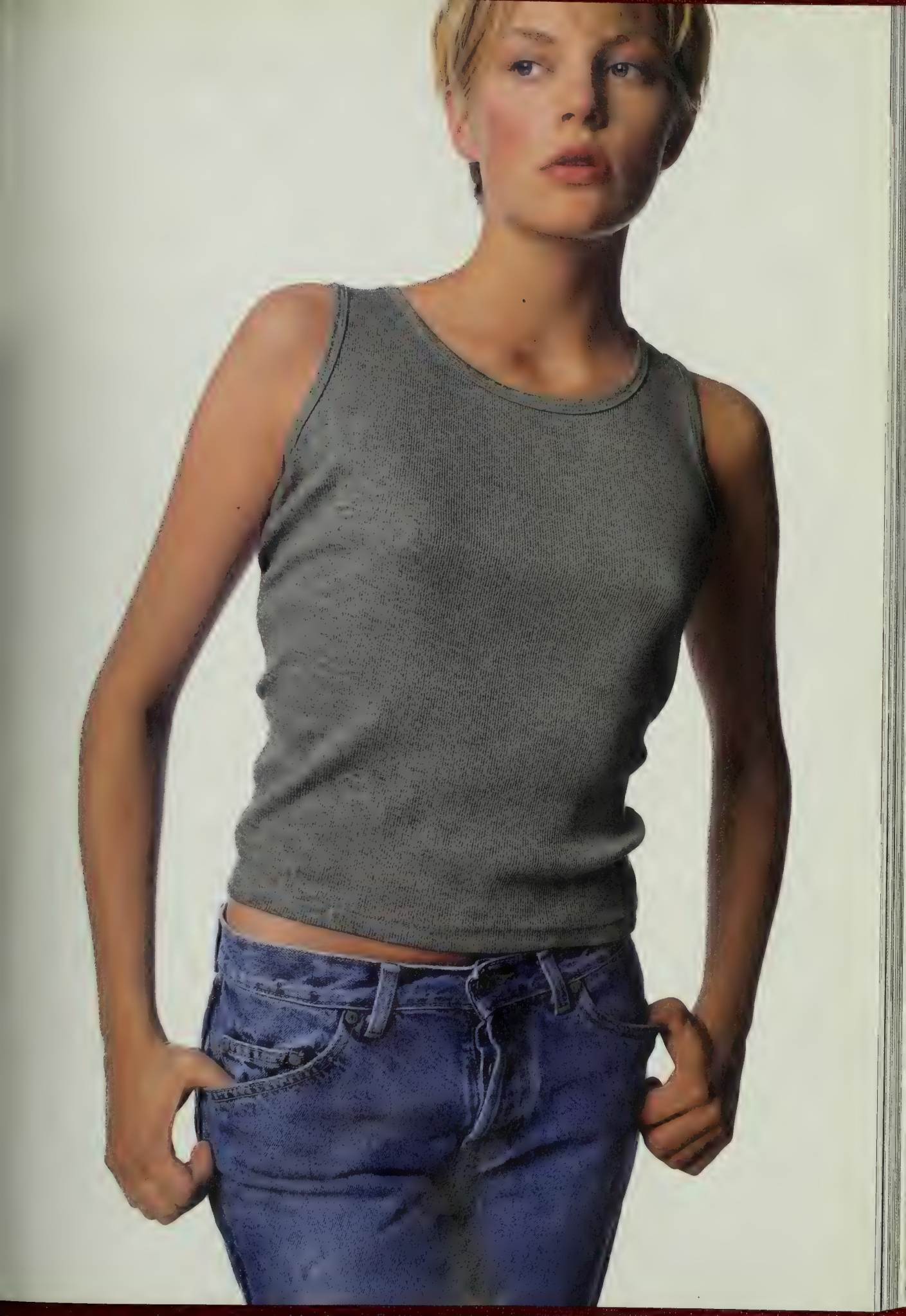
Even the most greenhorn gambler knows the odds going in. You can lose, and even lose big, and the only tears will be your own. But when you gamble, you choose freely. If you don't want the rest of life to be a gamble, for yourself or your dependents, then get insurance. Thus reasoned Mr. Louis De George, a retired electrician and plumber from Henderson, Nevada, whose car collided, as cars will. At the age of 68, he was visited with spinal and hip injuries, and 11 splintered teeth. His car was a write-off. After more than a year had passed, Mr. De George wished very much that medical insurance was as efficient, not to say as compassionate and understanding, as automobile insurance (which paid him $19,000). He came close to wishing that he had been a car. Another year of being jerked around and he had become an enraged and embittered consumer: a man who had paid his health-insurance dues but was in needless pain and acute financial distress. He was not invited to testify by some young political hopeful trying for an election-year horror-story photo op. He insisted on testifying, lobbied to testify, wouldn't shut up until he could testify. And to emphasize his testimony he scattered his broken dentition on the table; hurled his last resources, as it were, into the political scale. As a result of his appearance, and the evidence provided by many other "covered lives" and "providers" (as the industry terms the raw material and those who work upon it; the sufferers and the physicians), the state of Nevada now has watertight laws that stipulate, *inter alia:*

- Emergency medical treatment may not be denied by anyone but a licensed physician or qualified practitioner, with the reasons for denial to be made available in writing.
- H.M.O.s may not offer incentives to doctors for the denial of care.
- H.M.O.s are prohibited from including "gag clauses" in contracts with physicians, which prevent them from disclosing to patients that they have medical options outside the "plan."
- H.M.O.s may not retaliate against a doctor who takes the side of a patient or who assists with a patient's appeal.
- H.M.O.s must permit female patients direct access to obstetricians and gynecologists without going through "primary care" doctors.
- H.M.O.s must CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

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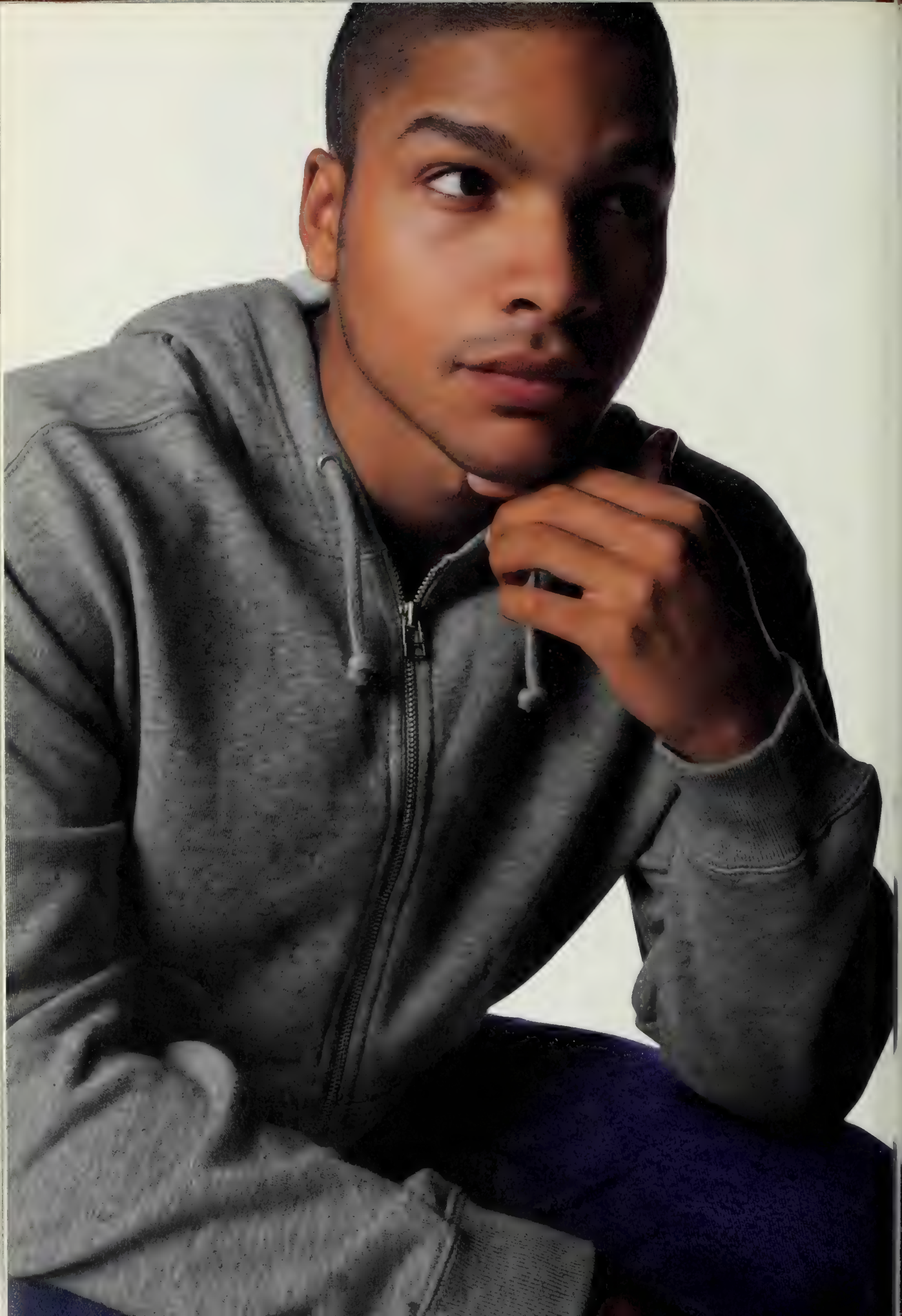

GAP JEANS



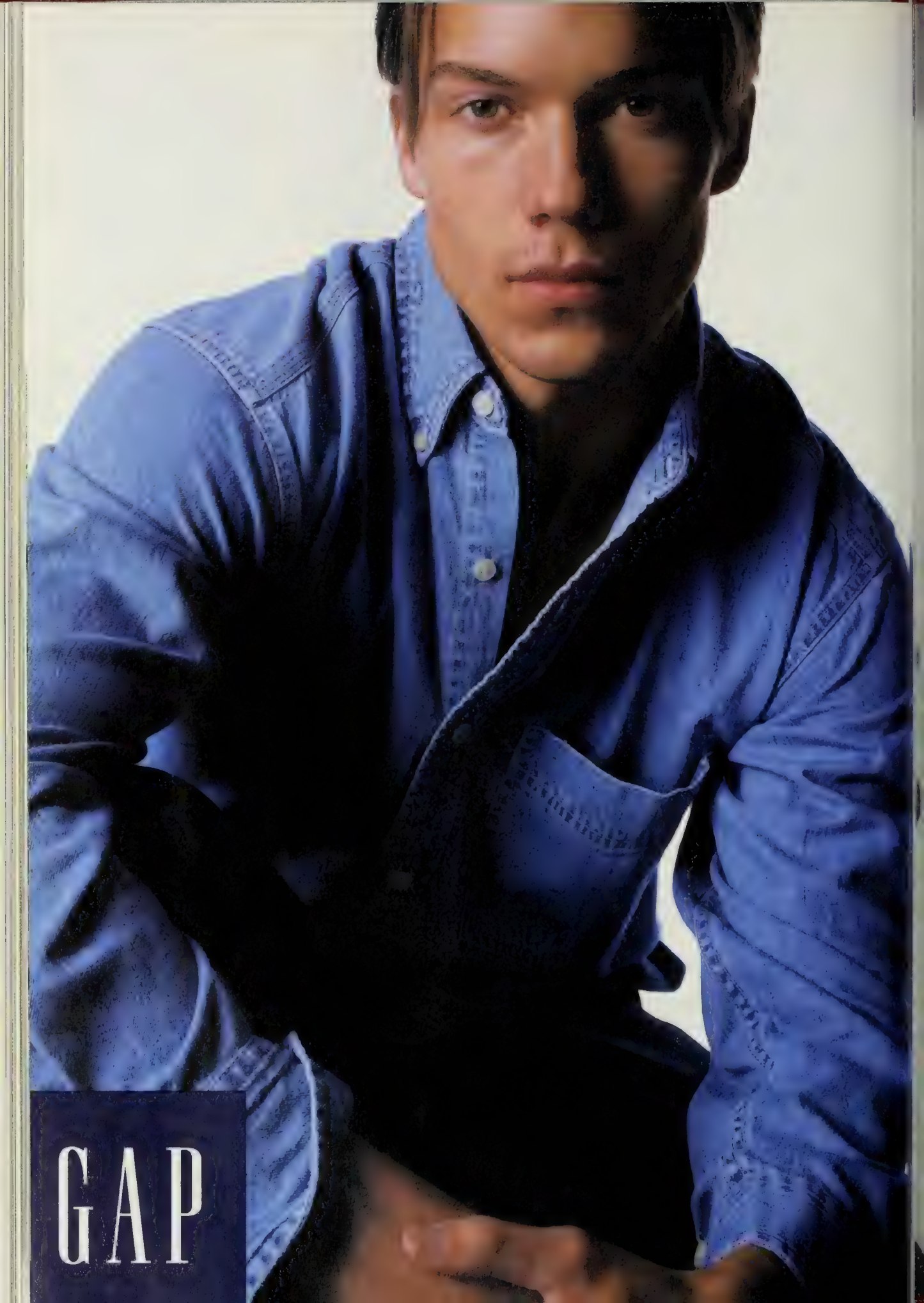











GAP

"The H.M.O. system is accountable only to itself."

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 48 allow doctors
o help decide which prescription med-
cations are covered or necessary.
H.M.O.s must permit medical person-
el to help determine the length of hos-
ital stays.

If any of the above clauses strike you
s bizarre or superfluous—congratula-
ons. *Santé!* You didn't know that doc-
rs could be paid bonuses for the denial
f care? *L'chaim!* You and your loved
nes have obviously been in good health
r some time. And if you are healthy, the
orld of the H.M.O. is for you. (There's
st this nagging problem with all the *sick*
eople.) Then please notice another thing.
lany of the legal requirements cited are
bviously for the protection of the pa-
ent. But many of them are expressly
ritten to guarantee the professional stat-
s of the doctor or the nurse. The Ameri-
an Medical Association is the biggest
ender of lobbying dollars in Washing-
n: $17 million in 1997. That's more
an the tobacco giants or the N.R.A.
he A.M.A., after all, fought against the
reation of Medicare and Medicaid and
ery nearly won, and fought against "so-
alized medicine" from Truman to Nixon
nd won by a knockout. But, for the
rst time in American history, lobbies of
octors and specialists are campaigning
gainst a version of for-profit health care.
hey are doing so because a doctor's
ght to prescribe and to decide on treat-
ent, and ultimately even to diagnose, is
eing violated by unqualified middlemen.

n the beautiful fluted arcades of Cae-
sars Palace in Las Vegas, I took a din-
ner meeting with Lawrence Matheis,
ho is executive director of the Nevada
tate Medical Association, a local affiliate
f the A.M.A. He's also the former state
ealth administrator. A few years ago,
is job was an easy one. He was leading
ie charge against the incredibly convo-
ited and cumbersome Clinton health-
re "reforms." As he put it, reminiscing
eerily, "I was the pit dog for the attack
ut here. It was too easy. But I never
agined that the government would im-
ode and leave the field to the insurance
dustry and the corporations that got in
the first floor. What we have today is
arket medicine with the bark off. *The*
all Street Journal has now supplanted
he Journal of the American Medical As-
ciation as the professional magazine."

He's not exaggerating. George Anders, himself a writer for *The Wall Street Journal,* has published an excellent new book entitled *Health Against Wealth.* As he phrased it recently, describing the operations of the giant H.M.O. Foundation Health Systems, whose C.E.O. is Malik Hasan:

A lot of the decisions in Hasan's H.M.O. are made by medical directors who are essentially M.D.s who will take a desk job. And one of the very clever things that Hasan has done is to have an awful lot of their pay tied to stock options, so they begin to think like Wall Street. Their thinking is not just "What's right for the patient? What's right for the community?" but "How do we get the value of our stock up?" I've interviewed former medical directors who say they took a pay cut to come and work inside one of Dr. Hasan's H.M.O.s, but they ended up making $3 million and $4 million on the stock options.

Mr. De George can tell you all about this from the other end of the stethoscope. By the time I tracked him down, he had become a fierce and dogged expert in law, accountancy, and mergers and acquisitions, all in the interest of getting his broken teeth properly fixed, which they still have not been, and getting the work paid for, which it still has not been. Oh, he was covered all right. He had a policy with Family Health Program (F.H.P.), a West Coast H.M.O. From the scene of the accident he was taken to an emergency room where there wasn't an X-ray apparatus for teeth. He was advised to contact his "primary-care provider," who couldn't see him for a week. The doctor then examined his back, hip, and jaws and ordered an M.R.I. (magnetic-resonance imaging) test. However, when he received the physician's report, there was no mention of his back, hip, or jaws and no reference to an M.R.I. Nor could Mr. De George get a referral to a dentist covered by F.H.P. "I called more than 20 times and sent them a letter but got no response. In the meantime my mouth smells like a sewer and I can't eat." In desperation, he rather incautiously picked a dentist from the local paper, and was hit with bills for almost $26,000.

With his spine and hip still untreated, he asked F.H.P. for a referral to a back specialist. The referral took 75 days, and led only to that doctor's referring him—which took another 20 days—to another doctor. This physician, who was on F.H.P.'s books, declined to examine him until Mr. De George had provided two doctor's liens guaranteeing payment. The reason given by this doctor's assistant was that F.H.P. didn't pay enough to make such visits worthwhile. Four months after his car wreck, and still in acute pain, Mr. De George finally got his M.R.I. and discovered that he had suffered two herniated discs. A reluctance to prescribe the rather expensive M.R.I. procedure, by the way, is one of those things that win doctors Brownie points and bonuses from H.M.O.s.

Well, there's always the F.H.P. grievance procedure. Mr. De George filed a complaint with his H.M.O. He took it from F.H.P. in Nevada to the Health Care Financing Administration in California, and then to the Network Design Group in Buffalo, New York, and then to an administrative-law judge in Tucson, Arizona, who ultimately fixed a meeting in Las Vegas to hear the case. Mr. De George lost at this stage because he had gone outside the F.H.P. plan to see that rogue dentist. F.H.P. defends its conduct and says complications arose because De George went outside the plan. "But," as he testified with some energy and some justice, "they force you to go outside the plan. That's the scam." By that time, F.H.P. was about to be engulfed by PacifiCare, the West Coast health conglomerate.

Were he to be starting now on this via dolorosa, Mr. De George would not face an H.M.O. complaints board that was staffed entirely by employees of the H.M.O. itself. At least, not in Nevada. As Lawrence Matheis put it, making use of a locally grown metaphor, "If you go and place a bet with a sports book, the owner of the book shouldn't also be the owner of the team." He meant this to apply across the board, as you will see.

The Nevada hearings called by Assemblywoman Barbara Buckley last year were notable in several minor ways and in one big way. First, they featured an enormous number of individual testimonies, all of them gut-wrenching and all of them presented in a literate, well-documented, and modest fashion that was seriously moving. I deliberately selected Mr. De George for my follow-up precisely because his was not such a sob story, but there was evidence taken about the maltreatment of children and



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old people and vulnerable cancer patients that might have shriveled the stoutest heart, and you can get it all by visiting "www.leg.state.nv.us/97minutes/AM/HH/am2-22HH.htm" and browsing away.

Second, the evidence of patients was reinforced by the testimony of veteran doctors and nurses. I will borrow the relatively clinical language of the transcript, which included the testimony of Dr. Bill Harrington of the University Medical Center "concerning the incentives H.M.O.s offer health-care providers to deny care to patients."

Dr. Harrington described a situation that occurred in the emergency room with a [woman] who came in at four A.M. suffering from an upper-gastrointestinal bleed (a large amount of blood was coming from her stomach). This patient was a member of an H.M.O. The physician called for a gastroenterologist to perform an emergency procedure to stop the bleeding. The gastroenterologist would not treat the patient without a prior authorization from the insurance company, knowing that if he did not receive authorization, he would not be paid for performing the procedure. The doctor tried to contact the insurance company for over an hour to receive authorization. In the meantime, the emergency room had to give this patient four units of blood, which otherwise would not have been administered if the procedure had been done. When it looked as if this patient might not live, Dr. Harrington said, the doctor called again to the insurance company and told them if he did not receive authorization he would be contacting the *Las Vegas Review-Journal* with this story. The insurance company then authorized the gastroenterologist to perform the procedure to stop the bleeding.

Imagine the scene that is conjured to the mind by this minimal narrative. You could say that it is no part of an E.R. doctor's task to be threatening to call the newspapers in the small hours of the morning, and you would be right. But that would be missing the point somewhat. It is no part of an E.R. doctor's task to be telephoning insurance companies at that hour, while he or she is up to the elbows in the blood or feces of an already insured "covered life" in desperate condition.

"Want to know how a hospital is doing?" read a Columbia ad in *The Wall Street Journal*. "Ask a nurse." So I did. I spoke to Deborah La Fave, who is a registered nurse at Sunrise



DOCTOR'S ORDERS

Dr. Bill Harrington, photographed in the trauma center of the University Medical Center in Las Vegas, testified that a doctor persuaded an H.M.O. to authorize emergency surgery only by threatening to leak to the press its refusal to grant authorization.

Hospital (please keep that name in mind) and also at Desert Springs Hospital, both in Las Vegas. She specializes in labor and delivery and high-risk obstetrics, so you could say she works at the very point of production. She wants it noted that a nurse with her specialization is by definition dealing with two patients at the same time. But she finds that she's dealing with more and more patients at once. "A woman with second-trimester bleeding [remember, she's counted as only one patient for this purpose] would once in my experience have had a one-to-one relationship with a nurse. Now it's one to four. They've told us at Sunrise that we shouldn't change the beds every day, to save on laundry and linen costs. There is often human residue in those sheets." A product called Chux, which is an absorbent material for body fluids, is often in short supply. So are catheters and tubings for IVs. Two-hour waits for simple pain medication are, she says dryly, "not as uncommon as they should be. And the gloves these days are the cheapest imaginable; you generally rip two pairs before you can get them on. They have the name 'Columbia' on them." (Please keep that name in mind also.) La Fave handed me a 1997 report, outside her immediate field of specialization, which seemed upon perusal to suggest that the hospital's respiratory service was in crisis. One therapist claimed that Columbia Sunrise was "missing up to 100 respiratory treatments per day," and another said that "we are gambling with people's lives by staffing so low."

Deborah asserted to me what many nurses and nursing organizations have been saying at forums around the country—that she is being undercut by lower-paid ancillary workers who, with different-colored overalls, are being used by hospital conglomerates to draw blood, remove IV tubing, and otherwise help in the greatest medical priority of all, which is the holding down of cost. A whole new coinage of euphemism has been minted to define these quasi-qualified personnel, who come in below not just registered nurses like Deborah La Fave but also L.P.N.s (licensed practical nurses) and C.N.A.s (certified nursing assistants). They are called, rather grandly, "guest-services associates." If they do their job well, and if Deborah does her job well, the result is that Deborah has worked herself out of a job. "I'm proud of helping decrease the number of pre-term labors," she says. "But I'm not so glad that as a result they cut back the neonatal intensive-care unit." Deborah knows of a case at another hospital where an unlicensed assistant did not notify a registered nurse about elevated blood pressure in a new mother, who was sent home early and died.

The business of premature discharge of patients is another recurring theme in the complaints of nurses. The victims here are chiefly female—either nursing mothers or mastectomy patients, both of which categories are being urged to hurry up and vacate the bed for someone else. Every nurse I have spoken to has a personal account of a woman who was sent home, after undergoing a "drive-through" delivery or breast removal, not on the advice of the hospital staff but on the insistence of an H.M.O. This is an injury to the professional pride of nurses, whose numbers have been falling even as the patient-nurse ratio is on the rise. Partly as a result of cost-cutting and partly as a result of resignations, since the early 80s the number of nursing personnel

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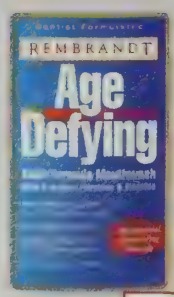
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has declined by 20 percent in California, 25 percent in New York, and as much as 27 percent in Massachusetts.

With such a weight of evidence that H.M.O.s were thinking short-term, while doctors and nurses were thinking either of the extreme short term (emergency treatment) or the medium and longer terms (preventive medicine and follow-up care), the historically conservative state of Nevada found its Assembly and Senate voting unanimously to enshrine the Patient Protection Act with all the provisions mentioned earlier.

And that's the one big thing I mentioned before. There was a vote! After deliberation! The most imposing fact about the market-medicine H.M.O. system, now spreading at enormous speed across the land, is that nobody voted for it, nobody was consulted about it, and nobody elected it. Yet it holds the power of life and death over patients, and arbitrates the professional role of doctors and nurses, and is accountable only to itself and to unforeseeable fluctuations in the stock market.

I went to call on Assemblywoman Barbara Buckley, who runs a legal-services office in Las Vegas. She's a tough, cheerful, and fluent woman who became interested in the health-care crisis when she found it dominating the mail from her constituents, and also showing up more and more in the grievances of her legal clients. At first, she says, the momentum for the bill began as a movement of the uninsured. (In Nevada, 21.2 percent of the population has no health insurance at all, and, as usual, an alarmingly large proportion of this percentage is children. But "very quickly we became aware of the discontent among the supposedly insured, who paid their premium but still couldn't get coverage." Crisply, she enumerated some additional and obvious reasons why this is bad news:

- It encourages people to stay on welfare, because welfare brings an automatic entitlement to Medicaid, a once despised and frayed "safety net" which is now considered more trustworthy than some managed-care programs.
- It constitutes "rationing"—the dread word that "Harry and Louise" employed with such deadly effect to trash the Clinton proposals—because it permits for-profit concerns to pick and choose who is covered and who is treated, and how.
- It amounts to denial of "choice"—the other mantra of the insurance industry in the Harry-and-Louise days—because H.M.O.s switch people away from their own doctors when they are hospitalized. In theory, H.M.O.s guarantee "continuity of care." In practice, however, they deny it as part of a strategy of cost-cutting.

We were joined in our conversation by Cynthia Bunch of the Nevada Nurses Association. She is a former intensive-care nurse (married to a cardiac surgeon), who joined the campaign two years ago when she saw the suffering of neglected patients and overworked nurses. One of her main beefs was "retrospective review"—the H.M.O. practice of denying payment for emergency-room care if the visit later turned out to be a false alarm. "For years, the American Heart Association has been trying to educate people. If you have chest pains, don't wait around or chew some Rolaids. Get checked up," she explains. "Now people are being discouraged from taking that advice."

This small point illuminates the whole field of preventive care. Prompt, preventive, and prophylactic medicine makes every kind of economic sense in any definition even of the medium term. But it does require more initial outlay, while stockholders are conditioned to prefer shorter-term returns. And there's something else that doctors mention only with lowered voices. The H.M.O.s know the economics as well as anybody, and better than most. But it may not be they who have to foot those later and larger bills. Deny a treatment at the initial or emergency stage and the patient may go away, or seek another and more expensive policy. Or die—thus conclusively tidying up the books on the right side of the ledger. "We had innumerable complaints that patients couldn't get to first base, because they couldn't get through on the H.M.O. telephone lines and 'customer service' numbers," says Cynthia Bunch. "So we ran an experiment and had members of the Nurses Association try dialing for them. And we couldn't get through, either." Says Barbara Buckley, "when our hearings were over, one of the H.M.O. reps came up to me and said, 'We're going to restructure our member-services department.' That was one way of putting it. I hear they're picking up the phones now."

An indication of the scale of the problem can be seen right on the Las Vegas skyline. As well as various pyramids, palaces, and mock Manhattans, this famous view includes the Sunrise Hospital. Until recently, the big sign on its exterior said COLUMBIA SUNRISE HOSPITAL. But all of a sudden a crew appeared and started hastily to remove the word "Columbia" from the logo. It's not all that difficult to guess why. Columbia/HCA had been not only the world's largest for-profit health-care system but the most profitable and prestigious. Having acquired a brace of hospitals in Texas in 1988, by the end of 1996 it could claim the standing of a $20-billion-per-year multinational, well liked by Wall Street, with "affiliates" in 36 of the 50 states of the Union as well as in Switzerland and the United Kingdom. It controlled 321 general acute-care hospitals, 22 psychiatric hospitals, 135 outpatient-surgery centers, and more than 500 home-health agencies.

However, on March 19, 1997, the Columbia/HCA hospitals in El Paso, Texas, were raided by more than a hundred F.B.I. agents. They chose the birthplace of the chain—which now has its corporate headquarters in Nashville, Tennessee—because of allegations of kickbacks to doctors. Indeed, several Columbia managers in Florida had already been indicted for Medicare fraud. But the El Paso raid revealed a nationwide fraud probe. Critics such as Lawrence Matheis generally attack market medicine because it has an interest in telling patients that they aren't really that sick or that badly injured. The allegations of "upcoding" at Columbia suggest that the company has been billing the Medicare system for *more* treatment, and *more* medicine, than it has actually supplied.

"Yes," says Deborah La Fave, who still works at Sunrise, "patients aren't stupid. They read the papers and they were asking, 'Is this the same Columbia we've been hearing about?'" To which the answer was, or should have been: It sure is. While I was nosing around Las Vegas, the federal investigation had not reached Sunrise. But the hospital's managers were in traction all the same, because of the lacerating pub-



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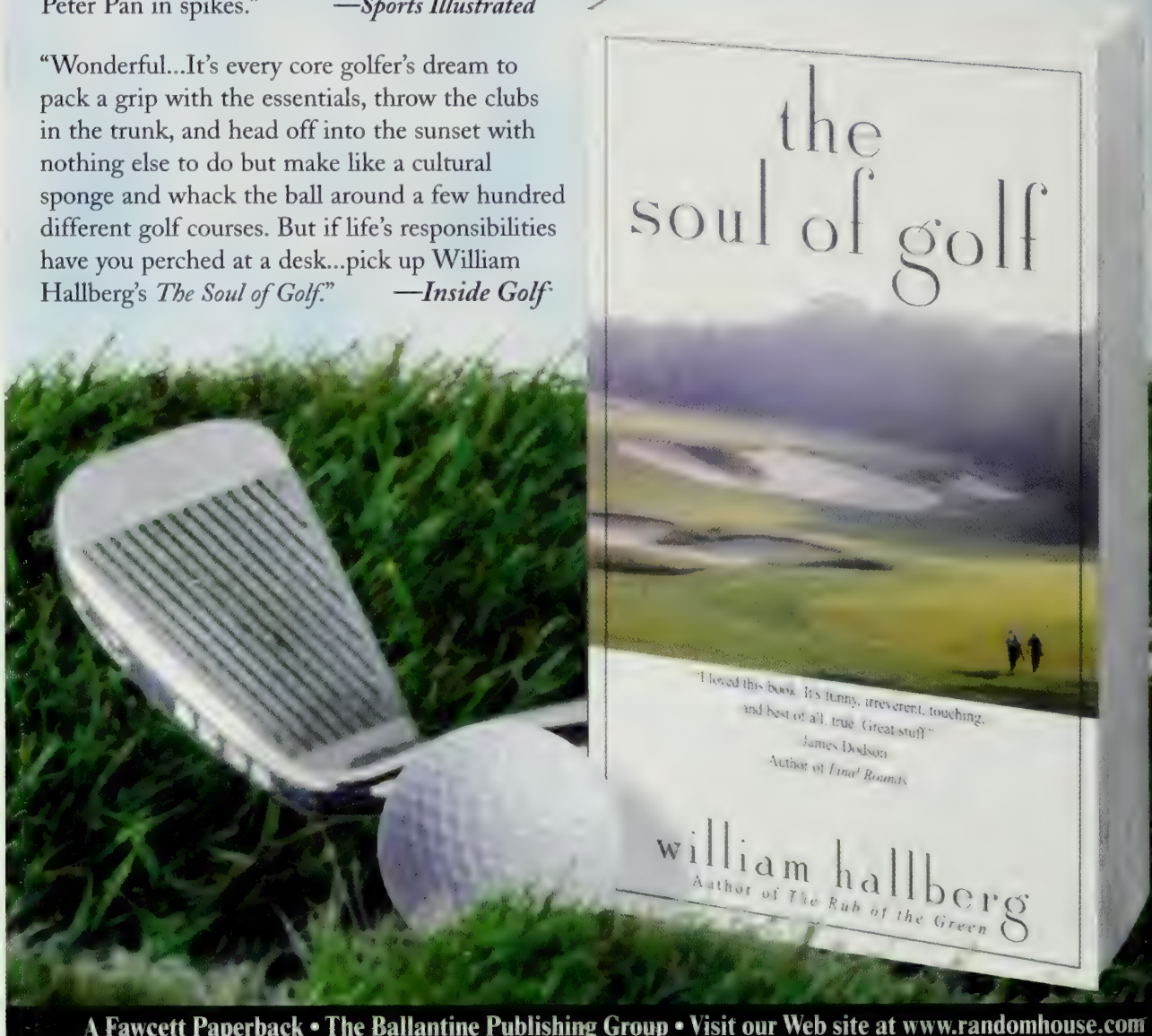
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lic criticism of a senior defector from their upper echelon. Marc Gardner was a vice president of operations. He says in plain words that while he was there (he took a buyout in 1996, when things were still peachy on the surface) he "committed felonies every day." These offenses included the false upcoding of Medicare forms, and the payment of illegal kickbacks and inducements to the doctors who had admitted the most paying patients. There were also some terrible offenses that were not so illegal—such as the neglect of sick patients, the understaffing of critical-care departments, and the turning away of needy and desperate people from the emergency room.

At the moment, Gardner is cooperating with the F.B.I. investigation and will not speak further about specific allegations, but he has given some vivid background. He says that when he worked there in 1996, Sunrise was a flagship hospital that grossed 5.5 percent of Columbia's total billings—almost a billion dollars per year. "The first hint of trouble is when we saw a budget projection for a 52 percent increase in earnings from 1994 to 1995," Gardner says. "For a hospital that generated the kind of money that Sunrise generated, that was a very significant increase in dollars. Everyone's bonus was based on that. The future of your promotions depended on performance. I was a little taken aback by that increase in earnings. If we are expected to hit this, then we are going to have to do some things that are going to be edgy."

Columbia/HCA disputes Gardner's claims—for example, it sets Sunrise's total operating revenue at a mere $271 million, accounting for only 1.5 percent of Columbia/HCA's total billings—and emphasizes "dramatic improvements in care and ethical compliance" in the past year. But accounting methods are one of its problems in the first place.

There are only so many things you can do to improve the profitability of a hospital. The first thing is you find more patients. Second, cut expenses. Here is the sort of thing that happens if you do both these things, even if you are not fiddling the Medicare books or giving shady "directorships" to doctors who agree to stuff your beds. In August 1996, an anesthesiologist named Thomas Yee was attending a woman in labor when, in the early hours of the morning, a nurse ran in



NURSED BACK TO WEALTH
Nurse Deborah La Fave, photographed at Desert Springs Hospital in Las Vegas, says she was instructed by Columbia Sunrise Hospital to stop changing bed linens every day, in order to save on laundry costs.

to tell him that another patient was hemorrhaging severely in the emergency room. She insisted that there was no other anesthesiologist in the building. Dr. Yee left the woman in labor, having ascertained that her condition was stable, and went to the operating room, where he treated a patient with dangerously low blood pressure and heart rate. He was then implored by nurses to treat yet another critical case. Columbia Sunrise fired him, on the grounds that he had abandoned his patients. In contrast, the Nevada State Board of Medical Examiners reviewed the matter and issued him a commendation for doing the right thing under impossible conditions. Government investigators also found that Sunrise was in breach of federal rules governing on-call procedure for anesthesiologists. They later found that three out of four emergency-surgery patients waited at least 35 minutes for anesthetic, and one was kept lingering for more than two hours. Sunrise was threatened with being banned from the Medicare program altogether. Marc Gardner says that if his wife had been ill he would have taken her to another hospital.

A gluttonous appetite for more and more customers (to be treated on an assembly line with fewer and fewer professionals and facilities) does not by any means extend to all patients. A few years earlier, a homeless man named Adolpho Anguiano was brought to the Sunrise emergency room in an ambulance. He complained of severe chest and abdominal pain. The emergency-room staff declined to take his vital signs or run any tests. To Marc Gardner's later incredulity, a physician wrote the words "chronic homelessness" in the medical-record space for diagnosis. Mr. Anguiano "became upset." Security men were called, and escorted him out of the emergency room. Ten minutes later, he fell on the grass outside, looking up at the vertical beauties of a billion-dollar hospital, and died from acute pneumonia.

The general comment of Richard Scott, former C.E.O. of Columbia/HCA, on denials of treatment was as follows: "Do we have an obligation to provide health care for everybody? Is any fast-food restaurant obligated to feed everyone who shows up?" His answer was a revealing one, about the McHospital mentality. Mr. Scott, of course, has only a tenuous connection to the world of medicine and medical ethics. He is an expert in corporate raids and acquisitions. (And I refer to him as the "former C.E.O." because he has since, as a result of the Medicare scandal, been "let go." Having drawn a $900,000 salary and a $720,000 bonus in 1996, he received a $5 million parachute and a $950,000 annual "consulting fee" for five years. He also got to keep his stockholding in the company for 90 days, though I suspect that this may have depreciated.) Actually, he was wrong anyway on the simple matter of the law. Federal legislation requires hospitals at least to assess and stabilize an emergency patient before making a decision on transfer or discharge. Mr. Anguiano did not throw his unwelcome and disheveled self into the arms of the Columbia Sunrise staff. He was brought, having no say in the matter, in an ambulance. Even at the most profit-conscious and understaffed hospital, he should have been examined and stabilized before being discharged, or sent to a public hospital, or asked to sign a promissory note.

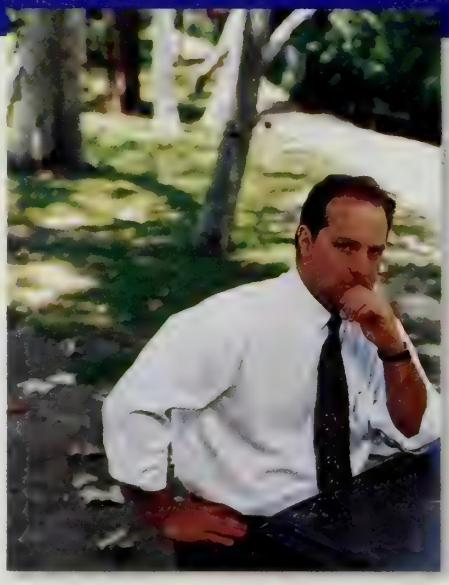
As I read over the case of the late Adolpho Anguiano, who left a couple of children behind him, I was reminded of work done in another discipline by the great economist Amartya Sen. Professor Sen, who is now master of Trini-

"The H.M.O.s don't want to finance any teaching."

ty College, Cambridge, made his name as an expert in the relationship of population to famine. What he found was this. In many countries, notably colonial Bengal in 1943 and Bangladesh in 1974, masses of people have starved to death while food stocks were high and the granaries were full. In other words, "famine" did not at all connote "food shortage" or "crop failure." But any combination of secretive and undemocratic government, profiteering, maldistribution of income, and inadequate market information can lead to starvation in the midst of relative plenty.

This is what is actually happening, before our astonished eyes, in the United States. The country graduates so many advanced medical students that it could afford to export them overseas in large numbers if there were another "magnet" country for medicine, which there is not. Instead, America actually draws toward itself so many fully qualified specialists from other nations that it can afford to pass laws that keep them out, which it does. Innovative medicine, not just for despair-inducing conditions but for everyday miseries, flourishes here as in no civilization in recorded time, and pharmaceutical companies can offer genetically engineered specifics almost over the counter. Yet talk to anyone you know about their last encounter with the baffling routines of care and payment, or ask any medical practitioner of your acquaintance how much time he or she is compelled to waste on paperwork or on "second opinions" from nonmedical authorities. And don't even think about the submerged fifth, a huge proportion of whom are our children, who are outside the coverage system altogether. Since 1983 the number of practicing physicians has risen by about 50 percent. But in that same time period the number of health-care "managers" has jumped by 683 percent. This is the Third Worldization of America; a combination of Soviet planning with cockroach capitalism; an inefficient rationing system with socialism for the rich and free enterprise for the poor.

There is resistance at the higher and more confident end. Dr. Barry Chaiken, a Park Avenue ophthalmologist, was one of the first to take himself out of the "managed" racket after he had been



THE WHISTLE-BLOWER
Marc Gardner, here in L.A.'s Griffith Park, admits that when he was a vice president of operations with Columbia/HCA from 1993 to 1996 he "committed felonies every day."

forced to get no fewer than three clearances from above for a patient who needed a laser treatment. With him, it's a matter of professional pride. He's enlisted 90 doctors to band together with him to see and prescribe for and treat their patients as they think best. Quaint, and reassuring. A large group of doctors and nurses in Massachusetts recently staged a rerun of the famous "tea party," tossing into Boston Harbor chests labeled DENIAL OF CARE, FOR-PROFIT HOSPITALS, and RUSHED HOSPITAL STAYS. Kaiser Permanente, the nation's largest nonprofit H.M.O., yielded to massive pressure from the California Nurses Association and agreed in March to let nurses appoint "quality liaison" nurses at each of its 15 Northern California hospitals, and let these trained and disinterested personnel make the call on who is sick and who isn't.

The American College of Cardiology has written its own guidelines for heart disorders and posted them on the Internet so that patients can second-guess H.M.O. doctors who are too cowed to give them the full range of options. The American College of Rheumatology has recommended that sufferers from chronic arthritis should see a professional both for diagnosis and for treatment. More informed and feisty patients, including those who are turning 50 at the rate of more than 10,000 a day, will no so easily be denied the accessible riche of American medicine.

But the idea of a gazillion geezers ex-boomers at that, learning amateu prognosis on the Web isn't that reassur ing, either, and they may end up wast ing a lot of consulting-room time. Th general theory of the free market de pends quite largely on the concept o "consumer sovereignty": the intelligen dollar taking its custom from place t place until it finds value and satisfac tion. When this doesn't work as a mod el—as with savings-and-loans, junk bonds dream holidays from brochures, irradi ated real estate, gift subscriptions t *The New Republic,* gambling in Las Ve gas, and a host of other things—it's be cause of crookery or rashness or poo information or all three. But it isn't ter minal. In order to know enough not t buy a lemon from a car company, you can acquire the working knowledge i high school. But in order to learn abou the nightmare that is waiting to burgeon in your thyroid, or in your carotid artery, you need help that is in every sense dearly bought. You are not "sov ereign" at all. I would bet that when Richard Scott feels a premonition i that well-padded chest of his he doesn' go where the hapless clients of Colum bia/HCA are warehoused on beds i the corridor, as they have been at Sun rise. He goes and listens very carefully to a specialist of his own choosing. You may not be wealthy, or want to live for ever, but there is no reason why in thi country you should not be able to mak the same claim.

Once again the question: How did w get here? The conventional explana tion is that, by the dawn of the 80s medical costs were spinning out of con trol. Doctors were kings, and could or der up batteries of tests that thickene their own wallets. Needless cesarean sections were performed on purring mothers-to-be who lolled blissed-out o costly Demerol. This was a pharma copoeia utopia: a care casino where no body lost and the check was alway sent to someone else. In the end, em ployers found that their insurance bill were becoming ridiculous, and shoppe around—because "employer sovereign ty" is a concept with some real bit to it—for the lowest-bidding packag

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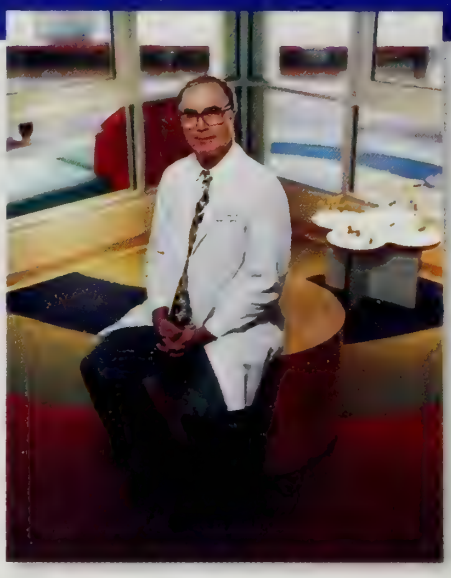
ENGINEERED TO BE GREAT CARS

"A respiratory therapist said that Columbia Sunri

providers. Now, you yourself may not remember this golden age, when people clamored to stay in the hospital longer and when doctors had all the time in the world. But there is some truth to the caricature. For a brief moment under the wise rule of that king and queen of the discarded principle, Bill and Hillary Clinton, there was a proposal to have universal and portable health insurance. (The United States and South Africa are the only two nations in remotely the same league who still don't have this.) But, thanks in part to my old college chum Ira Magaziner, the White House evolved a scheme that was even more rococo and Kafka-like than the existing one. Even without the lobbying of the insurance cartels and the other special interests, this turkey would have been butchered well before any thanks had been given. They took a live subject and almost literally bored it to death.

A good way of increasing distrust and jealousy and resentment, and also of creating deniability, is for H.M.O.s to adopt a policy of "capitation." This means giving a hospital a fixed sum per patient per month. What the hospital saves, it keeps. This crude aggregation, reminiscent of the "norms" and quotas of a Soviet Five-Year Plan, has some startling results. Marc Gardner, the Columbia whistle-blower, told me that when he was offered the lucrative task of "turning around" one of Columbia's Atlanta "affiliates," he spoke to an obgyn physician whose only hope of improving the figures lay in performing some unnecessary and therefore easy C-sections. "It was a moment of truth for me," he says. Yes, and a moment of truth for all those who thought that frills-only cesareans were a feature of the bad old days of doctors writing their own tickets.

Or take the case of Dr. Ralph Holmes of San Diego, to whom I was introduced by the excellent producer Rachel Dretzin of PBS's *Frontline*. Dr. Holmes was born with microtia, or malformed ears, which gave him his lifelong interest in plastic and reconstructive surgery. He heads the relevant department at U.C.S.D. Medical Center, a teaching hospital with a national reputation. He performs more than 90 percent of the reconstructive surgery in the city on children with birth defects of



HOLMES REMEDY
Dr. Ralph Holmes, a reconstructive surgeon at the Children's Hospital in San Diego, has been urged to perform more liposuction and less craniofacial surgery on deformed children.

the ear, and he loves his work. He also does a large share of the cleft lips and palates and 90 percent of craniofacial conditions. The day has come, though, when the H.M.O.s are deciding that any one doctor is as good as another, and have begun referring patients to cheaper and less experienced surgeons. The results are often disastrous; in one procedure the "cure" was so horrific that it actually increased the malformation and the H.M.O. had to allow the patient to go "outside the plan" to have the operation done over. But, as Dr. Holmes put it, that's not the real offense: "To make things even worse . . . what managed care is now doing is they're asking their plastic surgeons to recommend that these children have rubber ears made—in other words, to drill a little hole into the bone, stick a little metal post in there, to which you could clip these rubber ears. And the true tragedy is, once that is done, you've so scarred up the ear that they can never, when they are older and want a real ear made out of their own tissue, they can never have that done."

Yet again, the short term trumps the long term, this time with what is literally a Mickey Mouse solution. "Who's going to bid the lowest?" asks Dr. Holmes. "Obviously, the man who hasn't done much reconstructive surgery lately. I must say that the management people have a very detached attitude towards the patients. It's pernicious." His once proud hospital, which has been increasingly "capitated" by five of the big-cheese H.M.O.s, ranging from PacifiCare to Cigna and Malik Hasan's Foundation Health Systems, has now told Dr. Holmes to shape up. Less of the reconstructive surgery, please, which is intricate and time-consuming. And more plastic sculpting and liposuction for San Diego's avatars of the body beautiful—because they can and will pay cash. What would happen if distinguished surgeons declined to be made into cosmetic tradesmen and by-the-hour cash cows? Malik Hasan has been very explicit about what would happen. Their hospitals would be penalized. The H.M.O.s have the patients inscribed in great swatches on their books. They can send them to another, more compliant institution. "It's a relatively simplistic equation. If you want our business, you have to listen to us."

This ethic, if it is an ethic, works back into the very core of the medical mentality. "This is a teaching hospital," says Dr. Holmes (who identifies himself without my asking as a "conservative San Diego Republican"), "but the H.M.O.s don't want to finance any teaching—they just want to benefit by it. I have two gifted colleagues, one who specializes in burn reconstruction and one who does tremendous work on breast reconstruction after mastectomy. It's very disappointing to have to tell them to do Hollywood-style cosmetics instead. And this capitation business—how would we feel if groups of teachers made competitive auction bids to give the minimal education coverage to randomly selected groups of children?" A good rhetorical question—except that the government mandates that every child shall go to school, and accepts the corollary responsibility, which is far from being the case with the national health.

For convenience, I have used the term "H.M.O." throughout, as if "health-maintenance organization" meant what it said. But, actually, the term should never be employed without ironic quotation marks. It is true, as Malik Hasan never tires of saying, that the concept of an H.M.O. is theoretically unassailable. Indeed, it originated during the Depression era as a combi-

s "gambling with people's lives by staffing so low."

nation of idealism and practicality. Voluntary associations of doctors would form "prepaid group practices" and offer complete care for a single premium. This guarantee held both ways—the patient agreed to stay with the group of physicians, and if he had an expensive or difficult ailment he was charged the same as if he were healthy. It was this principle, enlarged to cover the unionized workers in Henry Kaiser's wartime industrial empire, that grew into Kaiser Permanente—which is still regarded as the health plan with the best track record. But those who practice market medicine and try to do the right thing are under permanent attack from merger-minded and less scrupulous outfits, which hope to benefit by a race to the bottom.

That race began when the Clintons abandoned the difficult business of health-care reform and left the field open to quacks and opportunists. Hastily formed "H.M.O.s," which were really mutations of the original idea, scrambled to sign up subscription lists. The active principle was not exactly Hippocratic, nor were the practitioners. In the Memphis, Tennessee, area, for example, a crew called OmniCare recruited a well-known local campaign operative named Coby Smith, who brought the Dick Morris style to bear and later shared the tips he gave to his traveling pitchmen. Need I add that these doorknockers worked on commission? "Knock on their doors. Be observant. If you see a physical problem, you don't need to sign those people. If you see someone who's very pregnant, you don't need to sign those people. If you see someone with eyes dilating, you don't need to sign those people. Do not create a risk situation for the company if you can help it." (Not even Mr. Smith was as barefaced as one of his competitors, who "signed up" lists of Tennessee's prison population—already covered involuntarily and thus more fortunate than the law-abiding citizens.)

Once all the cherry-pickers and snake-oil artists had settled down or bought in, it has to be conceded, market rationalization brought a temporary halt to the rise in health-care costs. The preexisting model had suffered from having no pricing policy, and there was a good deal of flab and excess in the system.



SUNRISE SUNSET
In April, Sunrise Hospital (formerly Columbia Sunrise) in Las Vegas was raided by the F.B.I., which confiscated more than 200 boxes of documents for further investigation into the hospital's alleged financial misdealings.

And there is a difference between price and cost, as anybody knows who has studied H.M.O. "formularies" and found that only certain drugs can be prescribed, even when better ones are available. But this, as Lawrence Matheis and many others put it to me, was only a "one-time bounce." The fat all went at one stroke of the scalpel, taking some nerve and muscle and tissue along with it. The salaries of country-club and ghetto doctors remained on a plateau for a bit. Some encouraging bottom-line prospectuses were circulated, by medical companies whose names have been forgotten. Forgotten why? Because the next round of cost-cutting wasn't so smooth, and between 1993 and 1994, Columbia had to buy Galen and HCA, OrNda merged with Summit and American Healthcare Management, and so on. And now doctors' remuneration has caught up again, and there is talk on every hand—at the Oxford and Kaiser groups most recently—of a sharp and jittery rise in the premium. Marc Gardner believes that if Columbia settles the Medicare-fraud case it will have to pay such a titanic, such a stiff, such an exemplary fine that a merger with Tenet will become inevitable. Tenet, by the way, is itself the merged result of a scandal meltdown that is the reason you don't hear about the Psychiatric Institutes of America anymore. (It had to settle claims of abuse and false imprisonment; you don't want to know about it.)

You catch it all the time, on the edge of the professional conversation. "It can't go on like this . . . " The only thing that is impossible and unsustainable is the status quo, which grew like a weed in the cracks between the public and private sectors. How is it possible that American consulting rooms and hospitals spend more time on paper-shuffling and wasteful duplication than Canadians or Italians? How is it thinkable that the physician-patient relationship, one of only three such professional contracts to enjoy legal standing—the others being law and the priesthood—can have been so abruptly degraded? Why are the inhabitants of a country with a vast glut of medical resources living with rationing? How come the citizens of a republic with no serious enemy are in fear, and for good reason, since when they are at their most defenseless they have much more to fear than fear itself?

I'll close with three updates. Four days after I left Las Vegas, agents of the F.B.I. and the Nevada state attorney general raided Columbia Sunrise Hospital—penetrating its elaborate disguise of "really" being only Sunrise—and parked a big U-Haul outside. Some 200 file boxes of paper, from the administrative office and the highly controversial respiratory department, were removed for further study. ("It's about time," said Marc Gardner when I told him.) And at the end of March the Democratic leadership in Congress proposed a "Patient's Bill of Rights," which is supported by the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the Consumers Union, and the American Medical Association: an unusual triple crown. "Well, what do you know?" said Barbara Buckley of this bill, in her modest legal-services office in Las Vegas. "It reads just like a copy of mine." Meanwhile, Mr. Louis De George has been awarded a whole new hearing by the Appellate Division in Washington, D.C. Proceedings may be hampered by the fact that unknown federal administrators lost a good deal of Mr. De George's paperwork, tapes, and documents somewhere along the trail. They will be identified, I surmise, and they will live to regret messing not just with the teeth and discs but also with the whole man. □

James Wolcott







WAR BOOM: ***From top,*** **Tom Hanks, as Captain John Miller, invades Omaha Beach in this summer's** ***Saving Private Ryan,*** **Steven Spielberg's fourth World War II film; in Spielberg's** ***1941*** **(1979), Bobby DiCiccio and Treat Williams duke it out over Dianne Kay on the dance floor; Sean Penn, John C. Reilly, and Nick Stahl as soldiers stationed on Guadalcanal on the lookout for the Japanese in Terrence Malick's** ***The Thin Red Line,*** **due out at Christmas 1998.**

TANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

The comeback of the W.W. II movie–this year's rollout includes Steven Spielberg's brilliant *Saving Private Ryan,* Terrence Malick's *The Thin Red Line,* and David Leland's *The Land Girls*– isn't simply nostalgia. It's the desire to bury the cornball, recruiting-poster legend of John Wayne: to get it right this time

Every time pop culture comes full circle, it seems to pick up speed. The Gap ad "Khakis swing," a 30-second spot that became an instant classic, shows young couples jitterbugging in white space to the raspy summons of Louis Prima's "Jump, Jive an' Wail." Directed by Matthew Rolston, this jukebox explosion pops like a junior version of Paul Taylor's ballet *Company B* (which was set to the music of the Andrews Sisters). It also recalls the phenomenal jitterbug sequence Steven Spielberg staged in *1941,* a crescendo of movement, cutting, and exuberance that left some hoping that Spielberg might be the salvation of the movie musical one day. Quick, elegant, and succinct, "Khakis swing" celebrates the hormonal popcorn burst young people experience on the home front during wartime. The ad does more than sell product—it's a piece of fanfare. Khaki is sexy again, wearing a crisp new crease, not only because of the Gap's marketing skill but because of what's next on the agenda. Through fluke or design, "Khakis swing" serves as a coming attraction for the big rollout of World War II movies about to unramp.

The W.W. II film is making a comeback this year, hitting the beaches with fresh waves of extras and a big-band sound. The *misterioso* director Terrence Malick has marshaled an all-star muscle-shirt lineup (including Sean Penn, Nick Nolte, John Travolta, George Clooney, Woody Harrelson, and John Cusack) for his adaptation of James Jones's *The Thin Red Line;* Steven Spielberg is retaking Omaha Beach with *Saving Private Ryan,* his fourth W.W. II film, following *1941, Empire of the Sun,* and *Schindler's List* (another, *Always,* was an up-date of the W.W. II fantasy *A Guy Named Joe*); and David Leland, the director of *Wish You Were Here,* has brought out *The Land Girls,* a British domestic-front romantic drama about female volunteers who work the farms to replace the lads drafted into service. Other entries include a tragicomedy partly set in a concentration camp, *Life Is Beautiful;* an HBO original film called *When Trumpets Fade;* a Coen-brothers adaptation of James Dickey's *To the White Sea;* and a slate of

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TOP GUNS: ***From top,*** **Robert Strauss, William Holden, and Harvey Lembeck portray prisoners of war in Billy Wilder's** ***Stalag 17*** **(1953); in** ***A Bridge Too Far*** **(1977), the British air attack against the Germans on the bridge at Arnhem in Holland ends in fiery destruction; soldiers played by Thomas Mitchell, Robert Taylor, Lee Bowman, and Barry Nelson attack the Japanese in** ***Bataan*** **(1943), directed by Tay Garnett.**

projects with titles like *U-571, Thunder Below,* and *Earth Wings, and Fire.* A trend this large and varied couldn't b coordinated by the entertainment superstate that *The Nation* likes to fret about. It's a spontaneous media cluster bomb.

For armchair generals, the conveyor belt of reading and viewing fodder related to World War II has never run dry an endless bulkload of nonfiction books has explored every battle, campaign, command decision, brand of military hard ware, and cranny of Hitler's psyche; what-if novels such a Robert Harris's *Fatherland* have explored the ramification of a Nazi victory; on cable TV, look-alike documentaries (patched together with the same cloudy footage of artillery fir ing and MacArthur smoking a corncob pipe) seem to be broadcast on a recurring loop on the History and Discovery Channels; in June, the American Movie Classics channel pre sented a weekend festival of the greatest war films, many o them set during W.W. II; video catalogues are packed with re mastered versions of series such as *Victory at Sea* and *Why We Fight;* CD-ROMs and computer games enable joystick jock eys to wage their own aerial dogfights (UP YOURS, ADOLF hollers a cover line on *PC Gamer* magazine). Such retro vision has even mutated into sci-fi: A special two-part epi sode of *Star Trek Voyager* featured the cast in a holographic re

The new World War II films are a neoconservative phenomenon, harking bac to a simpler, white-bread era.

creation of the French Resistance, with nightclub scenes, Nazi raids, and Jeri Ryan's Seven of Nine done up as a satin doll. When people picture themselves being brave and stealing a kiss at curfew, their thoughts run irresistibly to *Casablanca.*

At the movies, however, W.W. II films have been spotty since the imperial bluster of *Patton* and the overreach of *A Bridge Too Far.* Directors have tended to steer their cameras away from the battle zone and toward the civilian side, reveling in childhood memories (John Boorman's *Hope and Glory*), engaging in lip-locked romance (*Yanks,* starring Richard Gere), or coping with those left behind (*Swing Shift* and TV's *Homefront*). When more traditional war films have popped up in recent years, they've looked out of place, retro. (*Memphis Belle,* for example, seemed a halfhearted attempt to do for the bombardier film what *Silverado* and *Young Guns* did for the Western—re-stage the past as a hunkfest.) To younger audiences, jaded by the amplified fire-power of *Lethal Weapons* and *Die Hards,* the machine-gun burp of W.W. II weapons sounded as puny as six-shooters in a Saturday matinee. The bullets didn't even leave chunky holes in the bodies. (What a gyp.) The can-do attitudes and teamwork of the W.W. II film were rendered square by the angst-ridden Vietnam film, with its spooky rock 'n' roll psychedelia (Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison practicing shamanism from beyond the grave), lost illusions, and existential willies. W.W. II films expressed a collective purpose as broad and simple as a banner headline; Vietnam films revealed the demons lurking beneath the social cracks. The emblematic Vietnam films (*Apocalypse Now, Platoon, Full Metal Jacket, Casualties of War*) generated their own clichés—the Vietnamese cutie who turns out to be Cong, the helicopter as deus ex machina, the black soldier as brimstone-

spouting soul brother—but their ferocious insistence on facing the truth of the American involvement in Southeast Asia seemed to have retired the certitudes of the W.W. II genre for good.

So why this sudden resurgence? The most obvious explanation is that the new World War II films are a neoconservative phenomenon, harking back to a simpler, white-bread era, when men were men, mothers wore aprons, and every civic moment was a *Saturday Evening Post* cover. Save for a few *Partisan Review* ideologues, the war between the Allies and the Axis powers was a clear-cut conflict of good versus evil, democracy versus dictatorship, right versus might. After the bombing of Pearl Harbor, America was united. Cynicism didn't ride roughshod over the whole enterprise. It was a war in which the press was represented by a comrade soul such as the correspondent Ernie Pyle, who filed human-interest stories about the average G.I., rather than the camera crews feeding like locusts in the Vietnam era. The W.W. II setting allows for male-female relations less spiked with sexual politics, more urgent in embrace, and melting-pot ensembles (what Pauline Kael called "a 40s-movie bomber-crew cast"—one Italian, one Jew, one farm boy, one Brooklyn wiseacre, etc.) where its members can mix and spar without the self-consciousness of a hyphenated identity. At a time when America has no mission other than to keep itself entertained, the W.W. II film, like *Titanic,* re-creates a horizon-slipping momentousness of sacrifice, feeling, spectacle. It's low-tech heavy metal for a culture lost in cyberspace.

As with so much else in pop culture, the W.W. II film answers to the nostalgia of the baby-boom generation.

As with so much else in pop culture, the W.W. II film answers to the nostalgia of the baby-boom generation. Male baby-boomers like myself grew up on war movies. The mere time killers among them inspired the cutups in the audience. Growing up near a military base in Maryland, I would crouch in the front at the base theater and listen to soldiers heckle the screen: they would make knowing noises whenever the hunky co-stars of *Merrill's Marauders* cast soulful blue-eyed looks at each other and razz the stick-figure actors in now forgotten filler like *The Raiders of Leyte Gulf.* We had favorites in every genre, from the submarine movie, with its sweat, oil, and gurgling depth charges (*Run Silent, Run Deep*), to the God-questioning lonely-cockpit saga (*Twelve O'Clock High, The Battle of Britain*), to the blinding-sun sand-trap odyssey (*Sahara,* starring Humphrey Bogart). True buffs knew the difference between *Bataan* (superbly directed by Tay Garnett, with its rousing finale of Robert Taylor firing his machine gun into the mist-shrouded jungle) and its follow-up, *Back to Bataan* (routine heroics supervised by Edward Dmytryk). We preferred beefy mongrels such as Aldo Ray and Gene Evans to vanilla wafers like Van Johnson, or, for that matter, fancy pants like Peter O'Toole, whose foppish manner in *The Night of the Generals* bordered on decadence. (Albert Goldman, the Jewish-hipster biographer of Elvis and John Lennon who had a passionate sideline obsession with German military history, used to regale listeners with his imitation of James Mason as Rommel in *The Desert Fox,* positioning tanks as if he were hanging drapes.) Comparing notes, a lot of us found the much-touted cynicism and anti-heroism of Billy Wilder's *Stalag 17* to be little more than a cute wink, but I never met anyone who didn't find Steve McQueen's motorcycle ride over the barbed-wire fences in *The Great Escape* a transcendent solo. Even movies set during the Korean conflict—Sam Fuller's *The Steel Helmet* and *Fixed Bayonets,* Anthony Mann's *Men in War* (a characteristic Mann mood study of haunted motives and chewed-up terrain), and *Pork Chop Hill*—were W.W. II movies as far as we were concerned: same format, different foe.

Like the 60s Western, in which old stars put themselves out to pasture, the W.W. II movie developed significant ass-drag. In an essay in *The Georgia Review* (Spring 1998), Philip D. Beidler shows how the success of the 1962 film *The Longest Day* was the inspiration for later folly. Researched by an in-house division of *Reader's Digest,* Cornelius Ryan's *The Longest Day* was obtained by producer Darryl F. Zanuck as a movie property. Zanuck's coup was to create a three-layer cake of stunt casting. At the top were the "old war-movie reliables," as Beidler calls them, such as John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Robert Mitchum, and Robert Ryan; in the middle, handsome luggage such as Robert Wagner and George Segal, along with the comedy relief of Red Buttons; at the bottom, to attract teenage squealers, a raft of pretty faces belonging to Paul Anka, Fabian, Sal Mineo, and Tommy Sands. The one featured woman in the cast was the Czech actress Irina Demick—Zanuck's mistress at the time. The result was a sprawling, packed, enjoyable movie event whose influence proved larger than its achievement or box-office success. Beidler: "*The Longest Day* was the great original—docu-epic, cameo-epic, bio-epic, call it what one will—that set the pattern for a great over-blown genre." Hoping to emulate and surpass *The Longest Day,* studios commissioned extravaganzas that became ever more paunchy and flatulent—logistical nightmares such as *In Harm's Way, Tora! Tora! Tora!,* and *Midway.* The more swollen the production, the more removed the final result from any recognizable reality. We weren't watching soldiers and officers anymore; we were watching aging actors simulate themselves against a vast diorama. Exhausted, the epic form migrated to television, where it was turned into sweeping soap opera with *The Winds of War,* in which Robert Mitchum shuttled between Allied bigwigs and domestic crises with a mellow nonchalance that looked like noble understatement amid so much glossy suffering.

Aside from *The Land Girls,* a weak brew that suggests *Masterpiece Theatre* chaperoning a "chick flick," the new wave of W.W. II movies isn't part of a nostalgia craze. If anything, it represents a desire to get it right this time. The new W.W. II movies seek to wrest the war away from the legend of John Wayne, the totemic beanbag who is synonymous with the genre and symbolizes the unfashionable ideals of both patriotism and patriarchy. As Gerry Lewis, an executive at DreamWorks, told *The Independent* of London regarding the production *Saving Private Ryan,* "Steven [Spielberg] wanted to make an in-your-face war movie. It's getting away from the Hollywood gung-ho, John Wayne style of film." Ironically, this shunning of the "John Wayne style of film" coincides with the intellectual overhaul and upgrade of the Duke's reputation as actor and icon, as evidenced by Garry Wills's critically acclaimed *John Wayne's America: The Politics of Celebrity* (Simon & Schuster, 1997). This ambivalence signifies a genuine, confused desire to rescue Wayne from his actual film work—to detach his lumbering and likably foolish persona from its celluloid wrapping. (Which would explain the popular Coors Light commercial where Wayne's image has been inserted Zelig-like into a boot-camp







AT EASE: ***From top,*** **Steve McQueen's legendary motorcycle scene from *The Great Escape* (1963); Anna Friel, Rachel Weisz, and Catherine McCormack as volunteers in Britain's Women's Land Army in the recently released *The Land Girls;* Robert Mitchum as General Norman Cota leaving Normandy beach after the victorious D-day battle in Darryl F. Zanuck's *The Longest Day* (1962).**

scenario, his mythic presence making the drill sergeant gulp. It's a successful operation in "recontextualization"—giving us a Wayne that is all aura.) Wayne's war films *are* vulnerable to revisionism. They've worn much worse than his Westerns, especially the war films directed by John Ford. Ford's stoic framing of the actors, the har-dee-har-har comic relief provided by the horseplay of his supporting cast, and the sanctimony starching all his work badly date such films as *They Were Expendable.*

Still, it seems a curiously rearguard action to distance oneself from John Wayne–type movies more than a half-century after they were made. While it is true that a number of war films released early in the 40s were glorified recruiting posters ("The Marine Corps was first with *Wake Island* in 1942, which is said to have occasioned a great rush to USMC recruiting stations," Paul Fussell writes in *Wartime* [Oxford, 1989]), it's not as if everybody was brainwashed at the time into thinking they were getting the raw goods. Reviewing *Bataan* in *The Nation,* James Agee praised the movie not for its verisimilitude but for its virile folk poetry, which he likened to a "native ritual dance," and he wrote of another film set in the Pacific theater: "*Guadalcanal Diary,* an adaptation of the Richard Tregaskis book, is unusually serious, simple, and honest, as far as it goes; but it would be a shame and worse if those who made or will see it got the idea that it is a remotely adequate image of the first months on that island."

Spielberg toughens the genre by portraying W.W. II with the most orchestra fury ever committed to film.

Later films went back and filled in the blanks. For every W.W. II blockbuster that was neutered by Hollywood (Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*), there was one whose aggression rumbled through (Fred Zinnemann's adaptation of James Jones's *From Here to Eternity*). The nerve-snapping toll of combat was best shown in small-unit studies of squads under siege, such as Don Siegel's *Hell Is for Heroes,* in which Steve McQueen plays an expert killer with psychopathic cool, and, most wildly, in Robert Aldrich's *Attack!,* where Jack Palance undergoes symbolic castration, his arm crushed beneath a tank tread. When color replaced black-and-white, blood was no longer dispensed with eyedroppers, soldiers dying with an inky trickle from the mouth, but slapped on with a thick brush. No one could sit through David Lean's *The Bridge on the River Kwai,* where the soundtrack hummed with insects and Alec Guinness was confined to "the oven," and not share the punishment. Sam Peckinpah's *Cross of Iron,* one of the few films angled from a German perspective, was a godless harvest of heads, limbs, and other appendages, its moiled landscape recalling James Jones's observation "Armies create their own mud, in actual fact." Behind the battlefield exploits lies the looming, shaming shadow of the Holocaust, the depiction of its horrors becoming so graphic in films like Spielberg's *Schindler's List* that some fear it borders on pornography.

The problem with nearly all war movies (a problem not for audiences but for the filmmakers, who pride themselves on their humanistic motives) is that no matter how grittily they try to deglamorize war, to show the misery, cruelty, and senseless waste of battle, they can't resist making its vio-

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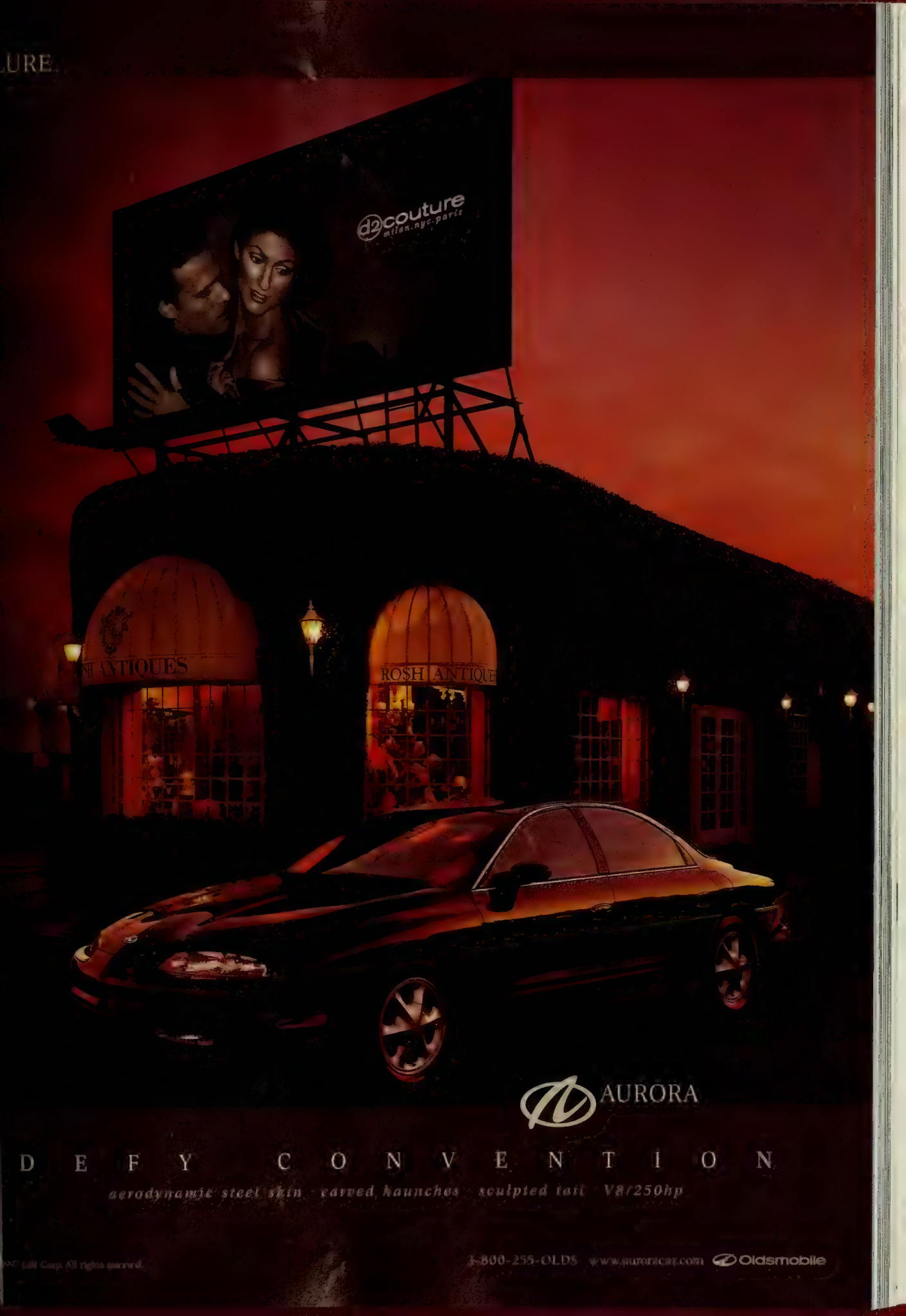
MEN O' WAR: ***From top,*** **Maximilian Schell and James Coburn in Sam Peckinpah's only war film,** ***Cross of Iron*** **(1977); in David Lean's** ***The Bridge on the River Kwai*** **(1957), Alec Guinness and Sessue Hayakawa accidentally discover the bomb destined to destroy the famous bridge; Joachim Paul Assböck helps Liam Neeson, as Oskar Schindler, search the lines of Jewish captives for his plant manager in Steven Spielberg's** ***Schindler's List*** **(1993).**

lence a spectacle. They can't control the adrenaline flow. With the inflicting spirit that informed his *Schindler's List,* Steven Spielberg both softens and toughens the W.W. II genre in *Saving Private Ryan.* Softens, by casting as the lead not a macho snake handler like Bruce Willis or George Clooney, someone who might revive the red-blooded tradition of John Wayne, but Tom Hanks—Mr. Everyman. (No one will look at Hanks and think, Warmonger.) Toughens, by portraying W.W. II with the most orchestral fury ever committed to film. The opening battle, in which Hanks's Captain Miller leads a D-day assault on Omaha Beach, his men puking over the sides of the landing craft, the light gray-green, the compositions reminiscent of Robert Capa, becomes a gyroscopic spin of the death wheel. Fortified German positions make meat of the Allied forces. Necks squirt, faces implode, blood pumps from the stump of a soldier trying to retrieve his severed arm, guts squish underfoot. In this open-air madhouse, those charging forward and those crouching for cover are perforated alike with lethal pops. An overture of pure cinema, the Omaha Beach sequence crowds the eye and pounds the synapses. Days after, I was having flashbacks. Like Peckinpah, Spielberg splatters bodies as if they were watermelons, in juicy geysers of red, but unlike Peckinpah, he doesn't lean on slow motion: he doesn't give the slaughter a lyrical flourish, or pause after a particular explosion or lariat of blood for a neato effect. In

The W.W. II film is low-tech heavy metal for a culture lost in cyberspace.

fact, no other filmmaker has ever shown how *fast* everything happens in battle. As the movie proceeds, the weather and film stock seem in constant flux to emphasize this rapid discontinuity. The movie's ultra-violence is almost totally devoid of machismo. Courage in *Saving Private Ryan* isn't so much a matter of character as the basic ability to *keep going.* The climactic battle, the defense of a bridge against German tanks, is an almost unbearably thrilling firefight and demonstration of peak-form filmmaking.

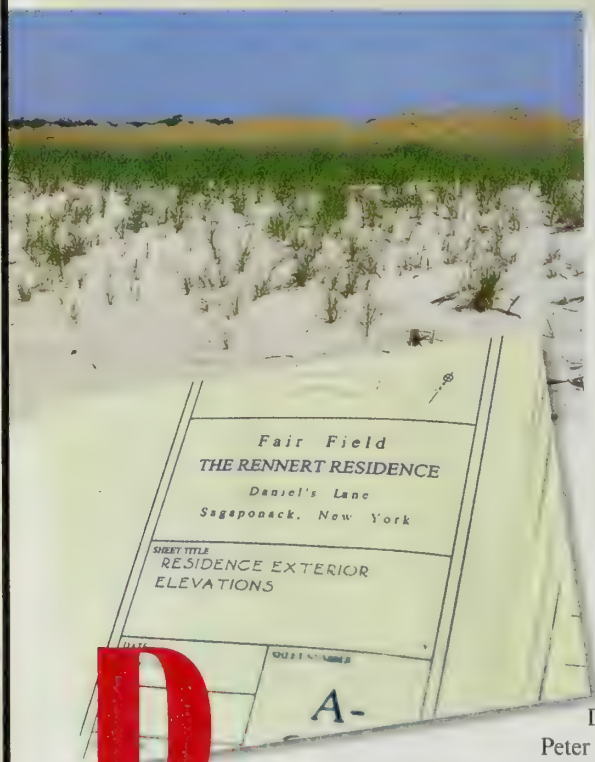
James Agee was righter than he knew when he compared the W.W. II movie to a native ritual dance. It is, in fact, a male initiation rite, a trial by fire in which cocky boys emerge, if they're lucky, as chastened men. The sneak punch of *Saving Private Ryan* is that it bypasses the usual introductions to its characters and puts the audience through the initiation rite, immersing them in chaos and bringing them out the other side, shaken but grateful. (The film's historical consultant was the celebrated biographer and war historian Stephen E. Ambrose, whose great book *Citizen Soldiers* is *Saving Private Ryan* writ large.) The old-fashioned yet non-jingoistic patriotism of the movie—its reverential flutter of the American flag and tribute to sacrifice—may be too much for the media-savvy smartasses, to borrow a phrase from John Updike. What will be interesting to see is whether women go to and for *Saving Private Ryan* and the other bloodbaths on tap, or if they choose to shy away. Because I've noticed that whenever men discuss their favorite W.W. II films, women get this look on their faces that translates as "Men are so silly." For some reason, women don't seem to fantasize about chucking hand grenades at pillboxes. □


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A MAN, A PLAN—FAIR FIELD: ***From top:*** **blue for the main residence, with 25 bedrooms, 11 sitting ro three dining rooms, and two libraries; the beach wher house is under construction; the plans that were present the Southampton Architectural Review Board last Jan**







SAND SIMEON

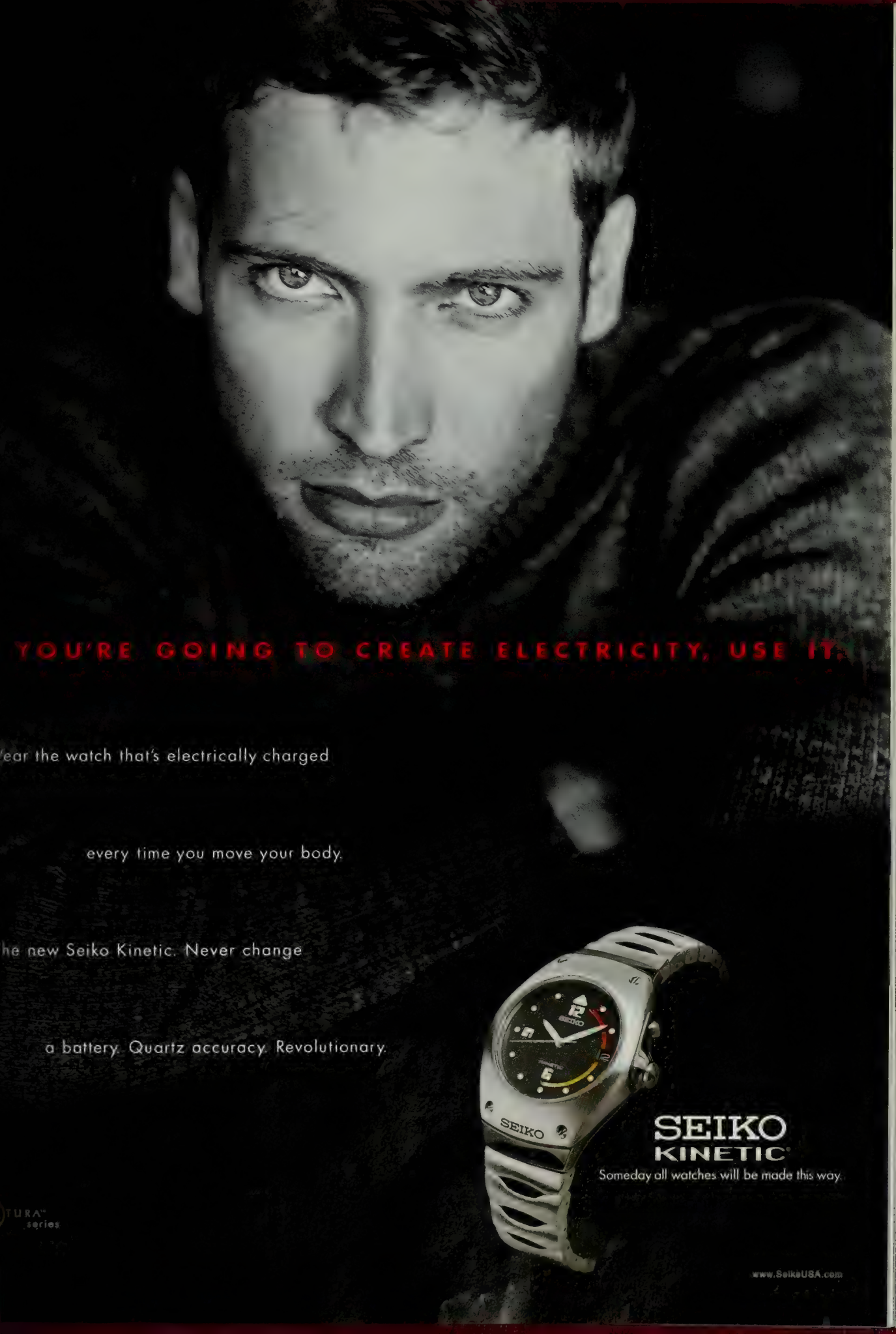
Rising on one of the last big fields in the Hamptons is a 100,000-square-foot limestone villa complex that may be the largest new home in America. Just who is the man building it—Ira Rennert—and why does he want a compound that's more than twice the size of Bill Gates's?

BY MICHAEL SHNAYERSON

Rising on one of the last large open fields in Sagaponack, Long Island, is a strange colossus, almost twice as big as the White House. For its owner it must be a dream come true. For the neighbors it's a nightmare worse than anything they could have imagined.

Development in this wide, flat oasis of former farms between the villages of East Hampton and Southampton is nothing new: so many fields have sprouted houses that the tractors plying the last few cultivated acres seem mere props to keep the landscape quaint. But even the largest homes here—in a community that includes Ed and Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, painters David Salle and Bob Dash, writer Peter Matthiessen, and actor Roy Scheider—tend to be no more than 5,000 square feet. The new house on Fair Field, as generations of farmers have called the 63-acre oceanfront property framed by Daniels and Peter Pond Lanes, will be 66,000 square feet. Six outbuildings will bring the compound's total construction space to nearly 100,000 square feet. By contrast, Bill Gates's much-publicized new compound in Washington State is 40,000 square feet, producer Aaron Spelling's famous Los Angeles mansion, 56,000. Not only will Fair Field be the biggest house ever built in the Hamptons, it may be the biggest contemporary residence in America.

Every year for the last quarter-century, this once-quiet community of artists, fishermen, and potato farmers has grown more crowded with summer weekenders, the gridlock of BMW convertibles and Range Rovers out on Route 27 more unbearable, the Atlantic beach parking lots full earlier in the day, the gourmet foods more rarefied (lobster salad at Sagaponack's Loaves and Fishes this summer: $42 a pound). The most striking sign of the area's ruin is the new building boom. In the 1960s, when the first boxy white houses designed by Charles Gwathmey went up on the wide-open land, they looked like spaceships. Now they seem as mundane and humble as country cottages. In a time line of wretched excess, the castle built circa 1984 around the bones of the old DuPont mansion on Southampton's Dune Road for computer


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retailer Barry Trupin and his wife, Renee, with its absurd turrets and indoor lagoon, occupies a prominent place: a harbinger of abuses to come. But then so do the simple signs that routinely appear at the roadside edge of field after field, revealing, on closer inspection, 10 or 20 new lots of yet another cluster subdivision.

Perhaps due to the splashy movie-premiere parties staged in the early 1990s in East Hampton by HBO's then chairman, Michael Fuchs, Hollywood also discovered the area. The stars and executives who flew in from Los Angeles liked what they saw, so they bought it, creating a "Malibu East." Now DreamWorks' co-founder Steven Spielberg has a home here. So do director Barry Sonnenfeld (his place contains a full editing studio) and actors Alec Baldwin and his wife, Kim Basinger. A few summers back, Sting broke the $100,000-a-month rental barrier to take up residence in a mansion on Further Lane.

This summer, the new houses are grander, if possible, the owners more grandiose. In North Haven, Sony Music chief Tommy Mottola recently bought a barn overlooking Sag Harbor, then ordered scores of workmen to expand it into a château. The week before Memorial Day, crews worked deep into the night while seamstresses frantically monogrammed the towels and linens; one morning dozens of flowering trees appeared on a brand-new front lawn, as if by magic. It's not enough: Mottola wants a 233-foot pier, complete with jet-ski floats. Meanwhile, over by Bridge Lane in Sagaponack, a new 12,000-square-foot house is being hurried to completion for Robert J. Hurst, a vice-chairman of Goldman, Sachs; while on East Hampton's West End Road an even larger exercise in narcissism is going up for Ohio banker Max Lerner. Yet these are sharecroppers' hovels when set against the awesome leviathan rising, as if from the depths of the sea, on Fair Field.

When the land changed hands quietly in early 1997, one of the few locals to notice was Cliff Foster, a third-generation Sagaponack farmer who had worked Fair Field in a lease arrangement for nearly 25 years. Initially, he was unconcerned. The new owner might keep the land as it was. If he was a developer, he could build 21 houses on the property—one for each three acres. But he would be obligated, by local zoning rules, to cluster the houses on 35 percent of the property and set aside the remaining 65 percent as open land. You could still grow a lot of potatoes on 40 acres, especially on Fair Field. "This is some of the finest soil in the world for potatoes," Foster explained one late-spring day as we looked out over the earthmovers starting to displace it. Then Foster heard that the property's new owner—identified only as the Blue Turtles corporation—was terminating his lease agreement.







SON OF BROOKLYN: ***From left,*** **Ira Rennert, 1988. His childhood home (right side) in East Flatbush, Brooklyn. His wife, Ingeborg, a former airline ticket agent, 1994; she is an ardent convert to Judaism.**

"Ingeborg's brusque. People see her as the proponent of the more attention-getting things."

Among locals, there's a wry phrase, "Beware the ides of January." If you want to build a house in the Hamptons that might stir up controversy or require variances, submit your plans in the dead of winter, when most of the neighbors who might object are 100 miles away in Manhattan. Right on schedule last January 20, a team including an architect, a lawyer, and a planning consultant appeared at the bimonthly meeting of Southampton's five-member Architectural Review Board (A.R.B.).

Opening six-foot-tall portfolios, architect Mark Ferguson and planning adviser Richard Warren revealed drawings of a classical-looking building with columns, arched windows, and pediments. The villa would be as wide and long as a football field—unlike anything the board members had ever seen. Yet it required no variances, because it rose no higher than 32 feet and occupied no more than 10 percent of the property. All it needed was the approval of the A.R.B., which can allow or forbid a new house on purely aesthetic considerations.

A month later, the A.R.B. gave its blessing to most of the project: the villa, with its 25 bedrooms and as many full bathrooms, 11 sitting rooms, three dining rooms, and two libraries; a servants' wing with 4 more bedrooms; a power plant big enough to run a large municipal high school or shopping mall; a 10,000-square-foot "playhouse" with two bowling alleys and tennis, squash, and basketball courts; and a multi-story, 17,000-square-foot garage capable of accommodating perhaps 100 cars. The A.R.B. questioned only whether the 16-foot-high hedge meant to enclose the entire property and the two imposing gatehouses might be set back a bit for the neighbors' sakes—since Fair Field is to

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be a single residence, no land needed to be set aside as open, and none was.

"We could find no fault with the architecture," says William Wilson, the only A.R.B. member who is actually a trained architect. "It reminds me a little of the Frick. It's that kind of restrained classic design."

Fair Field's architectural drawings do evoke Manhattan's Frick Collection, the mansion Carrère & Hastings designed in 1913–14 for mining magnate Henry Clay Frick and his family on Fifth Avenue between 70th and 71st Streets—though the Frick residence was then a mere 45,000 square feet. And that, to neighbors who began to hear belatedly of the A.R.B.'s decision from friends at the wood-shingled Sagg Main Street Country Store or the Candy Kitchen Luncheonette in Bridgehampton, was just the point. "There's nothing wrong with the Frick," declares Joseph Dilworth, a stockbroker and full-time Sagaponack resident who is a member of the Citizens' Advisory Committee, which has raised objections to the house. "But on a potato field in Sagaponack? It is as if the Sagg Main Street Store was dragged to Fifth Avenue. It would look out of place." Joe Louchheim, the publisher of the *Southampton Press,* cannot conceal his indignation. "The fact that any human being could conceive of dropping an ocean-liner-size house in a farming community and then have the nerve to keep the name Fair Field for it is staggering."

Over Memorial Day weekend, a large group of residents met to consider forming a legal-action fund. Privately, the lawyers among them advised that their chances were slim. The new owner of Fair Field had seen his loophole and charged through it, taking brazen advantage of ordinances written for one- and two-acre properties, and with enough money—$11 million for the land alone, as much as $100 million for construction—pushed his plans through.

But who *was* the new owner? What strutting, nouveau-riche captain of industry had taken it upon himself to make the nearby spreads of Revlon chairman Ronald Perelman, investor Ronald Lauder, Calvin Klein, and others look modest by comparison? At the first A.R.B. meeting, his lawyer identified him, *in absentia,* as Ira Rennert, a New York businessman who runs a company called the Renco Group from 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Rennert had no history of residence in the area, and no one seemed to know him. Why had he chosen to build such a Brobdingnagian house here? Was it just bad judgment? His wife's ambitions?

Aside from a five-line note to the *Southampton Press* avowing that Fair Field would be a family residence, Rennert has remained out of sight, responding neither to inquiries from his prospective neighbors and their lawyers nor to those from reporters. A cursory search revealed almost nothing about the man—no interviews, virtually no pictures, only the faintest of paper trails. (Rennert did not respond to repeated requests for an interview by *V.F.*) It's as if, at 63, he has spent his whole life studiously avoiding publicity.

"Folks in the Hamptons are fortunate. We'll trade them that pretentious house for thousands of tons of toxic pollution."

For good reason, it turns out.

When you call the Renco Group in New York City and ask for information, a secretary pauses. "We don't give out information," she says. No brochures, no fact sheets, no clippings—and certainly no annual report, since the Renco Group is a private holding company, 95 percent of which, according to the latest available figures, is owned by its president and C.E.O., Ira Leon Rennert, with the remaining 5 percent held by Rennert's top officers. Last year, *Forbes* ranked it No. 51 of the country's 500 top private companies, up from No. 75 the previous year. Though only a dozen or so executives work with Rennert on the 42nd floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, *Forbes* estimated that Renco's various companies employ, all told, about 10,500 people, and that its 1997 revenues were about $2.5 billion. The largest of those companies is AM General, which manufactures the Jeep-like HumVee for the military, and its consumer counterpart, the Hummer. Since AM General lost $22 million in 1995 and 1996 alone—a result of the military's downsizing and a reluctance even on the part of new Wall Street plutocrats to pay $75,000 or more for an ungainly motor toy—one's attention naturally shifts to Renco's other holdings. The experience is rather like lifting a rock to see squirmy creatures underneath. What one finds is a slew of Environmental Protection Agency (E.P.A.) penalties, suits by the Department of Justice (D.O.J.), and outrage from ordinary citizens. Fair Field's owner is, in short, the biggest private polluter in America.

Rennert's origins in East Flatbush, Brooklyn, are fairly humble. According to a friend, his father was an accountant. The family lived in a modest two-family brick house in a solidly middle-class Jewish neighborhood. For Rennert, as for so many young men and women in New York's largest borough, the beacon of hope and opportunity was tuition-free Brooklyn College. Rennert's picture in the 1955 yearbook shows an intense young man with clean-cut good looks and a full head of dark hair. He's listed as chairman of the Finance Committee, with a major in political science.

Rennert received an M.B.A. from New York University, then embarked on a series of mundane jobs: as a credit analyst (for the M. Lowenstein Corp.), as a salesman (for Underwood), then as a securities dealer (for Francis I. DuPont & Co.). For a man who might later wish to keep a low profile, these were prescient choices: all three companies are defunct. When New York construction boomed in the mid-60s, Rennert began doing his own deals. He was prudent, but also quickly developed an appetite for living well: one colleague heard that Rennert bought a Rolls-Royce with his first $50,000. By 1975 he'd acquired enough capital to buy the Consolidated Sewing Machine Corporation of Maspeth, Long Island, which made industrial sewing machines, motors, and parts.

Rennert's big break came in 1988, when he took the bold step of buying a steel mill in Warren, Ohio, from L.T.V., a bankrupt midwestern conglomerate. The mill became part of Warren Consolidated Industries (W.C.I.), joining Rennert's other 15 companies—a grab bag of dreary profit-makers, whose products ranged from office furniture in Newark, New Jersey, to lumber in Kansas City, Kansas—under the Renco Group umbrella, which he'd established in 1980. Acquired through a leveraged buyout, the steel mill, with its $500 million in sales, nearly tripled the collective revenues of those holdings and swelled Renco's cash flow considerably. And it was bought on the cheap: the whole works for $112 million in cash, plus a $30 million loan from L.T.V. and $5 million in assumed liabilities.

For several years Renco proved a


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LOSING IT: ***From left,*** **a Sagaponack horse farm; angry citizens meeting to challenge Fair Field's building permit in order to halt construction; a traditional Hamptons shingle-style house.**

model owner. Then, in the summer of 1995, came a standoff with Local 1375 of the United Steel Workers of America over a new contract. Pension benefits were the chief issue. When the workers struck on September 1, management brought in scabs and "goon guards," as local union president Dennis Brubaker puts it, and violence flared on both sides. The strike ended after 54 days; essentially, the union won. "All of us were very angry," says Bernard Kleiman, the chief negotiator for the United Steel Workers union in the strike. "But my sense is that that has all largely dissipated."

What hasn't dissipated, though, is the toxic waste. All steel mills generate their share of it. But not all generate the sort of civil suit begun by the D.O.J. last May. The action alleges that from September 1988 (when Renco bought the mill) to the present, W.C.I. operated hazardous-waste management units at the Warren facility without the proper permits pursuant to the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act. On behalf of the E.P.A., the Justice Department is also suing W.C.I. for alleged violations of the Clean Air Act and the Clean Water Act. Among the charges are several that W.C.I. dumped illegal amounts of waste, including copper, lead, and hydrochloric acid, into the Mahoning River. If found liable, W.C.I. could face penalties of as much as $25,000 for each day the company violated the regulations. W.C.I. is contesting the government's allegations, and all three suits are pending.

As one longtime colleague sees it, Rennert's purchase of W.C.I. was part of an emerging strategy. "Ira has basically stepped up for assets that tend to have superficial layers of unattractiveness to them—investor-repellent, either because of bankruptcy or environmental issues attached to them—and tend to be priced efficiently if one's willing to tolerate a certain amount of risk," the colleague suggests. "It's less competitive."

"Dropping an ocean-liner-size house in a farming community . . . is staggering."

Fattened by W.C.I.'s cash flow, Rennert in 1989 made an acquisition that elevated this strategy to an art form: he bought the single worst polluting facility in the entire United States of America.

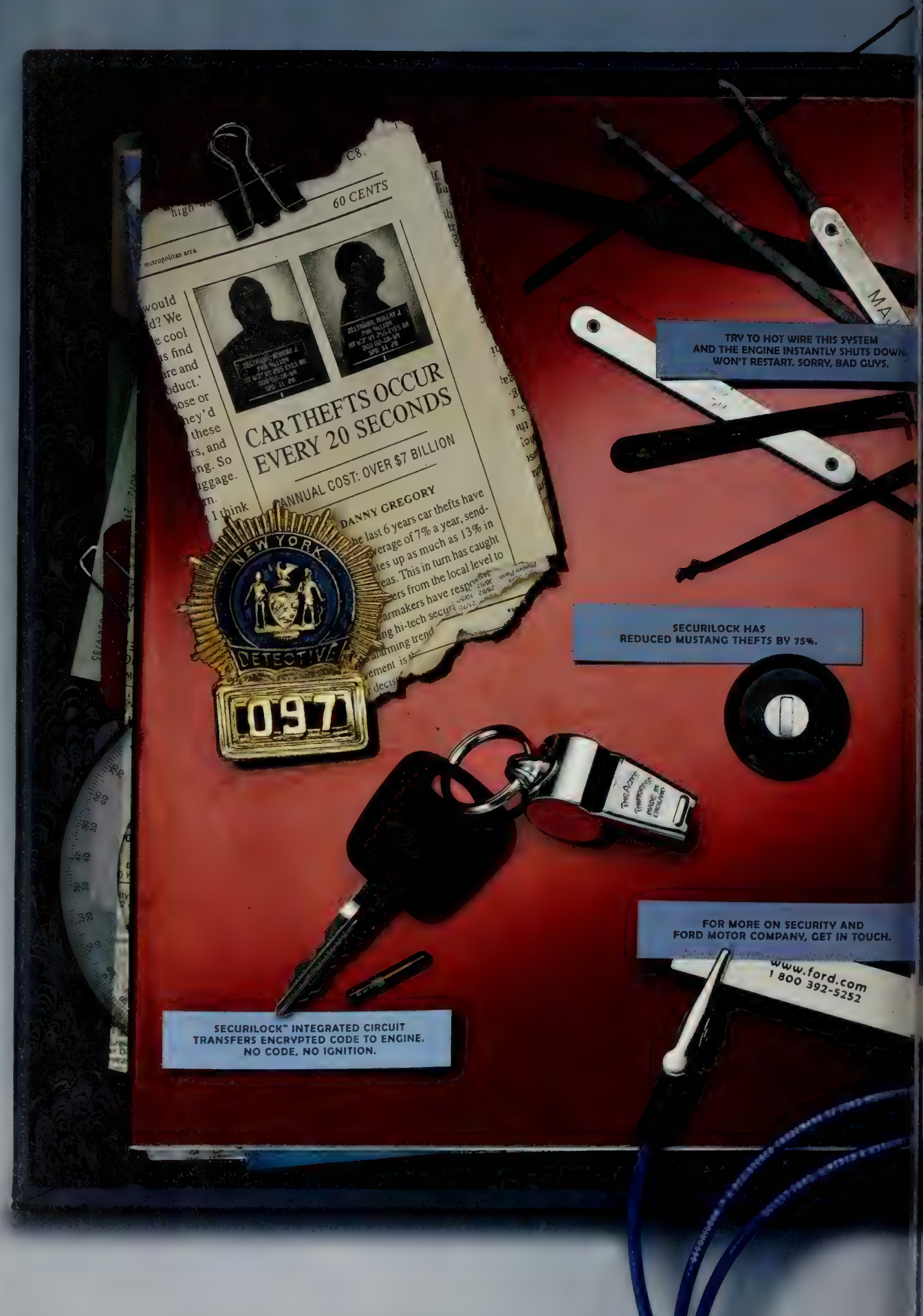
For years, the Amax corporation had operated a plant in Salt Lake Valley, Utah, that extracted magnesium from the brine of the Great Salt Lake. A by-product of the process was chlorine gas, which emerged from the plant's smokestacks, forming a whitish cloud that blanketed crops and livestock in the surrounding area. Since the process and plant were unique—no other lake in the U.S. yields enough magnesium to make extraction worthwhile—chlorine pollution was not included in the Clean Air Act. Renco renamed the plant the Magnesium Corporation of America, and the profits rolled in.

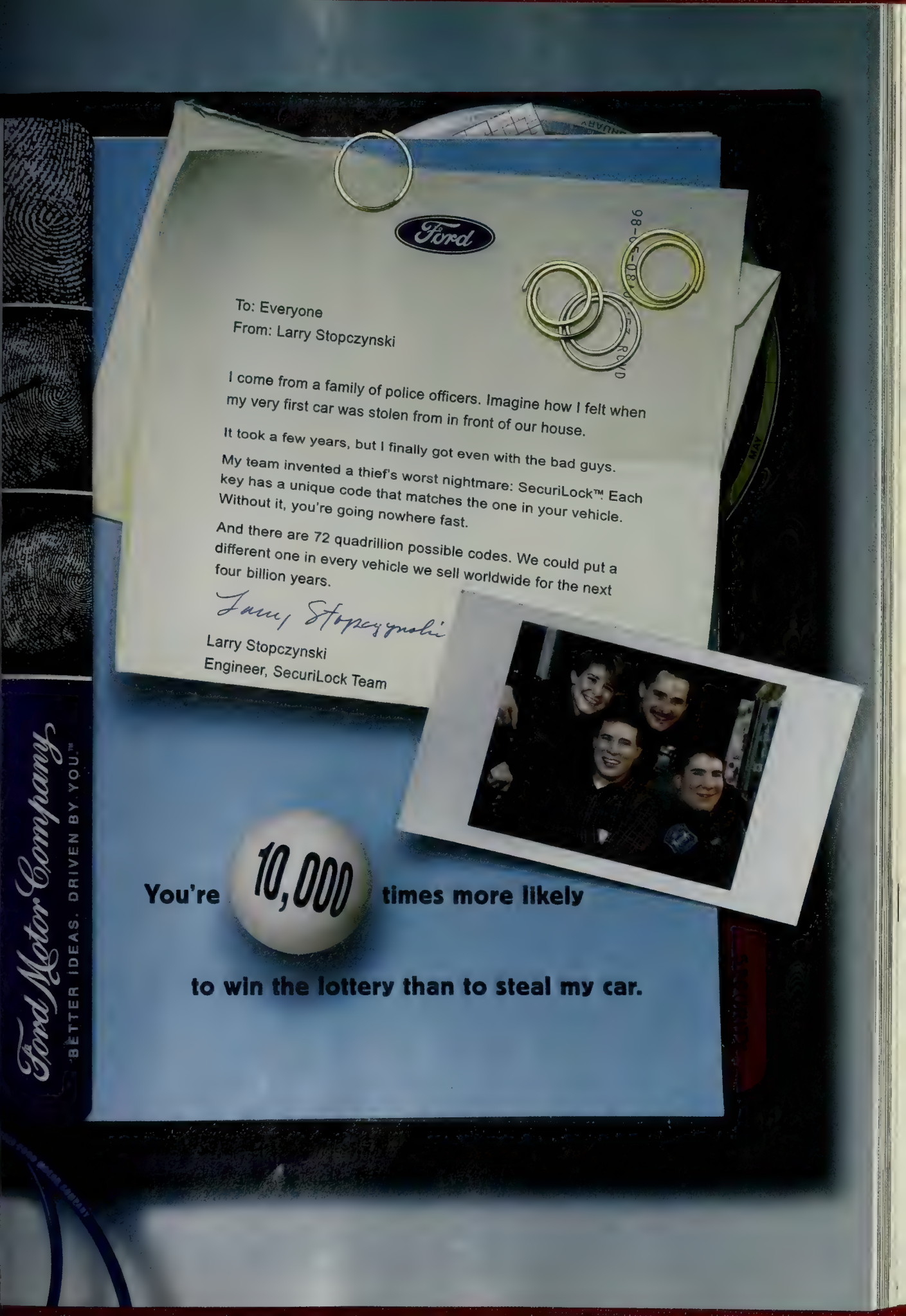
Still, the Magnesium Corporation of America has been a subject of growing interest among environmentalists. As the E.P.A.'s latest Toxics Release Inventory Report shows, the Magnesium Corporation in 1995 emitted 65 million pounds of chlorine gas into the surrounding air. By comparison, Utah's second-largest polluter, Kennecott Utah Copper, emitted six million pounds of various other toxins. Utah is the most polluted state per capita in the union. According to a report by the Population Reference Bureau, a Washington research group, it has 35.3 pounds of toxic air pollution per person; the national average is 5.9 pounds. And 95 percent of Utah's overall air pollution is produced by the Magnesium Corporation of America. "That doesn't mean that that pollution is in violation of the law," cautions Dianne Nielson, the executive director of the state's Department of Environmental Quality. "Mag Corp does have an air-quality approval order, which is a permit."

That's because, according to a report by the Utah Department of Health, chlorine hasn't been shown to be dangerous when released in low concentrations. "Through our Department of Health we've evaluated chlorine levels from the facility," Nielson says. "The Department of Health issued a report: chlorine emissions are not likely to be creating a health concern." At the same time, Nielson speaks optimistically of a new technology the Magnesium Corporation plans to install to reduce emissions. Unfortunately, Lee Brown, the company's president, did not return telephone calls to discuss it.

Many citizens of Grantsville (population: 5,000), the town nearest the Magnesium Corporation's plant, would disagree with the Department of Health's assessment that its chlorine emissions are safe. A decade ago—about the time Rennert bought the plant—the whitish chlorine gas began blocking out the sun for weeks at a stretch. "There were a couple years we didn't see the sun, be-


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cause we're so heavily polluted," says resident Janet Cook, a former city councilperson. Under its new owner the Magnesium Corporation stepped up production. For 1989 it reported record emissions of 119 million pounds, followed by 95 million pounds in 1990. By then it had topped the E.P.A.'s national list of polluting facilities.

Soon after, according to Cook, her health, and that of many of her neighbors, began to decline. "The bees are out," they'd say when the chlorine blew in their direction; that meant their skin stung as if from many bee stings. Most obviously affected, Cook claims, were those who worked at the plant. The local barber thought she could tell immediately which of her customers worked at the Magnesium Corporation: their hair was so brittle and lifeless. The company might deny that the chlorine affected its employees, but it sent a bus to pick them up daily in Grantsville because, as everyone knew, cars parked in the plant lot soon had their paint eaten away by the corrosive air.

Janet Cook says that as she saw worse health effects—a high incidence of children with asthma, parents with respiratory problems, suspiciously high cancer rates—she took it upon herself to organize a citizens' health survey, and mustered 40 volunteers to speak with nearly 2,500 Grantsville residents. "We found a lot of respiratory problems, a lot of cancers," she says. In fact, they found 201 cancer cases, 181 cases of serious respiratory problems, 29 babies born with birth defects, and 12 cases of multiple sclerosis, among other problems—almost 500 cases of significant illness in all, afflicting one in five residents.

"There were people with emphysema who had never smoked a cigarette in their lives," says Cook. "I personally have had 38 polyps removed from my sinuses. That's unheard of. I've never smoked. And many other citizens have polyps, too."

Recently Scott Endicott, a biochemist who volunteers for the Sierra Club's Utah Chapter, has analyzed the Magnesium Corporation's emissions and reached an even more disturbing conclusion. He thinks they include dioxins, some of the most toxic chemicals known to man. Dioxins are suspected carcinogens in even minute quantities and have been found to be immunosuppressant. Until a few months ago, the Magnesium Corporation reacted to Endicott's concern as it had to Cook's survey: by denying that any problems existed. More recently, Nielson's Department of Environmental Quality was persuaded to look into the matter. "Now Mag Corp admits they may be producing dioxins," Endicott says. "They've offered to do a test. But there's a lot of ways to measure it and get it wrong."

With the new concern about dioxins, Chip Ward, an environmentalist in Grantsville, helped persuade the *Deseret News* of Salt Lake City to write an editorial urging the Magnesium Corporation to come to the table for frank talk on how to improve the plant's emissions. "No response," says Ward dryly. "I wrote to Mr. Rennert myself: I said we'd like to sit down with him. That was a month ago. Still no response." Informed of Rennert's similar refusal to meet with concerned residents of Sagaponack about his house plans, or even to reply to their letters, Ward says, "I think folks in the Hamptons are fortunate. We'll trade them that pretentious elephant of a house for thousands of tons of toxic pollution any day."

Rennert's next big purchase wasn't toxic, just bankrupt. In 1992 he won a fierce bidding war in bankruptcy court for AM General, whose HumVee had just dazzled the world in the Persian Gulf War. Soon after buying it for $133 million—less than half of it in cash—Rennert produced a consumer version of the HumVee: the Hummer, which overnight became known as the recreational vehicle that Arnold Schwarzenegger loved.

As *Fortune* observed last year, however, "even the phrase 'niche vehicle' overstates the Hummer's success." Only 1,400 of the seven-foot-wide, 6,840-pound vehicles were sold in 1996; challenged from all sides by cheaper four-by-fours, the Hummer has dim prospects.

Recently Renco has quietly steered AM General to a new product: an armored vehicle for the military that carries six or more soldiers and is fitted with a 7.62-mm. machine gun. As of last year, 269 Akreps, as they're called, had been sold for about $200,000 each—to

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(Washington, D.C.),
55,000 sq. ft.



Aaron Spelling's house
(Los Angeles, Calif.),
56,000 sq. ft.



Bill Gates's compound
(Medina, Wash.),
40,000 sq. ft.



Hearst Castle
(San Simeon, Calif.),
90,080 sq. ft.

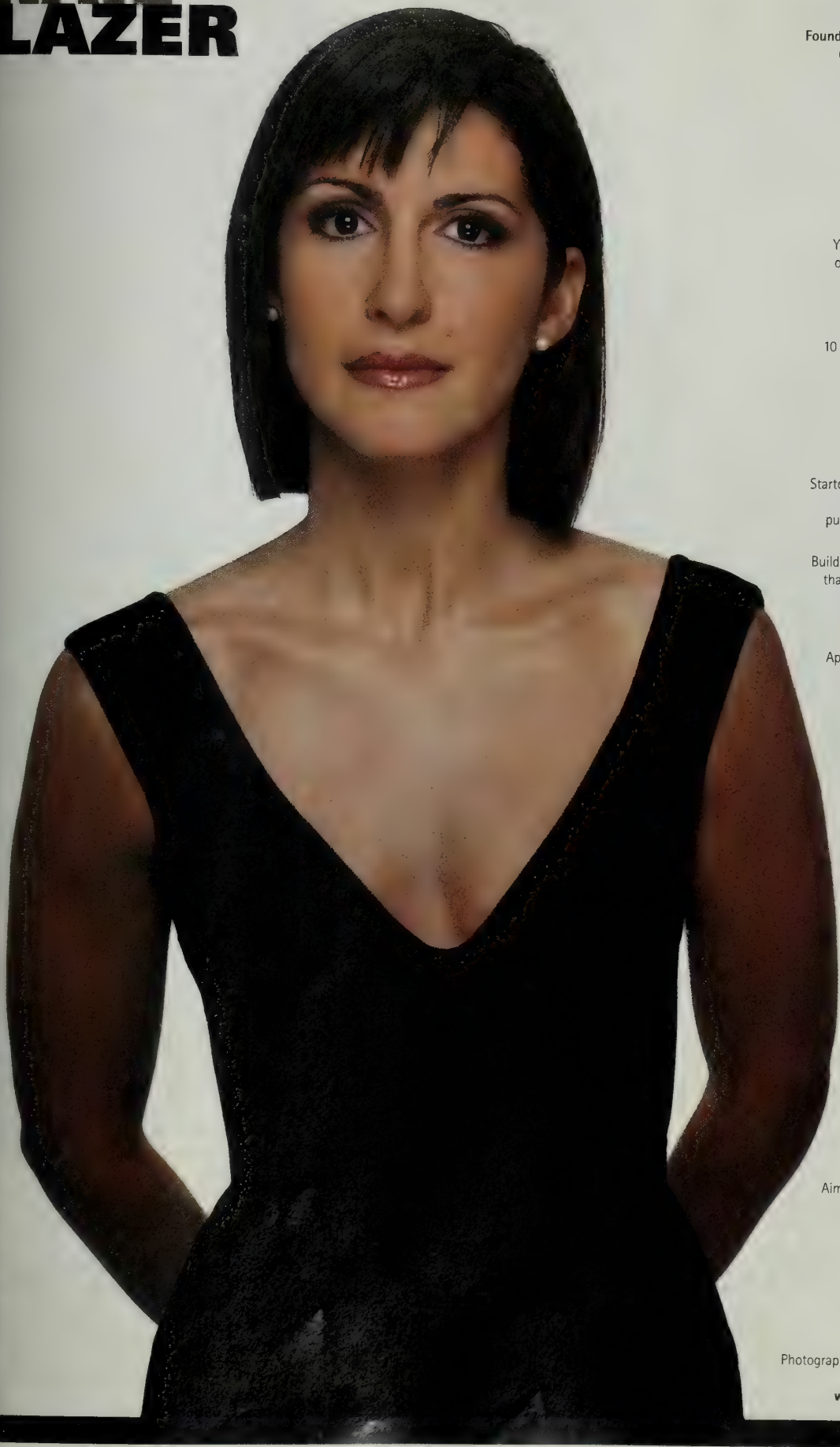


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the Turkish army, which, according to Amnesty International, uses armored personnel carriers for crushing civil demonstrations and massacring Kurds.

One other holding in Renco's portfolio deserves mention. The Magnesium Corporation had given Rennert the nation's most polluting plant; it hadn't made him the biggest private polluter overall. That distinction came in 1994 with the purchase of Doe Run, the largest lead producer in the U.S., which has a network of mines, mills, and smelters in southeastern Missouri.

Lead mining is historically a dirty business in the best of circumstances, but when Doe Run was owned by the Fluor Corporation, it earned a slew of E.P.A. fines and had the dubious distinction of being one of Missouri's two biggest polluters. Faced with rising E.P.A. standards that would force it to remove gray mountains of solid mine wastes known as tailings—not to mention a growing number of health-related lawsuits from miners—Fluor was happy to sell for the value of Doe Run's assets, about $175 million. But how would Renco deal with those same problems?

One answer, it turned out, was just to pay the fines. "There's very seldom a day when Doe Run is in compliance [with environmental regulations]," says Ken Midkiff, director of the Sierra Club's Ozark Chapter. Last year, Midkiff and two others compiled a special report on Doe Run and Asarco, Missouri's other big lead operation. According to the report, Doe Run's record of water and air pollution looks no better after the Renco purchase than it did before: page upon page of single-spaced violations cited by state and federal inspectors. Doe Run's president, Jeffrey Zelms, apparently a blunt and folksy character, declined to be interviewed by *Vanity Fair*.

Since Renco took it over, Doe Run has tried to expand its mining by secretly persuading the state's conservation department to let it do exploratory drilling for lead on state forestlands. In a notably poor region where mining companies are the largest and highest-paying employers, the plan nevertheless stirred public outcry, because the proposed drilling areas were in the watershed of the first two rivers designated as U.S. Scenic and National Rivers, the Jacks Fork and the Current. The plan seemed to make no sense, since actual mining in the watershed would violate federal law. Moreover, as the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*'s Tom Uhlenbrock explains, the watershed is a karst topography—porous limestone, riddled with sinkholes. As a result, the tailings of the mining process—95 percent of the ore dredged up, including traces of toxic heavy metals—would leach from the valleys where they were dumped into nearby rivers and springs.

"There were a couple years we didn't see the sun, because we're so heavily polluted."

The conservation department subsequently reversed its decision. "But I always thought it was kind of a ploy," says Uhlenbrock, to make Doe Run's subsequent request to drill in adjacent *national* forestlands seem modest by comparison. Just last month, environmentalists learned that Doe Run *will* be allowed by the U.S. Department of the Interior to sink 200 exploratory drilling holes into the Mark Twain National Forest. This land is also a karst topography; it too includes watershed area for the Jacks Fork and the Current. As a concession, Doe Run has been asked to waive its "right" to mine those lands, allowing Interior to decide who will mine any valuable lead ore that is found. The decision may be a clever way for the government to avoid the lawsuit it might incur from Doe Run were it to deny the drilling request outright. But to Midkiff it also endangers "the crown jewels of Missouri."

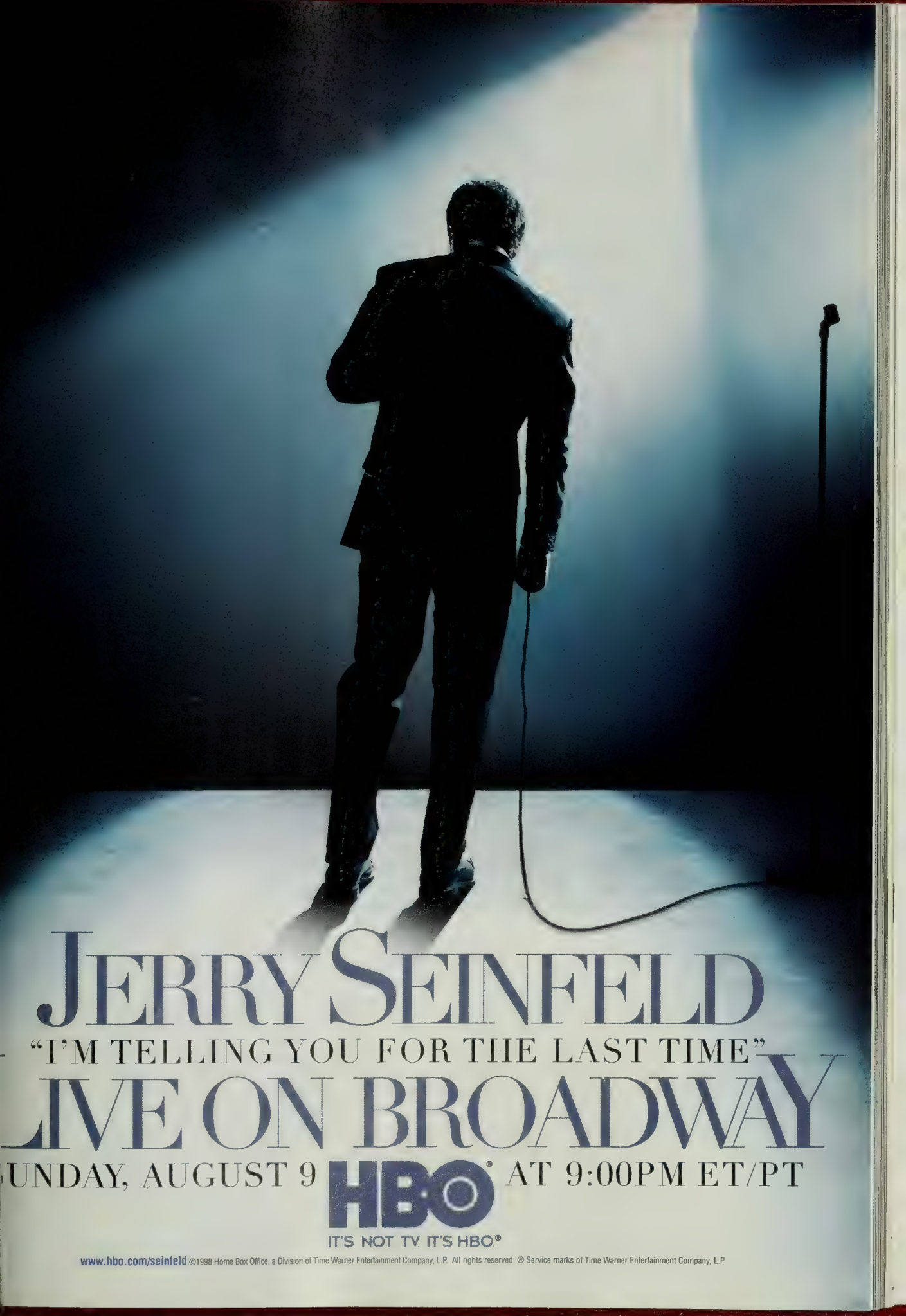
Miners talk of getting "leaded"—absorbing toxic levels of lead, which turns their skin gray and addles their brains. Rennert has gotten leaded in a different way: the business is in his blood. Last year, Doe Run bought, for a reported $250 million, Centromin, a heavily polluting mining company in a Peruvian mountain town called La Oroya. Corinne Schmidt, a stringer for *Newsweek*, visited the town to write an April 18, 1994, story about it. She recalls it as "a barren moonscape." The Mantaro River, which runs by it, is a dead river, she says. "People told me they used to put booties on their dogs, because the acid deposition on the ground was such that the dogs would die from walking around barefoot." Environmentalist Richard Kamp, an expert on U.S.-Mexico border pollution, branded the area "a vision from hell." As Centromin's new owner, Doe Run is obligated to meet cleanup schedules imposed by the World Bank on all of Peru's mines. "Whether or not these are going to be applied will be the next question," observes Sally Bowen, a stringer in Lima for the *Financial Times*. "In countries like







DIRTY DOLLARS: Rennert's kingdom, *from left:* the Magnesium Corporation of America, Salt Lake City, responsible for 95 percent of Utah's air pollution; striking workers at the W.C.I. steel mill, Warren, Ohio, 1995; the Centromin processing plant, Peru, 1993.


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this you may have well-meaning laws which are not applied."

At least in Missouri, Doe Run used to be able to point to its competition, Asarco, as being equally guilty of polluting. No more: last April, Doe Run bought Asarco for $55 million. Now Renco basically dominates the state's lead industry.

"Usually companies that are diverse like his, people take them public," says Mort Schrader, a New York real-estate broker who has known and liked Rennert for years. "You'd think he'd take that route; he could increase his wealth tenfold easily. Yet he's decided to keep his conglomeration of companies as a private entity. You don't see too much of that." Schrader says this admiringly, the idea being that Rennert's reluctance to go public is a sign of modesty or moral restraint.

A more obvious explanation is that operating such companies publicly would open up Rennert to journalists, who might comb through his financial reports, and to environmentalists, who could buy stock to stage protests at shareholders' meetings. On only one occasion has the veil of privacy been pulled away from Rennert's corporate offices.

According to newspaper reports, on March 24, 1995, a 20-year-old woman living in an Upper West Side single-room-occupancy hotel answered a hall phone. The call was from a stranger who asked for someone else. When the woman said that no one by that name lived at the hotel, the caller identified himself as a businessman seeking to fill a clerical position. The woman agreed to go in for an interview. The man asked her to meet him in front of sculptor Lee Lawrie's statue of Atlas on Fifth Avenue at 51st Street in Rockefeller Center. First he took her to dinner. Then he led her through a maze of corridors in the lower level of Rockefeller Center and up an elevator to his 42nd-floor offices. Everyone at the company where he worked was apparently gone for the day. He took the young woman into a conference room to see a "training tape," then slipped an X-rated film into the VCR. When the woman protested, the man drew a knife and raped her on the conference table.

The young woman was too traumatized, after fleeing, to remember the name of the man's company or exactly where the offices were in Rockefeller Center. She did know she'd been on the 42nd floor, however, and she was able to describe to police the offices and the conference room, as well as give a description of a ring the man had been wearing. After subpoenaing tapes from elevator surveillance cameras at Rockefeller Center, detectives were able to identify their suspect as Marvin Koenig, the executive vice president of the Renco Group.

Confronted with the evidence against him, Koenig, a Scarsdale resident and family man, pleaded guilty to sexual misconduct and received his sentence: three years' probation. Why no jail time? The woman detective who arrested him offers a pithy response: "He's white." The young woman sued Koenig for $45 million; an out-of-court settlement was reached last year. Curiously, Marvin Koenig still works at Renco.

Who is Ira Rennert? Among his friends, he's prized as a warm and gentle fellow, devoted to his family—and a staunch supporter of Jewish causes and the state of Israel.

"With everyone else I know who makes gigantic money, business comes first," says Stephen Mann, a lawyer. "Then they squeeze in time to have vacations. With Ira, family comes first. He takes summers off; he goes to Israel with his family. He is also quietly a major contributor to Jewish causes; he is probably the greatest since the Reichmanns [the ultra-Orthodox Toronto real-estate family]. I don't think Ira has ever said no. If you ask him for one, he'll give you two."

"He could increase his wealth tenfold easily. Yet he's decided to keep his companies private."

Sometime in the last decade, as his fortune grew, Rennert moved his family to 625 Park Avenue, where he lives below financier Henry Kravis. The apartment is said to be filled with 18th-century French furniture and old-master paintings. Rennert's wife, Ingeborg, has done much of the collecting herself. A former airline ticket agent, she has three grown children with Rennert, two daughters and a son. Rennert also has his own Gulfstream V plane, in which he spends perhaps three days a week flying on business. Yet in some ways his tastes remain modest. He currently owns a 1985 Mercedes-Benz 500 SEC, for example, and has summered for more than 20 years in Atlantic Beach on Long Island.

Rennert is, by all accounts, a very religious man. A member of the prestigious Fifth Avenue Synagogue in Manhattan, he apparently has a young rabbi come regularly to his office for religious study. Ingeborg is a convert, and an enthusiastic one. "She has become extremely Orthodox," says one friend. "She keeps up with everything in the law. She studies the Bible every day; she has a rabbi for private services."

The Jewish causes to which Rennert contributes vary widely. He endowed a Judaic-studies chair in his wife's name at Barnard College, for example, and has given generously to Yeshiva University. Along with Ronald Perelman, he's a major donor to New York's Center for Jewish History; he contributed the money for a small synagogue that was designed at his suggestion for the Center, which is under construction on 16th Street off Fifth Avenue.

One of Rennert's favorite charitable acts these days is to give Torahs. "He's giving Torahs left, right, and center," says one friend. A Torah—usually handwritten by a single scribe—can cost as much as $45,000. "He's got more scribes on his payroll than *The New York Times* has reporters," says the friend. Rennert is also a big funder of mikvahs, the ceremonial baths in which a convert, after much religious training, is purified and declared a Jew.

Like many of his fellow worshipers at the Fifth Avenue Synagogue, Rennert is a hard-liner on Israel. Soon after Benjamin Netanyahu became premier, according to one friend, Rennert volunteered to fund a controversial plan to open a long-blocked tunnel near Jerusalem's Wailing Wall. The tunnel has tremendous historical significance to Jews. As it happens, the tunnel is near the al-Aqsa mosque, one of the holiest Muslim sites. When the tunnel was opened in September 1996, Jerusalem's Arabs, suspecting a plan to dig under the al-Aqsa mosque, went berserk. What ensued were the worst riots since the start of the peace process. Armed Palestinian police sided for the first time with Arab protesters; the confrontations spread. Hundreds were wounded; more than 70 were killed. "You could draw a line from there to the current impasse," says Nadim Rouhana, an expert on the Arab-Israeli conflict who teaches at the University of Massachusetts.

Rennert's enthusiasm for Netanyahu seems undimmed. Last May, when the premier came to the U.S. for tense peace talks, he spoke one Saturday at the Fifth Avenue Synagogue. He began his re-


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AH! WILDERNESS: ***From left,*** **the Sagg Main Store. Sagg Pond, another prime Hamptons site for development. A cottage overlooking Fair Field; Rennert's company has bought an additional 11 acres across the street for which no plans have been announced.**

marks by mentioning the lovely dinner he'd had the previous evening at Ira and Ingeborg Rennert's apartment, where Elie Wiesel had been a guest as well. So attached does Rennert feel to Israel that, according to friends, he's building yet another new home—in Jerusalem.

As for Fair Field, Rennert's career and personal life offer a few clues, at least, as to why its scale is so huge. One of Rennert's friends believes that the compound will contain a small synagogue; though not suggested in the architectural drawings, it will likely occupy a wing of unspecified space in the main house. (Considering that the voluminous drawings offer measurements for every column and cornice throughout the rest of the house, the fact that a whole wing is unspecified is certainly curious.) For a traditional Jewish service, at least 10 male worshipers gather, in order to make up a *minyan.* Since Orthodox Jews must walk, not drive, to Saturday services, it is theorized that the Rennerts' fellow worshipers would arrive Friday afternoon and sleep over. Indeed, more than one *minyan* may be involved. Perhaps half a dozen *minyanim* have operated in private Hamptons homes in recent years, but have faced increasing pressure from towns about parking and congregating. Mark Schwarz, a Hamptons resident who has attended several *minyanim,* recalls talk among congregants a year and a half ago about the possibility of merging the *minyanim* at a large new house that Rennert would build. Sagaponack, Schwarz heard, seemed the best location because it has no town to speak of, and so resistance from neighbors would be minimal.

Another possibility is that the compound's grandiosity was not Ira's idea—

"I figure it will be like looking out on a castle. Maybe we can sell seats for glimpses of Lord Rennert."

but Ingeborg's. "If you ask most people who know the Rennerts, you'll find two camps," says one friend. "No one I know has anything but benign feelings for Ira. My feeling is that people have less benign feelings toward his wife. She's . . . brusque. And people see her as the proponent of some of the more attention-getting things."

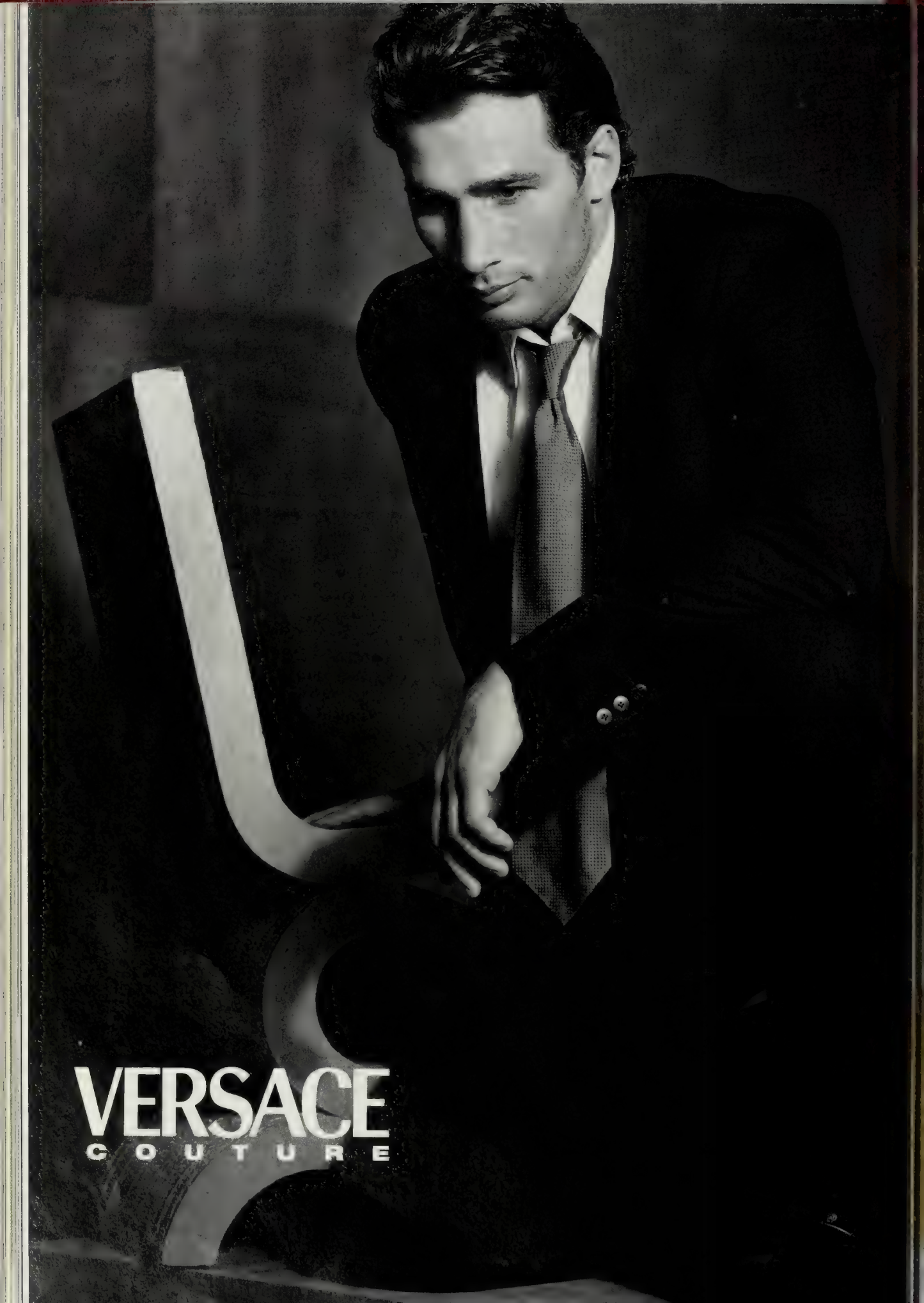
A more creative theory: nearly 40 years ago, Frank Sinatra grew so excited by his proximity to a new president that he expanded his compound for him in Palm Springs. As any student of Sinatra knows, John Kennedy enraged the great singer by shunning his invitation because Bobby, as attorney general, worried about Sinatra's Mob connections. Benjamin Netanyahu hardly seems likely to be put off by a few million pounds of distant pollution. As for security, the proposed gatehouses seem a reasonable start.

More than four months after promising to show the A.R.B. revisions to diminish the scale of Fair Field, Rennert's lawyers and architects have yet to make an appearance. Meanwhile, construction has begun. Some Sagaponack residents have tried to be philosophical. "You can't really say Rennert is ruining Sagaponack—it's gone," says writer Linda Bird Francke, whose modest wood-shingled house was surrounded by open fields when it was built in 1982. "So I try to be fatalistic. Our house looks directly out over his property. I figure it will be like looking out on a castle. Maybe we can sell seats for glimpses of Lord Rennert!"

For neighbors viewing the construction more grimly, there's probably only one hope of reprieve. Recently, Ingeborg confided to someone that she was having second thoughts about the size of the compound. Apparently, the aquifer under the property may not be sufficient to supply the sprinkler system needed to water the formal English garden, said to be 15 acres, and the dozens of acres of lawn.

Last February, when residents met with Ira Rennert's lawyer to share their concerns about Fair Field, he asked what message he might convey from them to his client. One requested that the lawyer communicate just how much of an impact the Rennerts would be making by taking a 63-acre property out of the "viewscape." The resident later added that as a goodwill gesture the Rennerts might consider buying another field in Sagaponack and donating it to the Nature Conservancy or Peconic Land Trust.

Just before Memorial Day, Rennert's Blue Turtles corporation purchased an 11-acre field directly across Daniels Lane for nearly $3 million. It's another of the fields Cliff Foster has farmed for years. Rennert's lawyer has notified him of the purchase and said he can farm it this season. After that, the lawyer stressed, in legal-sounding language, all bets are off. "I said I hoped I could keep farming it," Foster says. "But I haven't heard back yet." □


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COUTURE



HIGH STILES

Name and occupation: Julia Stiles, actress. **Age:** 17. **Soon to join a long line of Lolitas in:** Michael Steinberg's suburban thriller, *Wicked,* in which she plays a coquettish adolescent whose mother is mysteriously murdered. **Why Stiles—unlike most teen starlets—has no laundry-detergent commercials in her closet:** "When I would audition for commercials, I was always criticized because I wasn't energetic or bubbly enough. I have this New York City guard about me. I could never be, like, 'Oh, yea, Tide!' " **On her current high-school malaise:** "High school is like a minimum-security institution for me; I'm itching to get out. I try to enjoy the moment, but it's hard when the moment is in pre-calculus." **Why you may not recognize Stiles until the credits roll:** "I always loved how people like Jon Voight and Laurence Olivier shocked you every time they came on-screen. They were so different each time. That's what I hope to do with acting—be the chameleon and not get stuck in a type."

PHOTOGRAPH BY EIKA AOSHIMA

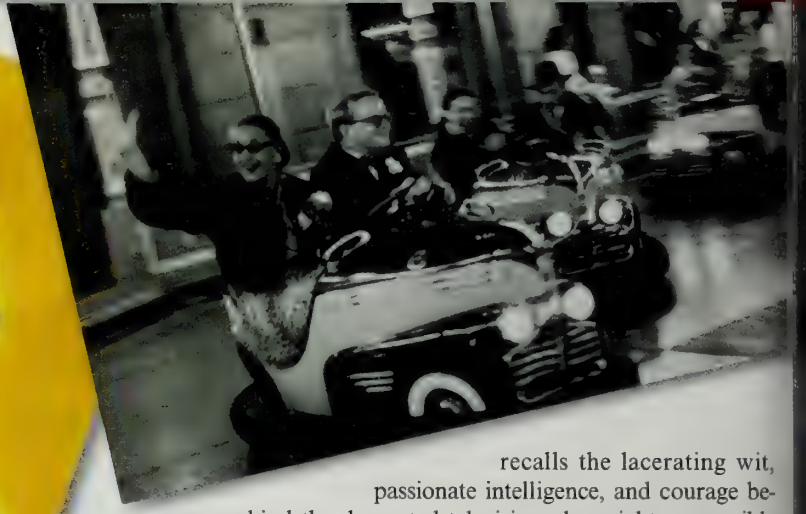


florence milan new york paris london berlin tokyo hong kong


GUCCI



HE'S WATCHING YOU



Hot Type

Adventures in embalming! The late, great muckraking genius **JESSICA MITFORD'S** *The American Way of Death Revisited* (Knopf), an update of her classic best-seller, is a savagely funny and deadly serious investigation into the louche funeral industry. Quite simply, a must-read before dying.

Also this month: **ELLIS AMBURN'S** *Subterranean Kerouac* (St. Martin's) is a delectably gossipy account of the oft-hinted-at homosexual rompings of the counterculture icon. In *The Life and Work of Dennis Potter* (Overlook), **W. STEPHEN GILBERT** recalls the lacerating wit, passionate intelligence, and courage behind the demented television playwright responsible for *The Singing Detective* and *Pennies from Heaven.* **WILLIAM L. BIRD JR.** and **HARRY R. RUBENSTEIN** reproduce cheeky posters linking success on the military front with productivity on the home front (REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR—PURL HARDER!) in *Design for Victory: World War II Posters on the American Home Front* (Princeton Architectural Press). Unpublished essays on the pleasures of music and theater are posthumously collected in literary rapscallion **ROBERTSON DAVIES'S** *Happy Alchemy* (Viking). **OWEN EDWARDS'S** *Peter Beard's African Journal* (Universe) is a photo safari exhibiting the best of the great white model-hunter's work on the Dark Continent. Celebrated critic **ELIZABETH HARDWICK** takes on the greatest American writers—from soup to nuts, from Henry James to Gertrude Stein—in *Sight-Readings: American Fictions* (Random House). **DANI SHAPIRO'S** memoir, *Slow Motion* (Random House), recalls how it took a horrific accident to force her to revisit her Orthodox roots and discover who she really is. D.C. doyenne **MARGARET TRUMAN'S** obsession with murder and mayhem at famous Washington monuments persists in her newest Beltway thriller, *Murder at the Watergate* (Random House). In **DAVID** and **HARRIET ZEITLIN'S** *Shooting Stars* (General Publishing Group), classic celebrities focus on their heart's desire—Elvis's shot of a girl with a poodle, and Edgar Bergen's snap of sprightly daughter Candy in the bath bedecked solely in a "bubble bathrobe." Attention, wobbly warheads, stand and deliver: *Viagra Nation* (HarperCollins), with illustrations by **BRUCE McCALL** and the virile prose of **LEE EISENBERG,** sends up the little blue love pill that makes men out of mice. **LARRY TYE'S** *The Father of Spin* (Crown) is the rollicking and alarming tale of Edward Bernays, whose early P.R. triumphs included convincing a nation of women that smoking was a matter of liberation. And I forgot to send a thank-you note! *The Experts Speak* (Villard), by **CHRISTOPHER CERF** and **VICTOR NAVASKY,** revises their collection of egregious expert opinions, such as a 1936 *New Yorker*'s proclaiming William Faulkner a "minor talent," and a 1995 *Wall Street Journal*'s asserting, "Bill Clinton will lose to any Republican nominee who doesn't drool on stage." Stay on the sunny side!

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL



From top: *Slim Hayward and Truman Capote, photographed by Leland Hayward, take a spin, circa 1950; the watchful eyes of an Axis soldier in a 1942 U.S. propaganda poster; a colorful miscellany fills pages from* Peter Beard's African Journal.


stargazer
A life can be guided by many things.
What is fleeting and artificial,
or what is eternal and natural.
heaven
High in the French Alps is a
source of pure, natural spring water.
evian, untouched by man and perfect by nature.
evian
ural Spring Water
rom the French Alps

Vanities



Family ties: Top, *Aerin Lauder at her New York office;* above, *Lauder's family, makeup labs, and international affiliates are just one button away.*

Speed Dial

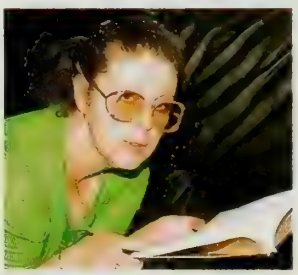
Cosmetics move fast. "As soon as blue nail polish is in, it's out," says Aerin Lauder, director of creative product development for Estée Lauder U.S.A. and Canada, in charge of "identifying lifestyle trends and translating them into color." That's why her finger, lacquered today in Sheer Pink, hovers above her desk phone's speed dial, poised to strike the moment she sniffs a new trend in the air. Why is makeup so mercurial? Take fashion and subtract the investment factor, Aerin explains, and you have "makeup junkies"—women in their 20s who approach cosmetics counters demanding, "What's new?" Which is where Aerin, the 28-year-old granddaughter of founder Estée, comes in.

"Gold is a very strong color for next year," she says. "The economy is up, unemployment is down. People are happy again, and happiness and success are connected with gold."

Aerin, who two years ago married Eric Zinterhofer, a recent Harvard M.B.A., spends two-thirds of every day on her phone in her Manhattan office, conferring with friend and company contract model Elizabeth Hurley (13), the Lipstick Lab (07), or uncle and C.E.O. Leonard Lauder (06). Other dialees include 25-year-old sister Jane (03), a market strategist for Clinique (another division of the Estée Lauder Companies), and dad Ronald (05), chairman of Clinique and Estée Lauder International. For Aerin, who knows how to make bold color statements but is more of a Wet Wet Rain Double Gloss girl herself, two things are worse than suffering speed-dial withdrawal—"women with lipliner darker than their lipstick and people who say, 'Call me on my cellular!'"

—DAVID SAVAGE

Night-Table Reading



Alexandra Marinina
Russian author

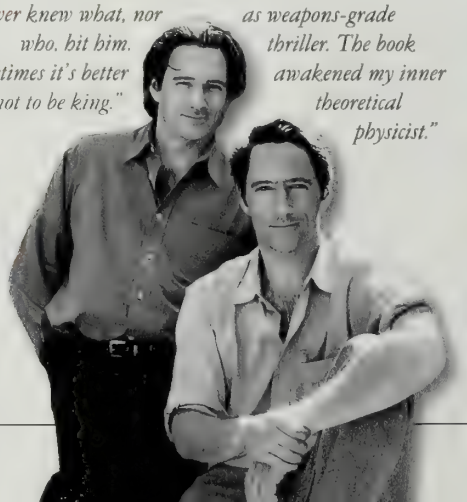
"I read through opera librettos. In them seethe genuine human passions. I find many of the ideas for my detective novels in them."

Webster Stone
co–executive producer of The Negotiator

The Murder of Tutankhamen, *by Bob Brier (Putnam). "The young pharaoh never knew what, nor who, hit him. Sometimes it's better not to be king."*

Rob Stone
co–executive producer of The Negotiator

The Curve of Binding Energy, *by John McPhee (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). "Nuclear primer as weapons-grade thriller. The book awakened my inner theoretical physicist."*



Brian Williams
anchor, MSNBC, NB

Taking Charge: The John White House Tapes, 1963– *by Michael R. Beschlo (Simon & Schuster). "A cha witness a master at wo and eavesdr a crucial ti our history.*



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In the Navy

Fashion-world icon Carrie Donovan takes to the air

From *Vogue* to *The New York Times* to *Allure,* Carrie Donovan was among fashion journalism's indomitable doyennes for more than 40 years. Now she has traded in her front-row seat at the couture shows for a seat on the Old Navy jet, becoming the clothing store's advertising star. GEORGE WAYNE catches up with Donovan to discuss her new, much broader audience, as well as the old days with Diana Vreeland and her current life with the popular canine Magic, her advertising co-star.



George Wayne: *Those Old Navy people now look very smart for casting you in their commercials, Carrie. Did you ever think when you were front-row at the Carrousel du Louvre oohing and aahing at the latest Chanel fashion show that you would become a TV star?*

Carrie Donovan: Never! But, my dear, back then there was no Old Navy. The thing that I do love most is that the commercials seem to give people pleasure. They stop me on the street, and they will say, "Are you the lady in the Old Navy commercials?" The delivery boy from the Food Emporium doubles over in laughter at the idea of me trying to do the hula.

G.W. *How do you prepare for these rigorous shoots, Carrie?*

C.D. I don't. But I'm exhausted when I'm done. I don't leave bed for two days after these shoots.

G.W. *Carrie Donovan is seventysomething but far from geriatric!*

C.D. Not seventysomething! I'm 70! Mrs. Vreeland used to say the thing that made her maddest was the stories that referred to her as being in her 70s. "I'm not in my 70s, I am 69!" Which she was.

G.W. *When did you first meet D.V.?*

C.D. Ooh, in the 50s. I was a reporter at *The New York Times.* Then I went to work for her when she became editor of *Vogue.* She was like a mother to me, a marvelous friend. I remember the first time I had to have heart surgery and she got so upset that I had to go off to Texas she decided that she was going to come to Texas. "Carrie, you can't go alone! They might cut off your leg!" She was always concerned about me.

G.W. *This wasn't the time on the operating table when you died and were miraculously brought back to life?*

C.D. No, that was another time. That was the time I had this mad idea of having these jowls removed. That's when I conked out on the table. I did die on the table, it's perfectly true. When I woke up, I was in the I.C.U. at New York Hospital! That was the end of any attempt at that. So I say, live with the chins and the jowls, my dear. I don't want to see another hospital until I'm out for good.

G.W. *Carrie, you haven't changed your look in a thousand years. Those overdone Chanel things have been manacled to your wrists for at least 50 seasons!*

C.D. They are Chanel relics, but I only wear them for the cameras, because they are falling apart. Karl Lagerfeld gave them to me, and since they're lacquer, they are rather fragile. I don't know what I'll do when those bracelets go. But I think you do kind of develop a style, your uniform.

G.W. *So have you completely given up your degree as a fashionista?*

C.D. That was another time in my life, but of course I'm interested in it. I love reading Suzy Menkes in the *International Herald Tribune* during collection time. And I still have dinner with Kal Rutenstein [of Bloomingdales], because he's so tuned in. And I would love to see Donna [Karan], but she's so big. She's become a mogul now.

G.W. *Carrie, I agree: "For me, it's Paris, Milan, and Old Navy." But Club Monaco is the chic-est fashion chain of the moment!*

C.D. There is no question; I find Club Monaco very interesting.

G.W. *And Magic is nowhere as fabulous as Dinky, the Taco Bell Chihuahua!*

C.D. Magic is my baby, but I adore that Taco Bell Chihuahua. He/she is a dish!

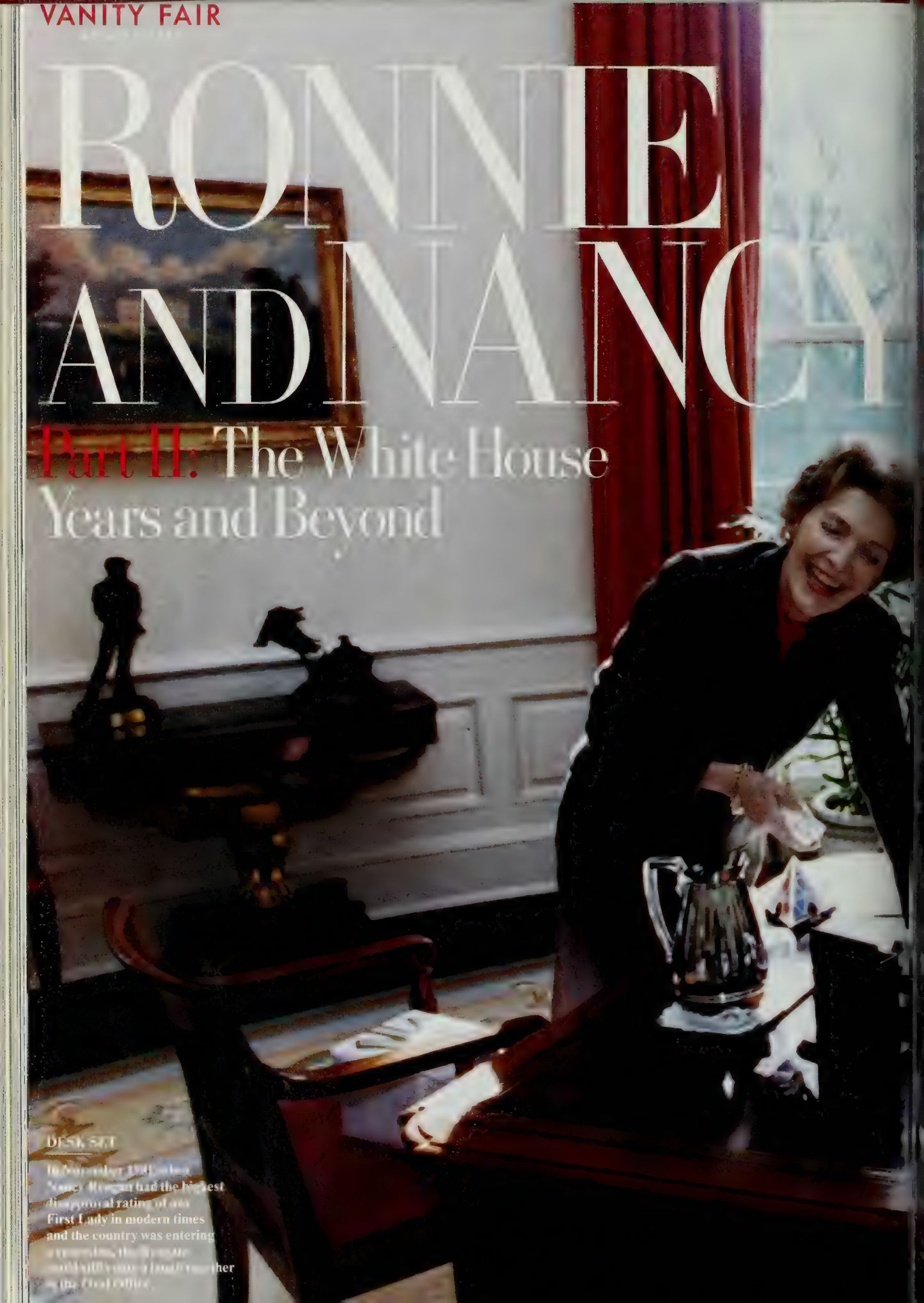

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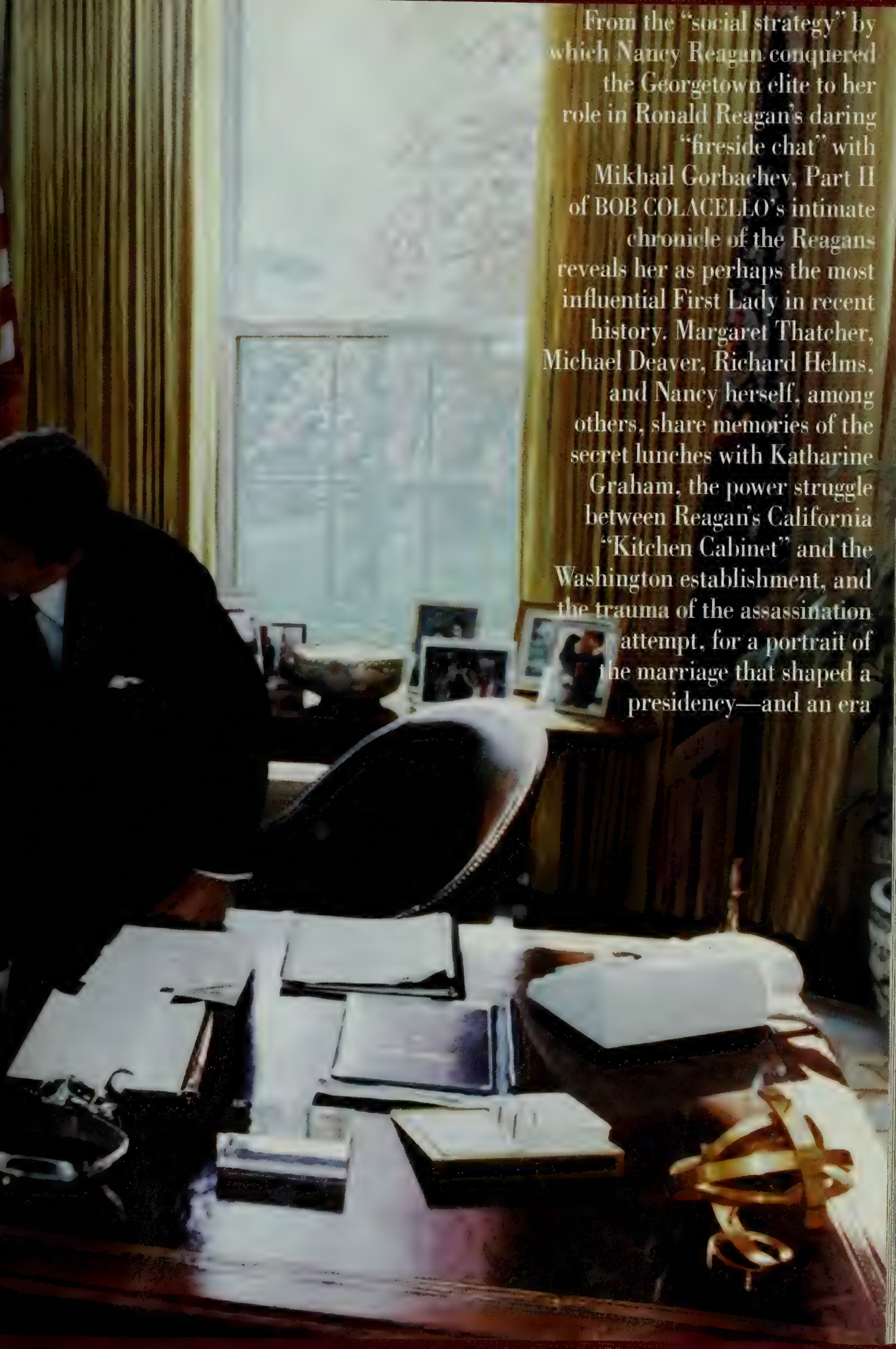
RONNIE AND NANCY

Part II: The White House Years and Beyond



DESK SET

In November 1981 when Nancy Reagan had the highest disapproval rating of any First Lady in modern times and the country was entering a recession, the President and his wife were a loyal team in the Oval Office.



From the "social strategy" by which Nancy Reagan conquered the Georgetown elite to her role in Ronald Reagan's daring "fireside chat" with Mikhail Gorbachev, Part II of BOB COLACELLO's intimate chronicle of the Reagans reveals her as perhaps the most influential First Lady in recent history. Margaret Thatcher, Michael Deaver, Richard Helms, and Nancy herself, among others, share memories of the secret lunches with Katharine Graham, the power struggle between Reagan's California "Kitchen Cabinet" and the Washington establishment, and the trauma of the assassination attempt, for a portrait of the marriage that shaped a presidency—and an era

Oh, the anemones on the green moiré tablecloths! It was magical. There was a sense of a new beginning—which was the slogan of the Reagan campaign. There was a sense of promise, and it was wonderful."

Muffie Brandon, the White House social secretary from 1981 to 1984, is recalling the first state dinner given by President and Mrs. Reagan, on February 26, 1981, in honor of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Great Britain, who would be Reagan's most committed and effective partner in foreign policy over the next eight years.

Reagan and Thatcher had met in London in 1975, a few months after he had completed his second term as governor of California. They were introduced by drugstore magnate Justin Dart, one of the multimillionaire advisers in Reagan's so-called Kitchen Cabinet, who had a home near Hyde Park. "[Justin] wanted me to meet a friend of his who had recently been elected the first woman to head the British Conservative Party," Reagan recounted in his 1990 memoir, *An American Life*. "I'd planned on spending only a few minutes with Margaret Thatcher but we ended up talking for almost two hours."

"It was clear from our very first meeting that Ron Reagan was in politics out of passionate belief," Lady Thatcher tells me when I interview her in the Belgravia town house that serves as the headquarters of the Margaret Thatcher Foundation, which promotes free enterprise and democracy in Eastern and Central Europe. "This is the century when we have had the biggest battle of ideas in history. Between totalitarianism and freedom. Coercion versus liberty. Ron Reagan was a passionate warrior in this battle. I was



"I don't understand it," says Georgetown hostess Jennifer Phillips, "but Republicans are more fun—at least a kind of upper-class Republican."



The Reagans at Rancho del Cielo, their property near Santa Barbara, in July 1983, with Bill Wilson (in front of Nancy) and his wife, Betty (in the red sweater), and Marion and Earle Jorgensen (in hats, to the right of the president). The other riders are Secret Service.



BASK COU

After one year as p
and First Lady, the F
relax at Sunnyla
Palm Springs resi
Walter and Lee Ann
December

"I'd go so far," says Richard Burt, "as to say that Nancy Reagan was the most powerful First Lady in 35 or 40 years."

a warrior. So we had both sides of Atlantic covered. And we won."

Vith this first state dinner, Nancy gan showed that she understood connection between the political the social, and that she was de- ined to restore glamour and ex- ment to the White House—elements y felt had been lacking since the s of Jacqueline Kennedy. Ac- ding to White House chief usher Scouten, she took an intense in- st in every detail of every state ner, from the food and flowers to seating and entertainment. She eased the number of state din- to nearly one a month, and cut the guest lists from 130 to 96 that they would feel more like ate parties. "The Reagans had such as hosts," Brandon adds. "Mrs. gan always said to me, 'Muffie, e parties have to be fun.'"

At least half of the guest list for the Thatcher dinner consisted of high officials and their wives, including the British foreign minister, Lord Carrington, President George Bush, Secretary State Alexander Haig, Secretary of ense Caspar Weinberger, and C.I.A. ctor William Casey, who had been gan's campaign manager. Reagan's three White House aides were there: Chief of Staff James Bak- II, Counselor to the President Ed- Meese III, and Deputy Chief of f Michael Deaver.

he remainder of the guest list re- ed the new First Lady's balancing between the past and the future, veen the longtime California sup- ers she wanted to keep happy and East Coast power brokers she need- o cultivate. The Kitchen Cabinet represented by Justin Dart and and Bunny Wrather, as well as rney General William and Mrs. Jean ch Smith. Walter Annenberg, the ner ambassador to Great Britain, and wife, Lee, the new chief of proto- were there, too. From Old Guard ywood came Mr. and Mrs. Charl- Heston, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Wallis. From York: society queen Brooke As- CBS chairman William Paley, artist se Nevelson, and Dance Theater of Harlem director Arthur Mitchell. From Washington: Roger Stevens, chairman of the Kennedy Center, and his wife, Christine, and two of Nancy Reagan's new best friends from the Georgetown set, Evangeline Bruce, the widow of David Bruce, ambassador to Great Britain under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and Oatsie Charles, the wife of Robert Charles, an assistant secretary of the air force under Johnson.

Even before the inauguration, Nancy Reagan had been forging friendships within the Washington establishment and alliances within her husband's administration, instinctively but deliberately setting the stage for what would be the culmination of her ceaseless efforts to ensure Ronald Reagan's place in history as a "man of peace": the four summits during his second term with Soviet general-secretary Mikhail Gorbachev, which in effect ended the Cold War on terms highly favorable to the West. Through her friendships with *Washington Post* chairman Katharine Graham, former Democratic National Committee chairman Robert Strauss, and Richard Helms, director of the C.I.A. under Presidents Johnson and Nixon, among others, Nancy Reagan gradually changed the widely held perception of her husband as a right-wing warmonger while exposing him to more moderate and internationalist points of view. In her unofficial role as "personnel director," in Reagan campaign strategist Stuart Spencer's phrase, she saw to it that the "pragmatists," such as Baker, Deaver, and George Shultz, Reagan's second secretary of state, outweighed the "ideologues"—Meese, Weinberger, Casey, and William Clark, Reagan's second national security adviser—within the president's inner council.

Nancy Reagan acted in league with her old allies Deaver and Spencer to make sure her husband chose Baker, an elegant, well-connected Houston lawyer, as chief of staff, rather than Meese, "a jump-off-the-cliff-with-the-flag-flying conservative," as she described him in her 1989 memoir, *My Turn*. In 1982 she was greatly relieved when Haig, whom she considered "power-hungry," was replaced by the more subtle Shultz, and in 1983 she went to bat with her husband for Shultz in a decisive power struggle with Clark. Clark lost, and was exiled to the Department of the Interior.

"Mrs. Reagan never tried to *make* policy," says Richard Burt, who was an assistant secretary of state under Shultz, and whose wife, Gahl Hodges Burt, was White House social secretary from 1983 to 1984. "In fact, by making it very clear that she didn't want to make policy—wasn't interested, was involved in other things—nobody saw her as a threat. But she had a tremendous influence. First of all, she had a very strong influence with people close to Reagan—Baker and Deaver. After all, she got Baker hired. She detested Ed Meese and thought he was an idiot and too ideological and just not very capable. She was right in that sense. He sort of never knew what he was doing. As far as Nancy Reagan was concerned, Jim Baker was the state-of-the-art man. He dressed well. He was courtly. And Baker was a political animal. He knew that her support was absolutely essential. Deaver, of course, had been around long enough to know that Nancy had to be kept happy. Deaver and Baker derived a great deal of their power—and their stock went up and Meese's went down—because of Nancy Reagan.

"She read the polls. She read the newspapers. She watched television. But more importantly, she had her network. She talked to people on the phone all day long and she knew what people were saying. And so if Ronnie was screwing up in one area or another, she'd get Mike Deaver on the phone. And if it was too substantive—if it wasn't just a P.R. issue—then Mike would say, 'Talk to Baker.' For anybody outside to break into that inner circle, Mrs. Reagan had to approve. . . . I'd go so far as to say that Nancy Reagan was the most powerful First Lady of the last 35 or 40 years. And she went about it in the right way, the appropriate way—entirely behind the scenes."

Muffie Brandon agrees. "She was *much* more influential than she ever let on. And she didn't *want* to be perceived as being influential. I once asked her, 'Don't you ever think about your place in history?' She looked at me and she said, 'Oh, no. It's Ronnie. And Ronnie's place in history.'"

"They were a very effective team,"

says Ed Rollins, who started working as a legislative aide in Sacramento in 1967, and who was White House political-affairs director from 1981 to 1983. "In many ways she allowed him to be such a nice guy. Because she made some of the really tough—personally tough—decisions. She took the heat for it, and he would sit there and still be this nice guy. I think they had a unique marriage. Ronald Reagan is a loner. I don't mean that in a derogatory way. He's a man who's comfortable being alone. But the one person who has always been in his world is her. And that was enough. The truth is he didn't need anybody but her."

Ronald Reagan had asked James Baker to be his White House chief of staff the morning after the election. But the decision was kept secret for weeks, mainly to deal with Ed Meese's hurt feelings about being passed over for the top job, especially in favor of Baker. Baker, after all, had managed the campaign of George Bush, Reagan's leading rival for the Republican nomination. He joined the Reagan campaign only after Bush was selected as Reagan's running mate. Meese had been Reagan's chief of staff in Sacramento and for most of the 1980 campaign, and assumed that he'd have the same position in the White House. Finally, a new role was created for him: counselor to the president.

Because Baker had such limited experience with the Reagans, it was thought that he needed a Californian as deputy chief of staff: Michael Deaver. Thus was born the unusual arrangement known as "the Troika." In theory, the three top aides were near equals, with Meese in charge of policy, Baker strategy, and Deaver scheduling, press, and "the Mommy watch"—as some staffers referred to taking care of the First Lady. But with Deaver constantly tilting to Baker, it didn't stay that way. As Ed Rollins observed to Reagan biographer Lou Cannon, "Every single day Ed Meese was in that White House he lost power or gave up power. Every single day Jim Baker was in that White House he accumulated power."

Reagan tapped Meese as director of the transition—Meese had already set up a talent-recruiting effort for the new administration in secret during the campaign, run by E. Pendleton "Pen" James, a corporate headhunter from Los Angeles. But Reagan also gave his blessing to the Transition Advisory Committee, which was chaired by William French Smith and dominated by the old Kitchen Cabinet tycoons, who were determined to play the same role they had in Sacramento—that is, to choose the real Cabinet. Four days before the election, an article headlined REAGAN'S CLOSEST BUSINESS FRIENDS SEEM TO PERSONIFY HIS VALUES appeared on the first page of the *New York Times* business section, with profiles of Holmes Tuttle, Justin Dart, Ted Cummings, Earle Jorgensen, Jack Wrather, and French Smith, who was described as "a possible Attorney General." Tuttle, the *Times* reported, "expects to help screen appointees for Mr. Reagan, as he did in California." Dart, still feisty at 73, despite a hip replacement and heart troubles, announced that he would head a presidential advisory group on productivity, "the nation's No. 1 problem."

In addition to these six, five other Kitchen Cabinet stalwarts—Henry Salvatori, Jack Hume, Bill Wilson, Alfred Bloomingdale, and Charles Wick—were on the 19-member Transition Advisory Committee, along with a handful of Republican moguls from other parts of the country, including Colorado beer king Joseph Coors, New York investment banker William Simon, and New Jersey construction-company owner Raymond Donovan, who would become secretary of labor.

The Transition Advisory Committee held four meetings in Los Angeles in November, in the boardroom of French Smith's law firm, Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher. Meese and Pen James took part in all four, and Reagan attended the last two. Reagan also held smaller meetings at his house in Pacific Palisades, with French Smith, Meese, Deaver, and Senator Paul Laxalt, a favorite of both Reagans'.

Reagan had asked the committee for three choices for each Cabinet position, and for the most part their first choice was also his. The two major exceptions were General Alexander Haig for secretary of state and Donald Regan for secretary of the Treasury. The committee's first choice for State was George Shultz, who was also pushed by Deaver. But Reagan was impressed by Haig, who had two key backers: his former boss, Richard Nixon, and Justice Dart. For Treasury, the committee's nearly unanimous first choice was William Simon, who had held the post in the Nixon and Ford administrations. But according to Roy Cohn's memoirs, Nancy Reagan nixed him, sensing he would ed too much power. The committee's second choice, Citicorp chairman Walter Wriston, was unwilling to make the financial disclosures required for confirmation, so Reagan went with their third choice, Donald Regan, the chairman of Merrill Lynch, whom he hardly knew.

And then there was the Department of Housing and Urban Development, which, along with the Departments of Education and Energy, Reagan had suggested closing down during the campaign. As Betsy Bloomingdale recalled, "They asked Alfred to find a black for the Cabinet, and he came up with a lawyer he'd worked with in New York, Sam Pierce. A very nice man but soft, as it turned out." Samuel Pierce Jr. had been head of the legal division of Nixon's Treasury Department. But under his management, corruption at HUD became the major domestic scandal of Reagan's second term.

William French Smith was spending Thanksgiving weekend in Palm Springs when Reagan called to ask him to be attorney general. One night French Smith and his wife, Jean, accompanied the Annenbergs to Frank Sinatra's 65th-birthday party at the singer's ranch, and French Smith soon found himself under attack by *New York Times* columnist William Safire, who was outraged that "the future head of our Justice Department joined 200 other guests to honor Frank Sinatra, whose lifelong gangland friendships have become part of his own legend." His appointment also ran into fierce criticism from feminists when he refused to resign from San Francisco's exclusive, all-male Bohemian Club, famous for its power camp-outs on the Russian River. Leaders of four major women's groups testified against him before the Senate Judiciary Committee

e. In his memoirs, French nith says that he finally damp- ed that controversy with a eaganesque quip: "The simple ct is that it is harder to get to the Bohemian Club than it to become attorney general." After Reagan announced most his Cabinet appointments at a ecember 11 press conference, rench Smith gave up the chair- anship of the Transition Advi- ry Committee, and Bill Wilson ok his place. Two days after hristmas, Wilson summoned eese and James to a meeting Washington with the Kitchen abinet. Reagan's longtime per- nal secretary, Helene von amm, whom Meese had as- gned to assist James in e transition, describes the owdown in her memoirs:

[The Kitchen Cabinet's] mplaints were simple, and least partially true. We did t take their recommenda- ns as commands. We had t given them the feedback ey wanted. Now we were t including them in the se- tion of the sub-Cabinet. Henry Salvatori wistfully called the days when Ron- l Reagan was governor d they were accorded the tus they deserved. "Some us literally moved to cramento," he said.

When Wilson announced at he was moving to Washington to elp with the staffing," James quit d flew back to California. Although was persuaded to return and was med director of the White House rsonnel office, the infighting con- ued. The day after the inaugura- n, Wilson took over an office in e Executive Office Building (E.O.B.) d had lunch with Senator Jesse lms, who then fired off a letter to eagan, von Damm writes, "demand- g that the kitchen cabinet be re- ored to the rank it had had when was Governor and that it be giv- veto power over appointments ap- oved by [James and Meese]." Von amm believes that Reagan "never sponded to the letter, and he never ked to the kitchen cabinet about e problem."





"We'd always have Santa Claus," says Mary Jane Wick. "Everyone took a turn. Including Nancy."



COURT RITUALS

From top: President Reagan as Santa with Nancy at Charles and Mary Jane Wick's home in Washington, D.C., 1983; the "class picture"—taken each New Year's Eve at the Palm Springs estate of Walter and Lee Annenberg—from 1992, with, from left, Armand and Harriet Deutsch, the Annenbergs, the Reagans, Betty and Bill Wilson, Mrs. William French Smith, Earle and Marion Jorgensen, and former ambassador Charles Price and his wife, Carol; Nancy and Harriet Deutsch celebrate Nancy's birthday at Dr. Norman and Mrs. Erlenne Sprague's Brentwood home, 1982.

The problem was compounded by the fact that the Kitchen Cabinet and their wives were busily raising the funds to have Ted Graber, the Los Angeles interior designer favored by the group, redecorate the White House. At that time, a president was given a $50,000 decorating allowance. The Carters hadn't even spent the whole amount. According to Nancy Reagan's first chief of staff, Peter McCoy, "I don't think anything had been done upstairs since the Nixons lived there. And in the interim, you had the Fords and their entire family and their retinue of animals. You had the Carters, their family, and their animals. The place was a shambles."

By March 1981, almost $750,000 had been raised, including $70,000 from the Annenbergs, $50,000 from Earle and Marion Jorgensen, $20,000 from the Bloomingdales, and $10,000 each from the Tuttles, the Wrathers, and Justin and Jane Dart. Holmes Tuttle also raised $270,000 from 23 oil-industry figures, who were no doubt grateful that one of Ronald Reagan's first acts as president had been to remove price controls on oil and gas. In addition, Armand and Harriet Deutsch, the Annenbergs, the Jorgensens, and the Wilsons paid for a surprise black-tie dinner dance for

100 friends in the White House on February 6, 1981, to toast the president's 70th birthday.

Several of the California couples—the Bloomingdales, the Darts, the Wilsons, the Annenbergs, and Charles and Mary Jane Wick—took apartments or permanent suites at the Watergate complex. Lee Annenberg was named chief of protocol after Walter reportedly turned down the ambassadorship to Japan. Charles Wick was the new head of the United States Information Agency (U.S.I.A.). And it was becoming increasingly apparent that many of the Kitchen Cabinet were expecting to have an ongoing say in the making of the new administration's policies.

A month before the inauguration, Arnaud de Borchgrave, the veteran *Newsweek* foreign correspondent, had taken the chief of French Intelligence, Alexandre de Marenches, to dinner at the Bloomingdales' house in Holmby Hills with president-elect Reagan. "We were told Nancy had a cold," de Borchgrave recalls. "We were also told that Reagan could only spare an hour. He stayed five hours. That's when the whole strategy of supporting anti-Marxist guerrilla forces in the Third World—Afghanistan, Angola—was worked out. The next morning, I was called by [Bloomingdale], who said Reagan had agreed with Marenches's suggestion that a small group outside of the administration should run this thing. Alfred said, 'The president has asked me to be the liaison with Marenches.' Marenches said, 'Forget it.' Then, in early 1981, Admiral Edward Burkhalter, a top intelligence guy, was introduced to Bill Wilson at a party in the Madison Hotel in Washington. Wilson said *he* was now the guy Reagan wanted to run it, not Al Bloomingdale. But Marenches didn't want to deal with people he didn't know."

There had been talk of Bloomingdale's being named ambassador to France, but press reports of a 1975 incident, in which Betsy Bloomingdale was fined $5,000 by U.S. Customs for not declaring two Dior dresses from Paris, probably stopped the talk. Instead, Rea-

"The whole Russian thing," says Nancy Reagan. "I just felt, here were these two superpowers, and it was silly not to get together."



RED ALERT

Having negotiated the end of the Cold War, with some prodding from the First Lady, President Reagan left office with the highest approval rating since F.D.R. The Reagans were photographed for *Vanity Fair* on October 5, 1988.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

gan named him to the Washington-based Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, along with Clare Boothe Luce. There was also talk of sending Justin Dart to the Court of St. James's. "I could have probably had pretty much whatever I wanted," Dart later said, explaining that he preferred advising the president privately to "calling up the secretary of state every day to ask when I could go to the toilet."

Michael Deaver reveals how the Kitchen Cabinet problem was resolved. "Jimmy Baker was very nervous about this. He kept saying to me, 'Mike, these guys can't have offices over in the E.O.B. There are certain rules and regulations.' I said, 'Well, tell them that.' So we had a meeting in February with Jus Dart, Bill Wilson, Holmes Tuttle, and Al Bloomingdale. Baker got them together with Fred Fielding, who was counsel to the president. And he said, 'Fred, these are friends of the president's, and they've been very supportive of him for years. I want you to tell them, if they're going to get involved back here, what regulations are involved.' 'Well,' Fred said, 'first of all, you have to fill out these forms,' and he handed them all the forms. Holmes said, 'You mean I gotta put all my assets down?' And Jus Dart, who was the smartest of all of them, stood up after about 10 minutes of this and said, 'Fellas, I don't know about you, but they don't want us here. I'm going home.' And they all left. That was the end of it."

Not quite, according to Bill Wilson, who reportedly turned down the ambassadorship to Mexico and was then made envoy to the Vatican, a part-time post. "Whenever there was something that needed discussing, we'd have a meeting—Justin Dart, Jack Wrather, Holmes Tuttle, Earle Jorgensen, and myself—usually at Justin's office," Wilson tells me. "And among us we'd decide how we would advise the president on it. And either Justin or Holmes would go back to Washington and talk to Ronnie about it."

Did the president take their advice?

"Oh, I think he did, yes. But he might have done what he was already planning to do. You have to remember, there were a lot of problems that Reagan had to handle. Lebanon. Poland. The Iran-contra thing . . . "

Meanwhile, the Reagans had started wooing "permanent Washington"—as the city's predominantly Democratic power structure of bureaucrats, lobbyists, journalists, and hostesses is known—just days after the election with a dinner for 50 at the old-line F Street Club on November 18, 1980, organized by Michael Deaver and Nancy Reynolds, Mrs. Reagan's press secretary in Sacramento. Everyone from Mayor Marion Barry to power lawyer Edward Bennett Williams was there. "Ronnie made a big hit," Nancy Reagan recalls, "with his line 'Only one letter separates president from resident, and I intend to be both.'"

One month later, on December 11, the Reagans were guests of honor at a dinner at Katharine Graham's R Street mansion. "I couldn't go to their dinner at the F Street Club, because I was going to be out of town," says Graham. "I called up Nancy Reynolds and said I was so disappointed I couldn't come, and she said, 'Why don't you invite *them* to dinner?' And I said, 'I couldn't do that. I didn't vote for them, and the paper didn't endorse them.' That would be like trying to have it both ways. But Nancy Reynolds said, 'Just invite them and see.' And so I gave a dinner for the Reagans before they were in the White House."

Graham's guest list was a Washington Hall of Fame: Robert McNamara, Joseph Alsop, Henry and Nancy Kissinger, Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn, Alan Greenspan, Vernon Jordan, Lloyd Cutler, columnists George Will and Clayton Fritchey with his wife, Polly, the British and French ambassadors, four U.S. senators, and a Supreme Court justice.

"For Reagan," Graham writes in her memoir, "there were repercussions from coming to dinner at my house. The political right was appalled." *The Wall Street Journal* noted that a photograph of Reagan embracing Graham at her dinner could be compared to "the famous one of Jimmy Carter bussing Leonid Brezhnev at the Vienna summit."

Michael Deaver, looking back, sees both of these early social events as key to the Reagans' political success. "It was such a contrast to the Carters, because the Carters never cottoned to the Washington establishment. A Washington was open for it. They w delighted. And, yes, it bothered true believers. It bothered some of Californians. But I think it was u mately a very smart thing. It was same kind of thing as picking Jim Baker, even though the longtime R gan people were very unhappy ab *that.* Jimmy Baker made it possible, my opinion, for Reagan to have t terms. He had the street smarts ab this town that none of *us* had."

Jennifer Phillips, one the liberal-Democra Georgetown hostesses tivated by Deaver, calls h the "architect" of the R gans' "social strategy." ting in her P Street to house, with its understated Arts a Crafts furniture, she elaborates: " understood this curiosity and this citement the Reagans had about Eastern establishment very well. I th he was the one who doped it out in mind that things would be much e er for them if they did give themsel a chance to spread some of that cha which came so naturally to them. sussed everybody out before they the Reagans. It was brilliant."

Deaver's wife, Carolyn, joined F ly Fritchey and Oatsie Charles on board of the Phillips Collection, private museum founded by the fa ily of Jennifer's husband, Laugh Phillips, and Baker's wife, Susan, agre to take on the chairmanship of annual corporate fund-raising dinn In the summer of 1982, the Deav were houseguests of Jennifer a Laughlin Phillips on Martha's Vi yard, where they sat enthralled by lunchtime badinage of Lillian Hellm and Joseph Alsop. Deaver even w as far as to have Warren Beatty scre his 1981 film, *Reds,* an epic paean the American Communist John Re at the White House. During intern sion, Continental Airlines foun Robert Six, who was married to drey Meadows, of *The Honeymoon* fame, stood up and said, "This sheer, unadulterated Communist cra The animosity cut both ways. Six c ples walked out when the Deavers rived for dinner at William and R Styron's house on the Vineyard, a a party Pamela and Averell Harrim

"For many around Reagan," says Michael Deaver, "the Evil Empire business was a mantra. For him it was a tactic."





TWO FOR THE GIPPER

Above, toasting the end of the last campaign trip on Air Force One, November 5, 1984, clockwise from left, speechwriter Ken Khachigian, the Reagans, James Baker, supporter Rosie Grier, biographer Lou Cannon, and an unidentified woman. *Left,* a less confident Reagan confers with, from left, advisers Peter McCoy, Charles Wick, Michael Deaver, and Nancy at Wexford, their Virginia retreat, before the 1980 election.

shington's leading Democratic fund-sing couple, gave to welcome the agans was marred when a journal- quoted superlawyer Clark Clifford missing the new president as "an iable dunce."

In his memoir, Deaver makes clear o was behind his forays into enemy itory: "Others in and around the ite House sometimes resented my artisan social contacts, but Nancy ays wanted to know what the peo- were like, and what was said. She s the little girl with her nose pressed against the candy-store window."

Neither Deaver nor Nancy Reagan, wever, was merely social climbing. d in the long term their social ategy was successful, partially be-use the so-called enemy was no ger quite what it had been. When nterview Katharine Graham, she intains that the "Georgetown Set" s a figment of Lyndon Johnson's l Richard Nixon's "paranoid" fan-ies, and adds, "I'm trying to think o would be a liberal. Joe Alsop tainly was not. His brother Stew- was not at all liberal. I was lib-l when I was young, but rather trist in my grown-up period." Jen-er Phillips—who had been a civil-nts activist in the 1960s, and whose t marriage was to Conrad Cafritz, on of Gwen Cafritz, Washington's gning Democratic hostess during the nnson years—found the Reagans, kers, and Deavers to be a revela-n. "I just don't understand it, but publicans are more fun—at least a d of upper-class Republican. They're guilt-ridden and they're not self-hteous. That unrelenting earnest-ss of Democrats, particularly of mocrats who have made it, just lly gets to be tedious after a while. issue, no conversation, is too nemeral not to try to draw the eter-nal verities from it. You know, if you say it's nice outside, they talk about global warming."

Deaver was assisted in his bipartisan social approach by Muffie Brandon, the wife of London *Sunday Times* correspondent Henry Brandon and herself a Democrat. Shortly after the Reagans moved into the White House, Brandon asked some of Georgetown's leading grande dames, including Oatsie Charles, Evangeline Bruce, Polly Fritchey, and Lorraine Cooper, the widow of Kentucky senator John Sherman Cooper, to invite the new First Lady to their houses for lunch. These lunches for six or eight women soon became the talk of the town. Most of "the Bright Old Things," as *Washingtonian* magazine labeled Nancy Reagan's lunchtime hostesses, were Democrats. Insiders wondered how they would get along with "The Woman Who Would Be Queen"—as a profile of Nancy Reagan by Wanda McDaniel, published in the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* two weeks before the election, was titled. Sally Quinn in *The Washington Post* and Julie Baumgold in *New York* magazine had also weighed in with unflattering pre-election profiles. "It was thought that Mrs. Reagan would be difficult," says social historian Susan Mary Alsop, the former wife of Joseph Alsop, who gave a lunch. "But she no sooner got here before people began to like her."

"Vangie Bruce was crazy about Nancy," says Buffy Cafritz, the socialite wife of William Cafritz, a nephew of Gwen Cafritz's. Nancy Reagan's closest bond was probably with the droll but down-to-earth Oatsie Charles, an old pal of New York socialite Jerry Zipkin's. "Oatsie always calls me 'Beauty,'" Nancy Reagan says. Charles recalls that, at Zipkin's insistence, she telephoned the First Lady, whom she had never met, shortly after the Reagans moved into the White House. "So she came to lunch. It was the damnedest thing. I was standing at the door. Ted Graber was with her, and all the Secret Service, and we just automatically embraced. It was instantaneous liking." Why does she call Nancy Reagan "Beauty"? "I said to her one day, 'You know, it's not just external beauty. It's internal beauty as well.' Which I do find she has—when she's not being the dragon lady."

"And then, of course, there were the lunches that Kay Graham and I

had in secret," Nancy Reagan says. "Just the two of us. Because we were sure that nobody would ever understand our friendship. But then, after a while, we decided we'd enlarge it—we'd include [*Newsweek* columnist] Meg Greenfield. The lunches would go on for about three hours. They'd usually be at Kay's, or at Meg's. I think we had one at the White House. And then Kay said, 'The hell with it! Let people know that we're friends.'"

When I ask Graham what they talked about at these lunches, she beats around the bush: "You know, you talk about what's going on . . . funny things or light things or gossip. You talk about a range of things—what they were sensitive about, or what was the press doing to them, or, you know, what the *Post* maybe was saying."

Did Mrs. Reagan feel that Graham could influence *The Washington Post*?

"No. She was pretty realistic about the role of somebody like me."

On March 30, 1981, 70 days into the presidency, while Ronald Reagan was giving a speech to 3,500 members of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. union at the Washington Hilton, Nancy Reagan was at another Georgetown lunch, at the Q Street house of Michael Ainslie, president of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. Mrs. Reagan's party included Barbara Bush, Peter McCoy, and Muffie Brandon. The group had already attended a morning reception at the Phillips Collection, and Mrs. Reagan decided to leave the lunch early. "We had just pulled into the White House driveway," McCoy recalls, "and I'd gone up to my office, and she'd gone upstairs to the third floor, when the Secret Service guys told me there was some kind of incident. So I went and talked to her, and she'd already been told by another one of the guys, and we just went down to the car and took off for the hospital. It was pretty scary."

Mrs. Reagan had been meeting in the solarium with Ted Graber and Rex Scouten "when the agent came in and said there had been a shooting," Scouten says. "She leaped up and put her coat on and said, 'I'll see you later, I hope.' Obviously she was upset and moving fast, but she was totally in control of what she was doing."

One of the six Devastator bullets fired outside the Hilton by John W. Hinckley Jr.—who would later say he wanted to assassinate the president in order to impress actress Jodie Foster—had ricocheted off the presidential limousine and pierced Reagan under his left arm, although that wasn't immediately apparent. Hinckley had also hit White House press secretary James Brady, who is still in a wheelchair today, Washington policeman Thomas K. Delahanty, and Secret Service agent Timothy McCarthy. Another Secret Service agent, Jerry Parr, pushed the president into the limousine as the driver took off for the White House. It was only when Reagan began coughing up blood that Parr ordered the driver to head to George Washington University hospital.

The bullet had come within three inches of his heart. "If five minutes had been lost, he would have died," Dr. David Gens, one of the surgeons who helped treat Reagan, later said. "Nobody realized how close he'd come to dying," says White House aide Robert Higdon. "Nancy knew it. But none of us knew it. It wasn't until she wrote her book that it came out."

Reagan returned to the White House 12 days later, wearing a red cardigan sweater over a bulletproof vest. For three weeks his schedule was limited to two morning meetings, one with the Troika and one with the National Security Council (N.S.C.), whom he would receive in his pajamas and a bathrobe in the family quarters. The only outside visitor he had during this period was Terence Cardinal Cooke, who flew from New York and spent an hour with him on Good Friday. According to Deaver, the president told the cardinal, "I have decided that whatever time I have left is left for Him."

"The assassination attempt gave him instant mythic status," Reagan biographer Lou Cannon has said. "After that, nobody could really stand in his way." On April 28, 1981, Reagan was greeted by thunderous applause when he appeared before a joint session of Congress to sell his Economic Recovery Program, which he had first proposed CONTINUED ON PAGE 169



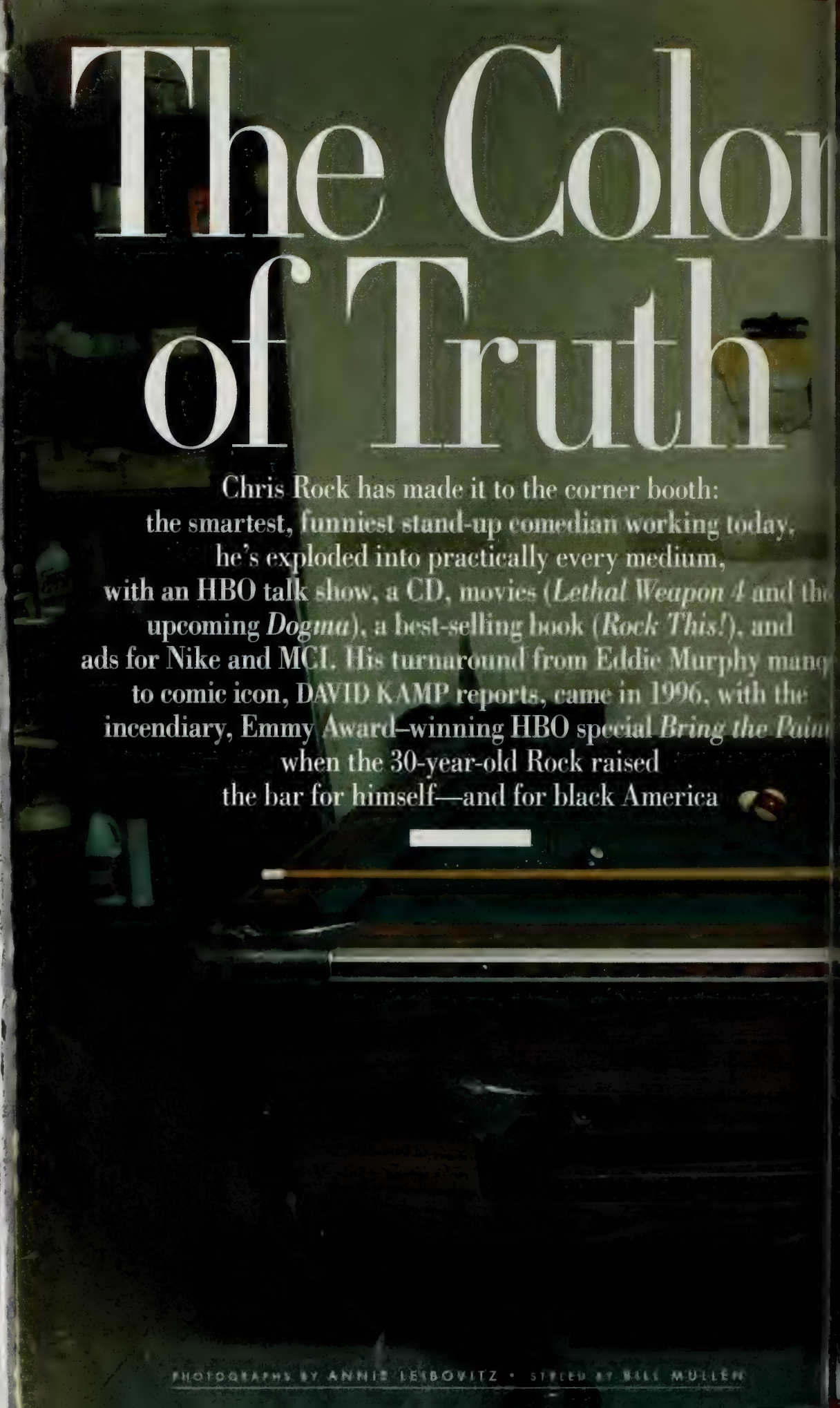
PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON



Ronald and Nancy Reagan at their Bel Air home on April 16, 1998. The picture was taken during the first official photo shoot since they announced in 1994 that he suffers from Alzheimer's disease.

The Color of Truth

Chris Rock has made it to the corner booth: the smartest, funniest stand-up comedian working today, he's exploded into practically every medium, with an HBO talk show, a CD, movies (*Lethal Weapon 4* and the upcoming *Dogma*), a best-selling book (*Rock This!*), and ads for Nike and MCI. His turnaround from Eddie Murphy manq to comic icon, DAVID KAMP reports, came in 1996, with the incendiary, Emmy Award–winning HBO special *Bring the Pain* when the 30-year-old Rock raised the bar for himself—and for black America



HARD ROCK

The comedian at Keith's Game Room in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn on April 12, 1998. The pool hall is just around the corner from where Rock grew up. "Probably the worst ballplaying block," he says of the old neighborhood. "We sucked so bad."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • STYLED BY BILL MULLEN



Fish don't fry in the kitchen, and indeed, beans don't burn on the grill. Movin' on up, Chris Rock–style, entails commanding what he calls "the Russell Simmons booth" in a stylish downtown-Manhattan restaurant, where the waitress solicitously offers "The usual, Chris?" and a low murmur of fellow-patron recognition is audible: *MmmRockChris RockThat'sChrisRockMmmThat'sLeVar BurtonMmmNoIt'sChrisRock* . . .

It is indeed Chris Rock, the comedian, the beloved entertainer, a slip of a man in a Kangol cap, a long way from the semi-anonymity of his *Saturday Night Live* days, when he couldn't even get a cab outside Rockefeller Center. His Range Rover is parked out front, he's just come from his courtside seat at the Knicks playoff game, and he's doing what a star does in a corner booth: holding forth. "The last time there was a real funny black TV show was *The Jeffersons,*" he says. "*Martin* was funny for about a minute, but [Martin Lawrence] was pretty much the only funny guy on the show. Cosby was the only funny guy on *his* show. But every character was funny on *The Jeffersons.* It was just so structurally sound. People don't realize how pioneering a show it was. You had a professional black man *before* Cosby. And for all his faults, George Jefferson never lost his money. And the honesty! Let's face it: there's no such thing as a 50-year-old black man that's not racist and pissed off. You're 50, you rode the back of the bus. *The Jeffersons* was honest about this. Cosby's character was more fictitious."

This isn't a routine—the words are delivered in a conversational tone, several notches below the amped-up shout he uses onstage—but you can see how he might be able to take this somewhere. It often transpires, Rock says, that people laugh in response to his attempts to argue a serious point, and that's when he knows he has something. "It's felt from time to time in our discussions like he's doing material," says the director Kevin Smith, who spent the spring directing Rock in his film *Dogma.* "Sometimes I interrupt him and say, 'Are you on right now? Am I an audience?' "

It happens with me when Rock analyzes his preference for Abbott and Costello over the Three Stooges—"Don't like the Three Stooges at *all,* because, you know, you've gotta have a straight man. With the Three Stooges you've really got three . . . stooges. What the fuck is that?"—and it happens again when he addresses the issue of basketball players' leaving college early for the N.B.A. draft: "It's debated on *Nightline*—'Should kids leave college for the N.B.A.?' I mean, so what? My brother Tony dropped out of college and became a messenger. It wasn't a tragedy! It's racist, inherently racist, because people are resentful of hip-hop black kids making all this money. Tiger Woods didn't finish college, and no one cared, because Tiger Woods left college early to play golf with fat white guys!"

The *Jeffersons* exegesis is a snippet from yet another seriously intended editorial that comes off funny: a lament that despite all the new outlets for black television programming—the Fox, UPN, and WB networks have based much of their start-up strategy on attracting disenfranchised black viewers—all that's arisen is a slate of unwatchable black-character-dominated programs to match the slate of unwatchable white-character-dominated programs on the three old-line networks. "We've made strides in employment," Rock says, "but no strides artistically. Now, in a way that's a good thing. That's when you know you're free—when you can be as bad as the white man. The true strides are when you see a black guy doing a shitty show just like white people do all the time. It's like Bill Fitch—the *losingest* coach in N.B.A. history, and yet people keep hiring him! When you see a black man los thousand games and still get a j that'll be progress."

But Rock, for one, is tired adding to the cultural slag heap. Ti of unbearable sitcoms, tired of o joke sketches that stretch to 10 n utes, tired of talk shows that go applause rather than laughs, tired execrable B-picture comedies with tles like *Beverly Hills Ninja.* (R had a small part in *Beverly Hills ja,* a favor to the film's star, the Chris Farley. "It's one of the last thi I said to him," he laughingly rela "*How could you put me in that p of shit?*")

Rock, from now on, will assoc himself only with quality work has undergone a quality upgrade. has become, in fact, the best stand comedian working today, compar to Richard Pryor, George Carlin, Steve Martin in their 70s stand heydays, when they made Johnny C son dab his eyes with a hankie were even funnier back home on y stereo, where they got to curse. I Eddie Murphy at his early-80s pe Rock is funny on sight, someone p ple instinctively regard with deligh expectancy. They howled in thea throughout the spring, for example the *Lethal Weapon 4* trailer, a typ action-movie capsule of explosi and bons mots until the tacked-on cc which is simply Rock, in his cop tume, addressing the camera direc "Howya doin'? I'm Mel Gibson! Yea I look a little different, but it's *same old Mel!* It's gonna be a le summer!" Even when Rock isn't p ticularly funny, he's funny.

There's an undeniable feel-good ment to Rock's popularity, too, in t he's rather like Jim Plunkett in Su Bowl XV: a veteran whose undis guished 20s were redeemed by a rious breakthrough in his 30s. R who is 32, was never a bad com an, but for a long time he seemed unexceptional one. *Chris Rock? Oh, he was the black person on* Satur Night Live *in the era when black ple wore flattop fades.* "I don't un stand what happened, but all o sudden he got to be the funniest ever," says Rock's friend Rick Rul the record producer. "Suddenly, seemed as funny onstage as he is stage. He just . . . found his materi

ock's quality upgrade was un-
d in all its glory, like a new Im-
on a rotating platform, in an
ndiary 1996 HBO special called
g the Pain. A one-hour distilla-
of a concert at the Takoma The-
in Washington, D.C., it showcased
ntirely different person from the
ous, tentative kid on *Saturday Night*
goateed, immaculately tailored,
ing around the stage with thereto-
unseen confidence, just *killing,* as
say in the business. Performing
re a mostly black audience in the
n's capital, he audaciously opened
his now famous jab at the city's
or—"Marion Barry at the Million
March! You know what that
is? That means that, even in our
t hour, we had a crackhead on-
!"—and never looked back.

ne entertainment world took im-
ate notice of *Bring the Pain.* Its
won two Emmys, one for writing,
for outstanding special, and the
s of being the funniest stand-up in
rica—movie roles, book offers, etc.—
n to be conferred. Rock's talents
now fanned out into nearly every
um: television (his weekly HBO talk
, returning to the air this month),
ies (*Lethal Weapon 4,* just out,
Dogma, out this December), audio
CD *Roll with the New*), print (the
selling *Rock This!*), and advertis-
(the "Li'l Penny" bits in Nike
mercials, the spots for 1-800-
ECT). He has even been welcomed
the forbidden city of upper-
llebrowdom, engaging in a tête-à-
with the monologuist Eric Bogosian
he New York Times Magazine (Bo-
an to Rock, empathetically: "I get
d over every time I get on an air-
e. It's the ethnic hair, I think")
joining Yo-Yo Ma and Vladimir
owitz in the select fraternity of
tes profiled on *60 Minutes.*

"You always talk about the hot new
with other comedians," says George
in, who worked with Rock on
na, "and then you go see them
think either, Hey, no threat there,
gotta go home and get back to
. Sam Kinison made me feel that
and Chris, too, is someone who
me back to work. I saw him and
ght, *Bear down, George.*"

ock, naturally, returns the com-
ent—he's positively steeped in
history of comedy, and Carlin

"I view Bill Clinton as the first black president. He spends a hundred-dollar bill, they hold it up to the light."

was one of the people he worshiped growing up. He frequently visits the New York branch of the Museum of Television & Radio to check out old footage of comics at work—Dean Martin celebrity roasts, vintage Carson and Paar, *The Ernie Kovacs Show,* Flip Wilson, the fleeting variety-show efforts of Richard Pryor and Woody Allen. He checks into hotels under the name Slappy White. He reveres Don Rickles. "If I'm at a Lakers game and I see Rickles across the floor," Rock says, "I'm walkin' *all the way around* for him!"

"He reminds me of me as a young man," says Rickles from his home in California. "The way he doesn't really tell jokes. He just says things and exaggerates them in a funny way. He even looks a little like me, except he was dipped in M&M's."

Richard Pryor, too, who has seldom spoken out since the onset of his multiple sclerosis, offers his blessing. "I like Chris Rock. I like that he keeps saying nice things about me," he says. "Does he remind me of me? I'm afraid so." Pryor's favorite Rock bit sounds like something Pryor would say if he were working the stage in the post-gangsta era: "The thing where he talks about Tupac Shakur and Biggie Smalls getting 'assassinated' and says, 'No, no, no—Martin Luther King and Malcolm X were *assassinated.* Tupac and Biggie—them two niggas got *shot!*' "

Success has only intensified Rock's obsession with quality—he wants to upgrade his upgrade. He wants the romantic comedy he's writing for Paramount Pictures to be as trenchant and lasting as *Annie Hall,* so he's enlisted Marshall Brickman, Woody Allen's co-writer on that film (as well as on *Manhattan*), to be his collaborator. He chose to work with Kevin Smith on *Dogma,* he says, because Smith's previous film, *Chasing Amy,* was "the first original romantic comedy in 15 to 20 years, the first not to be a retread of *Annie Hall.*" He shuns the networks in favor of HBO, which underwrites *The Chris Rock Show,* "because you can't be original, or even attempt to be original, on regular TV."

He even has a plan afoot to redress the imbalance between blacks and whites on the writing side of comedy—the primary reason, Rock thinks, for the weakness of black TV. This fall, he and Howard University in Washington, D.C., will start up *The Howard Lampoon,* a humor magazine ("Like *Jet,* but with jokes," he says) that he hopes will be as much a training ground/showbiz pipeline for young black talent as *The Harvard Lampoon* has been for the extremely white persons who oversee *The Simpsons, Saturday Night Live,* and *Late Show with David Letterman.*

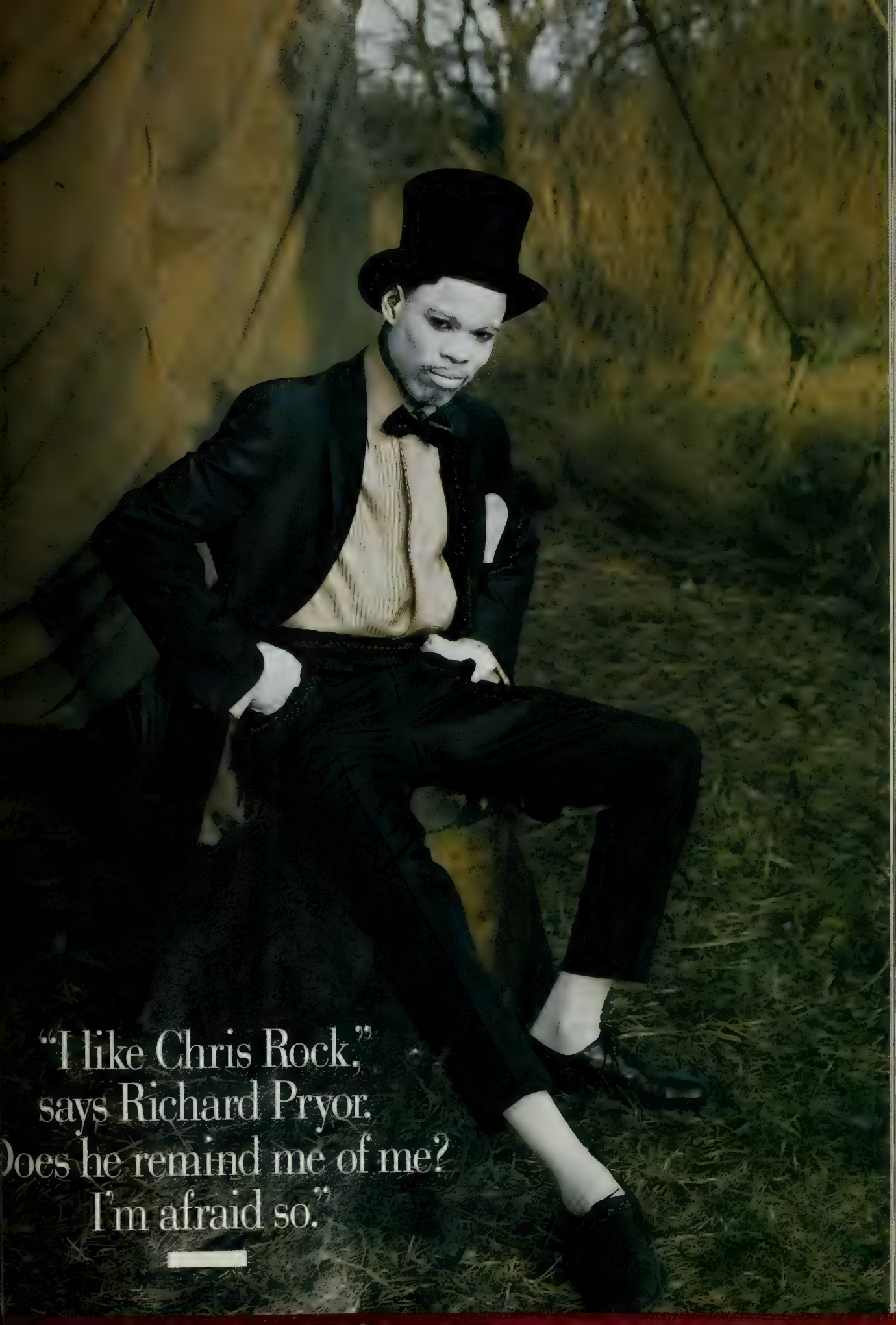
"He doesn't want to blow it," says the writer Nelson George, a close friend. "He doesn't want to do what Pryor did, what Eddie did. I'm speaking for myself here, not Chris. The point is, he doesn't want to cloud his legacy with a lot of shit. *Lethal Weapon 4* is *borderline* for him."

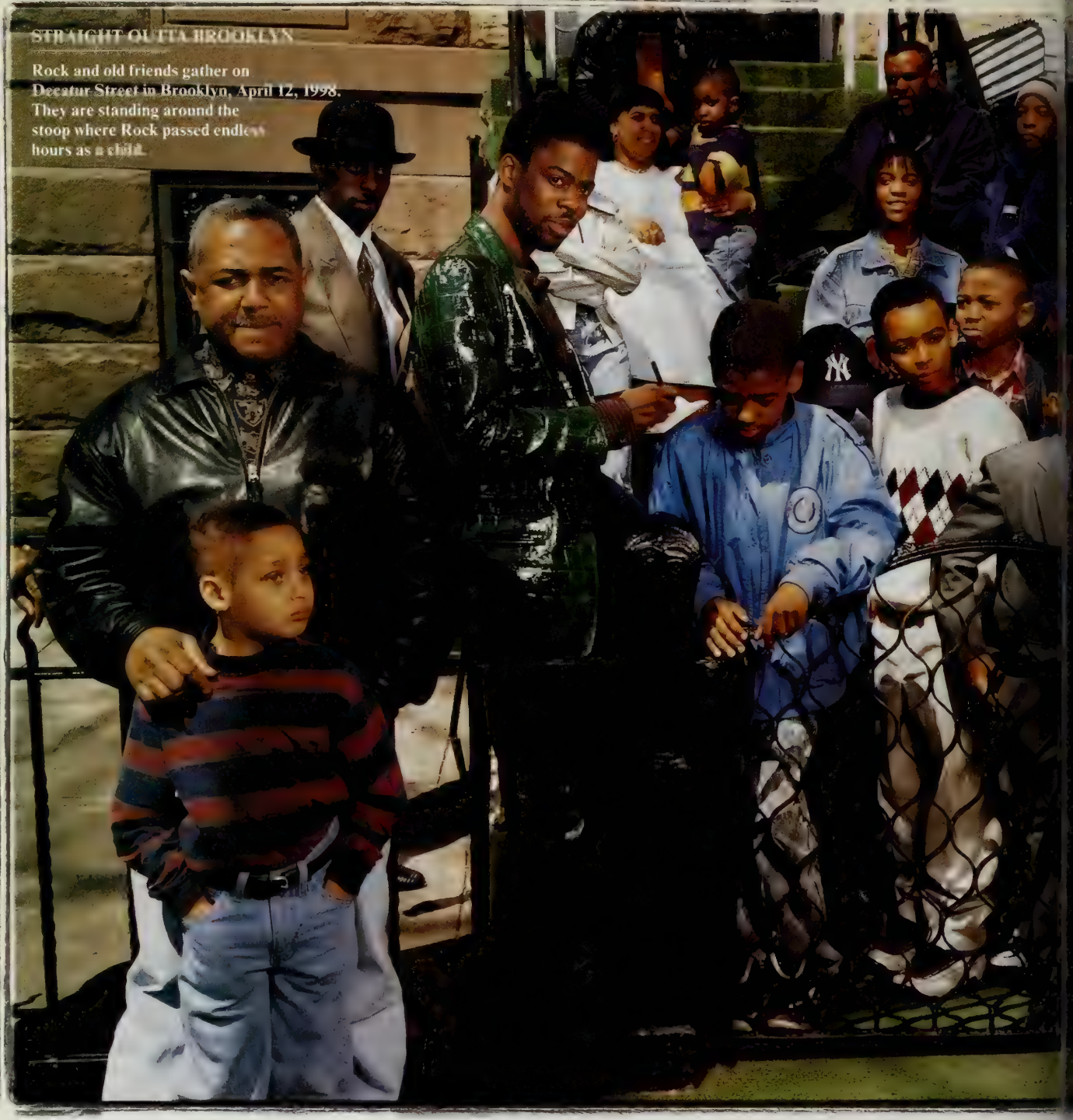
Bill Stephney, a friend of Rock's, recalls a 1987 photo shoot for a *New York Times Magazine* cover story that never ran. "The story was supposed to be about the N.B.A.—the 'New Black Aesthetic'—and there was Chris with a jheri curl, me, George Wolfe, Spike Lee, Nelson George, and a bunch of other people," Stephney says. A formidable group: Lee in the glare of his *Do the Right Thing* summer, Nelson George a *Village Voice* columnist and leading



BLACK TIE, WHITE FACE

Back in Brooklyn on April 11, 1998, "There's nothing controversial about it if people are laughing," Rock says of his savvy humor.


"I like Chris Rock,"
says Richard Pryor.
Does he remind me of me?
I'm afraid so."



STRAIGHT OUTTA BROOKLYN

Rock and old friends gather on Decatur Street in Brooklyn, April 12, 1998. They are standing around the stoop where Rock passed endless hours as a child.

"young black thinker," Wolfe already an innovative theater director, Stephney a music entrepreneur and charter member of the Bomb Squad, the production team behind Public Enemy's sonically groundbreaking records.

Rock, though only 21 at the time, had seemingly been around forever in the black stand-up community, a skinny Brooklyn teenager (125 pounds then, 140 pounds now) who'd been famously "discovered" by Eddie Murphy one night at the Comic Strip on Second Avenue in Manhattan. He had developed a reputation as a sort of serviceable Murphy manqué—"a little boy with a filthy mouth," in the words of his best friend, the comedian Mario Joyner. "His 80s stuff was more jokey-jokey," Joyner says. "Stuff like, a girl comes up to him and says, 'I'll do anything for you, baby,' and he says, 'Bitch, paint my house!' He was really proud of 'Bitch, paint my house!' "

Though less accomplished than his fellow purported avatars of the New Black Aesthetic, Rock was a comer. He had appeared on TV in HB *Uptown Comedy Express* and in s movies as Murphy's *Beverly Hills* *II* and Keenen Ivory Wayans's b ploitation parody, *I'm Gonna Git* *Sucka.* When he was hired in 1 by Lorne Michaels, the executive p ducer of *Saturday Night Live,* it meant to be an anointment, the hicle through which his potential wo at last be fulfilled.

"There was a big buzz about R when he first came—the black g the new Eddie Murphy," says Da Spade, whose first full season on *S.* coincided with Rock's. "But they



gave him the benefit of an adjustnt period. *I* had one. I was just re to get Dana Carvey to work hard- there was already a me in the t. But right away they threw Rock like, five sketches, and he had d of a rough time of it. He came as nervous, and then they didn't him as much. A lot of people e up on him too soon."

At the same time, Rock found him- isolated, trapped in an ofay world ile the New Black Aesthetic blosned without him. "I got on *S.N.L.* year *In Living Color* came on," he s. "I felt like David Hasselhoff,

"There's no such thing as a 50-year-old black man that's not racist and pissed off."

selling all those records in Germany. Who gives a fuck if you're not reaching your own people?" *In Living Color,* in its early days, was a brilliantly subversive show, indulging in a kind of wicked black inside-jokery that hadn't been seen before on television (and has hardly been seen since, except on *The Chris Rock Show*). An early sketch tartly sent up Richard Pryor's sorry predilection for humiliating minstrelsy in his film roles. It was a parody of a movie trailer, featuring Damon Wayans, done up in Pryor Afro and mustache, cowering and pratfalling pathetically as he opened a refrigerator and fixed himself a bowl of cereal; an announcer intoned, "Richard Pryor is . . . *Scared for No Reason!*" Rock, meanwhile, got by playing "the black guy" whenever *S.N.L.*'s writers decided to acknowledge things *schvartze.* He managed to develop one funny recurring character, a militant, Afro'd talk-show host named Nat X, but didn't come close to fulfilling the Murphy comparisons.

"I had inklings at the end of my first season that I wanted to work on *In Living Color,*" he says. "It was just weird, man—no black people on *S.N.L.,* hardly any black people at NBC. Occasionally I would go into Rockefeller Center and bump into Al Roker or Bryant Gumbel, but, man! After a show I'd need to run to the Shark Bar"—a buppie nightspot on the Upper West Side—"just to be around some black people. I was just really out of the loop."

It wasn't an entirely lost time. Rock forged close friendships with the three other greenhorns on the show that season—Spade, Adam Sandler, and Chris Farley, who crammed with Rock into the single office they'd been assigned—and continued to command the respect of his black peers. Reginald Hudlin cast him in the Eddie Murphy comedy *Boomerang,* and Mario Van Peebles afforded him a chance to play a serious role (the crack addict Pookie) in *New Jack City.* But young black kids were indifferent. "I couldn't get booked at a black college," he says. "It meant nothing that I was on *S.N.L.* They wanted people from *Def Comedy Jam* or *In Living Color.*"

In 1993, Rock asked for, and got, his release from *Saturday Night Live.* "I never really got in a groove there," he says. "I'd do one sketch a week, two tops. It was hard for me to grow." He admits to personal failure, but refuses, unlike other disgruntled alumni of the show, to attribute any blame to the institution and its overlord, Lorne Michaels. "Lorne gave me a job!" he says. "I'd never met a man who gave me a job before. Anyone who leaves *S.N.L.* mad at Lorne is an asshole! Name one person who came in more famous than when he left."

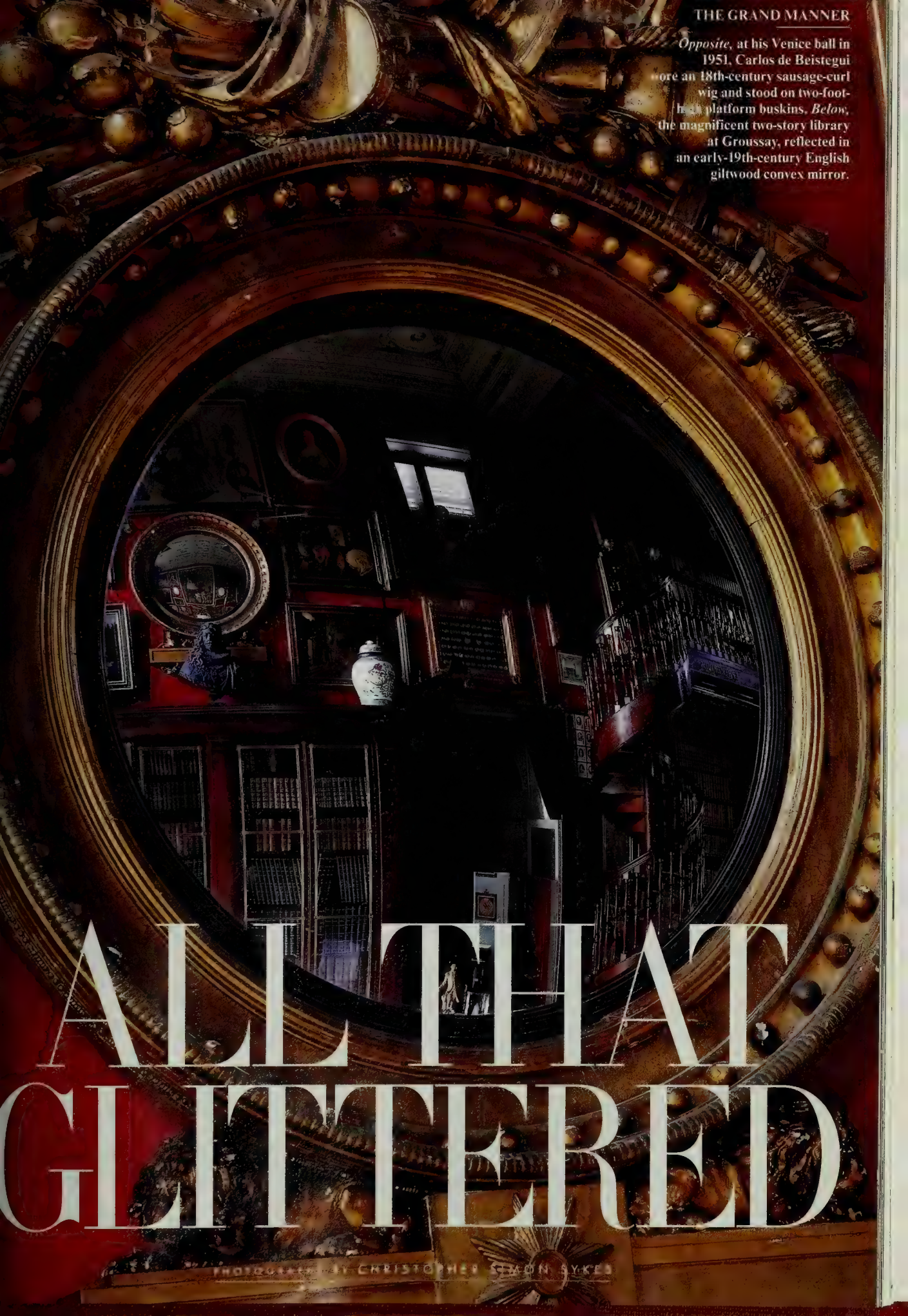
By the time Rock finally landed on *In Living Color,* in the autumn of '93, the show was in steep decline, having traded in its original subversiveness for a broad, almost medieval brand of dooty-and-booty humor. It was yanked off the air by Fox before Rock had a chance to hit his stride. That same year, a movie Rock cowrote and starred in, *CB4*—intended to be a rap version of *This Is Spinal Tap*—opened to indifferent reviews and box office. Suddenly stand-up was his only professional recourse.

He had his work cut out for him. Earlier in '93, CONTINUED ON PAGE 166



Mexican silver-mining h
Charlie de Beistegui was perhaps t
greatest party giver this century has know
and his 1951 costume ball at t
Labia Palace in Venice—attended
the Aga Khan, Gene Tierney, a
Jacqueline de Ribes, among others
made social history. As Sotheb
readies Beistegui's magnifice
Château de Groussay, near Par
to go on sale for $10 millio
DOMINICK DUNNE penetrates t
heart of French socie
visiting barons, countesses, a
princesses, for a portrait
a master of illusion who create
world of utter splend

Opposite, at his Venice ball in 1951, Carlos de Beistegui wore an 18th-century sausage-curl wig and stood on two-foot-high platform buskins. *Below*, the magnificent two-story library at Groussay, reflected in an early-19th-century English giltwood convex mirror.



ALL THAT GLITTERED

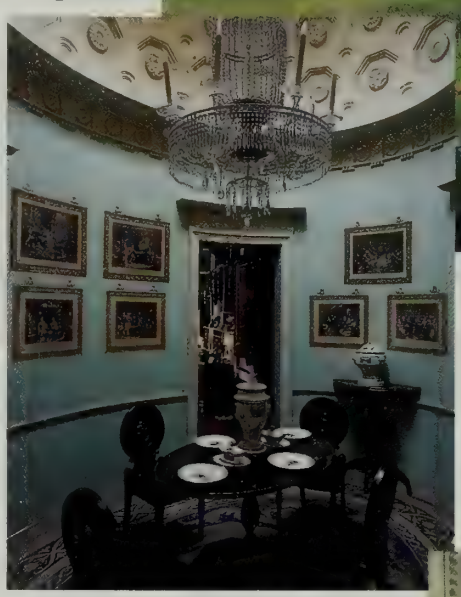
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES



It was not my first visit to the Château de Groussay, a magnificent stage set of a château which was the artistic creation of the elegant, theatrical Carlos de Beistegui, scion of a grand Hispano-Mexican family who chose to live in France although their fortune came mainly from silver mines in Mexico discovered at the beginning of the 19th century. In October 1997, during a visit to Paris to attend a wedding, I was taken to the château te by chance, in a sort of sneak preview, by s. Alfred Taubman, the wife of the chair- n of Sotheby's, the auction house, on the it was announced to a select group of rnalists that the famed Château de Grous- –scene of some of the grandest weekend ties of this century–was going to be sold. he château, which is an hour's drive from is, has an impressive history. It was built 1815 for the Duchess of Charost and sub- uently modified during the Second Empire a Russian princess. The day we visited was rainy and aked in mystery. We went in buses, not knowing our tination until we got there, so secret had been the ne- iations between Sotheby's and Juan de Beistegui, the hew and accidental heir of Carlos. The elder Beistegui, never married, bought the 74-acre walled estate in 9 and proceeded to enhance it by adding wings to the se and building follies. He died in 1970 at the age of without a will. His brother didn't want the château, it went to the brother's son, Juan, who is said to have iked his uncle and to have never invited any of his un- s friends to the château after he inherited it. Juan de stegui, known as Johnny, had married a daughter of Duc de Rohan–a union that greatly pleased his so- ly conscious uncle–and spent weekends with his six dren at Groussay in a family atmosphere, very differ- from the milieu of the pleasure-bent court that had ays surrounded Carlos, who was called Charlie by his nds. Juan, now in his early 60s, had recently married his last daughter at the château and was ready to ve on with his wife to smaller quarters in a house in nearby village of Montfort-L'Amaury, after each of children had declined to take over the showplace, with the incumbent responsibilities of ownership.

No amount of bad weather could diminish my initial ex- ment over that wonderful house. Rarely have the sen- ons of "grand" and "cozy" been so artfully united. The ce was a masterpiece of comfort, inviting you to linger each room, sit in all the chairs, and stare at the pictures the walls, hung one above the other from floor to ceil- . The famous two-story library, with its twin spiral stair- es and thousands of leather-bound books, has been often otographed and even copied. I looked through Carlos de stegui's scrapbooks and albums, which depict a life of asure on an exquisite level. No mere party giver, he was producer of brilliant social events, works of art with





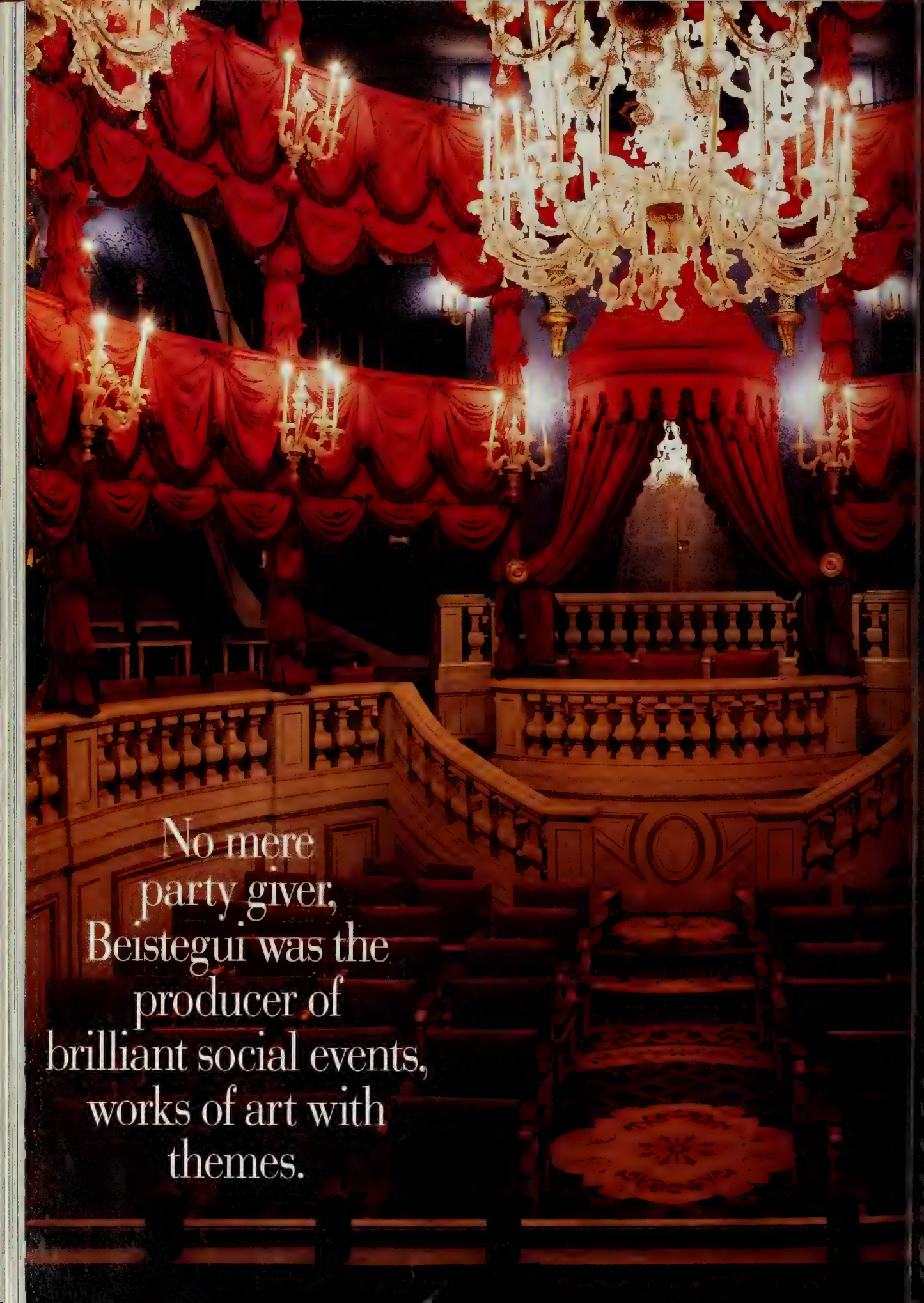
EXQUISITE TOUCHES

The rear exterior of Groussay, *above,* and the Prints Room, *left,* with an English crystal chandelier, monogrammed hall chairs, and an Italian faience dinner service. *Opposite,* the entrance hall, with antlers and paintings by the 18th-century artist Jean-Baptiste Duru on the wall, and an English architect's model on a French console table.



Madama Butterfly characters, *right,* at a 1925 ball given by Count Étienne de Beaumont: standing, from left, Princess Jean de Caraman-Chimay, Duchess d'Ayen, Marie-Laure de Noailles, Aymone de Faucigny-Lucinge; seated, Angelo Ortiz, René Crevel, Beistegui. *Below,* the legendary Groussay library, photographed in 1944 by Cecil Beaton.





No mere party giver, Beistegui was the producer of brilliant social events, works of art with themes.



HOME THEATER

he theater Beistegui and Emilio Terry signed for Groussay opened in 1957. *s, from top:* actors on opening night ortraying audience members; the dience; Carlos de tegui applauding he performance.

themes, and he had the money to carry them out to the last expensive detail. Sitting in a red damask box in the 150-seat theater, which had been inspired by the Margravine Opera House in Bayreuth and which Beistegui had built in a wing he added to the château, I could easily imagine the 18th-century experience he provided for his bejeweled and bemedaled guests as they watched a play or listened to a concert there. On the opening night of the theater, he presented a play in which the actors onstage portrayed guests in the audience.

Later, with umbrellas provided by Sotheby's, we walked through the gardens and looked at the seven follies, including an outdoor theater, which Beistegui had designed in collaboration with society architect Emilio Terry. The opening of each had been an occasion for a festive event.

"How much is it?" I asked the Princess de Beauvau Craon, the deputy chairman of Sotheby's in Europe.

"Ten million," she replied, meaning dollars, not francs.

"Furnished?"

"Oh, no. The furniture will be sold separately, although certain pieces designed for specific places will stay with the house."

When I returned to Groussay seven months later, it didn't have quite the same hold on me. It was no longer lived in. Change was in the air. There were no flowers in the vases. Framed family photographs had been taken away. Some pieces of furniture had been removed by the family to their new house in the village. Everything—every piece of furniture, every picture, every object—was tagged with a lot number in preparation for the auction. Even in the guest lavatory beneath the double mahogany stairway in the entrance hall, there were tags on the silver hand mirror and brush on the dressing table. In the entrance to the theater, a video crew had set up lights so that they could shoot every object in the rooms, one by one. It was a bit like viewing a corpse in a casket after the soul has left the body.

Johnny de Beistegui remembered me from



my previous visit. We began our house tour in a blue lon off the library. He was affable, full of stories, very eager to have the sale over and done with so t he could resume a normal life. "The video people the photographer always say they will put everyth back where it was, but they never do, or they don't it back correctly," he said, closing the door of a cabi holding porcelain bowls and tureens. He said that house and grounds had been in a terrible state when took over. His uncle had suffered a stroke 10 years fore he died and ceased to notice things he had o been meticulous about. "What wasn't seen didn't n ter," Johnny said.

He talked about his uncle as if he had been some he had read about rather than been related to: "My u was very cosmopolitan. He was brought up in Spain France and England. He was educated in England. never lived in Mexico. He went there o twice in his life. He was European compl ly. During the war, Groussay was an oasis. Gu came. There was good food. The château warm. It was heated with stoves. . . . It amu my uncle to build something. He used it the opening. Then he lost interest. There w two parties for the opening of the thea First was for the ambassadors, et cetera. second was for his friends."

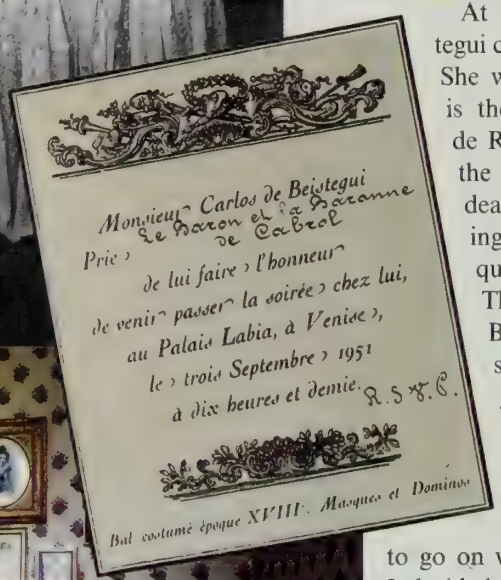
We looked at a portrait of Henry VIII the dining room. "Lord Brocket sold it to h My uncle had his pictures made bigger smaller to fit the frames."

At one point Madame de B tegui came in, wearing rubber bo She was pleasant but distant. is the sister of the current I de Rohan, I was told later. I the impression she was sick death of people like me tra ing through her château, ask questions and taking pictu There was a garden club fr Brittany outside that day, wh she was taking through gardens, and she wanted know if Johnny was go to be able to have lu with them. He declin "My children didn't w to go on with the house," he said, I decided to sell."

It is not possible to have a c versation about Charlie de B tegui without some mention his 1951 ball at the Labia Pal in Venice, which he had bou in 1948 and restored and re bished with priceless antiques and estries. After his stroke, he sold the pal







MAKING ENTRANCES

The Dutch Room in Groussay, *above*, features 17th-century Venetian globes, an 18th-century Delft birdcage, and Chinese vases. *Below*, the bathroom of the Rotunda Bedroom, with 19th-century prints. *Right*, the engraved invitation to Beistegui's 1951 ball at the Labia Palace and three masked guests, from left, Tatiana Colonna, Jacqueline de Ribes, and Cora Caetani. *Opposite*, Daisy Fellowes as "America in the 18th Century," posed before Tiepolo's fresco *The Banquet of Antony and Cleopatra*, at Beistegui's Venice ball.







and disposed of the contents.

His Venice ball stands in social history as one of the—if not *the*—most famous balls of the 20th century. "It was the first big party after the war," Johnny told me. "The invitations went out six months before for people to have time to get ready. They had to have their costumes made. To get to Venice in 1951 was not like today. There was still gas rationing. The boat and train to Venice took five days. People had to prepare *les entrées,*" he said, referring to the guests' elaborate entrances into the ball. "They rehearsed for days before."

The guests arrived from the wide canal that flows into the Grand Canal, where the waiting crowd cheered them. The great collector and party giver Arturo Lopez-Willshaw, costumed as the emperor of China, and his wife, Patricia, disembarked with their retinue from a Chinese junk. The couturier Jacques Fath, dressed as the Sun King, had to remain standing in his gondola because "his posture [was] dictated by a costume so perfectly fitted and heavy with embroidery that he could not sit," wrote Prince Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge in his book *Legendary Parties.* Lady Diana Cooper, famed English beauty and wife of the former British ambassador to France, made her *entrée* as Cleopatra. Receiving his guests at the top of a giant staircase, Beistegui was a conspicuous presence in an 18th-century sausage-curl wig and platform buskins which elevated him two feet above everyone else, so that he could see and be seen on the night that was probably the most important night of his life. Everyone from the Aga Khan to the actress Gene Tierney, at the peak of her Hollywood career, was there. The stunning event was photographed by Cecil Beaton for *Vogue.*

"The ball was the beginning of mass media," Juan de

PYGMALION'S ART

The Goya Gallery, adjoining the theater at Groussay, has tapestries after Goya and busts after Canova and Bosio. *Insets, from left:* Carlos de Beistegui shares a laugh with his friend Juliette Achard at Groussay, 1957; Raymundo de Larrain, Jacqueline de Ribes, and Beistegui at a ball at the Hôtel Lambert in Paris, 1957. "Charlie hated Raymundo. Look at the look on his face," said Alexis de Redé.

INSETS BY ANDRÉ OSTIER


"Charlie was *not* a nice person,"
said Princess Ghislaine de Polignac.
"He liked to hurt people."

Beistegui said. "No one realized what the media could do until that time."

I saw a crack in a wall on our tour. I touched it. It wasn't real.

"This is a house of illusion," he said. "Even the cracks in the walls are painted on."

"Is there anyone still around who knew Carlos de Beistegui?" I asked Rod Coupe, an American expatriate who has lived in France for more than 40 years, during dinner at the Ritz. I wanted to learn something more about the personal life of the man who had created so much fantasy. There turned out to be quite a lot of people still around who had been guests at Groussay as well as at the ball in Venice. *Call Nelson Seabra. Call Ghislaine de Polignac. Call Gaby d'Arenberg. Call Alexis de Redé. Call Hélène Rochas.* These were the enduring names of Paris society, written about in the columns for years.

"The one you *have* to talk to is Jacqueline de Ribes," said several Parisians of high rank. The Countess de Ribes has been a mainstay of both French and international society for decades—written about, photographed, talked about. She is the quintessential society celebrity. I met her at the wedding of the actress-model Marisa Berenson and businessman James Randall in Beverly Hills in 1976. Later I interviewed her for an article for this magazine on the questionably titled Marquis Raymundo de Larrain, a Chilean protégé of the Marquis de Cuevas, the impresario of the Ballet de Monte Carlo, who later, after de Cuevas's death, married his very rich widow, the Rockefeller heiress Margaret de Cuevas, 38 years his senior, to whom he gave a wheelchair and new teeth for their wedding while making off with her $30 million fortune.

"Jacqueline's in Ibiza," said Laure de Beauvau Craon, who is the Countess de Ribes's great friend, when I called for her number.

"There were three big hosts and party givers of that period," said Princess Ghislaine de Polignac, a witty and outspoken raconteur, who is about to celebrate her 80th birthday with a dinner given by her children and grandchildren. An intimate friend of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, she can recall with precise detail social events from past decades. Her eyes lit up. Her hands and shoulders moved as she remembered and described the world of Charlie de Beistegui. "Antenor Patiño, Arturo Lopez, and Charlie de Beistegui—they all gave wonderful parties in those days."

We were having lunch at the Relais-Plaza with Nelson Seabra, a cultivated and very popular Brazilian who lives in Paris and moves in high circles. Seabra said, "They weren't friends with each other, those three. There was competition between them. But they went to each other's balls and gossiped about each other's parties. I was sick at the time of Charlie de Beistegui's ball and couldn't go. Charlie didn't speak to me for five years." About 15 years ago Seabra gave his own ball in Paris, known as the Red Ball, where everyone wore red, including the waiters.

The Princess de Polignac had brought one of her scrapbooks with pictures of Charlie de CONTINUED ON PAGE 177

Spotlight

REESE ON EARTH

Twice-cotillioned Reese Witherspoon was born in New Orleans, where her father, an ear-nose-and-throat surgeon, was stationed in the air force before he took his family back home to Nashville. There she matriculated at the toniest local all-girls school before shunning Vanderbilt to study English at Stanford. (She dropped out before the arrival of Chelsea Clinton, that other budding southern belle.)

The 22-year-old actress has made a name for herself in a wide variety of roles, from the eager hoyden in *The Man in the Moon* to the convenience-store Lolita in *S.F.W.* (Hollywoodese for So Fucking What) to her starring performance in *Freeway,* a nihilistic takeoff on "Little Red Riding Hood." "Being a southerner, I get frustrated with people who have absolutely no manners. I think everybody has been raised by *wolves* out here in L.A.," she says, sounding a little like Little Red herself. "I've been thinking about being in this business for five more years, then going back to school. I even want to go to med school." Do her parents worry about her out there with all those wolves? "No, they know I'm happily in love with my boyfriend [actor Ryan Phillippe]."

Last seen as the daughter of Susan Sarandon and Gene Hackman in *Twilight,* Witherspoon's next projects include *Pleasantville,* in which Tobey Maguire plays her brother, and *Election,* a dark satire co-starring Matthew Broderick. In that, she says, she plays "a chronic overachiever, but there's something just a little off about her." —KEVIN SESSUMS

PHOTOGRAPH BY FIROOZ ZAHEDI

STYLED BY TINA SKOURAS. DRESS BY DIANE VON FURSTENBERG. HAIR BY ENZO ANGILERI. MAKEUP BY LU'JENNE ZAMMIT. HAIR PRODUCTS FROM PHYTOTHERAPIE. MAKEUP FROM GUERLAIN. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE.



GOLDEN REESE

"I think everybody has been raised by wolves out here in L.A.," says Reese Witherspoon, photographed in Malibu on June 7, 1998.

Shadow of the Patriarch

N. C. Wyeth achieved unparalleled recognition as an illustrator—with his paintings for classic books including *Treasure Island*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Rip Van Winkle*. Yet he was racked by black depressions and obsessed with his home in the Pennsylvania countryside and his exceptional family. In an excerpt from his new biography, DAVID MICHAELIS tells of N.C.'s grip on his wife, daughters, and daughters-in-law, and his tortured love for the wife of his elder son, Nat—an entanglement that preceded an unforgettable tragedy



PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD NEWMAN



OUR FATHER WHO ART

In April 1948, two and a half years after N. C. Wyeth's death, most of his clan united in his studio at the Homestead in Chadds Ford, Pa., beneath their father's *Self-Portrait in Top Hat and Cape,* circa 1927. From left: son-in-law John McCoy (who studied painting with N.C.); his wife, Ann Wyeth McCoy, a composer and N.C.'s youngest daughter; Carolyn Wyeth, N.C.'s second daughter, also a painter; daughter-in-law Betsy James Wyeth; matriarch Carol Bockius Wyeth, who would die in 1973 at 86; Andrew Wyeth, Betsy's husband and N.C.'s younger son, whose reputation as an artist would grow beyond his father's; Caroline Pyle Wyeth, whose relationship with her father-in-law would not be revealed for 40 years; and her husband, Nat Wyeth, N.C.'s elder son. (Henriette Wyeth Hurd, the eldest of N.C.'s daughters, and her husband, Peter Hurd, also a painter, appear in a painting and photograph on top of the bookshelf.)



A FACE IN THE DARK
Self-Portrait with Palette is an oil on canvas (40 in. by 30⅛ in.), painted around 1909, when the artist—who was born in 1882 in Needham, Mass.—was about 27 years old. Already he suffered from "blue streaks" and the melancholy which had afflicted his mother, Hattie. At 30 he would experience "the worst period of the 'blues'" he would ever know.

"All week I was on the verg of flying homeward."

By 1930, the
r of his 48th birthday, Newell Con-
Wyeth looked noticeably older, gray-
heavier. Worry lines seamed N.C.'s
head. One frequent visitor remem-
ed that the man hailed as the great-
illustrator of his day sometimes
ked as if he were "beyond seeing."
N.C. stood just one inch over six
, but his size was the subject of
stant awe. In 1905 he had dressed
cowpuncher and ridden in Teddy
osevelt's inaugural parade. He wore
e-brimmed western hats the rest of
life, entering rooms with an ex-
sive stride. His language ("Bully!")
oke the American Empire, as did
hugely popular art.

By the end of his career the audi-
e for Wyeth's book and magazine
strations—including his visions of
asure Island, Robinson Crusoe, The
t of the Mohicans, and *Rip Van*
kle—numbered in the millions. In
some 350,000 copies of his great-
works in the Scribner Classics had
n sold. The words "Pictures by N. C.
eth" had come to stand for litera-
as it had never been painted before.
Wyeth brought air and light—a
ng, mid-Atlantic light—into the
ld of illustrated books. A Wyeth
ne was a tour de force of brush-
k, so painterly and expressive that
arrot came alive with six dabs of
t. His compositions shimmered with
light and darkness; the surfaces
texture. He gave the sentimental
racters of English romantic fiction
w American masculinity. Long John
er, David Balfour, Robin Hood,
g Arthur—he yanked these figures
n the mossy green past and thrust
them into the vibrant American present.

Yet no matter how successful N. C. Wyeth became, he judged himself a failure. Again and again he achieved greatness in narrative painting, yet just as often proclaimed the "uselessness of clinging to illustration and hoping to make it a *great* art." He burned to be a "painter who has shaken the dust of the illustrator from his heels!"

He lived with his wife, Carol, and five children—Henriette, 23; Carolyn, 21; Nat, 19; Ann, 15; and Andrew, 13—in the crossroads village of Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, 10 miles north of Wilmington, Delaware. Set two pastures away from the railroad tracks, the Wyeth homestead faced north, looking out across the valley of the Brandywine River from the wooded crest of Rocky Hill. An apple orchard sloped up behind the brick house, and above the trees loomed a broad, white clapboard structure with a tall, peaked roof—N. C. Wyeth's studio. With its Palladian window reflecting the valley sky, it had the far-off look of a house on a headland.

After a bad day in the studio, N.C. would stomp into the Big Room and play a symphony on the windup Victrola. He hesitated, he said, "to risk bothering anybody with depressed feelings," but added, "I'm not one to fake cheerful pretenses when I haven't got them." He never sought treatment for depression, never took any medication stronger than Bromo Seltzer. Sometimes he brought a movie fan magazine to bed. Usually he just leaned farther into the music. The family would find him sitting in the dark, his head buried in the Victrola.

To his family, N.C. was a towering figure. Ann Wyeth, N.C.'s youngest daughter, put her father's birthweight at 13 pounds. Andrew, his younger son, imagined that N.C. had weighed 18 pounds at birth and more than 300 as an adult. His collars were said to be 20 inches. His children wanted, it seemed, to create in others the same wonder that their father had created in them.

N.C. taught his children to feel everything deeply. N.C.'s grand manner was part of an emotional cycle and was often followed by uncontrolled rages, black moods, and a chronic sense of his own worthlessness. He found refuge in his children, teaching them to paint and exerting control over every aspect of their lives. N.C. tried to dissuade each of them from marrying, and scored a victory in his own fashion: Each of his daughters chose as a husband a romantic young painter who trained in her father's studio. Each of his sons took a painter's daughter as his wife.

Surrounded always by home and family, N.C. nevertheless felt continually abandoned, emotionally bereft. Depression had pursued him since his 20s. By 1910 he was still calling his low periods "blue streaks" or "growing pains." But by 1913, the year after he turned 30, he had "the worst period of the 'blues'" he had ever experienced. "Never in my life," he wrote, "have I suffered such a total eclipse of optimism and would have willingly swapped places with the sickest man alive. All week I was on the verge of flying homeward."

As with so much else in his life, he ritualized his yearning. Night after night, just before going to bed, N.C. would stroll out the door, stand on the porch, and face in the direction of his birthplace, Needham, Massachusetts. Lifting his eyes to the northeast across the Brandywine Valley, he would let his thoughts "fly."

He pined for Needham with the intensity of a European exile bound to the Old Country. He believed all his life that he had inherited a homesickness and larger sense of loss and melancholy from his mother, Henriette, known as Hattie, and her mother, who never stopped picturing her lost village in Switzerland. Images of Thun, in the canton of Bern, haunted her: the black lake, the distant, snow-white peaks, the timeless town—the same black-and-white images N. C. Wyeth would later hang beside his studio door.

N.C.'s father was a Cambridge Yankee. Andrew Newell Wyeth had followed his father into business in the railroad freight yards in Charlestown, Massachusetts. Farming had been his dream, however, and he held on to it for his eldest son. Yet it was N.C.'s mother—believing that her family's "old home longing" might someday be fulfilled in art—who exerted the stronger influence.

Hattie, a formidable George Eliot of a woman, had difficulty separating herself and her feelings from people and things

rpted from *N. C. Wyeth: A Biography,* by
d Michaelis, to be published in October by
ed A. Knopf; © 1998 by the author.



LOOK HOMEWARD

Above: the Wyeths' lives revolved around the Homestead in Chadds Ford, Pa., seen here in the summer of 1941. On the grounds were a tennis court and a croquet lawn where the family played with a "very swell English set of mallets." *Opposite:* N. C. Wyeth at work on *In the Dark Days of the Civil War,* which he completed in 1922. President Abraham Lincoln and former secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase are two of the American heroes who add epic dimension to the vast mural. (The work is now on view at the Meridien hotel in Boston, Mass.)

she cared about. In the vacancy left by her husband's daily absences at work, Hattie treated N.C. as her spouse. "You are the shining light," she told him.

Even when he left home in 1902 to study painting in Wilmington with Howard Pyle—the dean of 19th-century American illustrators—his mother could not let him go. Each evening, with her husband in bed by nine o'clock, Hattie remained by herself in the kitchen, writing letter after letter to N.C. She filled every inch of every page. On as many as 12 sheets of writing paper, front and back, she stacked sentences like cordwood—dense, airless piles of words—as many as would fit. Jumping from topic to topic, she reported events of the day, town prattle, trifles, muddled bits of thinking in which she freely mixed the living with the dead, the past with the present. In the thousands of letters she rarely separated thoughts into paragraphs.

Despite the unresolved conflicts of N.C.'s middle age, the 1930s were palmy days in Chadds Ford. The Great Depression, characterized elsewhere as the Big, Bad Wolf, never showed its teeth at the Wyeths' door. N.C.'s earnings grew to $12,000 per mural and $5,000 for a set of book illustrations. His publishers' contracts gave him complete control over his original paintings.

Amid the rock outcroppings on which he had built his house, there were visible signs of N.C.'s prosperity. A tennis court had been built behind his studio. Next came a croquet lawn, installed in 1930, which was equipped with a "very swell English set of mallets." The old Buick had been joined by a showy, four-door 1929 Cadillac with a stylish dove-gray interior and running boards. A maid-and-butler team now appeared in uniform. New wings were added to the eastern end of the Homestead and to the schoolhouse that N.C. had bought for his eldest daughter, Henriette, and her husband, Peter Hurd, at the corner of the property.

Each morning, Pa Wyeth awakened the household with a thunderous outpouring of chords from the piano in the Big Room. He cooked breakfast sometimes, indulging his sons, Nat and Andy, as they added fruit to pancake batter—slices of orange, banana, even grapes—and experimented to see who could eat the most "barely-cooked, liquid pancake possible." He took pleasure in watching them eat.

N.C., whose moods always dominated family gatherings, presided at the head of the table at evening meals. The dining room was narrow, paneled with oak. Heavy beams rested low overhead. As the family squeezed around the long refectory table, their faces flickered in the candlelight. After supper, N.C. led the way into the Big Room. Gathered around the Mason & Hamlin piano, the family would listen to Ann's latest piece. Her father's daughter, Ann lived to please Pa with her music. Every year at Christmas, the aspiring composer sat at the piano and played "My Grandfather's Sleigh," which was based on one of N.C.'s landscapes.

Some evenings Pa would read—Tolstoy, Emerson, Goethe, or whatever he was going to illustrate next. The artist, who had educated himself, took an autodidact's pride in his reading and allowed it to exert considerable influence on his moods.

After supper Carol, ever the patriarch's dedicated wife, read *Ladies' Home Journal,* put away her china, folded her monogrammed linens. Dowdy, lovable, with silver hair tucked into a bun, Carol had never learn to draw or paint or play the pia Her top bureau drawer was a yell ing hoard of dried and dusty corsa from weddings past, loops of gol baby hair, mementos from the d of family glory when her grandfat George Bockius II had been presid of the Jockey Club in Philadelp and the Bockiuses had vacationed w President James Buchanan.

From a slender beauty with a n like the stem of a tulip Carol h changed into an ample woman w a double chin. "Mothers are so ne ed," she had written in 1904. By 1930s she felt "totally useless." N made every decision for her. "He tre ed her almost like a daughter he h to take care of," said Henriette.

The second floor of Homestead was surp ingly small. N.C. and C ol Wyeth were big peop Yet for 30 years th shared one bathroo one face bowl, one toi one tub—with five children and sun guests. The bathroom door was ra closed. Bedroom doors also stood op Visitors were mainly Wyeths or far-fl Bockiuses. Annie Bockius, N.C.'s m er-in-law, back from China, would t the ears off anyone who would listen embroidered tales of old Cathay. Un Nat—one of N.C.'s younger broth by then a veteran automobile engine would arrive in the middle of the ni and the children would awaken to sight of some experimental car outsi

Engraved invitations from the portant houses arrived all year rou recitals at Longwood Gardens, f works at Granogue, du Pont w dings at Dogwood, supper and danc at the Hotel du Pont–Biltmore honour of Miss Aletta d'Andelot Lai or "to meet Miss Savely Sovine." W the Wyeths socialized in the valley, t always went as a family.

They had little occasion to tra When they took a break from life home, the Wyeths merely remo themselves from one world apart another. Each June, as the first su mer heat lay heavily on the hayfie they broke camp, loading trunks paint boxes and pets and suppl onto the sleeper bound for Bos and the cool, foggy seacoast of P

Wyeth burned to be a "painter who has shaken the dust of the illustrator from his heels!"





"My father's death brought me to life," Andrew Wyeth said. "It gave me a reason to paint."



A GIANT IN THEIR EYES
Opposite: The Giant, 1923 (oil on canvas, 72 in. by 60 in.), reflects N. C. Wyeth's mammoth influence on his family. *Above:* N.C. (with pipe) and son Andrew weather a storm in Martinsville, Maine, in September of 1936. *Inset:* from left, N.C., wife Carol, daughter Ann, and daughter-in-law Caroline, at Mosquito Head, Maine, summer 1939.

Clyde, Maine. N.C. suffered ferocious separation anxiety; each year he found the breakup of the Chadds Ford colony harder to accept.

N.C. was always carefully attended to by his married daughters. In the 10 years following her marriage, Henriette—who was unable to distance herself from what her husband called her "abiding clan loyalty"—had moved only a few hundred yards from her family. Postponing a permanent uprooting to New Mexico (where in 1934 her husband, Peter Hurd, had bought 40 acres on the Rio Ruidoso), the couple rented a farmhouse in Chadds Ford and asked N.C. for critiques of their work. From September to May, Henriette had lunch with her father every day at noon.

On the occasions when Carol had to be away from the Homestead, Ann came over in the mornings to make Pa's bed and fix him breakfast. She regularly cut his hair. In 1933, Ann met John McCoy, a quiet, dignified young man from a valley family. The son of a DuPont executive, McCoy had ambitions as a painter. He had gone to Cornell and painted in Paris, and quit the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts to study with N.C. McCoy took his meals at the Homestead and felt immediately "like a member of the family." When Ann was 18, she and McCoy became engaged. Obeying N.C.'s wishes, the couple delayed their marriage until Ann turned 20. They exchanged vows in Wyeth's studio, standing in front of his altar triptych commissioned for the Chapel of the Holy Spirit in Washington National Cathedral, for which N.C. had posed the hands of the real-life bridegroom as the model for Christ's.

Ann and John settled no more than a mile away from the Wyeth homestead. Throughout her marriage Ann doted on N.C. "Talk about competition," said Andy. "She was so bound up in my father that it was difficult for John."

Then there was Carolyn, N.C.'s middle daughter. Overemotional and fiercely attached to the land and the



THE STUDIO IN BOLD BRUSHSTROKES
N. C. Wyeth's *The Studio* (circa 1915) commemorated the completion of the white clapboard structure where he painted. Its huge Palladian window reflected the sky over the Brandywine River Valley. *Inset:* an interior view of the studio, which Wyeth built after the success of his illustrations for *Treasure Island*, the first of the Scribner Classics, in 1911.

"I dream of the ecstatic pleasure it would be," Wyeth wrote Andy, "to feast upon the sight of your watercolors."




"You have become a shining mark
which draws my fire,"
N.C. wrote Caroline, "a very beautiful,
resilient, live target."

, Carolyn hated change. She was
vn around the valley as the wildest,
marriageable of the Wyeth chil-
. As Henriette increasingly brought
ınd fancy friends for cocktails
tennis and croquet, Carolyn found
elf disaffected by high living. She
ised anyone who would alter the
ly's original togetherness. "She
't like it at all," Henriette said
, "and she accused the whole fam-
f becoming very artificial in their
uits and likings."

That Wyeth, the older son, scarcely seemed part of the family. Fair-haired and blue-eyed, he was lean and boyish, six feet tall, with a long, friendly face and an eager
e. Coming of age in a household valued feeling and emotion, he won
ıtion with practicality and re-
cefulness. During his college years proved himself to the family cir-
y making daring scientific claims
e dinner table. Challenged by N.C.,
red on by his siblings, Nat would up his boasts with on-the-spot
onstrations, showing, for example, by using only his dessert spoon
a scoop of ice cream he could
e water right there at the table.
ven to an insider like his Aunt
cy, Nat "didn't seem like a Wyeth."
n Henriette and Carolyn began to
ıit and win prizes alongside their
er at annual exhibitions in Wil-
ton and West Chester in the 1930s,
were identified as N. C. Wyeth's talented daughters who paint al-
as well as he does." Andy, whose
as a painter was already quite
ising, had shown his earliest oils
gside works by Henriette, Peter
l, Carolyn, and N.C., receiving fa-
ble notice as a "talented member
gifted Chadds Ford family." Nat, had developed an interest in art
design, never seemed to mind that
asn't an artist.
s N.C. faced middle age, he came
epend on his first son more than
ıe others. The young man in many
was his father's emotional dupli-
From the boy's first day at gram-
school to the early years of his marriage, he wanted always to be
e. Nat felt homesick when he was
for a night. "He clings, even at

CAROLINE ON MY MIND

Opposite: Caroline Pyle Wyeth in August 1940, at her in-laws' summer place, Eight Bells (named for a painting by Winslow Homer) in Port Clyde, Maine. *Right:* Caroline and her son Newell at Pines Lake, N.J., in 1943. *Below:* Caroline and Nat Wyeth on June 6, 1936, the day of their engagement.





this early age, to traditional things connected with his home," N.C. noted when his son was nine. "Nat would hate to leave something at school because it would be lonely, so he'd bring it home," Nat's son Andrew later recalled.

When the time came for Nat to enter college, he chose the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, a mere 27 miles from Chadds Ford. He joined a fraternity, but there was no question of living there. "Father persuaded me to come home daily," Nat cheerfully remembered.

In the evenings N.C. and Nat often acted less like father and son than like college roommates or fraternity brothers. From the foot of the stairs N.C. would call up to the study alcove: "Nat, have you got much to do tonight? Have you got much studying to do?" The young man would always reply that he was free, which was an invitation to N.C. to suggest going to Philadelphia to watch "a good wrestling match," or to Wilmington to watch the bouts on the fight card: "It's Jack Bates against Judge Bates, and I'd like to go to it. Will you drive us up?"

It took Nat five years to get an undergraduate degree in mechanical engineering from Penn. He was 24 when he graduated in 1936. He would later insist that he was having too good a time at home to have wanted an independent life at college. He had no regrets: for Nat, the secure center of life was home and Pa. His mother, all but invisible in his memories of growing up, appears in cameo, sitting at the far end of the dining-room table, "listening intently."

About women, N.C. sent one message to his daughters, another to his sons. Henriette, Carolyn, and Ann were taught to regard themselves as creatures of feeling, not intellect. To his sons, the opposite sex was presented as dangerous. For Nat and Andy, girls were little more than enchantresses,

AND IN MY HEART

Below: N. C. Wyeth's illustration for *Heidi,* which was published in 1940. Wyeth's dark-haired Heidi was clearly modeled on his daughter-in-law Caroline.



tempting their boats onto the rocks. Unless they were strong, the boys would be tricked.

N.C. was especially suspicious of a young neighbor named Caroline Pyle. She was a niece of his former teacher and mentor, the late Howard Pyle, and she lived with her mother, two sisters, and a brother at Westbrae Farm, a country estate in Greenville, a few miles from Chadds Ford. The main house at Westbrae, a three-story gray stone mansion, sat high on its well-tended hill.

Caroline had a wild streak. She was known for dating men two at a time, sometimes both on the same night. When one young man would drop her off at Westbrae, another would be hiding in the bushes, waiting to take her out on





LINGERING IMAGES
Right: Henriette Wyeth paints her father in 1937. N.C. poses with his *Island Funeral,* which was completed in 1939. *Below:* the boy in Andrew Wyeth's *Winter 1946* (31¾ in. by 48 in.) is based on Allan Lynch, who guarded the body of N. C. Wyeth in the moments following his death.

a second date. Caroline's dark good looks and her natural way with men enhanced her reputation. She was a boys' girl, with a cloud of black hair worn high on her head, flashing black-coffee eyes, and a figure that men would remember 50 years later.

Demure one moment, coquettish the next, Caroline smiles seductively in home movies. "I think my mother was very conscious of being pretty," one of her sons later noted. When *Gone with the Wind* was published in 1936, it became Caroline's favorite novel. She could never decide which heroine she resembled most: the headstrong Scarlett or the trusting, sweet-faced Melanie.

After noticing Caroline at a basketball game at Wilmington Friends School in 1930, Nat began a worshipful pursuit. At the end of one of their early dates, he drove Caroline home; as they sat in Nat's roadster in the dark under Westbrae's porte cochère, one of the Pyles' cats leapt onto the hood and marched across it. For weeks afterward, whenever Nat washed and waxed the car, he worked around the cat's footprints, putting aside his usual love of neatness to preserve the moment with Caroline.

During Nat and Caroline's first year of courtship, N.C. waited up nights at the Homestead. Once, when Nat crept in at three in the morning, N.C. raged. His anger terrified the 13-year-old Andy, who would long remember the tension that followed one of Nat's late returns from an evening out with Caroline Pyle. "I'd lie there under my covers shaking, thinking, Why didn't Nat get in earlier?"

The Wyeths and the Pyles were rivals in the world of art. As Caroline's mother, Ellen Pyle, once said, "Nearly everyone in the house was either painting or being painted." Both families exhibited in the Brandywine Valley; both were dominated by the legacy of Howard Pyle.

Caroline's mother had been among Howard Pyle's earliest pupils. Before marrying Howard's brother Walter in 1904, Ellen Bernard Thompson had contributed illustrations to best-sellers such as Mary Johnston's *To Have and to Hold* and Jacob Riis's groundbreaking study of ghetto conditions on Manhattan's Lower East Side. After marrying Walter Pyle, Ellen put down her palette and brushes to raise their four children. Then, in 1919, at the age of 60, Walter died suddenly of Bright's disease, the same kidney ailment that had ended Howard Pyle's life.

Ellen was forced to resume her career to support the family. Painting covers for *The Saturday Evening Post,* she made a specialty of idealized youths, for which her children often posed. Through the 1920s and 1930s, images of Caroline and her sisters, first as bob-haired demigoddesses, later as soda-sipping bobby-soxers in saddle shoes, helped to define the succeeding eras of boom and bust.

As for Caroline herself, she made N.C. suspicious. She had a bent for recklessness that at times seemed desperate. In N.C.'s opinion, Caroline Pyle was not to be trusted. On one of her first visits to the Homestead, she developed a crush on Nat's Bockius cousin Ralph Sargent. Then somebody spotted Caroline and Ralph down in the woods, smooching. Nat, meanwhile, knew what was going on behind his back but remained c acteristically genial and self-deny

N.C. dismissed Caroline as a li weight, out to have a good tim judgment she herself agreed with y later. "He was right," she told son Andrew. "That's all I cared ab in those days."

Years later, when of her sons exclain "Boy, you sure ha lot of boyfriends," oline replied, "Yes, I never got the o wanted."

Caroline was 16 the year she tered the Wyeths' lives, a girl with a father. A sense of unfulfillment something forever out of reach—c acterized her relations with men. seemed to yearn for an Ashley Wil

With the men in the Wyeth fa ly, she played Scarlett from the s challenging N.C.'s authority the time she stayed for dinner. Caro was appalled to see that the W children gave all their attentio their father.

With Andy she had establishe relationship of taunts. She moc him in the summer of 1934 with fact that he did not have a ste girlfriend. That summer, while was in Maine, Andy, 17 at the t and Caroline, 20, happened to into each other at a wedding in Ch Ford, a big event with a pavilion a tent. According to Andy, whe and Caroline danced, Caroline n a play for him, locking him in a embrace. She then announced she and Nat had broken up, an vited Andy to join her at an a wedding party at Breck's Mill, a f tavern on the Brandywine. At the ern, he ordered champagne. "She a voluptuous, beautiful girl, we dan and I drove her home to Westbra kissed her and she wrapped her a around me. . . . And I realized what she was," Andy later reca "She was a siren."

Within two years Caroline and were back together, discussing an gagement. What had started, in oline's words, as "a boy and romance" had matured, she wrote in March 1936, into "a love like o Caroline wrote Nat long, plain declarations: "I am so unbelievab



"This is something you must remember," N.C. told Newell. "You won't see this again."

EARLY-MORNING RIDE
still from a 1945 Wyeth family home movie shows N.C. getting into his Ford station wagon and running his morning errands around the Brandywine Valley. On the way, Wyeth often picked up his grandson Newell—the son of Nat and Caroline Wyeth—with whom he would be forever linked.

love with you. I've never felt even half what I feel for you for any other man." On June 6, 1936, they became engaged.

In July, Nat landed a job assembling shock absorbers at General Motors. Leaving home for Ohio "wasn't the easiest thing to do," he later recalled. But he made a start in Dayton. The first Monday evening Nat was away, N.C. telephoned Caroline to suggest that it might help to be around people who missed and loved Nat as much as she did. N.C. had never indicated that he had changed his mind about her, but something had begun to shift. As Caroline told Nat, his father was "very nice . . . although no one," she insisted, "could miss you as I do. I need you so desperately now—I'm only half alive without you."

Nat lasted a week in Ohio. He moved home and found a menial job at Auto Car, a small automobile-testing firm in Ardmore, Pennsylvania, about 20 miles from Chadds Ford. Through the summer he commuted, taking his lunch—sandwiches made by Pa.

That summer Ellen Pyle's health declined. She died in her bed on August 1. In September, E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company offered Nat a job in the mechanical-engineering department, starting at $125 a month, almost double what he had been making at Auto Car. Both he and Caroline considered it a "phenomenal" salary, and they decided to get married without further delay.

Out of respect for Ellen Pyle, the wedding ceremony was performed not at Westbrae but in New Castle, Delaware, at the house of Caroline's older sister. Only members of the immediate families attended. The bridesmaids, Caroline's sisters, wore black. The occasion was filmed by N.C. on the family movie camera, and looks gloomy. In the pale January light the bare tree limbs cast sharp shadows across the faces of the bride and groom. Caroline, somber and puffy, appears in her mother's wedding dress, clutching a prayer book. Nat looks apologetic. "It was a depressing day, a depressing ceremony. I could feel it," Andy said later. "It was a strange marriage. They weren't right for each other."

Ten months later, on October 19, 1937, the family gathered in an altogether different mood for Andy's first gallery opening in New York. The excitement in the Macbeth Gallery was immediate and unusual. Here, in two square white rooms on East 57th Street (and earlier at 237 Fifth Avenue and 450 Fifth Avenue), Macbeth had presented the work of 20th-century American artists such as Edward Hopper, Charles Sheeler, John Sloan, and the group of urban realist painters known as "the Eight." None had ever done what 20-year-old Andrew was about to do.

Earlier in the day *The New York Times* had sent its second-string art critic, Howard Devree, who suggested that Andrew Wyeth's watercolors "bear evidence of a very real talent." Edward Alden Jewell, the first-string critic, also slipped into the gallery, mumbling to its owner, Robert Macbeth, "I guess I better handle this show myself."

Royal Cortissoz, the *New York Herald Tribune*'s aging anti-modernist, who for almost 50 years had extolled the virtues of Renaissance beauty, whispered to N.C. as he left, "Don't tell the boy, but let him read it in the paper that I think it a corking show." Writing for *The New York Sun,* Henry McBride, among the driest, most discriminating of the influential art critics, compared Andrew Wyeth to Winslow Homer, praising the young Wyeth for his fearlessness with wash and color.

By the morning of the second day, word had spread. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney had bought a painting entitled *The Lobster Trap.* Individual collectors bought three and four works at a go, and art dealers from all along the Eastern Seaboard were snapping up what was left. When Andy reappeared in the gallery, on his way home to Chadds Ford, a red foil star gleamed on every frame: his exhibition was a complete sellout.

It was a record for the gallery. Twenty-two watercolors had been catalogued for sale. Twenty-two had sold. From the stock held in reserve—40 watercolors, 37 drawings—an additional 30 sales had been made. The public's embrace was complete and unequivocal. "This in itself is something new in the annals of American art," noted Robert McIntyre, the gallery's treasurer.

In December, two years later, after a second triumph at Macbeth's, Andy wrote in his studio log: "This has been a perfect year—in every way." He underscored "*Met Betsy.*"

Seventeen years old, Betsy James was radiantly beautiful when Andy encountered her at her family's summer house in Cushing, Maine, on his 22nd birthday. They were engaged in a week and married on May 15, 1940. N.C. appeared to like Betsy, but told John McCoy, "With all her aliveness and attractiveness, she is still to me an 'academic' daughter-in-law."

The truth was, Betsy scared him. He could not relax around her. Betsy James Wyeth was maddeningly self-reliant, ee
ly perceptive. N.C. wanted her in l
thrall, but she thought him overbearir
an egotist. "Why does he talk so much
she wondered. "If he's any good, w
doesn't he shut up and paint?"

N.C.'s other daughter-in-law, by cc
trast, seemed more sympathetic. His sh
in feeling toward Caroline had beg
when he and Carol visited in Pompt
Lakes, New Jersey, where Nat, who w
now employed by DuPont, had settl
with his bride. There, in the couple's
derly, well-run household on Cedar Ro
N.C. felt a surprising sense of belongin

Caroline, 26 at the time, had be
changed by loss. In November 1938 s
had given birth to her first child, a g
called Katharine Pyle Wyeth. But t
baby, injured during a forceps delive
died hours after birth.

At some point during that summer
1940, Caroline revealed a new side
herself to N.C. Sensing that her father-
law was not in the best of health—N
had been suffering from a heart con
tion—she looked him straight in the
and said, "Mr. Wyeth, how are you fe
ing?" He returned the look, saying, "Y
really care, don't you?" Gratified by C
oline's solicitude, he felt a burden lift.

By 1942, N. C. Wyeth's name w
stamped on the spines of a long sh
of world literature, more than a hundr
volumes in all. It was a remarkably cc
plete body of work, encompassing Gre
mythology, Bible stories, legends of
Holy Grail, English myths and epics, l
ropean folktales, American prose and
etry, adventure stories, children's class
historical novels, works of American hi
ry and Western civilization—incredible
pecially for an artist who felt as inc
plete as N. C. Wyeth still did.

As a young man, N.C. had written, '
me, the most glorious phase of the gr
man's career is that final period of div
serenity—not self-satisfaction, but at pe
with himself." N.C., however, remained
conflict. Everything he had done seem
insufficient. World War II made him
like an old storybook painter with a da
aged heart. In the glare of 1942, his il
trations seemed naïve and sentimental
him. "These times banish the dream,"
wrote, "and the pageant of my painted
tures dissolves into the misty nebular fr
which they came."

Strained by higher taxes, he for
himself to produce on demand, mai
commissions for calendars and educati
al posters. He took on Coca-Cola
The images looked manufactured:

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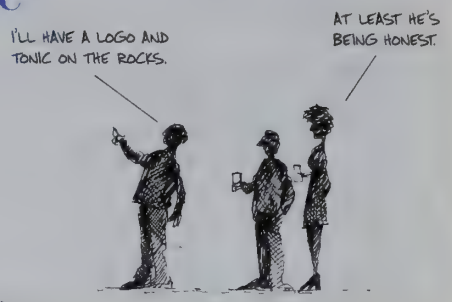
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1 1/2 oz. Smirnoff Vodka
Fresh squeezed orange juice.

Pour over ice, and garnish with a slice of orange.



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1.


2.


3.

After Hours

In the palatial home of Phyllis McGuire, legends of the entertainment world mingled with luminaries from the fine jewelry and watch industries at *Vanity Fair's* event during the JCK show in Las Vegas.

1) Jim Kerwin, Kerwin Communications; Stefania Santacroce, EuroJewels Ltd.; Pasquale Bova, Italian Trade Commission. 2) Phyllis Maguire and Wayne Newton. 3) Lee Berg, Lee Michaels Jewelers; Sybil Yurman, David Yurman; Brenda Berg, Lee Michaels Jewelers. 4) Christine McGuire; Phyllis McGuire; Simon Critchell, Cartier; Dorothy Williamson. 5) Joy Sapin, Rado; Janet Cerutti, Longines & Tissot; Fred Reffsin, Montblanc; Steve Lawrence. 6) Steve Lawrence sings.


4.


5.


6.

skies always cobalt, the sunbeams ever golden, the cowboys never discouraged, the horses so clean and unmuddied they appeared as if they had been soaking overnight in a bubble bath.

Uncertain about his health, suffering from a thickening of the coronary artery, he felt sure that there was a "curtailed limit to the time [he had] left to put things down."

More and more, N.C. resembled his mother. At the temples his curly brown hair had turned silver. He faced cameras with a grimace. In his National Academy self-portrait of 1940, he had depicted himself with a smile of sad resignation.

On March 4, 1942, the day before Caroline Pyle Wyeth's 28th birthday, N.C. sat down after work and uncapped his fountain pen. The commemoration of birthdays had always been his duty—he rarely let Carol have the "privilege" of passing on greetings from both of them. With one notable exception. From the time Caroline Pyle had joined the family in 1937, N.C. had shown no interest in taking notice of her on her birthday. That changed in 1942. He sent his own love, apart from Carol's.

When he descended from the studio that March evening, the war seemed omnipresent. In the valley the sense of danger was real. DuPont, which had supplied 1.3 billion pounds of explosives for the First World War, had again become one of the great international arsenals. The government had issued special defense instructions, warning residents of the valley that they lived in a "No. 1 danger point in case of bombing attack." "It gives one a funny feeling in spite of what seems to be so remote a possibility," N.C. told Andy. "But crazy things can happen in this diabolical world."

Andy had by then registered with his local draft board in Maine. He was 24 and planned to wait until called, then enter the army as a private. N.C. was overcome with bitterness at the idea, especially now that Andy was "carrying, in such full stride forward, the fundamental study and discipline I should have followed."

Unable to sleep, N.C. lay awake at night planning alternatives for his son. By day he pulled strings in Washington, writing letters to everyone who might help place Andy in some special assignment. N.C. was touched when Nat telephoned one evening to say that if it were possible for him to take Andy's place in the army he would leave DuPont at once.

Andy's conception of army life had been formed by years of soaking up *The Big Parade,* King Vidor's silent classic about three enlisted men in World War I, which N.C. had taken him to see as an eight-year-old boy. "This film," Andy later explained, "got into my bloodstream." Eventually he came to own a copy and would screen it four or five times a year all through his adult life. Forever linked to his deepest feelings about his father, certain frames of the film would form, without his realizing it, the basis for some of the most important images in his art.

At DuPont, Nat proved himself indispensable, the exemplar of Joseph Stalin's description of the United States as a "country of machines." Nat invented automated machinery that produced detonators for anti-aircraft guns, and by the summer of 1942 he had some 3,000 defense workers under him in DuPont's explosives division in New Jersey. The plant operated 24 hours a day. Nat regularly returned to the stone bungalow on Cedar Road in Pompton Lakes no earlier than midnight, often after two o'clock.

Following the death of the baby, Katharine, Nat and Caroline had tried to conceive again, to no avail. They resolved to adopt, but then, as Nat later told it, a boy "came sort of out of the blue." Born November 14, 1941, he was fair and blue-eyed—a beautiful child. In honor of N.C., they named him Newell Convers Wyeth II, to be known as Newell.

Their house was small, the neighborhood modest. Caroline found herself "immersed in [a] hideous medley of radios, squalling children and barking dogs." She was often alone with the new baby in the family's drafty stone cottage, which was heated by black-market oil. She was frequently anxious, tense, afraid. Fears she had had since childhood resurfaced—of abandonment, of burglars at night, of unclean strangers coming to the door, of rats.

She wished that she and Newell could move back to the valley. After one two-week holiday in Chadds Ford, Caroline returned to Cedar Road aghast to find herself "surrounded with noisy and meaningless people again." The one person Caroline could depend on for understanding was N.C. She wrote to Pa and Ma Wyeth together, but was, in truth, writing solely to him. It was Pa who sympathized with her loneliness, Pa to whom she could admit her fears.

"Oh hell!" concluded one doleful outpouring. "My resentment will pass of course and I shall settle once again our pleasant routine. . . . But just n long so passionately to be 'home' aga every sense of the word."

Home—for N.C. the magic word appreciated her homesickness with deep respect of a connoisseur.

Caroline's letters aroused N.C. a mother's letters once had. He reli telling her that the arrival of one w set in motion a "sort of prevailing h When he read the letter to himse gave him "pangs." In his responses h dressed Caroline and Nat, but the lit topics he covered—Emily Dickinson, T as Hardy, William Blake—made it to whom he was actually writing. Nat no interest in books. Caroline was se an intellectual, a terrific reader, a so solitary person. N.C. treated her a had treated few women in his life: a intellectual equal.

In Caroline there were many ren ers of Hattie Wyeth. Caroline's hous like clockwork, and she wore si clothing, and took great care of he during pregnancy. She kept impec family records. In scrapbooks she n each stage of Newell's development, serving even the red paper hat he on one of his birthdays. N.C. lovec archivist in her.

His mother had shared this ins for preservation and commemoration years she had marked the date in when N.C. had first left home by ser him a special remembrance, delivere ways on October 19. It was a homen wooden box, a square crate, knee- fashioned from rough boards. Every inside was densely layered, as if fo afterlife. On top sat feathery pine bo or stiff sprays of arborvitae freshly from South Street in Needham. Shel underneath were flowers from his g father's greenhouses, smokehouse a from his father's orchard, or a fla grape juice made on his mother's sto the corners there were dried grasses around the currant bushes or a clum sweet-smelling hay from the barn.

Sometimes all it took was the frag of the pine needles. "He would just into tears, just quietly," Nat remembe

The Anthology of Children's Litera specifically the English fairy "Jack the Giant Killer," gave N. chance to reveal his feelings about line in pictures. Painted in the sun of 1939, after a visit in June to Nat Caroline in Pompton Lakes, *Jack th ant Killer* is one of the most powe autobiographical images N. C. Wyeth

uced. He rendered the story's two-
ed giant as recognizably male, with
d shadows on both chins. The right-
head, however, has a sympathetic
ard tilt, a forelock of raven hair, and
xpression of concern around the eyes
mouth; the features are unmistakably
line's. To the left head, N.C. gave
lroll, teasing expression of Nat. The
t was able to include himself in the
of the giant's body.

ıe painting figured importantly in his
onship with Newell, who had become
gular presence in N.C.'s studio—"a
sign of Grandpa's favor," another
dchild later noted. Around Christmas
at the age of 13 months, Newell first
the original of *Jack the Giant Killer.*
r he asked for it by name.
om the beginning, N.C.
identified Newell as un-
lly quick and attentive.
more Newell visited N.C.'s
o, the more the boy took
nterest in *Jack the Giant*
r. Newell was "transfixed
," his brother David later
e. "In the way of children,
rank from the image even
being fascinated by it. No
to the studio was complete
he asked, 'Can I see the
t?'"

r years Carol had dutifully
limbed the stone steps from
Homestead to the studio.
had greeted each canvas
her sleepy smile and a fum-
phrase of encouragement.
, she dared to venture an
on and was abruptly dis-
ed. Exploding with rage,
told her that she did not
the first thing about art.
never again took part in
discussion of her husband's painting.
ecided," she later said, "I wouldn't
things."

nly Andy, N.C. believed, had the
r to lift him out of himself. N.C.
took Andy's word as final judgment.
ge 23, Andrew Wyeth had become
oungest member ever elected to the
rican Watercolor Society. But if Andy
himself outdistancing N.C., he never
n. He never pulled rank on his fa-
although increasingly it was Andrew
h's painting, his temperas, that at-
ed the kind of attention N.C. had
d for all his life.

the opening of a major group exhi-
n at the Museum of Modern Art—
erican Realists and Magic Realists"—

Edward Hopper approached N.C. to tell him how bowled over he was by his son's work. Hopper, who had been born in 1882, was N.C.'s contemporary, but that evening it was 25-year-old Andrew Wyeth with whom Hopper connected.

For Andy, it was a painful period. In 1942 he submitted *Spring Freshet,* painted in tempera that July, to the "Artists for Victory" show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. N.C. contributed *Summer Night,* a tempera painted in 1942. But *Summer Night* was rejected. Word came of Andy's acceptance; he rushed to tell his father. To Andy it was unthinkable that N. C. Wyeth's work would be turned down by the same jury that had accepted his. Pa



RUNNING HOMEWARD
These stills from a Wyeth home movie, made in the spring of 1945, show Newell running from his mother, Caroline, to accompany N.C. on his morning errands.

had just heard the news when Andy burst into the studio. "That was the worst experience I ever had," Andy said later. "I felt like a shit."

After the summer of 1942, Andy and Betsy stayed on in Maine into the autumn. Andy would soon be declared physically unfit for overseas duty in the army because of a congenital leg condition. Even so, N.C. thought of him incessantly. "I dream again and again of the ecstatic pleasure it would be for me to drop into your studio, and with the sound of the tide washing in around the rocks in my ears, to feast upon the sight of your watercolors."

He wrote Andy 12 letters in the course of the summer of 1942. But Andy was not interested in writing letters, and the correspondence, to N.C.'s great disappointment, never got beyond "objective matters and practical affairs." Wounded by the withdrawal, N.C. confided in Caroline.

Caroline had been five when her own father died. In later life she could picture him "very, very faintly." She grew up wanting to know Walter Pyle. "I have always yearned," she wrote, "to know my father." In childhood she linked that feeling to a strange character who appeared at Westbrae Farm on hot summer days. While playing outdoors Caroline and her sisters would "become conscious of a still, lonely figure standing at the edge of the west lawn." Sometimes he would materialize in the road by the springhouse. Turned out in tailored suits and muttonchop whiskers, he would stand there, "quiet, just gazing at the house and then after a while move away and be gone."

As a child Caroline dreaded the stranger's appearances. The man was like a ghost of her father. He angered her. She resented the way he just stood there, gazing at their house. She saw him as "an intruder with no claim to even look."

By 1943, when N.C. was 61 and Caroline 29, she began to see that, in many ways, her father-in-law resembled both men from her childhood, Walter Pyle and the stranger, who was actually George Rhoads, a Wilmington businessman and the builder of Westbrae.

"Yes, we have come to know each other," N.C. wrote to her on May 19, 1943. "Perhaps, as you say, distance has enriched and hastened this mutual understanding. Nevertheless, I feel very depressed whenever I dwell upon it that I cannot enjoy more frequent contacts with you, and especially that circumstances have deprived me of the deep satisfaction of watching your boy grow."

N.C. wrote with increasing candor, endearingly flustered about what to call himself and her. Sometimes he addressed her as "My dear Caroline." Sometimes

he slipped and wrote her name "Carolyn." Sometimes he signed off as "Pa," sometimes as "C."

He wrote to her constantly. Even in letters to both Nat and Caroline, he added postscripts for Caroline alone. These were pep talks, in which, excluding Nat, he reassured Caroline, as mentor to protégée, of his faith in her "potentiality." He reminded her that her soul-searching would be rewarded by spiritual and artistic growth. He linked the future fulfillment of literary yearnings with her "transcendent instincts as a mother." Sometimes letters were not enough. One day, as he wrote to Caroline, the "irresistible desire to call you came upon me and I obeyed the impulse."

Because of Nat's prolonged absences from Cedar Road, N.C. became Caroline's partner and worried about Newell. Sometimes he telephoned two or three times a day, asking about Newell's asthma, Newell's inoculations.

As the world of art loosened its hold upon him, N.C. was embraced by "the beautiful and powerful little figure" of his grandson, and by Newell's sensitivity to music and painting and the outdoors. He was astonished by the boy's personality, and by "his blond face and figure," its "sharp preciseness and ultimate delicacy."

"I see so much 'Wyeth' in him now," N.C. replied after Caroline sent some recent color snapshots. "This naturally tickles me to death! The close-ups of his head and certain expressions of his eyes and mouth are haunting."

With the war expanding in the Pacific, the pressure to produce ammunition kept Nat at the plant day and night. In seven months—November 1942 to May 1943—he took one Sunday off. Supervisors were in short supply, and Nat filled in wherever and whenever he was needed, sometimes pulling guard duty on the night shift, frisking workers as they entered the plant.

By turning Nat's absences into heroic sacrifices, the war concealed the unacknowledged distance between husband and wife. Only later would Caroline reveal that even before the war she and Nat had cooled toward each other. And yet, by July 1943, Caroline was pregnant once more.

A month after this news, N.C. dreamed that Caroline had had a baby girl. All day the feeling of the dream stayed with him—"the utter surprise," followed by a "fanatical hunt for a car and some gasoline to get up to see you all."

Gas rationing had severely limited the number of trips that Caroline could take back home to the valley. N.C. made it his mission to come to her rescue. Trading sugar-ration stamps for gas stamps, he would pack Carol into the Ford and drive up to New Jersey for a two- or three-day visit. He invariably returned home despondent.

N.C. chose Nat and Caroline as the couple of the next generation who would succeed himself and Carol in the Homestead. "My dream," he wrote Nat in a postscript to an undated 1943 letter, "is that this place can be yours sometime."

With each visit to Cedar Road, he more and more treasured "little traits so characteristic of her." He liked that Caroline was mischievous, a superb mimic. On the telephone she would sometimes trick her sisters' husbands into thinking they were talking with their wives. N.C. approved of his daughter-in-law's sharp-spoken superiority, the way she was not afraid to say that someone was "common," and would not hesitate to hold people to their stated opinions. He liked her stubbornness.

As Caroline's pregnancy advanced into the winter of 1944, N.C. made a point of her virtues as a mother. He admired her caution, her frugality, her "impassioned care and watchfulness of little Newell." By all accounts, she was a devoted mother, sensitive, merry, bright.

The fact was she could also be overcautious, high-strung, dark. "She was volatile," one son recalled later. "She was a very tense person," said another son. In the Wyeth circle she was known for being brittle, fiery, tightfisted. Fear often got the better of her. She was afraid to take long car rides, to be out on water in a small boat, to be alone. She had a pleasant speaking voice, but, as her children later recalled, it "had an edge to it." Without warning Caroline's normal voice "could break into a scream."

She was so much like N.C.'s mother: adoring, overcontrolling, extreme. Way up, way down. "You are an unusually intense and sensitive person," N.C. told Caroline, "and your feelings are bound to swing the pendulum of emotional experience in both directions—from ecstatic and grateful moments to those of despair and frustration. That is the penalty of being so richly constituted."

On April 22, 1944, Caroline gave birth to a second son, Howard Pyle Wyeth. The names of the two most significant American illustrators of the 19th and 20th centuries were now joi

Back on Cedar Road with the baby and Newell, Caroline felt more of place than ever. She was afraid t alone at night. When Nat did c home from the plant, it was often for a change of clothes. The stench chemicals on his shoes was sometime acrid she worried for the safety of children and asked him to leave work clothes outside.

N.C. wrote her in the midst of cle ing rain showers. The dimmed light w stop his work at the easel. Putting d his brushes, lingering over the "sme new-wet vegetation and earth," he w start a letter to Caroline. "The old ley," he wrote her one July afternoon steaming like a hot house."

By the summer of 1944, N.C.'s le to Caroline had become as ardent as he had ever written; they were, in ef a suitor's diary. On July 4 he wrote:

Perhaps never before have I felt the ing so intensively to either talk with or by letters, to communicate some o many sharp delineations of feelings rise and fall these days with such excru ing force.

Doubtless you have at times refle upon the character of some of the lett have written to you and have subtly dered at some of the personal sentim expressed in them. Also, those endless ponderous dissertations on so many t must give you doubtful pause. Well, hardly necessary to remind you that hold a growing and unique place in heart and mind. So, in spirit and pe you have become a shining mark w draws my fire—a very beautiful, resil live target.

At Christmas, DuPont transferred to Wilmington. He and Caroline w be coming home to the valley. In Jan 1945 they bought the McVey farmho just 500 feet from the Homestead's f gate. Nat's situation had not chan however. Several days each week spring, DuPont called him away to plant in New Jersey. But his abse though regretted, no longer marred f ly happiness. The long-wished-for reu was at hand.

Dropping in on Caroline two or t times each day, N.C. became the ma her house. In Nat's absence he was a stitute father for Newell and How Even when Nat was home, even wh child's temperature was only slightly a normal, it was Pa who consulted with doctor.

Carol knew she had a rival clos home, but, as Henriette later ventu "she was rather relieved, I think." G

to her daughter-in-law for sharing the den of her husband's depressions, ol resigned herself to N.C.'s attachnt to Caroline. "She averted her eyes," Henriette's daughter, Ann Carol. e had a curious serenity about the ble thing."

Each morning, N.C. stopped in at the nhouse and picked up Newell, loadthe boy into the big plum-colored ion wagon, a boxy 1940 Ford with nished teak side panels and bright ome trim. Then, as N.C. ran his rning errands, Newell accompanied grandfather around Chadds Ford. two N. C. Wyeths became a familiar t in the village. The boy, three and a , curious, talkative, had a cheerful, omplaining disposition and golden r so fine and curly that each filament ned to gleam individually in the sun.

late June 1945, Carol decamped for Maine with the McCoys, leaving N.C. he house with his daughter Carolyn. Carol's absence, Carolyn was suped to act as her mother's replacent. She kept house, making her fa-'s bed every morning.

Down at the farmhouse, daughter-in-Caroline took up where daughter Carn left off, cooking supper every couple nights. Years later Carolyn would rember that before every meal at Caro-'s house her father would shyly pre himself for inspection, like a high-ool boy dressing up for a big date. He uld ask Carolyn's advice about his ties: Was he wearing the right shirt? this necktie go with that jacket?

Through the first month of Carol's abce in Maine, N.C. kept her up-to-date details from home. By the end of July, wever, he had contrived a blackout on usual day-to-day accounting of his ings.

"Well," he concluded on July 27, re is really little else to tell you."

"Well," he closed again the next day, must get this into the mail." Then, on nd thought, he declared, "And, Carol, not going to write things that might al my inside feelings because you are here for so short a time and we both t accustom ourselves to this tempo change and each profit from it in the way possible."

In June, N.C. had suggested to Caro that she "express her sharp moods in ing." He encouraged her to write po and by the middle of July she had duced a dozen poems. He admired purity and simplicity of her lines. In first attempts he felt "something really alive." She, in turn, thrilled to his interest and enthusiasm. Caroline felt, she later wrote, "privileged to be on intimate terms with him," and she thanked God she was one of the lucky ones for whom N. C. Wyeth had "opened the doors to the wonders of nature, literature, history, music, philosophy, and art."

N.C. kept a collection of Caroline's poems, distributing the latest to the family circle. He promoted Caroline as if it had been his mission in life. He did not trust Carol to take the same trouble with Caroline's poems that he did. Mailing one batch to Port Clyde, he instructed her to return "C's poems" without creases or folds.

To Ann, N.C. announced that "Caroline's verse writing is continuing apace and she now has about forty poems which, in my humble estimate, really sing." He had decided, he told Ann, to send a "sheaf of them to Max Perkins of Scribners for his estimate of them."

> "The mind cannot accept a wound too deep upon the heart," wrote Caroline.

Maxwell Perkins was a vivid figure in the Wyeth household. The editor of Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Wolfe had recently suggested to Wyeth that he write an autobiography; N.C. had declined, but the offer made clear how much artistic capital N.C. had built up over the years with Charles Scribner's Sons. For the family it was difficult to see why Pa would now trade on his name and reputation to bring Caroline to Perkins.

On August 8, Maxwell Perkins replied that he had read Caroline Pyle's poems with pleasure and turned them over to the poetry editor at Scribner, the poet John Hall Wheelock. "Undoubtedly the author has a poetic gift," said Perkins, "but as in any other art, it must be disciplined and developed." Wheelock decided against the manuscript but judged one of Caroline's poems, "A Child Is Born," to have "real power and beauty."

N.C. felt vindicated. "All this means a lot to me for it proves that I wasn't barking up the wrong tree," he wrote to Andy and Betsy. He added that Perkins and Wheelock "both are struck by Caroline's freshness of expression and intensity and feel very definitely that she has the stuff. . . . It is encouraging too to see how healthily Caroline takes the criticism and how thrilled she is over it all."

Until that summer Nat had behaved with characteristic unconcern about the intimacy between his father and Caroline. Henriette remembered Nat's ability to withhold his feelings: "If he's unhappy about someone, he's very polite and quiet, with certain tentative remarks or questions." In 1945, he did not force his father to answer for the ardent letters to his wife. Confrontation was not Nat's style. "Nat was a real kidder; it was hard to get Nat to be serious about anything," Caroline's niece Alice Pyle Lawrence Abrash recalled. "He had a sensitive side, which he covered up because he lived in a family in which people didn't know how sensitive he was because he wasn't an artist."

With Pa, Nat was still a young man, devoted, obliging, always eager to prove his worth in the family of artists, always ready to help out with technical problems around the house and studio. As often as his schedule permitted, Nat assisted with the big metal slide projector N.C. used for his murals. It was a heavy piece of equipment, and the operation of projecting sketches onto canvas was best done at night. While N.C., with charcoal in hand, stood up close to the canvas, calling for increasingly fine adjustments of focus, Nat manned the lantern at the far end of the studio.

Forty years later Nat would recall walking into the studio one night late that summer and finding his father alone, his face smeared with bright-red lipstick. Nat recognized the shade: it was Caroline's. He said, "Pa, you've got lipstick on your face. How can you do this, Pa?"

N.C. answered by talking about the unseasonable weather in the valley. Even when Nat said, "Look, Pa, this has got to stop," N.C. maintained a pose of total denial.

Caroline's lipstick on Pa's face settled the matter for Nat. He decided then and there that his father and his wife were engaged in a physical relationship.

N.C.'s children and grandchildren, along with Caroline's extended family, would debate the extent of "the thing with Aunt Caroline" for years to come. Some members of the Wyeth family be-

lieved that N.C. did not actually trespass into his son's marriage. Betsy Wyeth dismissed the idea that Caroline and N.C. had been sexually intimate: "It was nothing more than an obsession. Morals were morals." Caroline, she said, was N.C.'s listener, not his lover.

Others saw it differently. Andy remembered a strong physical attraction between his father and Caroline. "I'm not saying they went to bed, I'm not saying they didn't, but I wouldn't rule it out. I wouldn't be naïve about it. My father was not a prude, and Caroline was a passionate woman."

"Caroline had a real feeling for my father," said Ann. "My mother, at that time, sort of sat back and didn't do enough; she was heavy; she wasn't interested in anything. And I think my father found that Caroline was interested in his work, and writing poetry, doing something in the arts, and very attractive, of course—a very sexy girl, actually. But I don't think it ever went any further than a passion in what she was and how she looked and what she was doing and her interest in him—this great adoration."

There was unanimous agreement on one point. The affair hurt Nat, no matter how far it went sexually. At the same time, Nat so successfully distanced himself that it did not alter his view of his father.

On August 14 the village siren shrieked for 20 minutes straight. Japan had surrendered, the war was over. In 35 years of living in Chadds Ford, N.C. had never seen so many people making so much noise at the same time. The bell at the Chadds Ford Hotel rang all afternoon.

In the evening N.C. and Nat decided to take Caroline and Carolyn to the hotel for lobsters and champagne. N.C. reported to Carol that he was "feeling very well indeed." That morning he had finished a composition drawing for a painting that he would later title *First Farmer of the Land.* He was confident that he had caught the feel of Washington's farm on the Potomac.

On August 21 the Curtis Publishing Company approved Wyeth's interpretation of George Washington. Before going back to it, however, he began work on *Cornfield,* which depicts a Pilgrim man and boy in a field at harvesttime. The kneeling man is showing the boy an ear of corn. The boy has bright blond hair.

On Friday, August 31, leaving brushes, paints, and the apparatus of his murals behind, N.C. arrived in Maine for a two-week rest. He had been at Eight Bells, the family's house in Port Clyde, less than 12 hours when he assembled everyone for a poetry reading. He was the reader; Andy and Betsy, Ann and John, Carol's sister Ruth, and Carol herself were the audience. The poems were Caroline's.

Rain beat on the windows. Inside, fireplaces warmed the house. With the chimney moaning behind him, N.C. opened the reading with "A Child Is Born":

> The mind cannot accept a wound
> too deep upon the heart.
> When tragedy with cutting knife
> descends, the two must part.
> The heart to stagger on alone,
> unsuccored and unseen,
> 'Till time at last comes to her side
> her painful wound to clean.

By the time N.C. finished the poem, which appears to allude to the baby Caroline had lost in 1938, all the women were in tears, and he waited several minutes before resuming.

The night before N.C. returned to Chadds Ford, Andy sat up with him until two o'clock in the morning. Andy's few letters to N.C. that summer had been, in N.C.'s words, "brief, nervous, and squirmy." Andy had kept his father at arm's length, but now he opened up:

> "Pa, you've got lipstick on your face," Nat said. "How can you do this, Pa?"

"I told him that he didn't realize what he had done: he'd reached a pinnacle in illustration that would live forever. And I hoped that he would not look down on it. I got off my chest all the things that I felt about his work, the kind of things you never get a chance to say to people. He was very moved, but he tried to fluff it off. I got mad. I said, 'Do you realize what you've painted? The pictures you've painted are going to live way beyond all these modern artists that you look up to.'"

N.C. did not—could not—agree. "He didn't think what he had done in illustration was worth a damn," recalled Andy. He did not believe that he had done anything more than insert some pictures some books. Back in Chadds Ford week later, N.C. wrote Andy, "I have turned so much stronger for having s [your work], plus the strong and hor things you said in the course of our c versations."

On October 15, as Ann would la recall, N.C. made a point of thank Carol for the freedom she had given l to paint and to live his life as he wish He maintained that he had much m to accomplish as a painter, but he grateful to Carol for having let him as he wanted over the years.

That day he also asked Carolyn come into the studio to check the proj tions of Washington and his horse in *F Farmer of the Land.* The painting dep the unspoiled world of the new Ameri republic. In the foreground, in the sh of a hanging branch, a mounted Geo Washington makes notes as he overs the harvest on his estate. Having devo himself to the good of his "children," father of his country has returned hom watch over his own garden. Washingt surveyor's eye carries the viewer ove wheat field, beyond the woods and me ows, far away to the wide horizon. *F Farmer of the Land* is a mirror, a port of a Founding Father who has at last let

In the morning N.C. was up with h light. He saw the sun disperse mist fr the cornfields. After breakfast he set on his errands. It was their housekee Evelyn Smith's last day of sweeping Andy and Betsy's house before they turned from Maine. On his way to p her up, N.C. stopped as usual at the fa house for Newell.

The night before, N.C. had eaten s per at the Homestead with Carol and C olyn and Ann and her children, then s everyone to the movies in Wilmington he could finish reading the next book was to illustrate, *The Robe,* the best-sell historical novel by the Reverend Lloyd Douglas. N.C. had begun drawing arr in the margins next to episodes that m yield good pictures. He may have gon see Caroline at the farmhouse. Later, C oline would remember that when she Newell in N.C.'s station wagon that m ing her son said to her, "Good-bye, ling." He had never called her that bef

The day was fair; by nine o'clock, temperature had risen above 60 grees. Evelyn Smith lived beside Mot Archie's Church, on Ring Road pas farm owned by a man named K Kuerner. Turning off Route 1, N.C. lowed Ring Road east.

n the old mill pasture by the road, he tted a German farmer and his wife, cking corn. N.C. pulled over and got . He took Newell by the hand. The rman woman heard N.C. telling the , "Newell, look at this. This is some- ıg you must remember because this is ıething that is passing. You won't see again. Remember this."

Saying good-bye to the Germans, N.C. Newell returned to the car. As they ıt up Ring Road in the morning sun- ıe, they waved to the woman in the d. It was about 9:15.

The Octoraro branch of the Pennsylva- nia Railroad intersected Ring Road grade crossing one mile from the vil- of Chadds Ford, and less than a mile n the Wyeth homestead. A small oval ssing sign, rusted but bearing the old ning, STOP LOOK AND LISTEN, stood ngside the tracks.

The rural road approached the rail ssing at an odd, 40-degree angle. Just ore reaching the railroad embankment, road also made two rises, mounting last incline before crossing the tracks. the side from which N.C. was ap- aching, trees grew thick and close ıg the embankment. The only way to e a clear view down the tracks was to the station wagon onto them and then forward over the wheel.

Breasting the crossing that morning, .'s car came suddenly to a halt. A n was approaching from the city. Re- ts later differed over whether it was a ght, milk, mail, or passenger train. locomotive, in any case, was a steam ine, and it was running hard.

The collision occurred at 17 minutes nine. The train crushed the driver's of the station wagon, then dragged the 143 feet down the rails, scraping and aling, steel on steel, before tossing the o against a signal control and derail- Miraculously, none of the train crew e injured. For the Wyeths, the calamity total. Both N. C. Wyeths—grandfather grandson—were killed. Newell was a th shy of his fourth birthday. N.C. ld have been 63 the next Monday. date was Friday, October 19.

neighbor informed Caroline that there had been an accident. She ran to her and got behind the wheel, but was im- ilized. So the neighbor drove her to crossing. By the time they arrived, a or, summoned by a passing motorist, pronounced N.C. and Newell dead.

The bodies and the wreckage remained the tracks until the coroner finished a preliminary investigation. A neighbor of the Wyeths', a young man named Allan Lynch, posted himself by the bodies to keep dogs from the blood.

Caroline identified Newell but could not look at N.C. She then drove to the Homestead to break the news to her mother-in-law.

Nat was at work when he learned that he had lost his father and his son. He drove himself home. Henriette and Peter Hurd were in New Mexico, sitting in their garden, when the telephone rang. Carolyn was buying something at DeHaven's, a West Chester pharmacy, when the druggist handed her the telephone. Ann was with her children at Osborne Hill Farm, John McCoy's parents' place, some nine miles from Chadds Ford. Andy and Betsy were in Cushing, Maine, at Broad Cove Farm.

Nat and Caroline faced each other at the Homestead. "Nat came in and the first thing he did, he looked at my mother and she looked at him," one of their sons later learned. "Everything passed between them right then, in that one look—all the emotion, and the whole question: Is this punishment?"

In Chadds Ford, two coffins, one massive, one child-size, lay open at the Birmingham Friends Meetinghouse. On Sunday afternoon, October 21, the family gathered at three o'clock for the funeral service. It was a spectacular day in the valley, full of radiant light and color. With Newell alongside him, and the valley all around, N.C. was buried in the graveyard behind the Quaker assembly hall.

The first explanation of the collision had appeared in the Wilmington *Journal–Every Evening* on the afternoon of October 19, 1945: "Troopers Believe Famous Painter Was Blinded by Sun as He Drove up Incline Toward Tracks." That N.C. had failed to see the train coming was a reasonable theory, since he was driving into the morning sun, but it explained neither why he had not heard the train nor why his station wagon might have stalled on the tracks.

Among N.C.'s children, three versions would take hold. The first was that N.C. had neither seen nor heard the train, that he had driven onto the tracks at exactly the wrong moment and had no time to save Newell or himself.

The second was that the sound of the train whistle had stopped his heart. Both Nat and Andy believed that the car had stalled while on the tracks and that their father's heart failed at the shriek of the locomotive. But over the years, as Nat later told it, he and Caroline "tried not to think that that happened because it sort of left the boy in an unheard-of position: there in the car with a driver bent over the wheel."

Thus, the third version, a variation, inconsistent with official accounts of the crash scene, as well as with the hypothesis that he had suffered a heart attack: at the last moment N.C. had acted heroically to protect Newell. His arm outstretched against the train, Pa had moved to shield the boy from the oncoming blow.

The Pennsylvania Railroad encouraged the theory that the collision had been accidental, afterward claiming that the train's arrival at the crossing was random and "could not be timed accurately."

Carol's nephew William Lawrence Bockius would argue that driving onto the railroad crossing and halting the car was the act of a severely depressed man. "He was in pain, and he couldn't bear it. He killed himself to stop the pain. I'm convinced that N.C. put that car there. But I think that at the last minute he changed his mind, and he put his arm up to ward off the train."

Among N.C.'s children, no one believed that he would have committed suicide and taken Newell with him. Indeed, it would have been out of character. And yet his mother's attempt to take her own life in 1925 reinforces the idea. Hattie Wyeth's depression and emotional extremes had left their mark on N.C. and his brothers.

In the Brandywine Valley a folk version arose which gave N.C. a motive for doing away with himself and Newell. Whenever people discussed N. C. Wyeth's wartime love affair with his daughter-in-law Caroline, the story would invariably make Newell into N.C.'s son. This was consistent with the valley's gothic embroidering of Wyeth lore, but the date of Newell's birth makes it improbable. However far N.C. and Caroline had gone as lovers, they did so three and a half years after Newell was born. All the same, it remained a popular myth, told often enough over the next 30 years that Newell's younger brother Howard, conceived during Nat's wartime absences in the summer of 1943, would later in life strongly suspect that he was N. C. Wyeth's love child.

After N.C.'s death, William Phelps, a close family friend and valley neighbor, was encouraged by the family to write Wyeth's biography. But by the time he began work on a sample chapter for Doubleday in late 1946, Phelps had come to believe that Newell was indeed N.C.'s son. So sure was Phelps of this version of

Wyeths

the story that he abandoned the project altogether, afraid that if he signed a publisher's contract he would be obliged to do more than hint at the whole truth. In correspondence with one of several editors interested in a Wyeth biography, Phelps suggested that the tragedy of N.C.'s death was "deeper than appeared on the surface." Phelps's letters, diaries, and papers show no evidence, however, that N.C.'s death was more than an accident or that Newell had been anything but his grandson.

Carol Bockius Wyeth often said that she wished her life had ended with her husband's. In some ways, it did. She remained in her house with her linens and drying corsages and a growing collection of blond curls taken from the heads of Wyeth grandchildren. Twenty-five years passed. Yet the Homestead and the studio remained exactly as they had been on October 19, 1945. Even N.C.'s place in *The Robe,* the book he was reading the night before the collision, stayed marked at page 176. Carol died of a heart attack on March 15, 1973, a week before her 87th birthday.

Andy returned again and again to the railroad crossing in the winter of 1946. One day that winter he caught a glimpse of a neighbor's son running, nearly out of control, down the massive slope of Kuerner's Hill. It was Allan Lynch, the boy who had stood by N.C.'s body to keep dogs away. Andy painted Allan as his surrogate, traumatized, disoriented, lost on the hill. The pivotal point in Andrew Wyeth's life and art, *Winter 1946* was a projection, as a map is a projection, of the world of his future work. From that tempera on, in portraiture and landscape, Andy painted things as they were, at that moment, as seen through the lens of N.C.'s absence. "His death was the thing that really brought me to life," said Andy, later adding, "It gave me a reason to paint, an emotional reason. I think it made me."

From 1971 on, Andrew Wyeth painted and drew a collection of work that recorded, among other things, his involvement with his model Helga Testorf, a homesick, German-born nurse who lived with her husband and children near the crossing where N.C. was killed. For the next 15 years Andy withheld from Betsy not only the fact of his relationship with Helga but, even more remarkable in a marriage dedicated to truth in art, the work itself—240 portraits, figure studies, and landscapes, including some of the best painting Andrew Wyeth would ever accomplish. Andy and Betsy's marriage survived the scandal. They continued to winter in Chadds Ford and summer in Maine. N. C. Wyeth remained a daily presence, a ruling passion in their life together. Year after year, as the list of Andrew Wyeth's honors and prizes lengthened, as the sale of his temperas brought in millions, Andy became increasingly driven to preserve the legacy of the artist who had made it possible for him to paint. N.C.'s unselfishness as a father, his chronic self-devaluation as a painter, haunted Andy for the rest of his life.

Nat worked at DuPont until he was 65. He became the inventor of—among two dozen patents—the manufacturing process that produces the plastic bottle used all over the world for soft drinks and mineral waters. Yet he was routinely left out of accounts of "America's First Family in Art." Eventually he would be included as "the Wyeth who doesn't paint." On the evening of July 4, 19 Nat, 78, died of heart failure after the nale of a fireworks display.

Caroline never stopped feeling resp sible for the calamity at the crossi She and Nat and baby Howard went living in the farmhouse, two pastu away from the railroad tracks. Each p ing train rattled the windows. The lo motives' steam whistle penetrated ev room. During the winter following accident she felt suicidal. "She went i absolute despair," a niece recalled. T winter, Caroline told Ann McCoy t N. C. Wyeth was the only man she l ever really loved.

Yet Nat and Caroline continued t marriage, and on October 13, 1946, C line gave birth to another boy. T named him Newell Convers Wyeth, a his birth, not quite a year after the co sion, seemed to the Wyeths and t friends "a miracle." The family called N.C.—the third Newell Convers Wyet Convers. Four more children follow three boys and a girl, Caroline Melin who was born mentally retarded died. When Newell was discussed he remembered as a child who at age th had appreciated Rachmaninoff concer

For 10 years Nat Wyeth and his f ily lived in Hockessin, Delaware, eventually returned to the Brandyw Valley, settling into an old brick ho less than five miles from Chadds Fo In 1973, Caroline died in a car accid in the valley. Fifty-nine years old, was the sole fatality in a three-car co sion involving five women. Since 1 she had kept on her bureau a ph graph of N.C. as he had appeared June of the year he died: smiling, w light in his eyes. She never changed bright-red lipstick she had worn in t days at Chadds Ford. □

Chris Rock

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131 while still a cast member of *Saturday Night Live,* he had discovered at a Chicago show how flabby he'd allowed his material to become: he was blown offstage by his opening act, the ascendant Martin Lawrence. "He just annihilated me," Rock says. "He was incredible. He was *animated,* he was *actin' out shit, stalkin'*—all this shit. Blew my ass away. That was a pivotal moment, because I wasn't really prepared. I'd been working with too many white guys. It just made me realize I had to change my whole game."

So back he went to the small brick-wall clubs with awful names like Chuckles and Charlie Goodnight's, a slumping hitter sent down to the minors to relearn the fundamentals: the quality upgrade began.

"There were gigs where no one showed up," Rock says of his wilderness period, 1994–95. "Or they'd book you for a bunch of old people in Florida. *Hmm, maybe West Palm isn't the town for me.*" But on the road he sharpened his stand-up skills as few mature, p *S.N.L.* comedians are able to anym having usually committed their lives mediocre television and movie work exchange for a reliable paycheck.

"It really was sad, but you know wh In some ways, I was *reeeally* happy," says. "I'd say happier than right now. pressure on me. It was simple. It was me and Mario Joyner, doing these to and working on my show. No pressur career. As far as I was concerned, made it and it didn't happen, and I just gonna be a stand-up. And it re was liberating. Now it's, as Tupac o

ıris Rock

all eyes on me. First album out of *All Eyez on Me.*"
ı the small clubs, with nothing to he began to broach racial topics that r comedians (and audiences) were d to acknowledge: black-on-black e, fatherless families, the nihilism of generation versus the idealistic strug- of his parents'. "Sometimes he would about things people didn't really t to hear about," says Joyner. "Talk- about how black people over 50 or 60 white people, because they *really* ex- nced racism in their lives: 'I can't get b? They *was* the cab! A white man ld get on my grandfather's back and "Madison Avenue!"'"
He did a midnight show at the Com- Store where he said 'Do we have any le mothers here tonight?'" says Bill hney. "A bunch of women applaud- and he said, 'Well, if it ain't your day, then get the fuck out of here!' lled. I was on the floor."
radually Rock cultivated the black fol- ng he'd lost during his *S.N.L.* years, ng a reputation as a comically righ- s loose cannon who uttered the for- en truths of African-Americanness. In he debuted a 12-minute rant called gas vs. Black People." It began thus:

e's, like, a civil war going on with people, and there's two sides: there's people . . . and there's niggas. And as have got to go! Every time black le want to have a good time, ign'ant- iggas fuck it up! Can't do *shit* without ign'ant-ass niggas fuckin' it up! Can't othin'! Can't keep a disco open more three weeks. Grand opening? *Grand ng!* Can't go to a movie the first week mes out! Why? 'Cause *niggas are shoot- t the screen!* What kind of ign'ant shit at? "Hey, this is a good movie! This is od I gotta bust a cap in here!"
I love black people, but I *hate* niggas, ner. Oh, I hate niggas! Boy, I wish d let me join the Ku Klux Klan!

he nerviness of this routine threw ences for a loop, but they loved it, "Without defining Chris from an logical standpoint, he has a definite t of view that you could refer to as chool," says Stephney. "Old-school s: two-parent families, personal re- sibility. Chris got to the point that uld deliver a joke so well he could municate these old-school beliefs on- and make people laugh. If Nixon's orters were the silent majority, Chris's black audience sort of mir- rors that—without saying Chris is Nixon."

White hipsters caught on to Rock, too. Early in 1996, Bill Maher tapped him to be a roving campaign correspondent for *Politically Incorrect:* greater America's first glimpse of the upgraded Chris Rock. "I'm really grateful to Bill Maher," he says. "Being on *P.I.* made people look at me in a different light. More of an adult light: 'Forget the guy with the flattop fade, look what he's become.'" No one was going to mistake Rock's *Politically Incorrect* dispatches for the sly coffeehouse exposés of Mort Sahl, but they were unquestionably funny. When Alan Keyes, the lone black presidential candidate in the Republican field, failed to show at a debate somewhere in the Midwest, Rock explained that it was because the police had detained him—"They said he 'fit the description,'" he reported.

By May 1996, when *Bring the Pain* was taped, Rock was ready to conquer. "He made a decision that he was not going to be afraid to be the best comic in America," says Nelson George. "Training for that special was analogous to training for a prizefight."

The upsurge in confidence was startling, most particularly in the way his delivery had changed. An artifact from his *S.N.L.* years, a 1991 comedy album called *Born Suspect,* reveals that Rock had plenty of good, hard-edged material even then, but an incommensurate grasp of phrasing and pitch. Compared with the yowling, scatting, rasping preacher-man on *Bring the Pain,* he sounds as if he had a head cold.

Bring the Pain, with "Niggas vs. Black People" as its centerpiece, made Rock both a star and a lightning rod for debate within the black community. Rock himself can hardly be bothered to talk about "Niggas vs. Black People" anymore, so hashed out has it been by critics and supporters alike—he says he retired the routine that night, at the Takoma Theatre—but it remains the funniest and most controversial bit he's ever done, and it's what people talk about when they talk about Chris Rock.

"The 'Niggas vs. Black People' thing causes worry in some black people because they think that white people are picking up on our inside information, or that it will make white people feel entitled to say 'nigga,'" says Joyner. "But every black person can relate to it—hell, you got *cousins* you don't want to be around."

There was a twinge of disapproval evident in Ed Bradley's otherwise flattering *60 Minutes* profile. In a tense, inquisitorial moment—every *60 Minutes* story has one—Bradley quizzed Rock's mother, Rose, about her son's use of the dread n-word. "I love my people," she said, a measure of defiance in her voice, "but I don't want to live next door to niggas, either." Bradley demanded to know the difference between a black person and a nigga. "I don't know how to explain the difference," she said, mildly exasperated.

In a sense, it's an artificial debate. Rock doesn't use the word "nigga" broadly, the way *Def Comedy Jam* comics do, rallying the crowd with cries of "Yo, wassup, niggas!" Nor does he use it in the pejorative, slave-driver sense—he was called "nigger" every day at the white-dominated school he was bused to in the Gerritsen Beach section of Brooklyn, an experience he's not keen on reliving through his future children. The niggas in "Niggas vs. Black People" are African-Americans with a romanticized notion of black degeneracy, who think that the only genuine black experience is the gangsta, impoverished, poorly educated, federally dependent, on-the-pipe one. Further along in the routine, Rock hits the subject head-on:

You know what the worst thing about niggas is? Niggas always want some credit for some shit they *supposed* to do! For some shit they just *supposed* to do! A nigga will brag about some shit a normal man just . . . does. A nigga will say some shit like "I take care of my kids." You're *supposed* to, you dumb muthafucka! . . . What kind of ignorant shit is that? "I ain't never been to jail." What do you want, a cookie? You're not *supposed* to go to jail, you low-expectation-havin' muthafucka!

For this sort of bit Rock has sometimes been labeled a voice of young black conservatism—"as if being anti-crime, anti-poverty, and anti-ignorance makes you conservative," he says, shrugging. In fact, Rock is a fan of Bill Clinton's. "I view Clinton as the first black president," he says. "He's the most scrutinized man in history, just as a black person would be. Everything he's ever brought up has been second-guessed. He spends a hundred-dollar bill, they hold it up to the light."

If Rock should come under any criticism for his "political" material, it should be for his insistence that it's not really political. Though friends like Nelson George and Bill Stephney freely entertain the notion that Rock's work is advancing public discussion of the troubled state of black America, Rock backs away from any claim to social signifi-

Chris Rock

cance, as if that would taint his primary function as entertainer. Of "Niggas vs. Black People" he says, "It just came out like any other routine. There's nothing controversial about it if people are laughing." Coming from someone whose material betrays an anger and focus virtually unseen in stand-up since the heyday of Pryor, this sounds craven. One wishes Rock would own up to the fact that he's a damned astute social critic, not just a gagman with a Friars Club membership in his future.

He similarly defuses his cultural criticism. On the album *Roll with the New,* Rock includes a dam-busting critique of the overpraised mediocrity that currently clutters the R&B charts: "Yo, man, R&B *sucks.* I mean, there's a couple of people that can flow, but for the most part the genre sucks. Just a bunch of people singin' over rap beats: *get an old rap record—sing over it!*" This segues directly into a joke song called "Champagne," featuring a character called "the Bluff Daddy." But when pressed, Rock will tell you that Puff Daddy, whose acharismatic rapping, repellent materialism, and relentless in-song label plugging are acutely parodied in "Champagne," is actually "pretty good," as is Babyface, whose anodyne schlock-soul is sent up on another track of *Roll with the New;* indeed, Puff Daddy has been a guest on *The Chris Rock Show.* You just *know* that Rock, in the privacy of his mind, knows better—he rightly reserves his highest R&B praise for the man we used to call Prince—but, alas, he feels he's got to be faithful to the show-biz fraternity.

Nevertheless, it's gratifying to see Rock take on the one dislike he'll enthusiastically own up to: defeatism. If he has anything resembling a guiding ethos, it's a seething dissatisfaction with low expectations—with the notion that good comedy can be written only by white *Harvard Lampoon* alumni, with the idea that blackness equals ignorance, with the way metro-section newspaper articles about poor people ritually refer to the "tidy, well-kept blocks" where they live, as if a tidy, well-kept block in a poor neighborhood were both a noteworthy novelty and the summit of poor-person achievement. (Rare is the *New York Times* article that begins, "On a tidy, well-kept block in New Canaan . . . ") When Rock says that he intends for *The Chris Rock Show* to be the funniest thing on television, it's as if he's saying to the American public—though he's too kindly and too politic to actually say this—"You're not *supposed* to find Bob Saget funny, you low-expectation-havin' muthafuckas!"

On a tidy, well-kept block in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, Chris Rock's childhood neighbors emerge from their town houses to offer testimonials to the local boy made good. "Chris was not an athletic kid," says Jet Holloway, a man in his 40s who grew up across the street from the Rocks. "Never any good at roundball. I guess what he was good at was making up those jokes. He still comes back a lot to visit, and he's stayed clean. A lot of famous people say, 'I don't touch the stuff,' when the fact is they really do. But I can personally attest that Chris Rock is a *milk-drinkin' individual.*"

This block of Decatur Street, between Ralph and Howard Avenues, is known for being an oasis in a shabby neighborhood, a place where most of the families own their homes and have been here for two or more generations. Rock warns against making too much idealistic hay of this—"Weird block: no one ever moves away; there's a lot of functional drug addicts who have real jobs but still live with their parents"—but admits that it was a pleasant place to grow up. "I'd say we had stricter parents than most kids," he says. "A lot of funny guys on the block. Probably the worst ballplaying block. There was no Little League in Bed-Stuy, so somebody drove us to Laurelton, Queens, to play. We sucked so bad."

Rock was also fortunate to have both parents around, an atypical circumstance in Bed-Stuy. ("I used to do a joke about bringing my father in for show-and-tell," he says.) His father, Julius, was a truck-driver, first for the Rheingold brewery and then for the *Daily News.* "A real funny guy," he says. "Funny in that Homer Simpson way, unconsciously. The style—he had a light-blue Cadillac, with a light-blue Kangol hat to match." It's Rock's greatest regret that his father never got to see him enjoy any serious measure of success. In 1989, when he was 55, Julius Rock died of complications from a stomach ulcer, leaving behind his wife and seven children—six with Rose, of whom Chris is the eldest, and another son from a previous marriage. Rose was forced to sell the house, and only relatively recently, with Rock having purchased a house for her in her native South Carolina, has the tenuousness of the family's fortunes evaporated.

"Especially right now, with everything going on, it feels so hollow," Rock says. "I would be much happier if my dad were here." When I tell Rock th haven't heard of many people d from ulcers, he says, "Stress, ma was just rough. You've got all these everybody wants shit—your kids shit, your wife wants shit." Th Rock has been married for almost years to Malaak Compton-Rock, a sultant who works as a liaison bet UNICEF and the celebrities who hit hustings on its behalf, he's reluc based on his father's experience, to children anytime soon: "I like kids, I used to look at my dad a lot, co home, looking tired, busting his ass. member thinking, Damn, what did *really* want to do?"

Rock is listening to a track he track there, from the varied sele of CDs he's brought to his trailer o set of *Lethal Weapon 4* (Prince, the tles, the Sex Pistols, Jimi Hendrix, C Mayfield, the Cure, Puff Daddy, R head, Fleetwood Mac). He's killing t waiting for a late-afternoon call v Mel Gibson and Danny Glover are through their paces. He puts on George" from Prince's notorious *B Album,* a set of extra-raunchy songs 1987 that until recently was available on bootleg. "I gotta do my own *Blac bum,* man," he says. "Let it out as a b leg. Just the fuckin' *meanest* stuff th couldn't do on HBO."

Before I can find out precisely this mean stuff is, Joel Silver, the fi producer, stops by. Rock introduces "This is Joel Silver. You should tal him. He's a very important producer."

Silver, the man behind the *Die H* and *Lethal Weapon* series, is an old-s Hollywood figure, burly, feared, and ply ego'd—Louis B. Mayer with a be Yet he responds as people typically spond to Rock these days, by invitin great comic to cut loose. "Yes, I duced *Action Jackson* and *Fair Game,* says, naming two of his biggest flops. wants to be entertainingly flagella Rock obliges: "Joel, what'd you pay Weathers for *Action Jackson*? More I'm getting, I'm sure."

When the producer departs, R flips on another song, "I'm a Loser," *Beatles for Sale.* He nonchalantly n tions that just the other night, at a p at Eddie Murphy's house, he sta singing this very song and was s joined by Murphy, Rick James, and vie Wonder, the last playing pian voice my incredulity—to the layn that's almost a history-making table but he's dismissive. "At this point

tty much met every black entertainer
e is. Name one."
Nipsey Russell."
Nipsey was on my show."
Biggie Smalls."
I met Biggie, like, once. He actually
d around my way."
Harry Belafonte."
O.K., you got me there."
Ve get to discussing Rock's show, of
ch he's intensely proud—he's been brain-
ming for the upcoming season. "One
g we do well is, it's the only time in
ory you've seen a black guy do some-
g dry," he says. "Black comedy is
ally broader, a lot of mugging and
. But there was a piece I did last year,
st Coast–West Coast Comedy Wars.'
handled it dryly." Indeed, the show
ned with the sports announcer Greg
nbel acting as anchorman, deadpan-
g in CNN style the breaking news that
k had just been shot, a casualty of the
t-West wars. The show dutifully cut to
ot interview with Nipsey Russell, who
red commentary, and to Jimmie
ker, who tearfully pleaded for peace,
ney King–style.
Rock loves the opportunity his show
afforded him to meet people he's interested in: Jesse Jackson, Johnnie Cochran, John Amos, the black Republican congressman J. C. Watts, the pioneering D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who acts as the show's musical director. He wants to have Marion Barry on, as unlikely a possibility as that is. "As much as I've made fun of him, I'd love to meet him—I'm fascinated by him," Rock says. "He gets caught smoking crack and cheating on his wife, calls a woman a bitch, and still gets re-elected. Talk about Clinton!"

He also hopes to book Bill Cosby, despite their somewhat checkered past. As a form of homage, Rock decided to open *Bring the Pain* with a montage of the comedy albums that have inspired him, among them Cosby's 1968 release, *To Russell, My Brother, Whom I Slept With.* Cosby, however, was unflattered—a longtime campaigner against obscenity in comedy, he was put off by the "fuck"s and "pussy"s in Rock's act, and wanted his album removed from the lineup. But Rock held his ground, and the two comedians made their peace. "We hug now," Rock says. "He says to me, 'Just think of me as a professor who wants you to get a better grade.' He tells me to clean up my act. Sends me James Baldwin books." (Cosby declined to be interviewed for this story, choosing to relay, through a spokesman, the following statement: "Chris is performing with intelligence and maturity.")

Yet another big fish Rock wants to land on *The Chris Rock Show* is Woody Allen. Rock can't get enough of Allen, both his early stand-up and his movies: "All the questions of life are answered in *Crimes and Misdemeanors. Husbands and Wives* is fucking genius."

I ask if he's managed to get through the serious ones, *Interiors, September,* and *Another Woman.*

He smiles. "I tried," he says. "I see what he's trying to do. Sometimes it's like, when you get really good at a toy, you just don't feel like playing with it anymore. He got so good at being funny it was like 'Let me try at this shit.' Everybody does it."

"Will you?"

"If you see me being serious in a movie, boy, *whoo!*" He stops to contemplate the idea. "To give up comedy, I don't see it happening," he concludes. "I don't really do anything well. No real talents. Remember when the government went out of business, had a shutdown, all nonessential workers were laid off? Well, that's what I would be, a nonessential worker." □

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ne Reagans

TINUED FROM PAGE 122 in February
much derision and doubt. It called for
ing $41 billion from former president
ter's projected budget, mainly by re-
ing or eliminating 83 federal pro-
ms—while increasing defense spending
$26 billion—and cutting income taxes
30 percent over three years. The plan
based on supply-side economics, the
ory that tax cuts stimulate the econo-
and lead to increased revenues in the
g term. Democratic leaders mocked it
Reaganomics," and Jerry Wurf, pres-
t of the American Federation of
e, County and Municipal Employees,
it would "do two things—reward the
and screw the poor."
Congress, nevertheless, passed Rea-
's budget bill in June and tax bill in
. Forty Democrats defied House
aker Tip O'Neill to vote with the Re-
licans. A jubilant Reagan called this
greatest political win in half a cen-
." As he left Washington for the first
is annual one-month vacations at the
gans' Rancho del Cielo, near Santa
bara, his public-approval rating
d at 59 percent.

If Reagan seemed invincible in the aftermath of the shooting, his wife seemed to become weaker and more out of touch. Her weight slipped from 112 pounds to less than 100. At the suggestion of her friend Merv Griffin, she began to consult regularly with an astrologer he knew, Joan Quigley, who had told him that she could have foreseen the events of March 30 in the president's chart. "That shooting business really had Nancy on the ropes for a long time thereafter," says Richard Helms.

In the eyes of many journalists, she could do no right. "I think the press, to a great extent, saw that they couldn't really beat up on the president," says Peter McCoy. "So they had to find somebody else to criticize. And it happened to be Nancy."

In May 1981 she gave a dinner for Prince Charles in the private dining room on the second floor of the White House. Things started off badly when Chief of Protocol Lee Annenberg curtsied to the Prince upon his arrival in Washington. "Oh, the flack I got," Annenberg recalls. "I didn't really think about it twice, because when Walter and I were in London, that's what was done and expected: every ambassador's wife curtsies to the royal family. But here, as you know, all hell broke loose. The president was so sweet that night. He came right up to me and said, 'Lee, you did exactly the right thing.'" The oh-so-social guest list also turned the press off: Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, Paul and Bunny Mellon, Bill and Pat Buckley, songwriter Sammy Cahn, cocktail pianist Bobby Short, designer James Galanos, decorator Ted Graber. Nancy Reagan's best friend from New York, Jerome Zipkin, escorted Diana Vreeland, the septuagenarian former editor of *Vogue,* who was photographed making a deep curtsy before Prince Charles as the First Lady stood by smiling. "It was as if Nancy Reagan were saying to the country: I am going to do what I want to do," Marie Brenner, now *Vanity Fair*'s writer-at-large, noted in *New York* magazine.

In July, Mrs. Reagan flew to London with the Annenbergs and the Bloomingdales for the royal wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer. Wearing a succession of Adolfo suits and Galanos gowns with jewelry borrowed from Bulgari and Harry Winston, she attended 15 social events in five days, including Queen Elizabeth's ball at Buckingham Palace, lunch at Chequers with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, a visit with the Queen Mother, and a party in her honor given by the American ambas-

sador, John Louis, for 140 guests, including Princess Grace of Monaco, Douglas Fairbanks, and Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton. The British press ridiculed her six-car motorcade of Secret Service men and her *failure* to curtsy to the Queen.

The topper came on September 3, when the White House announced the purchase of a 4,732-piece set of ivory china edged in red for $209,000. Although the Lenox China Company was paid by the Knapp Foundation of Maryland, the donor was not named in the original announcement. "For the press, the china was a symbol of my supposed extravagance," Nancy Reagan writes in *My Turn.* "The timing was unfortunate: The new White House china was announced on the same day that the Department of Agriculture mistakenly declared ketchup to be acceptable as a vegetable for school lunches. As you can imagine, the columnists and cartoonists had a field day with that one."

By the end of 1981, Nancy Reagan had the highest disapproval rating of any First Lady in modern times. And the president's Economic Recovery Plan seemed to be backfiring. From mid-1981 to late 1982, the country went through the worst recession since the Great Depression. Reagan's plan had projected that the economy would grow by 5.2 percent during 1982; instead it shrank by 2.1 percent. Federal Reserve Board chairman Paul Volcker kept interest rates at record-high levels in order to force inflation down from 13.3 percent to under 5 percent by the end of the year, but at the same time unemployment rose to 10.8 percent. As the newly homeless moved into the streets and parks of major cities, polls showed that 52 percent of Americans felt Reagan favored the rich.

In her second year as First Lady, Nancy Reagan chose her cause—combating drug use by the nation's youth—and a slogan to go with it: Just say no. Buffy Cafritz gave a ladies' lunch for Mrs. Reagan the day after she returned to Washington from her first tour of drug-rehabilitation centers, in February 1982. The 12 guests included Mary Jane Wick; Oatsie Charles; Deeda Blair, the wife of President Kennedy's ambassador to Denmark; Pat Kluge, the wife of billionaire Metromedia chairman John Kluge; Shirley Lord, then a beauty editor at *Vogue;* "and Jack Kent Cooke's second or third wife, whichever it was," as Cafritz recalls. "I had warned all the women, 'Please do not smoke. Nancy does not like smoking. So please honor that.' And Nancy was so touched by what she had seen on her trip that she literally started to cry at the table. I'm a nervous hostess, I must admit, and by the time we got to dessert I said, 'I just can't take it anymore.' So I lit up a cigarette, and 10 other women lit up with me. And there was Nancy sitting in a haze."

The press dutifully covered the First Lady's initial efforts in the war against drugs, but soon wearied of the repetitiveness of her road show and began to treat "Just say no" like a running joke. In the spring of 1982, however, Nancy Reagan finally found a way to overcome the "unfortunate, one-dimensional image of her as kind of a brittle socialite," to use the words of Sheila Tate, her press secretary from 1981 to 1985. The venue was the Gridiron Dinner, an annual event put on by a club of 60 print journalists for 600 Washington power players. Traditionally the president and First Lady attend the dinner, which is essentially a roast of them. Tate says that she proposed having Mrs. Reagan make a surprise appearance in one of the evening's skits, and that the club suggested that the First Lady sing a song making fun of the press. "I went to Mrs. Reagan with their idea, and she said, 'I can't get away with that. But I'll make fun of myself.' "

The white-tie crowd could hardly believe their eyes when Nancy Reagan stepped through a rack of dresses looking like a sitcom bag lady in a ludicrously mismatched outfit and started singing "Second Hand Clothes," a parody of Fanny Brice's "Second Hand Rose." ("Even my new trench coat with fur collar / Ronnie bought for 10 cents on the dollar.") As a finale she smashed to smithereens a plate painted to look like the infamous White House china—to cheers and cries of "Encore! Encore!"

But that summer, shortly after the Reagans returned from a tour of European capitals, including an audience with the Pope, the First Lady was hit with two terrible blows: the deaths of her stepfather on August 19 and of Alfred Bloomingdale the very next day.

Michael Deaver recalls that Nancy Reagan was with Dr. Loyal Davis when he died in Phoenix, and that she "sat there holding his hand for almost an hour after he was dead. She could not let go." Helene von Damm, in her memoir, suggests that Davis's death strengthened the First Lady's sway over her husband.

I could never get over the gap in perceptions between Ronald Reagan and the rest of the world when it came to Nancy. We all thought of her as a demanding somewhat aloof person. But in his ado eyes she was the sweetest, gentlest, n wonderful person in the world. . . . Som us did a good deal of speculating as to this was so. Our best theory was Ronald Reagan intended to make this r riage work no matter what. Although never said so, we sensed that the breaku his first marriage was one of the great appointments of his life. It appeared he made up his mind that this would n happen to him again and as a conseque he gave in to Nancy more than he m have otherwise. He was infinitely pat with her and only on the rarest of o sions would blow up at her—but the could be in front of a staffer. Only c was I witness to it in the White House. was relentlessly pursuing the ouster person and badgering the President me lessly. . . . R.R. blew his stack and down the rule once and for all: he wo no longer tolerate her debating any con versial member of the Administration. [But] after her father's death, the Presi found it difficult to say no to Mrs. R. she began interfering more and more in White House activities and staff proble

Elaine Crispen, the First Lady's sonal secretary and later press secret casts the dynamic of the Reagan marr in a softer light. "People said she was the mother hen, too protective of hi she tells me. "But I remember that if was going to be home alone, or takin trip without him, he'd always leave little love notes. He'd even sort out vitamins, to make sure she took her min C on the road. I saw them every after hours up in their private quart He never came in without kissing her lo, and he never left for the office in morning without kissing her good-bye

A month before Alfred Bloming died of cancer, he was sued for million in palimony by Vicki Mor a 29-year-old California playgirl claimed that she had been his longt "confidante, traveling companion, business partner." The tabloid press l on the sordid scandal, but Betsy Bloom dale held her head high and buried her band the morning after his death, with the immediate family and Jerry Zipki attendance. One year later an impoveris Vicki Morgan, whose lawsuit had b thrown out of court, was murdered her homosexual roommate, Marvin I coast, who died in jail years later of A

Betsy Bloomingdale says, "When Al was ill in the hospital, Nancy called e single day. She knows what a friend i

"Alfred was a wonderful man," Nancy Reagan, "and wonderful with

It was a good combination. Whatever happened, I knew nothing about."

Over the next six years Betsy Bloomdale would probably stay at the White use more than any other Reagan nd. In fact, remarkably few friends e asked to stay overnight by the Rea-s. "It certainly wasn't the hotel it is ," says Elaine Crispen. Among those o did spend a night or two were Bob pe, the Reverend Billy Graham, Glo-Vanderbilt, and Houston oil-and-gas oon Oscar Wyatt and his wife, Lynn, o tells me that the first time they ed over was after a dinner for Prince nier of Monaco. "We were the Lincoln Bedroom, and ar read the Gettysburg Ad-ss out loud to me before went to sleep."

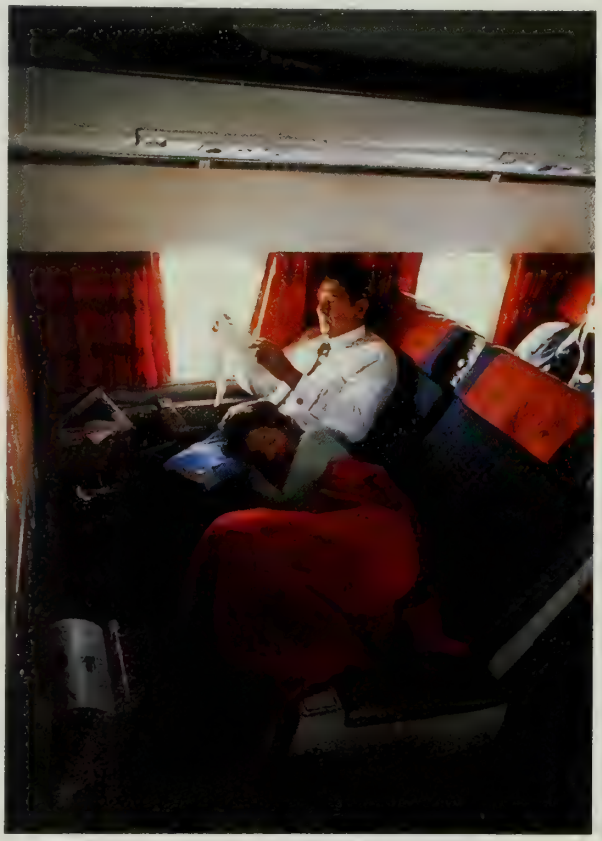
Marion Jorgensen describes night in 1988 when she and nny Wrather were house-sts of the Reagans'. Both men had been appointed tees of the Kennedy Center President Reagan, and were Washington for a board meet-Jack Wrather had died of cer in 1984, and, Jorgensen alls, "Bunny was getting to in pretty bad shape herself hat point from lung cancer. ncy called her and me and l, 'Come and have early ner and stay with us.' I'll er forget Bunny in the Lin-n bed. I was in the Queen's droom, and she came and cked on my door and said, me, please. You have to take picture of me.' She looked *big* in the bed. It was the niest thing I ever saw."

At Christmas, the four Rea-children and their families, ng with Nancy's brother, Dr. Richard is, and his wife and children, were ally there. "We always went for Christ-Day dinner at the White House," Mary Jane Wick. "Christmas Eve at our house, and we'd always have ta Claus. Everyone took a turn. In-ling the president. Including Nancy."

"Do you think you had an influence on your husband's policies?" I ask Nan-Reagan at a lunch at the Hotel Bel-Air. "Nobody could," she replies. "Ronnie w what he believed." After thinking ut it for a moment, she adds, "The le Russian thing. But I couldn't have uenced this if he didn't really come elieve it. I just felt, here were these two superpowers sitting here, and it was silly not to get together."

Within days of his inauguration, President Reagan made it clear that the days of détente with the Soviet Union were over. During the first two years of his administration, he launched the most massive military buildup ever in peacetime, including deployment of the new B-1 bomber and MX long-range missile system, and he declared that he would stick to a decision made during the Carter administration to install medium-range Pershing II missiles in NATO countries in order to counter the SS-20 missiles which the Soviets had introduced into Eastern Europe. He instituted what came to be called the Reagan Doctrine, whereby the C.I.A. supported anti-Marxist insurgencies in Angola, Afghanistan, and Nicaragua, and he worked with Pope John Paul II to keep the Solidarity movement alive in Poland after the Soviet Union forced the government there to impose martial law.

Margaret Thatcher recounts the moment, at the international economic summit in Versailles in June 1982, when other Western leaders realized just how committed Reagan was to "expanding the frontiers of freedom." Reagan asked to address the group, which also included President François Mitterrand of France, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany, Prime Minister Giovanni Spadolini of Italy, Prime Minister Suzuki Zenko of Japan, and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau of Canada. "They were amazed. They saw that the policies and the man *were one.* That's when they understood the strength of the man. No other politician could give a speech like that. The difference is, Ron had a message to communicate, as well as the ability to communicate it. I sat there almost *purring,* because I was so thrilled. I already knew this about him, but the others didn't."



WE ARE THE WORLD
Nancy Reagan rests on Ronald's lap during a flight in the crucial stumping time between Labor Day and Election Day, 1980.

Not everyone was purring. In June 1982, nearly a million people massed in New York's Central Park to demand a nuclear freeze, and at a similar event at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, California, Patti Davis, the Reagans' daughter, joined Joan Baez and Bob Dylan on the stage. Opposition to the Pershing II missiles was so great in Europe that it threatened to split NATO. On March 8, 1983, Reagan horrified his critics with his famous "Evil Empire" speech, given to a convention of the National Association of Evangelicals in Florida, in which he called the Soviet Union "the focus of evil in the modern world" and dismissed Communism as "another sad, bizarre chapter in human history." Two weeks later, on national television, Reagan announced his Strategic Defense Initiative (S.D.I.)—a high-tech program to develop an anti-missile defense system—popularly known as Star Wars.

By that fall, East-West tensions were at their highest since the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. In September the Soviets shot down a Korean Air Lines passenger plane that had strayed over Siberia, killing 269 people. In October, 241 U.S. Marines were killed in Beirut by a car bomb driven into their barracks by a Shiite Muslim extremist. Four days later the United States invaded Grenada, which the Reagan administration claimed was being turned into a mini-Cuba. In November,

the West German Bundestag agreed to accept U.S. Pershing II missiles by a vote of 286 to 226. The next day the Soviets walked out of the Geneva arms talks, which had been initiated two years earlier to negotiate an Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces (I.N.F.) treaty.

"Ronald Reagan valiantly believed—I heard him say it several times—that you don't get into a war by being too strong. You get into wars by being too weak," says Richard Burt. "So he went in with a very hardheaded approach to dealing with the Soviets. These people had been calling us names for 70 years—you know, 'heinous capitalist pigs' and the like. But when he called them an evil empire, half the State Department almost revolted, because *this* was undiplomatic."

From the beginning, Michael Deaver argues, there was a method to what many saw as Reagan's madness. "In the early days of the first term, when everybody was trying to get him to compromise on the defense budget and he wouldn't, I'd say, 'God, Mr. President, you've got to compromise on this.' And he'd say, 'Don't you get it? I'm doing this so I can get the Soviets to the table.' This was four years before he ever got them to the table."

According to Deaver, in April 1981, within a day or two of Reagan's return to the White House after the assassination attempt, he showed his advisers a four-page letter he had written in longhand on a yellow pad to Soviet secretary-general Leonid Brezhnev proposing a meeting. But Brezhnev was already ill, and died in November 1982. Reagan also sent handwritten missives to Brezhnev's two successors, Yuri Andropov, who died 15 months after taking office, and Konstantin Chernenko, who died after 13 months.

Even if there had been a Soviet leader well enough to meet with Reagan, Deaver says, the problem was that "many of the people around Reagan were a good deal more ideological than he was. For them, the Evil Empire business was a daily mantra. For Reagan it was a tactic." According to almost everyone I spoke to, from George Shultz, the leader of the foreign-policy pragmatists, to Ed Rollins, who sided with the ideologues, this is where Nancy Reagan came in.

Helene von Damm, who was personally close to the leading ideologues—Ed Meese, National Security Adviser William Clark, and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger—writes:

> The official stance of the Administration was that there would be no summit meeting between the leaders of the Soviet Union and our country until the Soviets took concrete steps on human rights and arms control. But behind the scenes, Mrs. R. and George Shultz were plotting to bring one about. . . . In [February] 1983 they arranged to smuggle the Soviet Ambassador into the White House . . . without the knowledge of the National Security Adviser. Anatoly Dobrynin was whisked into the East Wing (where Mrs. Reagan's offices were) and from there taken to the residence for the secret meeting. . . . Bill Clark was livid when the President told him what had happened.

Shultz's published version of how this key meeting came about is somewhat different. He says that Nancy Reagan invited him and his wife to dine with just her and the president in the White House two nights before Shultz was scheduled to meet with Dobrynin at the State Department. Shultz says he suggested bringing the Soviet ambassador "to the White House for a private chat." Reagan was for the idea, but wanted to keep it secret from the press, though not from Clark, who, Shultz says, called him the day before the meeting to register his disapproval.

The meeting lasted almost two hours. Among other things, Reagan asked for freedom for a group of Pentecostals who had taken refuge in the American Embassy in Moscow, and four months later the Soviets allowed them to emigrate. It was a modest, but symbolically important, beginning.

The ongoing power struggle between the pragmatists and the ideologues, in particular between Shultz and Clark over control of Central American and Middle Eastern policy, came to a head in the last week of July, when *Time* put Clark on the cover with the headline BIG STICK APPROACH. The article portrayed Clark as the dominant figure in the making of foreign policy, and said that "State Department influence continues to wane." In his memoir, George Shultz records what happened next:

> Later that day, July 29, Nancy Reagan called me. She was furious. She thought Clark ought to be fired. . . . Clark did not have the president's best interests at heart, she said. I told her that I felt Clark was just "in over his head." . . . I felt that Clark's departure was only a matter of time. . . . Ronald Reagan, with his soft heart, would never fire Clark, but at some point, Nancy would prevail upon him to act in his own interest.

That same summer, another bête noire of the pragmatists, Secretary of the Interior James Watt, unwittingly paved the way for Shultz's victory over Clark. As G Burt recalls, "The Beach Boys were gc to perform on the Fourth of July on Mall. And Watt said they were noth but a bunch of pot-smoking hippies reprobates, so he banned their appearai It was a fiasco. No one else underst the significance. But Mrs. Reagan un stood that the Beach Boys were icons. listen to this: she called me and she s 'We're having the Special Olympics on South Lawn, right?' I said, 'Right.' said, 'Well, perhaps the Beach Boys co come and perform.' And I thought, W So they came, and there was Eunice S ver [who founded the Special Olympics the handicapped] and Nancy Reagan v the Beach Boys. And that was the do fall of James Watt."

Once Watt was forced to resign, in tober 1983, after several more gaf Clark could be moved into a Cabinet sition and make an honorable exit fr the foreign-policy battlefield. Clark's placement was Robert "Bud" McFarl a former Shultz deputy who was then N.S.C.'s special envoy to the Middle E He was chosen over James Baker, v wanted the job and had been activ pushed by Nancy Reagan, Vice Presic Bush, and Michael Deaver, who was h ing to fill Baker's position as WI House chief of staff. In his new positi McFarlane agreed with Shultz, Ba Deaver, and the First Lady on the nee have the president be seen as "a mar peace" before the 1984 election.

In September 1984, Foreign Minister drei Gromyko was the first leading S et official to be publicly received by Pr dent Reagan at the White House. "I ha lot of talk with Nancy about the Grom visit," says George Shultz, sitting in his fice at Stanford University's Hoover I tution. "And we arranged a role for h The First Lady was included in a re tion for Gromyko before his official w ing lunch with Reagan, Shultz, and Farlane and their staffs. As the recep was ending, Gromyko asked Nancy R gan, "Does your husband believe peace?" She said, "Yes, of course." "T whisper 'peace' in your husband's ear e night," Gromyko said. "I will," she repl "and I'll also whisper it in your ear."

Elaine Crispen tells me that when N cy Reagan returned to the family quar that afternoon, it was "one of those ments when she felt like just fly through that second floor because was so happy about things."

Two months later, in the glow o booming economy, Ronald Reagan

elected with 59 percent of the popular e: he carried every state but Minnesothe home of the Democratic nominee, mer vice president Walter Mondale. 73, he was the oldest American to a presidential election.

s usual, the Reagans celebrated New Year's Eve with Walter and Lee Anberg in Palm Springs. Before dinner, nding in front of van Gogh's *White ses* in evening gowns and tuxedos, Annenbergs and their houseguests ed for "the annual class picture"—Mr. l Mrs. Armand Deutsch, Mr. and s. Earle Jorgensen, Ambassador to Vatican and Mrs. William lson, Ambassador to the urt of St. James's and Mrs. arles Price, President and s. Ronald Reagan. By this e the guest list had grown almost 100, and included ryone from Jerry Zipkin and oke Astor to Caspar Weinger and George Shultz. The owing week, Shultz met with drei Gromyko to prepare an nda for the resumption of s talks, which Reagan and nstantin Chernenko had eed to almost two months lier.

On March 10, the day the erican and Soviet arms neiators arrived in Geneva, rnenko died in Moscow. successor was 54-year-old khail Gorbachev, who had ady impressed Margaret tcher on a visit to England a r earlier. "I met Gorbachev t," Thatcher says, "at Chers. He was the first Russian itician who would debate nly and easily. Immediately r, I rang Ron and said, 'This is a man ink I could do business with.' That's how the phrase came out." On July 1, rbachev announced that he would meet h Reagan in Geneva in November.

By August the Troika was history: Ba had switched jobs with Treasury Secury Donald Regan, and Meese had be- ne attorney general when William nch Smith returned to his law firm in . Angeles. Deaver had set up his own . firm in Washington, but he was still y close to the Reagans.

Before the Reagans left for Geneva, aver tells me, he called the president asked to see him. "When I got over e to the residence, I said, 'Now, Mr. sident, I know you're busy, but let me just tell you something. You have taught me that each of us has a destiny, that there is a purpose to our lives. In my opinion, this is your moment. It's not George Shultz's or Bud McFarlane's moment, it's yours. And if that's true, you ought to take this guy aside, *alone*.'"

The president, accompanied by Shultz, McFarlane, and Regan, arrived in Geneva three days early. The Reagans were staying at the Maison de Saussure, the villa of Prince Karim Aga Khan and his then wife, the Begum Salima, on Lake Geneva. According to Nancy Reagan's memoir, she and the president toured Fleur d'Eau, the château where the summit meetings would be held, and found the perfect place for a "tête-à-tête" with Gorbachev—a pool house with a fireplace. In the afternoon of the first day, Reagan suggested that he and Gorbachev take a break from the formal session, and walked him down a path to the pool house. Their so-called fireside chat went on for well over an hour, and the two leaders emerged with an agreement for two more summits, in Washington and in Moscow. Charles Wick, who as U.S.I.A. head was part of the U.S. delegation in Geneva, says that when Reagan and Gorbachev were alone, "Ronnie looked at the guy and said, 'I just want to let you know, there's no way you're going to win.'"



AIRS APPARENT
Eyebrows were raised when the First Lady smiled as fashion maven Diana Vreeland curtsied before Prince Charles in the private residence of the White House. At the back are Jerry Zipkin, Betsy Bloomingdale, and Walter Annenberg.

In October 1986 a second meeting between Reagan and Gorbachev, for preliminary discussions on arms control, was held in Reykjavík, Iceland, at the suggestion of the Soviets. "I was never prouder of Ronnie than at Reykjavík," Nancy Reagan tells me. "The Soviets wanted to have a meeting—a business meeting—before the next summit. No wives. That was agreed. And then I heard that Raisa *was* going. She was testing me. And Gorbachev was testing Ronnie. And they both found out. It would have meant monumental changes in the schedule. And I thought, No, I'm not going to do it. I don't belong there. And it should be what it set out to be. But *she* went. So that was my test. Ronnie's test was when Gorbachev wanted him to give up S.D.I. When he called me the first couple of times, he said, 'Everything is going fine. I'll be home soon.' And then I saw them on TV. I'll never forget that picture of the two of them coming out the door at Reykjavík. I saw the expression on his face, and I knew everything was not fine. He started to get in the car, and Gorbachev said, 'Well, I don't know what else I could have done.' Ronnie said, 'You could have said yes.' And he got in the car. Gorbachev found out then you couldn't push Ronnie."

In Iceland, the two leaders had come close to agreeing on massive reductions of their nuclear arsenals. Then Gorbachev surprised Reagan by making this agreement contingent on America's restricting S.D.I. research, testing, and development to the laboratory. But a real missile-defense system was Reagan's dream. He had been convinced of S.D.I.'s feasibility by the nuclear physicist Edward Teller at a 1982 White House meeting. For him it was the way to transcend MAD, or mutual assured destruction, the long-accepted nuclear doctrine which theoretically ruled out a first strike by either side. According to Richard Burt, "Reagan was not comfortable with a nuclear world where every-

body was vulnerable to attack. He wanted to move the competition into an area where we could win, where they just simply couldn't keep up. And I think that had a fundamental effect on Gorbachev and his senior advisers. Because once Gorbachev understood the limitations of the Soviet system, what they could do and, more importantly, what they couldn't do, I think he realized that the Soviets had no other alternative but to sit down and negotiate."

A month after the failed summit in Reykjavík, President Reagan was suddenly engulfed in the Iran-contra scandal when it was revealed that National Security Adviser Bud McFarlane and N.S.C. staffer Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North were involved in secretly selling arms to Iran in exchange for the release of American hostages held by Shiite Muslim terrorists in Lebanon. The profits from the sales were used to support the anti-Sandinista insurgency in Nicaragua, in violation of a congressional ban on aid to the so-called contras. The toll this crisis took was high: McFarlane attempted suicide; his successor, Admiral John Poindexter, and Oliver North were tried and convicted of eight felony counts between them; Weinberger was indicted in 1992 by Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh and pardoned by President George Bush before he could be tried. The biggest casualty was Chief of Staff Donald Regan, whose bossy C.E.O. style had grated on Nancy Reagan from the beginning, and whom she blamed for not keeping the president sufficiently informed of what his staff had been doing in his name. As talk of impeachment mounted, she pressed her husband to fire Regan, and, when he refused, brought in her old allies Deaver and Spencer, along with Washington power broker Robert Strauss, to persuade him. As former White House personnel director Robert Tuttle says, "It was never difficult for the president to make a decision on policy. It was very hard for him to make a decision on people." On February 27, 1987, with the press reporting that Donald Regan had hung up on Nancy Reagan during a fight—she felt that the president was not sufficiently recovered from his operation in January for prostate cancer to hold the press conference on Iran-contra that Regan was pushing for—he heard on CNN that he had been replaced as chief of staff by former senator Howard Baker. Five days later, in a televised address to the nation from the Oval Office, the president assumed responsibility for the mistakes made in Iran-contra.

On October 17, 1987, Nancy Reagan had a mastectomy, and on October 26, while she was recuperating in the White House, her mother died of a stroke, in her early 90s, in Phoenix. Nancy Reagan still talks about that day. "It was around four o'clock in the afternoon. I was in bed, talking to Ron on the telephone, and Ronnie came in. He sat down on the edge of my bed and told me. . . . I think the death of your mother is especially difficult. I adored my father. I worshiped my father. But when my mother died . . . *ohhh.* And I never had time to really grieve for her, because I had to do everything that had to be done in Arizona, and then come back and plan the state dinner for the Gorbachevs."

On December 8, 1987, in the East Room of the White House, Reagan and Gorbachev signed the I.N.F. Treaty to eliminate all Pershing II and SS-20 intermediate-range missiles in Europe.

> In the eyes of many journalists, Nancy Reagan could do no right.

That night Gorbachev sat on Nancy Reagan's right in the State Dining Room. He and the other Russian men declined to wear black-tie, but Raisa Gorbachev was in a black brocade evening gown. The 125 guests included Joe DiMaggio, Saul Bellow, Pearl Bailey, James Stewart, Claudette Colbert, Zubin Mehta, David Rockefeller, and Armand Hammer. Van Cliburn played the piano after dinner, and the Gorbachevs sang along to his encore, "Moscow Nights."

Also at Nancy Reagan's table was James Billington, an expert on Soviet affairs who had been director of the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars until Reagan appointed him librarian of Congress earlier that year. She had met Billington at the house of Richard Helms and his wife, Cynthia. "The Reagans came to dine with us in our humble home here three times while he was president," Richard Helms tells me. "On one of these occasions, I had Jim Billington, Nancy, and a couple of other people in a room off the dining room, cause we didn't have room for everyb inside. And it was quite clear that she genuinely interested in what Billington to say. I told her that she couldn't get ter or sounder advice from anybody Russian matters than from Billington."

Billington flew with the Reagans Air Force One to the fourth and fi summit, in Moscow, in May 1988. previous month, the Soviets had agr to withdraw from Afghanistan, and C bachev was in the process of opening Soviet system with his policies of p stroika and glasnost. For Ronald Reag according to Shultz, this was a sum about human rights. Billington told m was the president's idea to include a ception for 100 Soviet dissidents, rang from Jewish refuseniks to banned arti at Spaso House, the residence of American ambassador. Nancy Rea told me that Billington then sugges also inviting some dissidents and Russ cultural figures to the official return ner the Reagans would give at Sp House the night after the Gorbach state dinner at the Kremlin.

"The Russians didn't like us having dissidents at the embassy for dinner," s Howard Baker. "And the National Se rity Council apparatus was concer about it. But Nancy wanted to have th And George Shultz was firmly on side. She and the president and the se tary of state were all unified that this the thing to do. And it was done. An think it was a great plus."

Sitting in his office at the Library Congress, James Billington recalls Spaso House dinner. "I was at the t with Nancy Reagan and Gorbachev. that table we also had the writer Taty Tolstoya, who was very outspoken quite lively during the discussion. We Nina Ananiashvili, a prima ballerina at Bolshoi. We had Alfred Schnittke, wh music was barely performed in the So Union, because it was very modernist. other tables, the heads of the K.G.B. the defense establishment were interac with their own creative people and d dents at a civilized dinner given by Am cans. Dave Brubeck played some jazz.

"I got close to the Reagans at the t when clearly strength had been es lished and dialogue was desired," Bill ton continues. "And Nancy Reagan simply extending the range of the change and increasing the comfort l of the human contact on both sides. A of attention has been paid to her relat ship with Raisa Gorbachev, but not m

her relationship with Gorbachev him-
f. I could see, from that dinner and
ier occasions, it was thoroughly cor-
l, with a lot of warmth in it.
"But at the same time there was a cer-
n toughness there, even in the warmth,
t had a great effect. One good illustra-
n of that was her determination to see
ne of the great early [Eastern Orthodox]
ns. So we got it arranged for early one
rning, only to find that Raisa Gorba-
v had gotten there about a half-hour be-
e and was lecturing the press about
se paintings, which was mildly annoy-
. And one of the journalists asked Mrs.
agan, 'We've just heard a great deal
ut these paintings from Mrs. Gorba-
v, but she never seemed to say anything
ut their religious significance. Do you
nk that these are primarily religious
ks?' Nancy said something very simple
l direct: 'Just look at them. You can just
it. I mean, it's all so obviously there.'
vas a dramatic illustration to everybody
re that, while Mrs. Gorbachev knew a
of things . . . Mrs. Reagan had cap-
ed the essence of what these things real-
neant for the Russian people."
The month before leaving for Mos-
v, the Reagans had hosted a state din-
for Canadian prime minister Brian
lroney, who, like Margaret Thatcher,
l become a close friend. "I said to her,
ncy, what do you think is the most
portant thing you do?'" Mulroney re-
s. "She said, 'Brian, I protect Ronnie
m himself.' And then she said, 'You
w, he has a big Irish heart. He trusts
rybody, and he doesn't see when he's
ng blindsided, or when people are act-
out of motives that are less than no-
And he never acts upon it once he
s. I do.' I thought it was one of the
st candid and revealing statements
r made by an American First Lady."
As he continues to talk, over lunch at
Cirque 2000 in New York, the former
ne minister grows increasingly impas-
ned about Ronald Reagan. "These
e extraordinary times we ruled in, be-
se we dealt with—and achieved—some
he most momentous events in mod-
history: the fall of the Soviet Union,
reunification of Germany within
o, free trade in this hemisphere, and
end of the Cold War. Led by Ronald
gan, people like François Mitterrand,
mut Kohl, Margaret Thatcher, and I
tributed in a modest way to remaking
international society. So if the polls
up or the polls went down, who
d? If the press said—as they did—that
tcher and Mulroney were Reagan's
dles, who cared? You know, when
you've got a quarterback who can run,
who can throw, and who can take a hit—
and he's out there in the rain every Sun-
day—well, that idea got through to the al-
lies. And when it did, everything jelled."

One of the last dinners the Reagans gave at the White House, in January 1989, was in honor of the late New York retailing near-billionaire Milton Petrie and his wife, Carroll. The Petries had paid for portraits of the president and First Lady by Aaron Shikler, which would remain in the White House and were being unveiled that evening. Sitting in her Fifth Avenue living room, which is filled with 18th-century French furniture, paintings, and porcelains, Carroll Petrie tells me, "When they were getting ready to leave, Jerry Zipkin called and asked if we would like to give the portraits to the White House. I discussed it with Milton, and he said, 'Certainly.' So two or three nights before they turned the White House over to the Bushes, we were there for a private dinner upstairs. I kept pinching myself, because I was seated on President Reagan's right. On his left was Katharine Graham. We must have been about 30 people. After dinner they unveiled the portraits. The one of Nancy was so beautiful. Unfortunately, the one of President Reagan was not terribly good. They redid his, but it still wasn't good. So they got another artist to do it."

Betsy Bloomingdale is sitting in the library of her house in Holmby Hills, reading aloud from her diary:

January 21, 1989: I'm invited up to the Reagans' for lunch and to help unpack. They had flown out from Washington the night before. The motorcade right up to the house, the door closes, it's over. Just like that. It's over. It's our system. It works, but it's hard. "Where's the light switch? I haven't turned the lights off for eight years," says Ronnie. And packing boxes—my God, we're inundated. Boxes, boxes, boxes. We look at each other and we cry.

When Bloomingdale looks up from the page, she is crying.

According to Bloomingdale, Nancy Reagan started looking for the perfect retirement house three years before her husband's second term was up. She settled on a three-bedroom California-style ranch on a densely planted acre in Bel Air, with a view of Los Angeles and no visible neighbors. The address, 666 St. Cloud Road, was a problem, however, for the superstitious First Lady—triple six having satanic associations—so she had the local authorities change it to 668. The $2.5 million price was paid by about 20 investors, including Holmes Tuttle and Earle Jorgensen. "The same couches she had in Pacific Palisades and then in the White House were moved out to Bel Air," says Elaine Crispen. "They're both quite frugal about things like that." Harriet Deutsch gave Nancy Reagan a welcome-back kitchen shower at her house in Beverly Hills.

The former president and a staff of 12 moved into an office on the 34th floor of 2121 Avenue of the Stars, in nearby Century City—the building used in the movie *Die Hard.* Unbeknownst to him, at Nancy Reagan's request Morton Janklow, the New York literary agent who had sold her memoir, *My Turn,* negotiated a $7-million-plus, two-book contract for Ronald Reagan's memoirs and his speeches with George Scharffenberger, the trustee of the president's blind trust. "Ronald Reagan never knew there was a contract," explains Janklow. "All he knew was that I had expressed interest in response to Nancy's request to represent him. Bush was inaugurated on January 20, a Friday. Saturday they moved to Bel Air. Sunday I was there. They had packing boxes everyplace. So George Scharffenberger and I went to have lunch with Reagan, and I told him what had happened and how we'd arrived at it. He was very grateful that we had sheltered him from all that so that he wouldn't be criticized. Then I said, 'Now, Mr. President, I have a contract which you can affirm or disavow. It's entirely up to you. These are the terms.' I walked him through the whole contract, page by page by page. He listened very attentively, and then he said, 'Look, George and Nancy tell me that I should rely on you. You tell me, should I sign it?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'Give me a pen.' Boom. Like that. It was then the highest price ever paid for a nonfiction work."

In February 1991, the Reagans were surrounded by all their old California friends at a black-tie dinner at Chasen's for his 80th birthday. That fall, all five living American presidents—Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan, and Bush—attended the official dedication of the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library & Museum in Simi Valley, 30 miles north of Los Angeles. The stone walls of the Mission-style building's lobby are etched with the names of the contributors to its $60 million cost, including Walter Annenberg, the Republic of China, the Coca-Cola Company, Malcolm Forbes, the General Electric Foundation, Sir James Gold-

The Reagans

smith, Dr. Armand Hammer, Bob and Dolores Hope, Japan, John Kluge, Kuwait, the Mobil Corporation, Saudi Arabia, and Edie and Lew Wasserman.

Two years later, in the summer of 1993, during Ronald Reagan's annual physical checkup at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, he was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease. Friends say he had begun to show signs of memory loss and disorientation, and that at first Nancy Reagan attributed this to a head injury he had suffered after falling off a bucking horse at the Wilsons' ranch in Mexico in 1989. New Year's 1994 was the last one Reagan saw in at the Annenbergs' estate in Palm Springs. The Great Communicator delivered his last public speech to 2,500 admirers at a Washington, D.C., gala celebrating his 83rd birthday, in February 1994. At the funeral of Richard Nixon later that same year, an aide to Hillary Clinton recalls, "The Clintons noticed how Nancy Reagan was helping him out in a very gracious way, saying, 'Ronnie, you remember so-and-so . . . ' " On November 5, 1994, Reagan made his illness public in a letter to the nation.

Since then, a nurse looks after him at home. His principal caregiver is his wife, who organizes Saturday golf games for him at the Los Angeles Country Club with old friends such as Bill Wilson. On good days, he is driven to Simi Valley, where he greets tourists. He likes to take walks, accompanied by Secret Service men, in Beverly Hills, and he sometimes stops to shoot baskets with youngsters in a local park.

Nancy Reagan represents him at official events. In 1996 she gave a speech at the Republican National Convention in San Diego, and recently she stood in for him at the funerals of Frank Sinatra and Barry Goldwater. An A&E television biography which first aired last year seemed to signal a reappraisal of her role as First Lady, just as this year's four-and-a-half-hour PBS documentary on Ronald Reagan cast him as the hero who won the Cold War. This fall Random House will publish what promises to be the definitive authorized biography, by Edmund Morris, who has spent the last decade researching and writing it. Meanwhile, the Young America's Foundation, a Virginia-based conservative youth-outreach group, has purchased Rancho del Cielo, which was on the market for nearly $6 million, as a training center for students who want to "carry on the Reagan legacy."

On May 5 of this year, the $816 million, 3.1-million-square-foot Ronald Reagan Building and International Trade Center, on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C., was officially dedicated. Designed by James Ingo Freed, a partner of I. M. Pei's, in a faux-Federal style, it is the largest U.S. government building after the Pentagon. It houses the Environmental Protection Agency, an arm of the government for which President Reagan had very little use, and—more in tune with his free-enterprise credo—a privately run, state-of-the-art world trade center. The afternoon ceremony took place in the 10-story-high, glass-enclosed atrium at the heart of the building, with 1,300 of Ronald Reagan's friends and former colleagues in attendance. Maureen Reagan and her husband, Dennis Revell, were seated in the front row, flanked by Michael and Carolyn Deaver, Paul Laxalt, Richard Helms, James Billington, Oatsie Charles, William and Buffy Cafritz, Carroll Petrie, close friend Casey Ribicoff, former ambassador Henry and Louise Grunwald, New York socialite Nan Kempner, and Marvin Hamlisch, who had often performed at the Reagan White House.

Lined up on the podium, backed by a giant American flag and a two-ton, graffiti-covered section of the Berlin Wall, were Senators Trent Lott, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Strom Thurmond, and Charles Robb, Secretary of Commerce William Daley, Mayor Marion Barry, Bob Dole, George Shultz, Colin Powell, and Katharine Graham. They all stood as Nancy Reagan, in a trim red Bill Blass suit, entered on the arm of President Bill Clinton and the United States Marine Band struck up the national anthem.

In her speech, Nancy Reagan said, "I'm particularly happy that the Ronald Reagan Building is both public *and* private, and embraces his lifelong belief . . . in free and open trade." She ended by quoting her husband: "Some may try to tell us this is the end of an era. But what they overlook is that every day in America is a new beginning. We are a nation that never becomes, but that is always becoming."

President Clinton lauded Reagan's internationalism and noted that "this incredible space" reflected "the elegance and charm that were the hallmarks of the Reagan White House."

That night, a bit of that elegance and charm seemed to be back at the gala dedication dinner in the atrium, where some 70 tables for 10 were set with centerpieces of pink roses and lilacs on purple moiré tablecloths. A benefit for the C dren's National Medical Center and Ronald Reagan Institute of Emerge Medicine at George Washington Univ sity, it began with a concert by Mstis Rostropovich and cellists from the tional Symphony Orchestra. At din Nancy Reagan, in a white sequined she by James Galanos, had Speaker of House Newt Gingrich on one side Michael Armstrong, the chairman AT&T, the evening's underwriter, on other. Her table faced a huge screen the rear of the atrium, on which a sl series of photographs of her husband projected throughout the meal, end with a picture of him in a tuxedo, ho ing a flute of champagne, as if he w toasting everyone there.

At midnight, a police motorcade corted her white limousine to newly named Ronald Reagan Washing National Airport, where Carroll Petr chartered Westwind jet was waiting take off for New York. There were six us on the plane, including two Secret S vice men, all still in dinner clothes. M Reagan wrapped a beige shahtoosh o her sequined dress. Mrs. Petrie wor black-and-white satin Givenchy coutu gown from the late 1980s. Diane Sawy who had been one of the speakers at dinner, and I sat across from the t women. The conversation was entirely litical, ranging from what the Clinto will do when they leave the White Ho to who would make the best Republic candidate in the 2000 election. At t moment, the grande dame of the Gra Old Party seemed most interested in S ator John McCain and Steve Forbes.

She spent the following week in N York, at the Carlyle Hotel. Brooke As and Carroll Petrie gave dinners for She caught up with Valentino at a lun at Nan Kempner's, and with Yasmin A Khan over pasta at Elio's. She e checked out the Prada boutique on Ma son Avenue with Casey Ribicoff. But main purpose of her visit, she said, was meet some of the new titans of W Street, because she is trying to raise last $5 million of a $20 million end ment for the Reagan Library.

On her last night, at a dinner at Carnegie Hill town house of Reina and Carolina Herrera, she reminis with C. Z. Guest and laughed at T Theodoracopulos's jokes. "I love see everyone," she told me near the end the evening, "but it's time to go home week is too long to be away. I miss w ing up with Ronnie next to me." □

hâteau de Groussay

TINUED FROM PAGE 142 Beistegui's par-
to the restaurant, as well as one of his
istmas cards with a lithograph of the
iteau de Groussay. She pointed to a
tograph of herself as a young and very
norous woman in jewels and a beauti-
dress. "This was at the opening of
rlie's theater at Groussay," she said.
During the war he had the protection
he Spanish Embassy," said Seabra.
He had weekends at Groussay," said
princess. "People took the train from
is. There was no gas. His
sts were picked up by
se and carriage. There
e always interesting peo-
. . . Charlie reinvented
19th century here in
nce. He turned Groussay
an English château. It's
a Louis château at all.
English didn't care about
ing centuries. The French
Charlie created a style
became fashionable."
He had pairs of every-
g," said Seabra. "One
ld be real, one a copy.
said they were all real.
he dining room at Grous-
there is a portrait of
ry VIII. Charlie used to
that his was the real Hol-
, that the Queen of En-
d had the fake."
Charlie was *not* a nice
on," said the princess.
liked to hurt people. He
not a great gentleman. He tried, but
wasn't. He was very snobbish."
He pretended to be more Spanish
n Mexican," said Seabra.
You *must* talk to Jacqueline de
es," the princess said.
She's in Ibiza," I replied.
The nephew didn't particularly like
," said the princess. "But he inherited
ything."
Charlie was a lady-killer," said Seabra.
many mistresses. He liked people to
k he was having affairs with important
es."
ady-killer? I thought. Mistresses? That
n't been my take on him at all. At the
of being politically incorrect, I should
that I had always just assumed, in
ing about Carlos de Beistegui—his
stant decorating, his balls, his fêtes, his
kend parties, his theater, his concerts,
exquisiteness, his perpetual bachelor-
d—that he was as gay as a pink hairnet.

Mais non—absolument pas!, everyone assured me. Just the opposite. The effete Beistegui was a swordsman of major proportions, in a league, apparently, with the Dominican polo-playing playboy Porfirio Rubirosa, whose sexual exploits—not to mention his marriages to two of America's richest heiresses, Barbara Hutton and Doris Duke—were so legendary that tall pepper mills became known as Rubirosas, in homage to his personal equipment.

Moreover, no one actually seemed to like Charlie much. In fact, several people told me he was a real shit, and they used the English word. Not all his moments were exquisite, either. At a Paris party, I heard the story of a grand lady, who must remain nameless, who called on Beistegui after his stroke and was dismayed by his disagreeable habit of placing his hand beneath him under the covers and then smelling his fingers during their conversation. I was ashamed of myself, I laughed so hard. At the same party, I heard about another woman who berated Beistegui on his sickbed after his stroke for the way he treated women.



CHARLIE'S ANGELS
Many of Beistegui's closest friends attended the opening of his private theater at Groussay in 1957, including, from left, Patricia and Arturo Lopez-Willshaw, art patron Francine Weisweiller, actor Édouard Dermit, and writer-director Jean Cocteau.

I went to dinner at Jimmy Douglas and Rod Coupe's apartment on the Rue du Bac to talk about Charlie de Beistegui. Jimmy Douglas, a rich American expatriate who once had a famous romance with the Woolworth five-and-dime heiress Barbara Hutton, and Rod Coupe have been figures on the international party circuit for decades and remember all the stories and all the balls. Rod Coupe, on whom Henry James would have based a character if their times on earth had overlapped, said that a famous duchess was Charlie de Beistegui's illegitimate daughter, a story I had already heard several times. The duchess is said to be displeased with the connection, although a number of people told me that in photographs she is his spitting image.

A blue Porthault candle burned on the mantelpiece. We looked at pictures from scrapbooks. In one, Jimmy Douglas and Barbara Hutton, wearing masks, were dancing at a long-ago ball in somebody's palace.

"Charlie was a friend of my mother," said Princess Gabrielle d'Arenberg, who is known to her friends as Gaby. We were sitting in her lovely drawing room in Paris, looking out on a garden below. A maid brought in a tray with coffee and cookies, which the princess waved away. "I'm rarely in Paris anymore," she said. These days she spends most of her time at her château in the country. "I met him first when I was still at school. He had a Rolls-Royce with wicker doors and a very well-styled chauffeur, whom he spoke to on a telephone from the backseat. During the war, he benefited from Spanish immunity. That kept Groussay from being occupied by the Germans. He came to us for Christmas. He was very different in the country than he was in Paris. He had an enormous sense of humor, very funny, and he caught things at once about people. He never went to confession at Christmas, but once he did. He went to the village priest. 'What did he give you for penance?' I asked him. 'I got nothing,' Charlie replied. 'You are so innocent,' I said. 'I was so scrupulous,' he replied.

"He used to ring me up every morning at a quarter of eight," she continued, "to talk about the day before—what he had done—and what he was going to do that day. I never had an affair with him—not that he didn't propose having one. He had lots of affairs in his life. He was a great success with women, but he had a bad influence on women. It amused him to make trouble with his ladies. I can under-

Château de Groussay

stand why a husband wouldn't let his wife see him. I knew of his affairs. He told me about them, but I never discussed them. He was not at all . . . on the other side."

"Other side?" I asked. "Meaning gay?"

"Oh, not at all," she replied. "Once, in Spain, at the Ritz hotel, someone said to me, 'Who was that pansy you were with?' I said, 'He's not a pansy at all.' He would say things like 'Come, take your siesta with me.'

"He would say that a certain famous duchess was his daughter. He kept a photograph of her at Groussay. . . . He had a girlfriend for many years, but he never gave her a present. He was very mean and stingy, except for himself.

"His nephew, Johnny, didn't like him, but he inherited his money. He would never see his uncle's friends afterwards.

"During the war Groussay was a refuge, a paradise. He had chocolates and wonderful food and soap sent through the Spanish Embassy. Even curtains for his drawing room were sent from Spain. It was absolutely glamorous. Cocteau would be there, and Christian Bérard, and all the people who were interesting at the time. I never saw Germans there. He wasn't at all a collaborator.

"I was with him when he visited the Labia Palace in Venice for the first time, and I went every year to the Labia.

"I've never seen anyone so talented as Charlie. He influenced 20th-century decorating. I had to do up a big drawing room after the war. Charlie told me what to put on the walls, how to paint it. He knew how to place the pictures. There were so many, and he knew exactly where each should be. He had a great sense of color. He was the first one to put green and blue together. He didn't mind about authenticity. Most grand French houses are uncomfortable. Not his. He was very influenced and inspired by English country houses. He said that English houses weren't comfortable until the great American heiresses married into the aristocracy and put in bathrooms and cared about comfort.

"He would do a sketch of something he wanted and show it to Emilio Terry, who carried out all his ideas.

"He admired elegance. He was like a Professor Higgins—he liked to make women glamorous. He did not have much heart, but he was a good friend."

I picked up Princess Ghislaine de Polignac, who had arranged for me to lunch with the Baron de Redé, a famous French society figure I had read about in Aileen Mehle's "Suzy" columns for years. His apartment is in the Hôtel Lambert, which is owned by Baron Guy de Rothschild, whose late wife, Marie-Hélène, was Alexis de Redé's greatest friend. "I used to live right up in that apartment there," said Ghislaine de Polignac, pointing, as we walked across the cobblestone courtyard to the entrance.

It was like stepping into a chapter in Proust. The butler opened the door. The dog yapped. The baron kissed the princess. The princess kissed the baron. They spoke in French, then switched to English. It occurred to me that all the people I had been meeting with had known one another for 40 years or more. I told our host that Princess d'Arenberg had sent her best. He smiled. The baron, who was himself a giver of balls—"I had stairs built from those French doors down to the garden for *les entrées,*" he said—was charming and easy as he walked through salons, pointing toward the chairs where we would sit. I sat in a chair that I swear to God was silver. Not silver paint—*silver* silver, with red brocade upholstery. Everything was beautiful, wherever you looked. The lunch was superb, served by the butler in white gloves. My companions waved away seconds without even looking.

By now I realized that everyone remembered Beistegui the same way. He was a great decorator, but he wasn't nice. He had many mistresses, and he wasn't very kind to them. But the ball in Venice was brilliant. The Baron de Redé had been part of the Chinese suite of Arturo and Patricia Lopez-Willshaw.

"Would you like to see some photographs?" asked the baron. We went up a stairway to a long corridor with hundreds of red-framed photographs on each wall, depicting a way of life of utter splendor: beautiful people on yachts, at the races, dancing, wearing masks, going to balls, laughing. Walking ahead of me, he would point to a photograph of people on a yacht and say, "Ari and Maria," assuming I knew he meant Aristotle Onassis and Maria Callas. Or "Wallis," or "Winston," meaning the Duchess of Windsor and Winston Churchill.

"This is a very famous photograph—André Ostier took it," said the baron, stopping in front of a picture of Jacqueline de Ribes standing between Carlos de Beistegui and Raymundo de Larrain. "Charlie hated Raymundo. Look at the look on his face. Have you talked to Jacqueline?"

"She's in Ibiza."

Right in the middle of all this t about balls, there *was* a costume b at the American ambassador's reside on the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Hono given by Elizabeth Rohatyn in honor the 70th birthday of Ambassador F Rohatyn. The theme was *Casablanca.* Ric Café was constructed on the groun Gentlemen were requested to wear wh dinner jackets—Humphrey Bogart–styl or Moroccan dress, and ladies were quested to wear 40s evening dresses. Th was Vernon Jordan in a white dinner ja et; there was Barbara Walters in a gol caftan; there were Henry Kravis, Isn Merchant, Bill Blass . . . all of them against ceiling fans, potted palms, rat chairs, and an orchestra that kept play "As Time Goes By."

Then into Rick's Café walked the Cou ess Jacqueline de Ribes, back from Ibi dressed perfectly in the period, with best 40s hairdo at the ball, all puffed in front. She is still one of those lad whom people turn to look at when th walk into a room.

"Do you like my dress? Do you l my hair?" she asked me. "I hated t picture of me with Oscar de la Renta t you ran in your article about the coutu I heard from Laure de Beauvau Cra you were here in Paris. Call me after f tomorrow and we'll talk about Charlie Beistegui and Groussay."

For a couple of days we kept missi When we finally connected, she w in Venice and I was back in Connecti "I met Mr. Beistegui at the last ball gi by my uncle, Count Étienne de Be mont, in Paris," she began without a m ment's hesitation. "My uncle was a v famous man, who gave wonderful c tume balls." The socially exquisite J enne de Beaumont gave his last b known as the Fashion Plate Ball, in 19

"I was 17 at the time of the ball a had just gotten married. Across room I saw this man with very blue e and white hair looking at me and co ing toward me. 'Who are you?' he asl me. Instead of saying Jacqueline Ribes, as I then was, I replied, 'I Jacqueline de Beaumont.' Charlie used to pursuing new beauties. The n day I received an invitation to the bal the Labia Palace in Venice. We beca great friends. He wanted to be my m tor. I was very young, recently out convent school, brand-new married, a he made me feel that I was an import woman. Charlie introduced me into international life. At Groussay, whe would go, I was always the youngest

and I met all those ladies of myth, like isy Fellowes and Louise de Vilmorin l Léonor Fini. Louise was sweet, but isy was a bitch.

"Charlie was a perfectionist. For the gest time he couldn't find the right ma- al for the curtains for the Flemish wing he added to the Château de Groussay. ally, walking down the street, he saw a from the St. Vincent de Paul order, n her giant headdress. Charlie was ck by the color and the structure of habit and engaged her in conversation. nun gave him the name of the mother erior of the convent to find out where fabric of her habit had come from."

"his guy was straight? I kept thinking nyself.

"he countess continued. "I said to rlie, 'Did you give a check to the s?' He said, 'No, I never thought of So I said, 'You better think of it or 're going to have bad luck with those tains.' He gave the nuns a check, and curtains were a great success.

"When Charlie wanted to build his the- , I became very involved in the project. w all the drawings. It was wonderful. I k he was in love with me. Yes, definite- But he became very possessive of me at Labia Palace. After dinner I wanted to out, of course, but he locked all the rs. He didn't want me to go out. halie Paley—Princess Paley—was stay- and she used to give me a key to es- e after midnight. You see, Charlie was an who wanted to have power over a ng lady. But the group of people nd him was fascinating.

I had two children by the time I was Soon I had my own house, and I gave own parties, and I saw him less."

rom what I gathered, Charlie de Beis- tegui would have enjoyed the fuss that eing made over his life, his château, his possessions. His name has come c into fashion. After Groussay has n sold, and every antique and its fake y have been auctioned off, the name of ios de Beistegui will be right up there n the other big names of 20th-century al history, such as Ari and Maria and lis and David. For what he wanted out fe, the guy was a great success. □

Credits

Fashion

Cover: Chris Rock's Paul Smith shirt and hat from Paul Smith; Comme des Garçons Homme Plus by Rei Kawakubo pants from Comme des Garçons Paris by Ralph Lauren socks from Polo Ralph Lauren vintage bow tie, gloves, and shoes from Early Halloween; all in N.Y.C. Bill Mullen for Art & Commerce.
Page 16: Reese Witherspoon's Ralph Lauren dress from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; Collette Dinnigan cardigan from Savannah, Santa Monica; Tiffany & Co. earrings and necklace from Tiffany & Co., Beverly Hills.
Page 34: Wayne Lawson styled by Kim Debus for Jam Arts
Page 36: Merv Griffin's Ermenegildo Zegna shirt and shorts from Ermenegildo Zegna, N.Y.C.
Page 102: Aerin Lauder styled by Conrad Blane for Judy Casey Inc.; shirt by Michael Kors, pants by Narciso Rodriguez, both from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.
Page 125: Chris Rock's Tommy Hilfiger Collection coat, suit, shirt, and tie exclusively from Tommy Hilfiger, Beverly Hills; Polo by Ralph Lauren pocket square from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; Paul Smith hat from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.
Pages 128–29: Gucci tuxedo, shirt, cummerbund, and bow tie from Gucci; Paul Stuart pocket square from Paul Stuart; both in N.Y.C.
Page 130: Paul Smith suit and cuff links from Paul Smith; Yohji Yamamoto Pour Homme shirt from Yohji Yamamoto; both in N.Y.C.
Pages 142–43: Reese Witherspoon's Diane Von Furstenberg dress from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Colleen Creighton for the Stephen Knoll Salon.
Page 16: Hair by Enzo Angileri, makeup by Lucienne Zammit, both for Cloutier.
Page 30: David Michaelis's grooming by Cathy Kades for the Artist Agency.
Page 34: Wayne Lawson's grooming by Gita Bass for Susan Price
Pages 48–65: Cynthia Bunch's, Assemblywoman Barbara Buckley's, and **Deborah La Fave's** hair and makeup and **Louis De George's** and **Dr. Bill Harrington's** grooming by Lynn Vacek for Classic Models.
Pages 66 and 68: Marc Gardner's and **Dr. Ralph Holmes's** grooming by Kendra Richards for Cloutier.
Page 97: Julia Stiles's makeup from Christian Dior On her eyes, Solo Dior Eyeshadow in Sand Beige No. 622; on her lips, Glossy Lipstick in Sheer Fire, and Linen Lipliner in No. 513. John Sahag for the John Sahag Workshop; Ashley Ward for Trish McEvoy.
Page 102: Aerin Lauder's hair by Patrick Melville for the M.C.M. Salon; makeup by Mariella Smith-Masters for Vartali.
Page 106: Carrie Donovan's hair by Craig Bryant; makeup by Cidele Curo.
Pages 142–43: Reese Witherspoon's makeup from Guerlain. On her eyes, Mozaïs Eyeshadow in Tilleul No.18 and Blanc No. 19; on her lips, Lip Pencil in Rose No. 2, and Multicolor Lip Gloss. Enzo Angileri and Lucienne Zammit for Cloutier.

Photographs and Miscellany

Cover: Rick Floyd for Smashbox.
Page 10: From the Wyeth Family Archives.
Page 70: Center, from Photofest.
Page 72: Top and center, from the Everett Collection; bottom, from Photofest
Page 74: Top, from Movie Still Archives; bottom, from the Everett Collection.
Page 76: All from Photofest.
Page 80: Center, from IPOL.
Page 82: Left, from *The Vindicator;* right, from *The Jewish Week*
Page 86: Center, from Tom Keller & Associates L.L.C.
Page 90: Top left, from Tom Keller & Associates L.L.C.; others by Bill A. Crespinel/Globe Photos (Gates), Paul Harris/Alpha/Globe Photos (Spelling), from International Stock (Stock Exchange, Wimbledon), from the Stock Market (Grand Central, Hearst), by Allen Wallace/Photonica (White House).
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Page 102: Bottom, left, from Sovfoto/Eastfoto; second from left, by Malott-Lawson.
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Page 135: Second from bottom, by Doyé, from the collections of H. de Beaumont and Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge; bottom, courtesy of Sotheby's, London.
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Page 156: Left, from the North Carolina Museum of Art, Raleigh; purchased with funds from the state of North Carolina. Right, by William E. Phelps, from the Smithsonian Institution/Archives of American Art; copy work by Lee Ewing.
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Page 171: From Sygma.
Page 173: Courtesy of the Ronald Reagan Library

Editor's note: The credit for the photographs of Werner, Eleonore, and Johanna von Trapp on pages 172 and 173 of the June issue was inadvertently omitted. The photographs were by David Wade.

In the July issue, the photograph at the bottom left of page 18 was by Gabi Rona/MPTV; the one on page 143 was from Sipa Press.

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Planetarium

Michael Lutin tells Leos it's time to face up to family matters

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Between socializing without end and tearing around like crazy in an effort either to save the world or to avoid intimacy, you have been enjoying a nice spell of freedom lately. Mars is coming into your 12th house now, and Chiron is going forward in your 4th. This is a private time when you have to work on that pesky family wound again. Whenever it flares up, it's like an old case of malaria, and no matter how far or how fast you run, you need time out to cope with blood relatives. It doesn't have to be bloody, though. Or does it?

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Virgos, especially those born in late August or early September, are under horrendous pressure. From that there is no escape. Expanding your work to an international level could be edifying, however, especially with the ruler of your 5th house now transiting your 9th house. Making friends outside your sphere is a grand idea. Besides raising consciousness and changing the venue in which you operate, it provides an escape from any messy entanglements with siblings or neighbors. What? You? Meddlesome and manipulative? *Jamais!*

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

How can you stay on top of *any* situation when your emotions are in the state yours are in? If it makes you more comfortable, blame your current behavior on hormones. Astrologically, it's due to Venus's transiting Cancer while two outer planets are passing through your 5th house. Whatever the cause, you can be sure that as far as the rest of the world is concerned everything is fine, and that whether you're male or female you're playing Mother of the Year. You can pull off this charade as long as nobody looks beneath the surface and sees you seething.

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

If you have been refraining from eating mucus-producing cheeses and any other vices you cling to in your mad flirtation with doom, you should be in pretty good shape these days. The slow transit of Chiron through your sign can be physical hell, especially if you've been abusing yourself in any way. Your healing powers will never fail you, though, whether you take to your bed with a sprained ankle or doze off right in the middle of a nuclear-testing range. If it were a contest between you and the mushroom cloud, God help the cloud.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

No one had better expect you to keep functioning like an obedient drone when fireworks are going off in your head every minute. The fact that you can get showered, walk the dog, and show up for work these days is proof that there is a God. Thanks to 8th-house transits and the fact that Chiron is in your 12th house, your intimate life should be bubbling nicely this month. Try though you might to conceal your secret wishes and fantasies, there is no way you can hide them. With Pluto in Sadge, they're written all over your face.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Money and love—a wicked combination. Why one should have any effect on the other is a mystery for you to solve now. Integrating the two successfully could prove a thousand times more difficult than trying to squeeze two fat people through a narrow doorway at the same time. Fortunately, you should have at least one pal to hang out with—hopefully it's one who can cook. Even if some close friends have hurt you—which, with Chiron in your 11th house, is all too possible—don't stop loving. Just try to keep money out of it.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

A lot of people appreciate your efforts. You may even be one of those deserving Aquarians who have recently been honored in public. The ceremony was undoubtedly very touching, and you would have started to get teary-eyed right in the middle of it if your tear ducts were constructed like those of normal people. Only Aquarians can witness the birth of a first child or grandchild with quiet restraint, because it's no their way to get gushy and start sobbing like Miss America. Success is a double-edged sword, though, as you are finding out now.

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Many Pisceans are blessed with an extraordinary psychic vibe-reading ability. Now that Jupiter is retrograde in your sign and Venus and Mars are in your 5th house, you should be feeling a strong pull toward romance, and you shouldn't have to be told to let yourself go and make a fool of yourself over the first attractive stranger you happen to meet. If such antics are completely out of the question, then get your jollies by wading around in the kiddie pool with your offspring and be thankful you're as fertile as you are.

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Keep telling yourself that this is a blessedly spiritual moment in your illustrious life, because it is. Naturally you're eager to get on with the next chapter of your history. In fact, you've been more pent up than a horse at the Hialeah starting gate. With Chiron in your 8th house even the sexual part of you has been slightly inflamed. There's nothing in this world or the next that a big, fat miracle can't easily cure. And as Jupiter continues its passage through your 12th house, that's exactly what you should be praying for.

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

After months of invisibility, Tauruses are rubbing their eyes and stepping back out into the light. While you are not exactly doing handsprings for joy yet, anything has got to be better than that awful feeling of being abandoned and alone, of having to stagger on in a half-hearted effort to find your way. With Saturn in Taurus now, your faith in others has been sorely tested, and at this point you're ready to strangle anyone who dares to ignore you or fails to acknowledge your pain. Juggling rage and your need to be loved can be a full-time job.

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

It's a kick to be rich and famous. Despite all the problems celebrities have to deal with—lack of privacy and constant criticism from the adoring but fickle crowd—it's a great feeling to have the mobility and cachet associated with wealth and recognition. Such an experience should be cosmically granted to every Gemini, from heads of state to small-town yokels. When Jupiter transits your midheaven as Venus and Mars pass through your 2nd house, you've simply got to have some decent money and you've got to have support. End of story.

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

No matter how unpredictable life is—and, God knows, you're playing it totally by ear these days—what really gets to you is having to be passive and not being able to take positive action. When fate gives you a smack, it's natural to want to smack back. They can call it acting out if they want, but you can't sit still a moment longer. Even if the approaching millennium should bring with it an asteroid crashing into your local mall, that dismal possibility must not hinder you from having a healthily aggressive summer. Beware of stomach acid.

To hear Michael Lutin read your weekly horoscope, call 1-900-28V-FAIR on a Touch-Tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.


It's fiery. Feels cool against your finger.
Captures light and turns it to brilliance.
Sneaking a look at it once in a while,
you vow to keep up the manicures.
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David Bowie

From the glammed-out androgyny of Ziggy Stardust to his big 80s anthem, "Let's Dance," to his current "jungle-influenced" sound, David Bowie has proved to be rock's indestructible chameleon. This month, the Thin White Duke prepares to release a new album and demonstrates here that, even though he is 51, his taste for oddities remains the same



What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Reading.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Getting a word in edgewise.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Discovering morning.

What is your greatest fear?
Converting kilometers to miles.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Santa Claus.

Which living person do you most admire?
Elvis.

Who are your heroes in real life?
The consumer.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
While in New York, tolerance. Outside of New York, intolerance.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Talent.

What is your favorite journey?
The road of artistic excess.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Sympathy and originality.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Chthonic, miasma.

What is your greatest regret?
That I never wore bell-bottoms.

What is your current state of mind?
Pregnant.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
My fear of them (wife and son excluded).

What is your most treasured possession?
A photograph held together by cellophane tape of Little Richard that I bought in 1958, and a pressed and dried chrysanthemum picked on my honeymoon in Kyoto.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Living in fear.

Where would you like to live?
Northeast Bali or south Java.

What is your favorite occupation?
Squishing paint about a senseless canvas.

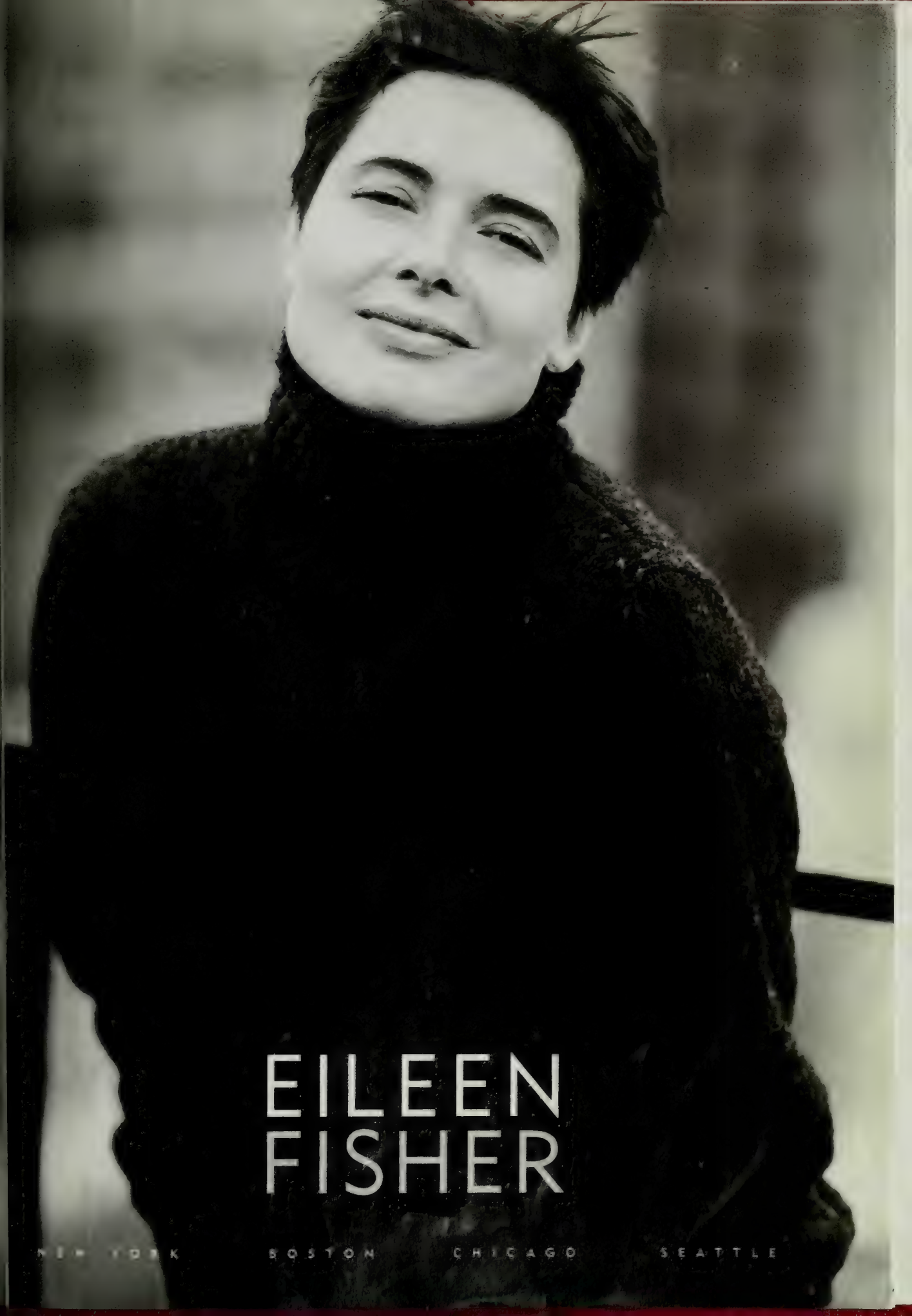
What is the quality you most like in a man?
The ability to return books.

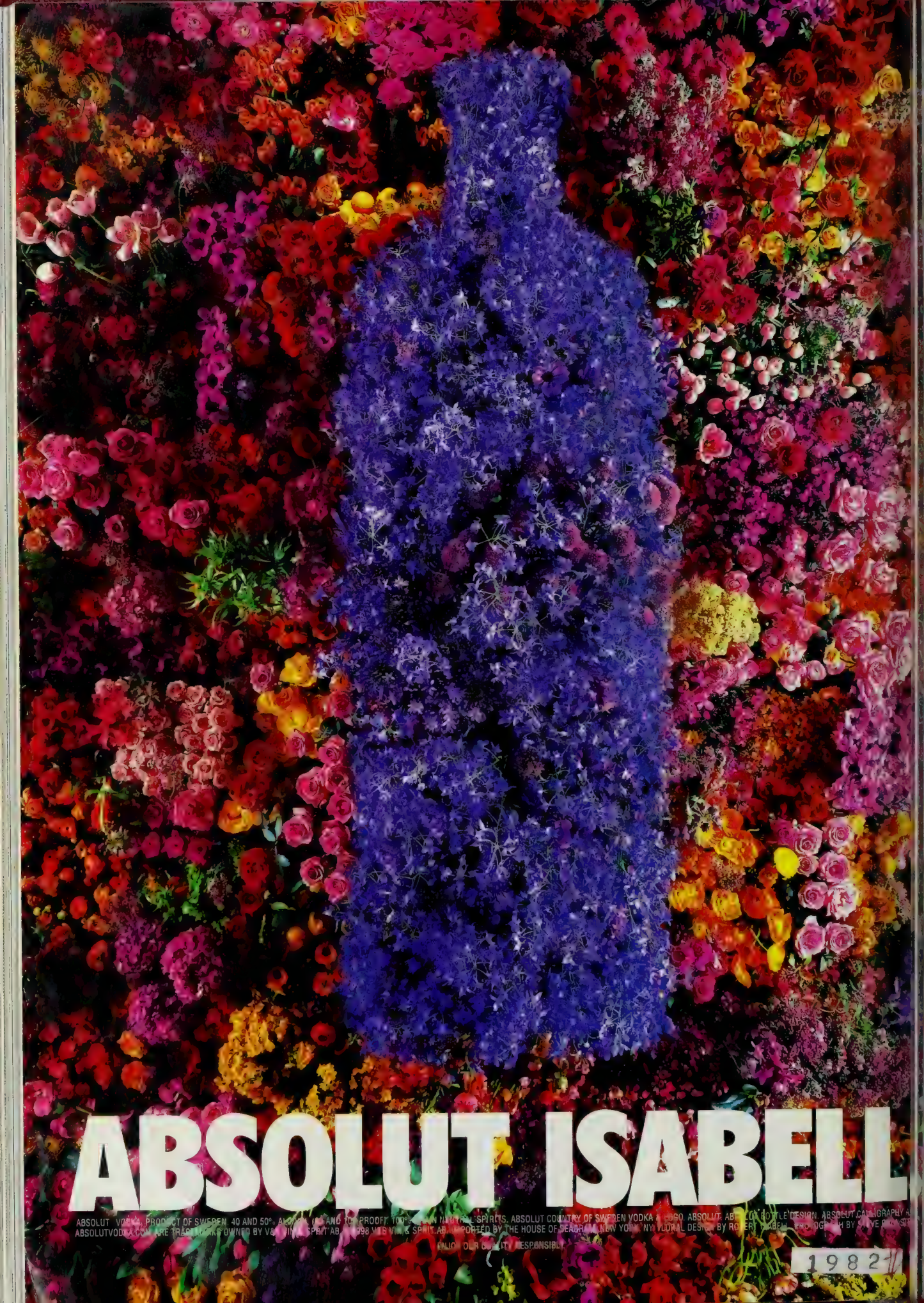
What is the quality you most like in a woman?
The ability to burp on command.

What are your favorite names?
Sears & Roebuck.

What is your motto?
"What" *is* my motto.

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